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THE DAILY BEE.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE GOVERNMENT OF NEW ORLEANS AND FIRST MUNICIPALITY COUNCIL.

Tuesday Morning, March 2, 1852.

MEETING OF WHIG DELEGATES

A NEW CONSTITUTION

New York Correspondence.

New York, Feb. 19, 1852.

A year cold day, with a population moving as if they were working for the job.

Last evening, at Tripler Hall, there was a large and brilliant audience for the Maine Liquor law.

It was the great festival of the National Temperance League, called by the multitudinous "Holy Alliance of Temperance."

The tickets to the banket in the main body of the Hall, were $1 for each person, but 50 cents appear for those who were content to partake only of the feast of reason and the flow of soul, as auditors in the gallery.

Having a distaste for public supper tables, I preferred with some friends to the "dress circle," as it is denominated. Odd times girls from another gallery above.

Were you ever in Tripler Hall, now called metropolitan, when illuminated for the ball in its capacity? It beats the world, not only in spaciousness and elegant ornament, but for its amount of gas light. Every jet of gas was now in full blaze.

The ample dais, or platform at the upper end of the room, which is my thinks small and inadequate for the number of musicians occupied at the Lind soirée, was now covered with tables and seats for orators where some not to discourse eloquent music, but eloquent arguments for the cause of temperance. Below, six or seven tables extended the entire length of the Hall, affording seats for about 800 people. A fair proportion of these were ladies, and a few children. Among these, though evidently of the middling class, which I regard as the best and quite a numerous class, were well dressed fashionably, and even easily.

The Allechemians, a musical corps, had a place on the dais, and a number of ladies. The presence of the fair relieved the supper scene from the roguish aspect common at similar parties.

At the right of the little man who presided, sat the tall and rather corpulent form of General Isaac Houston, whose white hair and head part a hand made him look to be about 65. He was dressed with remarkable propriety for his age and many I suspect, before they discovered his identity, took him to be some good old white haired speaker. During his speech, subsequently, the venerable man affirmed that he was exactly what he seemed, but I could not help thinking of his many and pranks in younger days.

To the right of General H were Hon. Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland, and author of the famous Maine Liquor Law; Rev S. C. Cozier of Trenton, N J; Rev Mr Tresser, the author of "Demon Gifts Distilling," and sundry other distinguished gentlemen unknown to me. At the presidents left sat the Hon Thomas Marsh, whose name, obtained in the Secretaryship of the Board of Education in Massachusetts, and subsequently furnished by his father associate upon Daniel Webster, has a fair prospect of becoming its former brightness by his lectures and efficient encounters with the demons of intemperance.

The Hon Senator is a tall, slim man, with the easy air of a man not built for much labor, rich or more, and has lost some of his end teeth, which impairs his utterance. He is a fine, intelligent man, rather tall in the land of the region, and he is wears spectacles. He is a fine, intelligent man, rather tall in the land of the region, and he is wears spectacles. He left was the great Batman flanked on one by a huge Orthodox clergyman, named Hawks, and on the other by the Rev Mr Hawks, the Episcopal minister and Sailor's Friend, and on the other by his closely attired. The dark complexioned and fiend like Mr Chapin, the Unitarian Minister of the Universalist, a dry, cool fellow, and one of the best orators in modern times. There, there was Mr John Chambers of Philadelphia, formerly from the south of Ireland, and augurs other men across the table strongly for the good cause.

I think I saw Mr Gough, but Father Taylor, the Methodist minister and Sailor's Preacher, from Boston, came in during the evening.

It was as good as a play, to see the Irish and Irish game which I saw one or two people was simultaneously, as soon as Mr Howe had risen and appropriated the table cloth. Of course, and the fashionable audience in the gallery were attentive spectators of this part of the entertainment. Many persons were present who evidently became less hungry than were large with certainly, the Americans are not the habits of the nation under the sun; the it creates not exception.

The audience was most distinguished than even in the trade and fair movement. Especially was important that there were Gen Sam Houston, Rev Mr Chapin, and Rev Mr Howe. Henry Ward Beecher had not arrived. For a small part, the audience would have attended the Lind concert. Our friend, Horace Maynard, with a cup of coffee, and a certain quantity of ham but though death to the depots did not prove any great shake. I consider the subtle. I was a most clear, in fact, any merit with the general run he did not of the Tennessee man. In one place, one of the clergymen, who is dead, he was heard to say, "I am not clear in the world who could resist."

The fact must stand by the no other than Texas who is anecdote in ridicule of those who profess that they drink because they know how to stop. An acquaintance, whose inveigh betrayed a slight degree of inebriation in consequence, and in his declined to pass temperance society, found he could not attend, but offered his apology. "It was a habit, he said, I can drink and when I find I can't drink I don't." I did not belong to any temperance society, but I was not a drunkard. I considered it a matter of conscience with me, and therefore I never drank. I therefore I never drank. I therefore I never drank. I