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1 Square pr. year	\$30 00	1 Square pr. month	\$3 00
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**EVERY MAN'S BUSINESS.**—Superior HATS for only \$2 50. Spock & McNeil, 84 Bowery, offer a fine short nap Satin Beaver Hat for the reduced price of \$2 50. It is equal in lustre and durability to any Satin Beaver Hat hitherto made. They invite the public to call and test the truth of this assertion. 63-1m

**THE HARTFORD PEARL, and LITERARY GAZETTE.**—Published every week, on Wednesday, at the low price of three dollars per annum. Subscriptions received by Wm. Stoddart, 2 1-2 Courtlandt street, New York city; E. R. Broaders, 127 Washington street, Boston, and at the office of publication, Hartford, Conn.

Persons desirous of subscribing, can make application as above. The more convenient method, however, is to send three dollars in a letter, with the address, directed to the "Editor of the Pearl," Hartford, Conn. s20-3w

**BOARDING** for a gentleman and wife, may be had at No. 10 Livingston street, near the Bowery—a very pleasant situation. Terms moderate. 06-1g

**297 BROADWAY.**—MISS PRESCOTT, Teacher of Practical and Ornamental Penmanship, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, &c. 297 Broadway. A Course of Lectures on English Grammar will commence on the 20th inst. at 3 o'clock, P. M., at her room—24 Lectures to a course. Applications received and terms made known at her room, as above. 08-y

**HATS, HATS, HATS.**—Economy is Wealth.—The Subscriber offers to the public a new style of Hats, which he can vend at the reduced price of three dollars and twenty five cents; for durability, lightness, and shape, he will warrant them superior to any ever offered in this city. Also on hand, a good assortment of fashionable Caps, which will be sold very low for cash. 01-1m F. KEELER, 102 Division street.

N. B. Always on hand, a good assortment of Hats, from two to six dollars. Also Stocks and collars of the latest style.

**W. MACKAY, Broker,** 210 1/2 Broadway, corner of Fulton st. Discounts Money at Wall st. rates, and pays the highest premium for gold. English Silver and Sovereigns wanted. 02-y

**GENERAL JACKSON.**—Just Published, at No. 45 Ann street, in a large sheet, folded in pamphlet form, price 6 cents, "The Life of ANDREW JACKSON, President of the United States." By William Cobbett. This edition contains the whole of the work as published by the author. Trade price \$1 50 per hundred. s27-1f

**PERKINS'S VISITING CARDS,** Engraved and Printed at No. 4 John st., near Broadway. s12 if

**TO THE PUBLIC.**—It is not necessary to expatiate on the invaluable properties of the Genuine Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicines of the British College of Health, as their virtues are too well known to require it; but it is a duty we owe the public, to point out in what manner they may be assured of obtaining the genuine article, instead of one or more of the numerous counterfeit preparations which are palmed off by rogues and impostors, either as "the genuine," or "improved," or under some other equally specious misrepresentation.

Note, in the first place—Morrison's pills, the genuine Hygeian Medicine, can never be purchased at a drug store; and in the next place—require the production of the seller's appointment, signed by me; see that the same name is written on the yellow label, at the back of each packet—and that they both correspond with one of the Agents, a list of whom may be obtained at 50 Canal street. This latter particular is the more to be regarded, as a late counterfeiter, to render his imposture the more perfect, has not only filched the title, "Hygeian," but has also adopted a yellow label, somewhat similar to the genuine.

A few copies of the 2d volume of Morrisoniana, being a record of the proceedings of the British College of Health, during the year 1833, are just received, and may be had of the only Agents in New York, as follows: Mr. Joseph Stanley, Bookseller, 50 Canal st., next to the corner of Broadway; Mr. Wm. Beasly, Bookseller, 148 Fulton st., and the Rev. J. H. Browner, 95 Barrow st., and for the convenience of the numerous families residing in the various parts of the city, of the following sub-agents:—Messrs Firth & Hall's Music store, No. 1 Franklin square; Mr. Daniel D. Smith, Bookseller, No. 190 Greenwich st.; Mr. Geo. Keansing, Gold Beater, No. 88 Reed st.; Miss Elizabeth Wood, No. 402 Grand st.; Mrs. King, No. 75 Norfolk st. By appointment of H. S. MOAT, GENERAL AGENT, Smith street, Brooklyn.

Morrisoniana, Practical Proofs and Hygeian Record particularly recommended to the perusal of all who are disposed to benefit their health, may be had of any of the Agents or Sub-Agents above named. 01-1y

**DOCTOR BOYD,** a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, office 14 Dover street, one door from Water, where a certain class of disences are radically cured without the use of mercury. See advertisement in the Times and Evening Post. 02-y

**DOCTOR HAMILTON** continues to cure the most desperate venereal cases in from 2 to 9 days, at his house, No. 160 Nassau street, (up stairs,) opposite the Park. 03-1y

**Budhist Temple in China.**—The greatest object of curiosity is the large Pagan establishment belonging to the sect of Budh. It is situated near the margin of the river, is enclosed by a wall, and includes within its limits an area of a number of acres. As you enter the gate, the eye is arrested by a few majestic banyans, which appear to have withstood the storms of centuries, and found a congenial soil within these sacred precincts. Passing up a central walk, the avenue through two buildings, a short distance apart, in each of which are seated colossal figures intended as wardens to the temple. The countenance and attitude of some of them are intended to express the deepest rage. A short distance farther are two buildings directly opposite to each other, to which flagged walks branch off from the main avenue. These contain a number of famous military demogods; one of which has been adopted as the patron deity of the reigning family. After this you come successively to three large halls, interrupting the central walk, and containing a variety of idols, of different dimensions and appearances. In one of them are seated three huge figures, designed to illustrate the true manifestations of Budh, the past, present and the future. Eighteen images, the disciples of Budh, are arranged on each side of the hall. "The Maichou Tartar family, on the throne of China," say its monarch, "are these disciples of Budh, appearing again on the stage of the world, according to the ideas of the Metempsychosis.

Each of these principal halls contains a number of ornamental pillars. Their roofs are generally made to project, with the low and convex sweep of primitive architecture, and decorated with grotesque monsters intended to represent dragons and flying lions.

Besides these principal buildings, there are others situated on each side of the enclosed space, employed as cells for lodging, a dinner apartment, idol halls, a printing room, pens for animals, and whatever is necessary for the support of their worship and themselves. Their library contains books of many sizes and forms, chiefly prayers untranslated from the Pali, or sacred language.

No free-will offerings to their gods is considered more acceptable than living domestic animals, liberally supported until death. These are most carefully preserved and feasted until choked with fat and worn out with age. The eyes of some of the hogs are entirely concealed; a deep crevice designates the place of their entertainment.

The whole number of priests belonging to the establishment, is probably between one and two hundred. There is evidently a great distinction in rank among them. Some are respectable in appearance, and much respected—others are clothed in rags, and beg along the streets of Canton.

We saw about seventy engaged in their daily devotions in one of the largest halls. The youngest was perhaps twelve years of age, and the eldest passing threescore and ten. They were all dressed in their robes, and spent about an hour in droning their cabalistic words, aided and timed by the beat of metal vessels. During the hour, they passed through the different attitudes of kneeling, knocking their heads, standing, bowing, and walking in single file around the hall.

The whole spectacle was calculated to impress a feeling heart with compassion. It was deeply affecting to see so many, apparently in the last stage of this probationary existence, trusting to a delusion which had impressed its own unmeaningness upon their countenances, while the younger ones were early imbibing the same stupefying lesson.

**Crows vs. Turnips.**—A paragraph with this title has run the round of the newspapers, and seems calculated to excite a crusade against a most useful race of animals.—It states that a flight of crows in two hours devoured nearly an acre of turnips. By crows no doubt rooks are meant; and I will venture to assert that they did not eat or destroy a single turnip. Their object in pulling up the plants was to detach a grub from their roots, which grub would have destroyed the turnip if the rook had not interfered. The farmer has not a better friend than this much slandered bird. For the small injury it inflicts during a very short portion of the year, and which it is not difficult to prevent, it returns him benefits a hundred fold, in the destruction of myriads of grubs, slugs, &c. that would devour his crops. [Staffordshire Advertiser.]

**An honest Gambler.**—A person in the habit of drinking pretty freely, being troubled with a sore leg, was advised by a physician to send for a pint of brandy to wash it with. After obtaining the brandy, he came to the conclusion to throw up a copper to decide whether he should drink it or use it for his leg—it was head for his mouth, and tail for his leg—it turning out to be the latter, he gravely exclaimed—"I bar that toss."

**Natural History.**—The Rattle Snake finds a superior foe in the deer and the Black Snake. Whenever a buck discovers a Rattle Snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to 10 or 12 feet of the snake, then leaps forward, and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre, leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject its poison into his more alert antagonist. The Black Snake is also a more than equal competitor against the Rattle Snake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim, that the Rattle Snake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace.

When the Black and Rattle Snakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangling and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corsetted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened; the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes; the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing, at the same time, whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed, and maintained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The Moccasin Snake is destroyed in the same way.

**A Hero's Letter to his Wife.**—[From the Analectic Magazine of 1815.]—The following is a correct copy of the last letter of Gen. Pike. It was handed to his aid (Major Frazer) on the evening previous to his fall, with this injunction: "Should I fall, and you survive, hand this yourself to Mrs. Pike." As it breathes a spirit of patriotism and affection worthy of the departed hero, I have thought it worthy of preservation and publication.

D. F.  
"My Dear Clara: We are now standing on and off the harbor of York, which we shall attack at daylight in the morning; I shall dedicate these last moments to you, my love, and to-morrow throw all other ideas but my country to the winds. As yet I know not if Gen. Dearborn lands; he has acted honorably so far, and feel gratitude to the old gentleman; my sword and pen shall both be exercised to do him honor. I have no new injunction, no new charge to give you, nor one new idea to communicate; yet we love to commune with those we love, more especially when we conceive it may be the last time in this world. Should I fall, defend my memory; and only believe, had I lived, I would have aspired to deeds worthy of your husband. Remember me, with a father's love, a father's care, to our dear daughter; and believe me to be, with the warmest sentiments of love and friendship, your  
MONTGOMERY."\*

\* It appears this was the signature the General used when addressing his wife; it will be recollected that his name was "Zebulon Montgomery."

**Portrait of a Kentuckian, by Willis.**—On board of a North River steambot, Willis met, or tells us he met, a Kentuckian, who, drawing liberally upon his imagination for his facts, he describes after this fashion: "In a fist like the end of the club of Hercules, was crushed a pair of French kid gloves, which, if they fulfilled a glove's destiny, would flatter the rich man that 'the causal' might yet give him the required precedent. His hair has still the traces of being astonished with curling tongs, and across his Atlantean breast was looped in a complicated zigzag, a chain that must have cost him a wilderness of raccoon skins. His coat was evidently the production of a Mississippi tailor, though of the finest English material; his shirt bosom was ruffled like a swan with her feathers full spread, and a black silk cravat, tied in a curse-me-if-I-care sort of a knot, hung out its ends like the arms of an Italian improvisatore. With all this he was a man to look upon with respect. His under jaw was set up to its fellow with an habitual determination that would throw a hickory tree into a shiver; but frank good nature, and the most absolute suspicion lay at large in his Ajacean features, mixed with an earnestness that commended itself at once to your liking.

Two thieves were on their way to Tyburn in different carts; one had been condemned for the theft of a mare; the other had stolen a watch. "What o'clock is it by your watch?" said the former to his brother. "Just about time for you to water your mare," was the reply

NEW YORK:

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1834.

**Destructive Fire.**—About 8 o'clock, on Saturday night, a fire broke out in the extensive lumber yard of Thomas McKie, in Clarkson-street, between Washington and West, which soon wrapped the whole immense mass of boards, scantling, planks, &c. in one wide sheet of flame. The fire is supposed to have originated in the smoke house of Mr. Amos Bridges, immediately adjoining the lumber yard, and run rapidly not only through it, but also quickly enveloped in flame, the smoke houses, extensive packing houses and sheds belonging to the establishment of Mr. Bridges, which were filled with hams, beef and fish, undergoing the operation of smoking; besides an immense quantity already smoked or in barrels preparatory to the operation. The lumber in the yard, notwithstanding the active exertions of the firemen, which were unintermitted from eight o'clock, to half past three in the morning, was principally consumed, or so much injured as to be almost entirely worthless; and the large quantity of meat and fish was either burnt or roasted, together with hundreds of scores of hams lay scattered over the ground amidst the blackened fragments of the yard, which may be sold for a small price; with this exception, all was burnt. Hundreds of empty barrels were saved from the sheds; one of the sheds by the number of spectators upon it, fell to the ground, accidentally wounding two persons, who were underneath. A man also fell from an adjoining shed to the earth, and was seriously injured. The loss of Mr. Bridges, in his meat establishment, is about \$3000; no insurance on any of it except the wooden buildings. The loss of Mr. McKie is about \$12,000, and no insurance.

**Elections.**—In New Jersey, according to official returns, the administration party's Congressional ticket is elected by 1139 majority. The same party have a majority of 19 in joint ballot of the Legislature. In Pennsylvania, the administration party have elected 19 out of 23 members of Congress; and in Georgia they have elected the entire Congressional ticket, and a majority of 48 in the Legislature.

**Vermont Election.**—Hon. Wm. A. Palmer, the anti-masonic candidate, has been elected Governor of Vermont.

**Opera.**—Miss S. Phillips, "charming singer," makes her appearance at the Park to-morrow in Cinderella.

**Menagerie.**—A building 50 feet front by 170 feet deep, is erecting in the Bowery, nearly opposite the theatre, as a receptacle of the "wild varnints." It is to be arranged after the manner of a theatre, with boxes, pit, &c. and when completed will probably be one of the most splendid buildings of the kind. The animals have not yet returned from the west.

**Auction Sale.**—We are requested to state that the largest public sale of splendid China, cut glass, silver and plated ware, &c. ever known in this city, will take place this day at Webb's Congress Hall, by the Messrs. Bleeker—being the contents of the dining room. The silver to be sold at 12 o'clock.

**Casualty.**—On Saturday morning, as a young man, named Allen, a mate of an Eastern vessel, was driving a gig along the street, he was run afoul of by a cart, at the corner of Madison and Rutgers street, and thrown out upon the pavement against the curb stone, with great violence. He rose up after his fall, brushed off his clothes hastily, and cried out to a young man, "take care of that horse and gig, for I am a dead man." He was then taken into the house of Mr. Betts, where he expired within 15 minutes after the accident. An inquest was held over the body, which returned a verdict of accidental death.

**Coroner's Inquest.**—An unknown woman, aged about 30, a native of Ireland was carried to the 3d district watch-house on Friday night, and found dead therein Saturday morning. Her death was considered as the effects of intemperance.

**Imprisonment of a Grand Jury.**—We learn from the Lexington (Kentucky) Intelligencer, that the Grand Jury of Fayette county, were recently fined and imprisoned by the Judge of the Circuit Court, for an alleged contempt of Court. The editor of the Intelligencer did not honor his paper with the name of the honorable Judge; although the circumstances attending the fine and imprisonment of the jurors were such as to place him in a most ridiculous light.

COURT OF SESSIONS.—(SATURDAY.)

SENTENCE DAY.

Peter Van Nostrand convicted of grand larceny, was sentenced to the state prison at Sing Sing for 3 years.

Joseph Hopkins, grand larceny, state prison 2 years and 6 months.

Henry Jones, petit larceny, (2d offence) state prison 2 years 2 months.

Alexander Clark, petit larceny; judgment suspended.

Alfred Pell, assault and battery on N. B. Brower, judgment suspended.

Alfred Reynolds, assault and battery on Joshua Baldwin; fined \$25 and costs—to stand committed till paid.

Felix Nicholas, assault and battery on Henry Johnson and James Hanney, fined 6 cents and sheriff's fees on each conviction.

**Arraignment of the Convent Rioters.**—On Thursday last in Boston, at the Supreme Judicial Court, the following persons were arraigned on an indictment for burning the Ursuline Convent, and pleaded not guilty—John R. Buzzell, Prescott P. Pond, Wm. Mason, Marvin R. Marcy, Sarjeant Blaisdell, Isaac Parker, and Albert Kelly. The District Attorney asked an adjournment for the present, and begged also, that when the trials do take place they take place in some distant part of the country—for fear the court should be overheard by a mob!! We shall soon need an armed police to protect our courts of justice!—What will our neighbors across the Atlantic say on learning that a court of justice in Boston had to adjourn to another part of the county, lest the judge should be torn from his seat by the mob?

**Blanketing Matthias the Prophet.**—On Friday last the companions of Matthias in the prison at Bellevue, suspecting the prophet had money in his possession, made an attempt to blanket him. [The process has been described in our paper.] Matthias threatened them with eternal torment if they proceeded. They assured him that he must submit, as it was an ordeal through which all of them had to pass—and he was no better than the rest of them. Finding his threats in vain, the poor prophet, seeing their determination to proceed with the operation, finally agreed to pay them 25 cents apiece to let him off. After they had liberated him he declared that he believed he had been thrown into "a den of thieves."

**Robbery and Arrest.**—A young man named Henry Schwar alias Myers, aged about 16, a German, was brought before the Police on Saturday, on a charge of having on the 16th inst, robbed Benedict Schmitt, of 95 Washington street, of a \$20 bill, a gold doubloon, and three Prussian gold coins, in all \$47 54. The money was stolen from the pocket of Schmitt while he was asleep, by Schwar, who boarded in his house. On the examination of the prisoner, he acknowledged having stolen the money from the complainant's pocket while he was drunk and asleep. Of the money of Schmitt's, \$42 50 was recovered. On the same day, Edward Metzger preferred a complaint against Schwar, for having robbed him of property to the amount of \$400. Metzger who boarded in the house of Schmitt, employed Schwar, also a boarder there, to carry his baggage to the steam boat, intending to go to Philadelphia. He took it there accordingly, and contrived previous thereto, to purloin the key out of the pocket of Metzger, with which he proceeded to open the trunk and abstracted therefrom 8 silver table spoons and a soup ladle, 6 silver tea spoons, 4 gold rings, a pair of silver shoe buckles, 16 gold rings, 20 sets of hair curls, 20 gold breast pins, 6 pair of ear rings, 26 five franc pieces, besides other articles. Some of these he gave away to Mrs. Schmitt as presents, who supposed they were honestly obtained; the rest he in part disposed of, and in part retained. Metzger did not discover his loss until he reached Philadelphia, when he returned, and found part of the property, about half, on the prisoner. This led also to suspicion on the part of Schmitt, that he had also been robbed by the same hands, and he was consequently arrested. He confessed that he had taken the key from Metzger's pocket, while he was drunk, and by that means obtained the property. He was fully committed for trial.

**Steamboat Water Witch.**—It is but a few weeks since this boat struck a snag in Connecticut river, and went to the bottom. We were at the Dry Dock on Saturday, and were surprised to see the Water Witch lying alongside the wharf, apparently uninjured. On examination and inquiry it appeared that she had been raised soon after the accident happened, towed to the city, and repaired. She will probably make a trip to Hartford this day.

POLICE OFFICE.—[YESTERDAY.]

Charles Miller, assault and battery on Sarah Rohrbach—Committed.

Thomas Williams, stealing a pair of women's boots in Chathamstreet. He said that he did not pay for them—he had opened oysters all the day and got drunk at night: they told him that he had stole the shoes; he supposed it was so, and was committed.

Barney Toley, assault and battery on Mary his wife, giving her a black eye, when she had her infant in her arms. No witness—discharged.

John Gawne, a stout stupid fellow, born in Kill Bridge, who said he didn't live nowhere, but came from Buffalo the night before, was found trying to get into the watchmaker's shop of Mr. Diamond; had no shirt on and was committed.

William Wilmot, walked into the watch-house on Saturday night, and walked himself out again in the morning unobserved, before he could be dealt with according to law.

Susan Weir and Mark White, blacks, fighting and halloving murder at the five points. He was steward of the ship Nashville, got into a spree, beat Susan, who forgave him, was himself forgiven, and both discharged.

Eliza Williams, a black woman, was performing a very interesting *tete a tete* in a back yard of Mr. Kelly's house, near midnight, with a Mr. Toole, the respectable white waiter of the steamboat President. The watchman disturbed the harmony of their movements, and brought the white lover and the black maid, who had just emerged from the penitentiary, to the watch-house. He looked dreadfully ashamed, and boasted how many respectable places he had lived in, and how respectable he was himself. The lovely pair were ordered to leave the office, and not be so naughty again.

Nicholas Martin, a huge fellow, 3 months in the country, ran to the rescue of some persons who were captured by the watch, and swore they should not be sent to the watch-house. To effect this he struck two of the watchmen, and was brought in at half past 11 o'clock. Committed.

John Turpee, a stout fellow, three weeks from Quebec, was cutting and thrusting in the street with an old rusty sword, with which he struck two watchmen over the head and hands. He was finally arrested—said he had fits of apoplexy, and always did so when they were on him. Committed.

Peter Maley, of 124 Perry street, pulled off his cravat and shirt to fight in the street, when some one run off with them. He came in the office with his naked arms and shoulders, and without a hat, and was locked up.

Bartholomew Friel, was drunk and quarrelling with and beating his wife, and she cried murder. He had a club, which he said he got at the last riots to put down mobs, and with it put down two fellows near the Five Points last night. He threatened to kill the watchman—had been up four or five times before, and was again committed.

**A Rogue Arrested.**—John M. Findon, a young man, but an old offender, was arrested on Saturday, and brought before the police on a charge of having a short time since entered the jewelry store of a Mr. Walker at Rochester, and robbing it of a large quantity of jewelry. In his examination, which he would not submit to without the presence of his counsel, he utterly denied having been in Rochester or of having any thing whatever to do with robbing the store of Mr. Walker. He said he lived in the 3d Avenue, in this city, where he has a wife, and follows silver plating for a living. He acknowledged that he had been on a tour to Albany and Utica to procure employment in which he was rather unsuccessful; had been absent three or four weeks, and had been as far as Syracuse and no farther. That he went and returned alone, and that he did not even know the persons whose names were suggested to him as accomplices. There was sufficient evidence however, from authentic sources, to detain him, and he was committed to prison. This man, it will be recollected, was engaged some time ago, with others, in robbing a jewelry store, and afterwards in selling to Carter & Woolfston, through a Jew named Levy, a large amount of clothing, stolen from a store in Greenwich-street. Levy and Findon, by turning state's evidence procured the conviction of Carter and Woolfston, who are now in the Penitentiary as receivers of stolen goods.—Whether Findon can shift off the charge now against him to another, is as yet rather problematical.

O'Connell has addressed a long letter to Lord Duncannon, enumerating the grievances of Ireland, and pledging his co-operation with the ministry to reform the House of Lords, and render the peerage elective.