

Delay these nuptials. . . know they are fixed—but they must not proceed. . . Farewell for the present. Yours forever,

On receiving this letter the amiable young lady could not believe there was any seriousness in the error. . . She thought that it was a hoax perpetrated by some one to frighten her. . . She therefore threw it into the grate and burned it up.

A few days after this took place, when the circumstance had almost been forgotten, another note was put in her hands by the postman, addressed to her in the same hand writing with the one already given. . . She started as she took it. . . She opened—she read it—but found that it was couched in pretty much the same strain as the former.

Not long since she received a still more threatening note, containing several curious circumstances which caused even more alarm than ever. . . The following is nearly a copy:—

Miss W., I have written to you several times but I find that no attention has been paid to my letters. . . On ordinary occasions, it is perhaps proper for a young lady to hold no such communication. . . You have known me in former days, and when we were younger both than we are now, you pledged your faith to me.

Last Sunday evening you were seated at a late hour on the sofa beside that man—that silly man who expects to marry you—I overheard every word you said. . . I could scarcely restrain myself from springing upon the intruder.

On the receipt of this note, the young lady made revelation of the whole circumstances to her parents. . . A good deal of alarm and indignation ensued. . . A lawyer was instantly called in by the father, and it was not mistaken, Mr. Jordan, the famous breach-of-promise counsellor, was the very one consulted on this mysterious affair.

This affair had now become exceedingly painful to all the parties. . . The young lady was questioned as to any former acquaintance she had formed with young men. . . She had been introduced to many during the last five summers, in which she was in the habit of visiting Saratoga and other fashionable places of resort, but she tasked her memory to no purpose in trying to find out the anonymous lover who now disturbed her quiet.

On Friday night, previous to the 23d of November last, a brick bat with a letter attached to it was thrown into the room, through the window, smashing the glass where the family were then sitting around the table consulting what had best be done.

The affair is exceedingly mysterious and has caused a great sensation in Hudson. . . It is highly probable that the anonymous lover is some desperate fellow, part gentleman, part thief, part scholar. . . The whole series of letters may be a ruse to get money; his not returning the \$36 looks a good deal in that direction.

THE HUDSON LOVE AFFAIR. . . Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned, Be thy intents wicked or charitable.—Hamlet. . . We have received further intelligence of the mysterious love affair, an account of which we gave a few days ago. . . The name of the young lady is Miss W.—that of the young man to whom she is engaged is not known. . . We cannot be more specific but

every person conversant with the City of Hudson understands whom we mean. . . Strong surmises have recently been created relative to the father of the young lady. . . It seems some time ago he left Hudson for Rochester, where he attempted to get into business but did not succeed.

The communications of the anonymous lover continue to annoy the young lady—but the most mysterious part of the whole business is, the exact knowledge the mysterious scoundrel possesses of the most private acts of Miss W.—In one of his letters, he tells her every little thing she did, on a certain evening before she retired to “balm sleep.” . . He describes, to the accuracy of a pin, her night dress—tells where she hung her gown—how many times she looked in the mirror—what prayer she said—what paper she did up her hair with, and even the smallest incident that may occur in a lovely young lady's boudoir.

An eclattement of the affair is become a passion among the young people of Hudson. . . It has created more sensation than the affair of Mary Powers. . . They have resolved to discover the impudent rascal at all hazards. . . We are promised a few more of his letters, which we shall give as soon as received. . . At present all is dark and vague.—N. Y. Herald

MISCELLANEOUS.

“Tenets with books, and principles with times, Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climates.”

GENERAL DUDLEY'S ACCEPTANCE.

The answer of General Dudley to the committee appointed, at a recent political meeting in this county to apprise him of his nomination as Governor of the state, has this moment, been received. . . We submit the correspondence, and have only space to remark that his letter is just such an one as the times demand, bold, fearless and uncompromising.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GEN. EDWARD B. DUDLEY. . . Raleigh, Feb. 6, 1835.

Str.—At a numerous meeting of the citizens of Wake county, opposed to the election of Martin Van Buren as, president of the United States, held on the 30th ult. . . you were unanimously nominated as a candidate for Governor of the state, to be run before the people in August next, and the undersigned were appointed a committee to inform you thereof.

In discharging this duty, permit me to express the earnest hope that you will accede, not only to the wishes of the meeting whose organ we are, but, as we believe, the wishes of a decided majority of the people of the state, and authorize your name to be used for the purpose indicated. . . We are aware that an acceptance of the nomination must be attended with considerable sacrifices on your part; but the prize is an important one, and every patriot should be willing to undergo somewhat of private inconvenience to promote the public welfare.

Washington, Feb. 17, 1835. . . I have received with profound sensibility the nomination of my fellow citizens of Wake, so promptly communicated by your letter of the 5th instant.

To be selected as a candidate for the first office of my native state, is in itself, a matter of just pride and gratification, but that the invitation should be presented by so numerous and respected a portion of the people and in opposition to the principles of Mr. Van Buren, (if principles they may be called) is an honor I could not have anticipated, and dare not reject.

Permit me therefore, distinctly to say, that while I cannot but distrust my qualifications to discharge the functions of this high office, should be the general sentiment of the state point to me as their agent and demand my services, neither my principles nor my feelings will allow me to disregard their wish, and I shall yield myself to the will of the people. . . The relation, gentlemen, which I now bear towards the public, renders it necessary that I make some exposition of my political opinions; and as the approaching election of president involves most important considerations, I shall very distinctly, but briefly, assign some of the reasons of my opposition to Mr. Van Buren. . . To say all in one sentence: He is not of us. He is a northern man in soul, in principle and in action.

dead to our peculiar interests and institutions, so trammeled by the strong web of party, as under any contingency, to support him? . . . It is, look at his course on the Missouri question. . . See his support of Rufus King, who opposed the admission of that state in the Union, unless with a constitution prohibiting slavery. . . I turn to his letter to a certain gentleman in Georgia, who asked for an explicit declaration of his opinion on the subject. . . Does he deny the constitutional right of congress to legislate on the matter in the District of Columbia? . . . No! Does he fearlessly, candidly and manfully meet the question? . . . No! His reply is, “non-committal” and full of casuistry.

I might, in further evidence, point you to the conduct of his political friends in congress and in our legislature, upon this subject, I might remind you of their studious efforts to evade it, and of a time-serving policy, sickening to the heart of every patriot of the south. . . But what reliance can the friends of Mr. Van Buren place upon his professions, his principles or his faith? . . . Since his entrance into public life, has he not belonged to all parties, and has he not betrayed them all? . . . He was the leader of the party that brought forward De Witt Clinton, in opposition to Mr. Madison, and lo! with the turning of the political scales he too turned, and we soon find him a co-laborer on the opposite ranks.

Washington City. . . LIFE AT GADSBY'S. . . If you wish to “pursue the proper study of manhood, come and pass a week or two at Gadsby's. . . It is a perfect microcosm—an epitome of the world.

While I am with great regard and respect, Your obedient serv't, EDWARD B. DUDLEY.

Messrs. W. R. Gales, & Rogers & Co. . . WASHINGTON CITY. . . LIFE AT GADSBY'S.

The doors are opened; the mob rush in like ravenous hyenas; hats are thrown down here and there and every where—chairs are secured with amazing alacrity, and the first course of cold soup disappears like enchantment. . . Wo to the miserable man who comes in a minute after the attack commences!

As soon as the soup is despatched, the venerable Mr. Gadsby, who stands at the head of the table. . . (which is a quarter of a mile in extent) gives the word of command with military precision, but with an affecting and interesting pause between the two words, “Remove covers!” . . . In an instant every dish is denuded, and Mr. Gadsby proclaims the bill of fare.—“Roast beef, mutton, lamb, fish, turkey, ham, chicken,—and canvass back.” . . . What a beautiful specimen of the climax!

It is now returns your plate with a liberal supply, you may consider yourself a fortunate man, and may let your victuals stop your mouth. . . But you must be at your post seasonably, or you will be likely to be rendered unhappy for the rest of the day. . . The following scene is not a fictitious one—a Jackson senator enters about three minutes after dinner has commenced, and takes his seat at the ordinary.

“The soup, massa, all gone.” . . “Then get me some canvass back, and bring it here in the twinkling of a bed post.” . . After the lapse of another five minutes, Coffee returns with a deprecatory look, and says that all the canvass back is gone too! . . . “The canvass back gone too! (with much solemnity) Did you say that the canvass back was all gone?” . . . “Yes massa there is no more on the table.” . . “Then you may tell Mr. Gadsby that I am gone.”

too; for it requires so much canvassing to get a canvass back at his table, I'll go and dine out.

Another scene which I witnessed at a table-to-day was as quaint. . . A Kentuckian next me, who was apparently unaccustomed to the usages of large hotels, and striving in vain during dinner to get something on his plate.

As he was about giving up the effort in despair, an acquaintance of mine, who sat opposite me, invited me to take wine; at the same time passing me his decanter, which was labelled, in the usual manner, with his name. . . I filled my glass, and was about to return it to the owner, when my neighbor the Kentuckian, stopped me with “wait a moment, stranger, I'll trouble you to let me fill my tumbler.” . . Unwilling to expose his mistake, I handed him the decanter; but as he was pouring it somewhat liberally, the person who sat on the other side of him touched him with his elbow and whispered—“that is private property my friend.” . . The Kentuckian, poor fellow, was utterly confounded. . . He let go the decanter as if it had burnt his fingers, and looking round with an air of perfect simplicity and wonder, he slowly rose from his chair and said “Oh ho! then every thing on the table is private property. Well I thought it was all-fired odd that I could not get any thing to eat but now I see.”

After this ally, which called forth a very general smile, the Kentuckian became quite a lion, a dozen waiters were sent to attend on him—a dozen champagne bottles were immediately proffered, and when I quitted the room he seemed to be in a fair way to make a very tolerable repast.

At Gadsby's table, all the courses are put on at once—so that you may here probably witness the most rapid disposition of a dinner, that is any where to be seen. . . People bolt their food with amazing precipitancy. . . They seem to be eating for a wager. . . I forget how many hundred servants Gadsby has to wait on the dinner table, but they are not sufficiently numerous to supply the voracity of his guests.

With all its faults, Gadsby's is the most popular and the best house in Washington. . . It is true, that you are obliged to break the bell in your room before you can have it answered,—and you must eat your meals by stratagem—but then there are many counterbalancing advantages about the hotel—it is central, and in many respects well kept. . . You meet here many pleasant people, and many professional quidnuncs, who keep you apprised of all the news that may be about. . . I am told that there is no better hotel in the country during the interval when congress is not in session. . . Now it is in a state of siege, and it is no easy matter to feed an army.—Boston Atlas.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

The foundation of knowledge and virtue, are laid in our youth; if at any other time, the structure must be insecure and imperfect. . . He that will not bear the admonition of a friend, deserves to feel the correction of an enemy. . . A warm heart requires a cool head.

Fancy without judgement is all sail and no ballast. . . Try to love labor; if you do not want it for food you may for physic. . . He who spends most of his time in mere sport and recreations, is like him whose garments are made altogether of fringe, and whose diet is nothing but sauce.

Liberty unseasonably obtained, is apt to be intemperately used. . . Industrious wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable. . . The death which prevents dotage, comes more opportunely than that which ends it.

No trees bear fruit in Autumn, unless they blossom in the Spring. . . Happy is the man who can be acquitted by himself in private and by others in public. . . There is an excellent contagion in goodness; we may be kindled like green wood by a neighboring flame.

We may be kept from doing ill, as well by dread of our enemies, as deference for our friends. . . Temperance in youth is the assurance of vigorous old age. . . Excess not only brings gray hairs—but green years, with sorrow to the grave. . . Let us not judge of the book by the author but of the author by the book.

Without reading, the best natural parts become dry and barren. . . Religion is the best armour, but the worst cloak. . . He who speaks against religion, may be suspected of being frayed by it in his conscience. . . The gallad jade winces and flings.

Strive to be either agreeable or useful: thus only it is that the world can be gained. . . Society must be occasionally changed, to avoid dullness or ennui. . . Even the best may grow insipid or tiresome. . . Christian patience is surer than stoical resolution. . . The one calms, the other benumbs the soul.

The less the occasion for sin, the worse it is. . . In old age it is like the shadows towards the evening—enormous. . . When St. Paul bids us pray without ceasing, he means that our words and actions should always be conformable to reason and religion. . . Constant virtue is ceaseless prayer. . . It is an error to condemn pleasures merely as such: they may be innocent as well as criminal.

Let youth be aware that the first impressions which the world takes of us, seldom or never wear out. . . In all disputes between power and liberty, power must be proved,—the presumption is on the side of liberty. . . A man of real probity and sound reason will hold on his course and practice, though the world should dispute his character and question his happiness: he will be satisfied with the attainment of his own ends.

The more we sink into the infirmities of age the nearer we are to immortal youth. . . In the next world there is nothing but youth and spring.