

Almost every the United States have said or copied something, in relation to Miss Missouri's case, into their columns. The whole matter, commencing with Hamblin's theatrical career in this country up to the mysterious death to the above-named young lady, is a disgrace to the city of New-York—nay it is a disgrace to our country. The drama has been used as the means to exalt the base—the drama has been selected out as the medium through which Hamblin could insult the decency and the morality of an American audience. He came to the country with the avowed purpose of exalting as he said the American drama. How has he fulfilled his promise? In the first place, he makes acquaintance with a class of women who are the curse of every land. He renders himself conspicuously amiable with the keepers of brothels. He wins his way into their good graces, takes charge of their children, brings them into his family, links them to the chain which binds domestic ties together: creates unhappiness in his family, quarrels with his wife, kicks her out of doors, and places the unfortunate Miss Vincent in her places. Still must his children be provided for; and for that purpose he selects out another infamous character, Miss Louisa Medina, and introduces her into his family as a governess. Hiss house was then situated in Elizabeth street, N. Y., adjoining one in which resided the mistresses of his most intimate friends. Such is the man who called the Bowery an "American Theatre," and which was justly termed "Hamblin's Saraglio." A history of this establishment, and all those connected with it, during Hamblin's management, would be a history of dark crimes, unsuited to the columns of the most depraved in the country. Is it not disgraceful, that this man—this Hamblin should be allowed to pollute New-York—insulting by such acts the beauty, the virtue, and the modesty of her fairest daughters? Is it not disgraceful that such revolting details are allowed to appear in print—and the man—the grand mover—permitted to remain? Readers—it is not only true, but they permit him to reopen the National, and produce on its boards the productions of this said Medina—Hamblin

been respected if she had been kept away from the Upas poison of Hamblin's influence. As it is—the one is dead; the other lives to curse the cause of her death—a death, still shrouded in mystery.

Dark insinuations are still thrown out that Miss Missouri came to her death by violence; the report of the Coroner and inquest was written by Miss Medina—sent and published in the Sunday Morning News. This, as yet, has not been denied.

"Why did Hamblin call for a Coroner's Inquest? No one had preferred any charge against him. Conscience called aloud. A jury was hastily called—the friends of the deceased were not forewarned—the whole testimony before the jury was from interested persons, among whom Miss Medina figured as Mrs. Hamblin!"

Such are some of the revolting facts elicited from this strange affair. We now ask has not Hamblin insulted the American people? Has his dramatic career been other than one scene of debauchery? What has he done for the drama? Answer—he has damned it! It will take years of studious attention and correctness on the part of managers to do away with the foul blot he has placed upon it. There is not a manager in the country but should shut his doors against him! There is not an actor in the land but should shun him as a pestilence! There is not an actress of character but should look upon him as the monster that has dared to profane the altar of Thespis with his unhallowed presence. The drama has its morality as well as the church. When either are abused, it becomes a people's duty to correct that abuse. What would avail criticism, if such men as Hamblin were allowed to control our theatres? What opinion could the world form of our dramatic literature, if the temple of its muses was under the guidance of Hamblin? These are questions not so easily answered; and we only regret that the proprietors of the great National Theatre have been so unwise as to throw open its doors to Thomas S. Hamblin.

IT WAS OUR INTENTION TO LET THE NOTORIOUS HAMBLIN REST BUT FINDING SECRET PREPARATIONS TO FORCE HIM ON THE PUBLIC WE CANCER MORE SAY.

To every citizen of New York who loves virtue, who respects the laws and who would protect and defend the innocent and the helpless, we appeal. We shall be heard; for the truth is mighty and must prevail.

Thomas S. Hamblin shrinking from what ought to wither him, the public gaze, did not dare to keep his promise to play at the National Theatre. He could not rebuild the Bowery. He bought presses and editors in vain. The press rank with his infamy, from the Balize to the Bay of Fundy. Those he had wronged refused to settle with the "innocent boy," save before a judge and twelve men. He would fain, did his courage suffice, seek a refuge from his notoriety in the quiet of the grave. His friends, however, in which term are included all the buffies and desperadoes of the Five Points, will not suffer him to rest in the obscurity which alone could be his protection. Force him upon the public they will, whether he likes it or not.

We give it as a fact, of our positive knowledge, that there is an organized gang in this city, pledged to sustain Hamblin whenever and wherever he may appear. At the head of the crew are some half dozen ruthless barbarians by whom he is not feared or man regarded. These functionaries in behalf of all the rest, have written a letter to the "innocent boy" of the slaughter house, in which they insist upon his resurrection, and make out "dudiscreet boy" may again glide from his den into the feeble of their souls to him as unreservedly as they have already done to Satan. It was accompanied by a list of all the ***** every body who could sign their names. We have a copy of the original document. Such a specimen of style and chirography, is not surpassed even by the declaration of independence.

Well, these worthies, not only insist upon an opportunity to maintain Hamblin's quarrel; but they also pledge themselves to impugn Josephine, because she had the courage to deny an imputation of which we shall publish should they offend as they participated in her sister's death, cast upon her by Hamblin. Any one who entertains a doubt on the that compendium of baseness, Medina. Nor is subject may have it removed by calling on us.

this all—every member of her family is to be assailed with calumny, and every weapon of which wickedness can avail itself to injure her friends. Let them beware! a cloud is already hovering over their heads, which are long will blast them with its concentrated thunders!!

Shall not the dead rest in their bloody graves? shall not the living suffer a lingering death, that ungrateful alien may thrive upon the extorted spoils of an insulted nation? Shall the best actress America ever produced, be the victim of a plot, the blackness of which almost exceeds belief? Will New York be governed by the dictation of a few ruffians? Are unblemished character, high intellect and surpassing beauty, so common among us, that we can afford to look tamely on and see them sacrificed at the altar of Satan? Will New York endure a conspiracy of any kind, and especially against a woman? We trust not. As it is, even New Orleans cries shame on us, and indignantly asks, how such a person, as this "innocent indiscreet" is permitted to live. Are you a father?—your own child may one day need protection. Are you a brother?—what would be your language to him who should defame or wrong your own sister? Are you a man?—prove your right to the name, by opposing the supporters of Hamblin? We have not quite done. The conspirators' host of having bought several editors, whose course too plainly shown that their wants are not altogether vain. Now think they the nine days wonder is over, and the "dudiscreet boy" may again glide from his den into the lamplight, unmolested. They pronounce him not guilty, and would sacrifice to him a victim, whose every hair is worth the lives of a thousand such as Hamblin and Medina. It will not do. No moon will shine upon the great seducer before an American audience. The people cannot be convinced that our charges are vague and indefinite. We think we have been specific enough.

We have our information directly from parties also pledge themselves to impugn Josephine, because she had the courage to deny an imputation of which we shall publish should they offend as they participated in her sister's death, cast upon her by Hamblin. Any one who entertains a doubt on the that compendium of baseness, Medina. Nor is subject may have it removed by calling on us.

We would suggest to Bloodgood, that guardian of virtue and innocence—that intellectual moral and profound justice to call at the house of Mrs. Bowen, in Church street were he will find two legitimate objects for his guardianship.

What ought to be done to an antiquated magistrate who keeps a lady at one side of the town, and destroys his lawful wife, in another by neglect and ill usage? We'll see, and thereby "hangs a tale" to be told, which will cause some throat cutting.—Bee.

The great Seducer's Flight to Texas.
"I'm O P H I'll have you know,
To virtuous Texas I must go."



at assassins who used the wound of which she now lies dangerously ill. Truly complimentary to the character for vigilance of the Attorney of the fifth.



We said, in a previous number, that Thomas S. Hamblin was waiting for the storm, his enormities have awakened to subside. The result shows the correctness of our judgment. Thinking, probably, that the death of Miss Missouri has passed from the minds of men, and that New York has forgotten to abhor vice and crime, some of his supporters among whom W. H. Attree, rank-first and foremost, have undertaken to extricate him from the shades which have exhaled from his baseness. We begin with Attree.

This foreigner received a proper castigation from our hands, for his share in the abduction of one of America's best and fairest daughters. He now disavows the foreigner altogether, and assumes the character of a private American citizen. His conduct in his new capacity is precisely that of a slave promoted to the dignity of a driver. He shows his zeal for his adopted countrymen by abusing the natives of his own land. His first victim is Capt. Hoskin of the Great Western, whom he accuses of having grossly insulted Captain Pennay and several ladies; this may, or may not be true; but to know why we cannot comment upon the circumstances listen to the follow—

"Come out, Mr. Hoskin, and explain why these ladies were insulted." Captain H. is certainly bound to obey so pre-emptory a summons from so potential an American as this same Attree. "Come out, and explain why you tried to tear the laurels from the brow of the noble Captain Roberts. Come out in today's papers, with a card. There is a little of the blood of Bunker Hill, still left in the breasts of our citizens, and they will never tamely submit to an insult, even though James Watson Webb, himself, Whiskers and all should attempt to shield you."

Be it known to all men, and to Captain Hoskin in particular, that this impudent gentleman vomited upon this country, first a police reporter for the Herald, and is now its sub editor. His age may be fifty, his manners (that part of them which he did not bring with him) were picked up at the "****" and his appearance is that of an animated run cask wreathed in rage. His impudence is entirely his own and not borrowed from any particular place; for there is no place on earth that can match it. Captain Roberts is, doubtless, a very good man, but what enables him in Attree's eyes, is the fact that his master crossed the Atlantic in the Sirius. We wonder that, carrying such a Jonah, she was not ingulphed before she left soundings. "A little of the blood of Bunker Hill is indeed left among us; but no drop of it warms the veins of Attree. Were he pierced, alcohol might flow from the wound, but no more honourable fluid."

It is rather pleasant to observe that the Herald is at war with Webb. When rogues fall out, there is a chance that honest men may get their right. The sub-editor feels the stripes inflicted by Webb on his master as keenly as if they had been bestowed on his own shoulders. It is a little singular, however, that a personage who lives upon whip-lash, and to whom a skin cutting is literally food and drink should feel any resentment. "He has gotten the price at which he has twenty times sold his hide and still is not content. We hope we are understood, and that we may be so, we will be very "specific." We say that some person connected with the Herald attempted to extort a bribe from Capt. Marvatt, and failing so to do, abused him unmercifully. For this we have the evidence of our own eyes and ears. We say that the vicinity of that press is a town talk. We say that the bar of the Terrapin Lunch contains all the arguments used by Hamblin to convince Attree of his innocence.

He says that he has carefully avoided saying anything about Hamblin. It is false. Implicated in his guilt, he has been his most strenuous defender. "With the past history of Hamblin he has nothing to do." Better not—it is a subject that will not bear handling. His leprosy of soul might infect even Attree. "We shall not bring the indiscretions of his youth as damning witnesses against the man." This venerable youth may be of his defender's age and his indiscretions include in their list seduction, ingratitude and desertion. Attree, however, pronounces the mature stripping guiltless, and says that "in a moment of generous enthusiasm he opened an ark of kindness for that girl." That ark was a brothel, and she died of its pestilential atmosphere in very few days. Attree abetted the "innocent boy" in opening the door of the ark, which never before gave entrance to any but unclean beasts. "Why is the grass torn from a new made grave, and malignity permitted to spit upon the remains of the innocent." Measureless liar; who but yourself and your accomplices dug the grave and kept it open. We defy you to show a word that we have ever used derogatory to Miss Missouri. Not satisfied with the death of one victim you have sought to inflict martyrdom on the living. You say that Hamblin's conduct has undergone judicial investigation. It is false. An illegal trial, conducted by Hamblin's kindred spirit

Sixteen patriots sentenced to death at Te rento. Among whom was Mr. Miller, a law student, after receiving his sentence, addressed the court as follows:

"My Lord: Your lordship has asked whether I have any thing to offer why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me. I shall, with the permission of your lordship, offer a few remarks; not, however, with a belief that I shall be able, by any thing that I might say, to turn aside the impending fate that awaits me."

"In reference to the statute under which I have been tried, I am under the full conviction that it is unconstitutional, and in this opinion I believe I am sustained by some of the legal gentlemen now present. I am of opinion that no statute affecting the life of an individual, whether a subject or not, can be considered the law of the land until it shall have received the sanction of the sovereign. I know, my lord, that under this act others have suffered, and I have no reason to suppose that my pleading its unconstitutionality will be any bar to the awful fate which is about to fall from the lips of your lordship. "I am, indeed, asked why sentence of death shall not be passed upon me. If I had done a deed worthy of death, I would say, let it come; but I declare to your lordships, that according to the dictates of my own judgment, I deserve neither death nor bonds."

"I have not been guilty of the death of any one. I have taken from no one that which was not my own. I came not into your country to destroy its form of government. I came not upon its borders with arms in my hands. Young and inexperienced as I am, I was led into the error, for which I now stand convicted, by the advice of others. Had truth and justice prevailed, I should not now be called to stand before your lordships in peril of my life."

"I say I stand convicted—but on what evidence has my conviction been obtained? Upon that of the perjured Dean, who has borne an evidence for the crown to save his own life. Trust there has been some other evidence against me, from persons who I believe intended to speak the truth, but they were in error. No doubt they were led astray from the necessary confusion of the moment."

"When I became sensible of my error—when I found that it was better for me to return to my home, I was told that the lines could not be passed, and that if I forsook my party, death would be my portion. Thus situated what way was there for my escape?"

"I appeal, my Lord, to the lancers, whether I did not use my best exertions to stay the hand of the assassin. I appeal to every individual who was present at the attack upon the lancers, to say whether I did not do every thing in my power to prevent the death of any one, or the loss of any property."

"I am here before your lordship, convicted as a felon; but appealing to my own conscience, I vow to your lordship and to this whole court, that I cannot consider myself guilty of a felonious act; yet, if it is my fate to suffer death, I must bow to the mandate which decrees it."

Josephine Clifton looks most beautiful since her return to New York. Her recent travels have clipped her superb figure of its superabundance, and made it look as if it was turned out of the mould for an empress. If any lunner wishes to embody a living portrait of Homer's Juno, now's his time.—Bee.

ON PARTING.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

'Twas beautiful—when golden stars
Were from their dome of sapphire beaming,
And burnished clouds like silvery cars,
Were on their lustrous pathway gleaming—
To look upon one mild sweet face,
To gaze on one angelic form,
Where life and loveliness and peace
Blend like rich colors soft and warm:
'Twas witchery to hear the tone
Of one I loved, the fondest, nearest—
Breathed, sweetly breathed to me alone,
By lips whose music was the dearest:
And oh, 'twas ecstasy to feel
Swayed by the gently stirring air,
Coolly against my forehead steal
The soft folds of her flowing hair,
When tenderly she leaned her cheek
To meet Love's pure and fervent token,
And strove with faltering voice to speak
The syllable which I had spoken!—

IF All the Gardens are doing exceedingly well, more so than any one can imagine. If you don't believe us, why, go and see for yourselves.

THE MUSEUMS are also well attended, and deserve a continuance of patronage.

The EXTRA can be had at the office, 122 Nassau between Beekman & Ann street, on Sunday.

The following engraving represents the associates of the Great SEDUCER, on their way to Texas.

