

Nor were the dinners less *recherchés*, even while they were served up with all absence of ostentation. Every delicacy of the season, and the choicest wines, were absolutely given here in a profusion scarcely to be exceeded by the entertainments of the sergeants of a British marching regiment of the present day. Fishes of the most delicate kind, made dishes after every manner of Parisian cookery, the canvass-back duck, and game of all descriptions, were in daily profusion, while the port and madeira which I sipped like dew from Heaven, each day after dinner, had been forty years in bottle, and was reserved for those whom my excellent host delighted most to honor. The port was a little tawny and somewhat thinned with age, but the flavor was notwithstanding delicious, while the Madeira was such as Gangnado might have hauded to Jupiter when returned from the battle of the Gods.

Tea was the only meal which succeeded this, but this again was marked by that profusion which is so usually to be found on an American table at every repast, and which on that of an American gentleman embraces every delicacy. It was the absence of supper, which they presume an Englishman cannot dispense with, that in all probability led to the forethought of supplying me with the means of brewing a "night-cap," while luxuriating in my easy chair before the fire in my bedroom.

One wet day I passed entirely in the house, yet not without amusement. Mr. Newbold's armory was a complete museum of curiosities. Here were guns, double and single barrelled, rifles long and short, duck guns, pistols, flasks, moulds of all descriptions, rods, lines, flies, fish, gimp, hooks, landing and minnow nets, and in fact all the minutiae of the piscatory art. Then there were carpenter's tools, and blacksmith's tools, sticks, hats, umbrellas, whips of every variety of fashion, and in short the room was so completely filled with every imaginable and unimaginable thing that it would have taken a whole day to have enumerated them all. In this room I passed an hour examining the guns and fishing tackle of my host, which were all orthodox of their kind; but Mrs. Newbold having promised me a greater treat in the library, I was curious to know what she had in reserve for me, and promised to join her as desired.

And it certainly was a treat of no common kind that awaited me—no other than the splendid volumes of Audubon's birds, which, for the first time, I glanced into beneath a roof, the elegance of the distribution of which was in perfect keeping with the intellectual habits of the amiable owners. The refined taste of Mr. Newbold, in securing to himself so interesting and valuable a work, may be inferred from the fact, that a single copy cost the large, but not overrated, sum of two hundred and fifty pounds Halifax currency. I had the pleasure of meeting and being introduced to the venerable ornithologist in the course of the following year, during the session of Parliament in Kingston, when he appeared for the purpose of applying to have a copy of his work taken by each House of the Legislature, and I am aware that two hundred and fifty pounds a copy were voted by each branch. Thus, Mr. Newbold, as a private individual, paid for a work embodying vast talent, and close and patient research into the habits of the animal kingdom, the same amount that had been voted by an united people, and which, no doubt, was by many conceived to be a heavy tax for unnecessary information.

The volumes being too ponderous to inspect in the ordinary manner, a strong but light and neat mahogany frame had been made expressly for the purpose, and supported the huge tomes, as seated before the open fire-place, above which appeared to frown upon me a portrait of the dark-featured and intellectual Webster—a near relation of Mr. Newbold. I opened in succession the interesting and splendidly executed representations of the feathered world of America. What a life of unadulterated simplicity must be that of the venerable Audubon, whose hair has been whitened in revealing to the world the wondrous art of the Creator, as manifested in this most gorgeous portion of his works, and the benevolent expression of whose countenance denotes an almost utter exemption from the vainer pursuits of that worldly life, with which a contemplative mind like his own can have no sympathy. Never did I experience more profound sentiments of love for the works of the Creator, than while gazing on the faithful representations of the surpassing beauty with which He has clothed so many of the birds Audubon has sketched, and of which it may be observed, as of the lilies of the field, that "Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

My three day's visit to Westchester having terminated, and being anxious to complete the business which had brought me to New York, I was even compelled to tear myself from the luxurious ease with which I was surrounded, and prepare for my return to the city, prior to setting out again for Canada. My kind host finding me firm in my intention of departing, ordered his carriage again to the door on the morning of the fourth day, and drove me up to town himself. Never did a comparative stranger meet with more marked—not merely attention—but kindness than was displayed towards me, during the whole of the period I had the pleasure of enjoying the society of this amiable couple, both of whom added to an intellect of a higher order, manners that would have reflected no discredit on the most aristocratic Europeans. Yet with all their frank and open

hospitality, there was no straining after effect—no ostentatious exhibition, tending painfully to impress a guest of any discernment with the conviction that the rites of hospitality were tendered, not so much from regard for the recipient, as through a love of display of the donor.

Subsequently I experienced much renewed attention from my young friend, Mr. Howe. He took me to see all the lions of New York, and as I had expressed a curiosity to taste the oysters which are to be found there in great variety and abundance, afforded me ample opportunity to dive into the depths of the most noted professors of the art of cooking them. Here they were certainly to be found in perfection; and stewed, broiled, plain, and roasted were successively placed each night, upon a small table covered with a cloth of purest whiteness, and provided with rolls of delicious bread. On these occasions my companion made it a particular point to enjoin upon the several cooks to out-do themselves, as a stranger was present whom it was necessary to impress favorably with the mode in which the mysterious delicacies of the oyster tribe were revealed by them to the public. The darkies—for they were generally such, and seemingly fattened with their own fat oysters—grinned assent, showing their white teeth in the act, and promising their utmost efforts to please the "gentleman," soon re-appeared with dish after dish of their several preparations. The most luscious of them was a large fat oyster nearly equal in circumference to a common breakfast plate which fried and browned in bread crumbs, something like an English sole, constituted a dish worthy of the most Epicurean palate. A glass of warm brandy and water, as indispensable to the digestion of this oyster feast, invariably followed, and this accompanied by the fumes of one the best cigars the city could afford, generally soon induced a desire for repose, which rendered these suppers as indispensable for the comfort as they were grateful to the appetite. Of course they were eaten late at night, often towards the morning, and always after we had returned from some previous evening engagement.

A few days after my return from Westchester, and on going to my room to dress for dinner, my glance fell on a neatly embossed note evidently addressed by a lady. This, on opening it, I found to contain an invitation to a ball to be given that evening at a private residence on the western extremity of the Broadway. Being a stranger to the parties, I could not divine how they had found me out, and thus honored me, unless it was that my indefatigable friend, Mr. Howe,—indefatigable in his most kind endeavors to render my brief sojourn in New York one of amusement and gratification,—had been the means of procuring me the unexpected invitation. I made it a point to see him, when, on my questioning him, he admitted that conceiving I might like to have an opportunity of seeing a fashionable party on a large scale in New York, he had mentioned the fact of my being in town to the gentleman giving the entertainment, who was to have called and left his card with an invitation. He added he regretted extremely he could not go himself, as he had an engagement elsewhere, but that a friend of his would either call for and take me with him, or failing in that, would meet me at the door of the house to which we were going, and introduce me to the host. He however thought the former.

Ten o'clock came, but no one appeared, and I finally gave up all idea of seeing my friend's friend. I confess I did not quite reconcile to myself the idea of entering a house, to the proprietor of which I was an utter stranger, however as I had taken wine enough after dinner to give me the requisite "Dutch courage," I resolved at all hazards to venture, and trust to the promised rencontre, for an introduction to my host. I therefore ordered coffee and a cab, and while I sipped the one in the smaller and more private room of the restaurant of the Globe, the other was brought to the door. I threw on my cloak and cap, gave the driver the number which he seemed perfectly to know, and soon arrived at the residence which was strikingly indicated by the profusion of light thrown upon the broad street from almost every window.

I looked, while uncloaking, for my medium of introduction, who, I presumed, would know and address me, even although I could not recognize him, but no one seemed to notice me with sufficient interest to induce the inference that he was the man I sought. I waited a few moments in the dressing room, and then sent a card up by a servant to the gentleman of the house himself. The latter quickly made his appearance, received me with a great deal of cordiality, expressed himself delighted with the honor I had done him in accepting his invitation at so unavoidably short a notice, and requested me to precede him to the ball-room, at the entrance of which stood his wife and daughter, who were evidently awaiting my approach, and to whom he now presented me.

There was a very large and brilliantly dressed party assembled, consisting of nearly three hundred persons, among whom were several exceedingly beautiful women. Most of these, with the loveliest faces that can be imagined, and of pure soft delicate complexions, were yet sadly wanting in that fulness of contour of person—that seductive *embonpoint* which gives to woman a charm far surpassing that of mere beauty of feature, and awakens emotion, where the other only commands the admiration, and yet there were two or three exceptions to this too general deficiency in the American style of beauty. These were in the full meridian

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]