

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XI.

New York, July 25th, 1853.

Signs in the East—Russia and Turkey—Austrian movement—A contrast suggested—The Ocean Telegraph—What will come to pass—Progress in the Palace—Probable time of completion—Character of the Exhibition—A ludicrous work—Too much of certain good things—Italian statues—German statues—Objects in the nave of the Palace—Genoa's Stone—Life boats—Bell-Work laid out.

MY DEAR POST: I intend to devote the greater part of this letter to the Crystal Palace, but before I resume my description of the wonders collected within its spacious halls, I must refer to a subject strikingly in contrast with it, and one which at the present time has a significance of more than ordinary import. I allude to the indications of war in the East. The signs of the times have been ominous of troubles for some time past. It has been a fact too palpable for disguise, that Russia would gladly find a plausible pretext for an attack upon Turkey. Nor is her taste at all a matter of surprise—when the appetizing nature of the morsel she craves is considered. Russia is politic, however, and moves cautiously to her ends. While the public mind is excited with the order of the Russian Autocrat for the military occupancy of Moldavia, as the first step in the grand military ball, the Arctic brings word that Austria takes the occasion of impending danger to Turkey, to press her demands upon that country, so recently declined to the diplomacy of Count de Leiningen. The news is certainly startling and ominous; for it leaves no room for doubt as to the position the Czar will occupy in the quarrel between the Autocrat and the Sultan. I am not disposed to pursue this subject in its possible bearings and consequences—for speculations must soon give way to facts, and it is not an easy matter—though many seem to think it is—to predict the issue of such conflicts as that which seems to be at hand in Europe. I stated in the commencement of my letter that this subject was in striking contrast to the theme I should chiefly discuss in this letter. Here, in the new world, we have congregated within a grand temple of Peace, people from numerous climes, speaking various languages, and all united in the noble endeavor to set forth the fruits and favors which Peace bestows upon the world. It seems impossible to us, as we tread the floors of the Crystal Palace, passing peacefully from the Austrian department into that where Turkey is represented, that at this moment, perhaps, the two powers are in deadly strife, and that the consequence may be fatal to the peace of Europe—the various nations of which are now so fraternally united in our jubilee of industry and art.

There is another topic of popular interest connected with the old world, to which I must make a brief reference. It is the probability of the speedy establishment of telegraphic communication between Europe and America. I have named Europe first, because it is from the shores of the old world that this mighty cable of wire is to be stretched towards those of the new. England has taken the start of us in this grand endeavor, and she never talks without at the same time acting. It is now determined that a telegraphic cable shall be stretched across the Atlantic from Galway in Ireland, to Halifax in the western world—a distance of about sixteen hundred miles! Various estimates have been made by responsible houses in England, for the accomplishment of the great work; and it will be done, perhaps, within a year from this date. Then, will our breakfast tables be enlivened by the intelligence of what took place the previous day in London, in Paris, and even, perhaps, in St. Petersburg. The debates in Parliament, will be as fresh to us, as the speeches in our own Congress. It is supposed that the total weight of the telegraphic cable to be sunk between Galway and Halifax, will not fall much short of two thousand tons, and if constructed upon the same scale with that across the British Channel, (from Dover to Calais) it would exceed in weight twelve thousand tons!

Let us leave for a while, the rumors of war, and the feats of lightning, to traverse some of the walks of the Crystal Palace. A week has made great changes in the tout ensemble of its interior. A hundred new objects present themselves in every section. Whole squares, vacant a week ago, are now decorated and gay with beautiful objects, or grave with the appliances of labor and science. The British department is rapidly emerging from chaos into order and splendor. So is it with the Zollverein, just opposite. The British colonies have opened extensively. France, and Austria, and Italy have all multiplied their attractions; and the Exhibition is fast assuming the appearance of a magnificent completeness.

The chief delay will be in the Machine Arcade, and in the beautiful gallery above it, devoted to the Fine Arts; but even these are progressing with a most hopeful rapidity. The floor of the Arcade is now being laid, and already some of the engines and machines are taking their places. In a fortnight, the work will be, if not absolutely complete, yet so far done as to enable the directors to say with pride, "Behold our temple, and its thousand monuments of industry and art and genius!"

Do not suffer yourself to be misled by the captious criticisms of some newspapers, as to the real merits of the Exhibition. I have no hesitation in saying that the American people may be justly proud of it in almost every respect. It is not difficult to find objection in the Crystal Palace. I have myself laughed heartily at the plaster group—representing the genius of America—which occupies a prominent place in the East Nave. It is such as to excite the risible faculties of death himself. Most cordially do I wish that some unskilful mischance would occur to break it into fragments, so small that human ingenuity could no more repair it than in the famous fable of nursery days—

"All the King's horses and all the King's men,
Could ever put humpty dumpty together again."

I can also enjoy a good humored chuckle over the large amount of American genius expended upon Soap—for turning it into all manner of shapes and aspects—now into a bust of Washington, anon into a transparent window of glistening glass; and again, into more than the ill-natured critics, affect pretence of blacking boxes; or pagoda of bottles of hair dye; or hectacombs of bones in the shape of teeth; or the interiors of milliner's shops; or a dozen other excesses of which exhibitors have been guilty—but I cannot discover in these, any cause of serious reproach against the genius of the Crystal Palace, which I do, and must maintain is lofty, comprehensive and admirable!

Of what shall I write? Shall I tell you of the white statuary of Italy, which gleams from green pedestals, all along the nave and passages of the Palace? They are attractive, both in number and in merit. A fine statue of Columbus is among the more prominent. There are Venuses of various name, Cupids more than I have counted. Drunken Bacchus, and then, an exquisite figure representing "Faith," suggest to the observer strange contrasts. A beautiful work is that of Hagar and Ishmael in the desert; and another, worthy to be admired, represents Tell and his child, at the moment when he has transacted the apple with his arrow, and fastened it to a neighboring tree. A Flora del Campidoglio (Flora of the Capitol) challenges admiration, as does also a statue of "Eve after her transgression." "Cupid and Psyche," and a weeping "Madonna," are among the noticeable works—

There are some remarkably fine heads—among them Copernicus, Shakespeare and Dante; besides numerous mythological busts of noble conception. Several exquisite works, illustrate the gaze of the visitor. There are sleeping children in marble, over whose forms one feels almost constrained to lull his breathing, lest it should disturb the so-natural repose. There are childish forms, too, in the exuberance of life—and in the beauty of action. A case of Cupids is not only a curiosity, but a work of much merit. They are chiselled from a single block. The Veiled Statues of Monti, are curious specimens of art. They are figures, the faces of which appear to be covered with folds of such absolute transparency, that the features are in no wise concealed. There are two or three of these veiled figures in the Palace.

I must pass over without special mention, numerous allegorical and imaginative works, of various degrees of merit. No country of course, equals Italy in the number of works contributed to the Exhibition. Germany sends but few statues, but they are chiefly admirable. I have already named, the bronze group of Professor Kiss—the Amazon. There is another work, in marble, which I will name. It is the Minstrel's Curse—a free and beautiful embodiment of the spirit of Upland's fine poem. Conspicuous in the Western nave are some fine castings in iron bronze, of dogs and deer, from the Netherlands. In the South Nave there is a magnificent Warwick vase, in marble, upon an elaborate pedestal. I shall mention other works of art in marble and bronze as they occur to my mind, or arrest my eye from time to time.

The most conspicuous object in the North Nave is Genin's show-case—a little palace of glass, and gold leaf all to itself—ornamented by a score of gilded eagles, and surmounted by a huge globe! In the case are tastefully arranged the richest of furs and robes, embroidered mantillas, dainty shoes, costly hats, and in short, all the luxuries of a grand inhabitant of the glass case, seem to be quite a greater attraction to the masses than the Psyche, and Shepherdesses and Cupids in marble around it.

I have not ventured yet within the precincts of a single court; nor shall I dare to do so in this letter. And why should I, when the naves have yet a score of objects demanding mention? Is there not the curiously carved Shamrock Table, from the Emerald Isle, constructed of thirteen rare Irish woods? Are there not the sweet-toned bell of Meneely—a whole gamut of them in their iron turret? Are there not the rival life boats of Raymond and Francis—that of the latter having apparently the capacity of a small ship, and competent to save hundreds from a watery grave? Is there not the grand side-stroke fire engine, radiant with polished steel and brass and silver, and gay with elaborate paintings? And the christening fountains—are they not worthy of mention—standing as they do, near the threshold both of the Palace and of—life itself?

I have yet to mention, among the objects in the nave, a set of four beautiful bells from Constance, in Germany. They are inscribed with scriptural mottoes, in the Gothic character, which, however, is Dutch to the multitudes! There will doubtless be various other walks placed in the great avenues of the Palace, as the foreign contributors come in. It is not, however, the intention of those who direct these matters to obstruct the passages, or in any way to crowd objects to the injury of their legitimate effect.

In my next, I will enter the great sections of the Palace, and glance at the various contributions of the different countries who occupy them, in the order observed in the official catalogue. There will be found much to elicit the admiration, and to repay the attention of the visitor. Hoping that many of your readers will come and see for themselves, I must now subscribe myself their's and yours,
COSMOS.

For the Southern Weekly Post.
OLD AGE.

The majestic monarch of the forest becomes old. Though possessed of giant strength, it, too, must yield to the power of unrelenting time. The roots decay—the leaves fade—the boughs fall off—and the mighty fabric gradually moulders into the dust. So it is with man. He too must become old. No mortal power, no human skill can prevent it. Of whatever country he may be—of whatever occupation in life—whether minister of State or herald of the Cross—whether citizen or outlaw—bond or free—all must yield to time.

As old age comes on the vigor of youth departs, the sight becomes dim, the hearing defective and the other senses likewise fail, thus leaving man isolated as regards the external world. But there are consequences far more lamentable than these. The mind itself becomes enfeebled, and the mental powers, as if in sympathy with the physical, lose their activity and become torpid.

The memory, that great connecting link between the present and the past, fails. Then, indeed, man's state is truly to be pitied; debared from all communion with the world and having the great lights of the mind darkened. How necessary is it then, when our blood is warm and our nerves are strong, so to moderate our desires and regulate our passions, as to produce a calm serenity of mind and a quiet cheerfulness of disposition in old age, thus robbing it of half its misery and imparting to it joys unknown to youth.

How necessary it is to spend our youth in the pursuit of knowledge, and our time in the attempt to better the condition of fallen humanity, so that, standing on the mount of hoary age, we may look with pleasure upon our deeds done in the green valley of youth, and with joy anticipate the blissful immortality reserved for us in the world to come.
JULIAN.

A BIBLE CLASS ON A LARGE SCALE.—We learn that a very important movement has been made by the young men of our city, who are connected with the "Boston Young Men's Christian Association." Within a few weeks they have organized themselves into a large class, with a board of government, a secretary, and a leader, from their own members, and are now procuring books, maps, &c. for their special use as a class. Their object is the study of the Bible. And they propose to extend their investigations to all departments of knowledge, for the illustration of Palestine, productions, history and inhabitants of Palestine and the countries adjacent. From the earliest period to the present; also to study the manners and customs of ancient nations, their forms of government, and any other topics that may serve to explain and illustrate the sacred oracles. Members of the class and others whom they may secure will give, from time to time, familiar lectures and recitations before the class, upon the above subjects; also upon the inspiration, authenticity, manner of preservation, &c. of Holy Writ, with biographical sketches of the authors, their literary characteristics, &c. &c.

This class meets weekly, at their room, Tremont Temple, and bids fair to furnish our young men such facilities for becoming acquainted with the Bible as they can obtain nowhere else. The class have secured the services of two of the most eminent Biblical scholars in our land, one of whom has opened his most valuable library for the use of their leader, and from which rare books of reference can be obtained. These eminent gentlemen will also, as occasion may require, appear before the class, and give the results of their long and diligent examination of that Book which is above all others.—Boston Traveler.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

From Brook's German Lyrics.

"I sat upon a mountain,
From home-land far away,
Below me hills and valleys,
Meadows and corn-fields lay.

"The ring from off my finger
In reverie I drew.
The pledge of fond affection
She gave at our adieu.

"I held it like a spy-glass
Before my dreaming eye,
And, through the hooplet peeping,
The world began to spy.

"Ah, bright, green, sunny mountains,
And fields of waving gold!
In sooth, a lovely picture
For such fair fate to hold!

"Here many a neat, white cottage,
Smiles on the wooded steep,
There scythe and sickle glister
Along the valley's sweep!

"And farther onward stretches
The plain the streams glide through,
And (boundary guards of granite),
Beyond, the mountains blue.

"Cities, with domes of marble,
And thickets, fresh and green,
And clouds that, like my longings,
Towards the dim distance lean.

"Green earth and bright blue heaven,
The dwellers and their land—
All this, in one fair picture,
My golden hoop-frame spanned.

"Oh, fairest of fair pictures,
To see, by Love's ring spanned,
The green earth and blue heaven,
The people and their land!"

THE JEWS.

The Rev. Mr. Duffield, of Detroit, who has spent the winter in the East, in a letter from Jerusalem, says:

"One of the most affecting sights I have witnessed during my travels was encountered yesterday, P. M. I repaired to the appointed spot to hear the lamentations of the Jews over their desolated temple and scattered nation. The site of the ancient temple is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar. No Christian or Jew is allowed by the Mussulmen to enter its precincts. The nearest approach that the Jews can make to it is to the large and massive stones of the wall which Solomon built from the bottom of the narrow valley or ravine called the Tropean, for the purpose of sustaining and forming the terrace or arches, which were built from the face of the rock on its four sides, and on which the temple on Mount Moriah was originally constructed.

I saw thirty-five Jews, standing or seated, near these stones, all of them bowing, and restlessly swinging to and fro, while they read their Scriptures in the Hebrew, and some weeping bitterly as they uttered their wail of distress. One man sobbed as if his heart was ready to break, while he stood reading, and trembling with emotion in his whole frame. Women, with white scarfs thrown over their heads, passed mournfully along the wall; some kissed the stones with their lips, others laid their hands on them, and then kissed their hands, whilst most sat or squatted in a Turk-like position, reading parts of their liturgy in Hebrew. I ventured, with a courteous salutation, to look upon the page from which an aged man was quietly reading. He politely pointed his finger to the place. He was reading, the 58th, 59th and 60th Psalms. The whole scene was so deeply moving, exhibiting in such a powerful light the sad reality of the Jew's great national sorrow, and caused such a rush of solemn thoughts in my mind, that I was quite overcome by it.

AURORA BOREALIS.—A vast number of theories and hypotheses have engaged the attention and ingenuity of philosophers regarding the Aurora Borealis. Among other things it has been ascribed to particles thrown off from the sun's atmosphere, to reflections of light from the poles, to broken up comets; and the electricity in vacuo; while in an earlier age it awakened superstitious terrors, being deemed ominous of war, pestilence and famine, and a fearful supernatural precursor of the day of judgment.

The revelations of science have brushed away those delusions, and late experiments and discoveries show that it is an atmospheric phenomenon, that all the elements necessary to account for it exist in the air, and are regulated and governed by atmospheric laws, as plainly as the rainbow, or the lines which glow in the evening sky.

The basis or "sub-strata" of the Aurora is unmistakably a light, thin, transparent vapor, approaching the condition of the cloud, called Cirrus by the meteorologists, each stratum peculiarly susceptible of magnetic influences.

Mr. Faraday in his recent explanation of the power and force of electro-magnetism, states that "the magnetic force invests the earth from pole to pole, rising in one hemisphere, and passing over the equator to the other hemisphere, which comprises its circuit of power."

These "lines of magnetic force" rise at a greater angle in the high than in the equatorial latitudes. In the higher latitudes they encounter, and act upon, and irradiate the vaporous media which form the basis of the Aurora Borealis—while the currents—the fantastic motions—the sunny hues—the almost heat lighting glances, and the prismatic colors are due to the electro-magnetic light reflected on the watery part of the vapor, and the chemical agitation of the elements, in the mysterious meteorological process.

It appears from the foregoing data that the Aurora Borealis consists of a translucent humid vapor, analogous to, and not higher than the clouds, inflated, condensed, spread abroad, and otherwise modified by a "meteorological process evolved."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, selected her?"

A very clever correspondent has sent the editor of an exchange, a letter containing this query, and she makes out her case very ably. She says:

"I have been married many years; the match was considered to be a very good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. Why, my dear Mr. Editor, I loved my husband when I married him, because he had by unwarmed assiduity, succeeded in gaining my affections; but had not been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy chair, sleeping before the fire, a large dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of one of the many pockets of his shooting coat, I can but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was a fashionable clergyman, a perfect Adonis; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not yet forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a barrister; a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after talking, walking, dancing, and flirting, left me in the lurch! Either of them would have been my 'choice' had I so chosen; but my present husband, probably jacket, pipe and dog inclusive, than she would have been with either the fashionable clergyman or the clever barrister? Men are proverbially inconstant; and, after marriage, when the trouble and inconvenience of children begin to be felt, and when (the most trying time of all) the wife begins to neglect her husband for her children, unless there was originally a very strong attachment on the husband's side, there is little chance of happiness.

A wife's affection, on the contrary, always increases after marriage; and even if indifferent before, a well disposed woman can help loving the father of her children. Children, on her side, are a bond of union, and though she may appear, for them, to neglect some of those little attentions which men seem naturally to expect, it is only because the child is the more helpless being of the two, and the true woman always takes the side of those who are the most feeble. It is a strange but melancholy fact that when young girls fancy themselves in love, they are seldom if ever happy, if they marry the object of their choice. The fact is, in most cases, they find the husband they have chosen quite a different person as an individual, from the imaginary object he appeared as a lover.

The imagination of most girls is stronger than the judgment; and as soon as the first idea of love is awakened in a female heart, the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible perfections are assembled together in the young girl's mind to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society, is generally invested by her with the halo of these thoughts, and she fancies herself violently in love without the least real knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. No wonder, then, that if she marries she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished, never to return; and she finds herself chained for life to the man she detests, because she fancied she had been deceived in him.

On the other hand, the man who, with very pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret delusions of the girl, becomes, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends and relatives on both sides share in the same feelings—"What would she have?" they cry—"she married for love and for the consequences."

The consequences are, indeed, in such cases, generally sad enough. When the first delusion is dispelled, and the truth, in all its hard and stern reality, comes forth from the veil that has been thrown around it, both parties feel indignant at the false position in which they find themselves. Mutual recriminations take place, each accusing the other of deceit and ingratitude; while the apparent injustice of those accusations, which is felt by each party alternately, first wounds the feelings, and, then, if repeated, rankles in the wound till it becomes incurable.

A MODEL RECOMMENDATION FOR OFFICE.—The Knickerbocker for July contains a number of specimens of letters from office-seekers and their friends. We copy one of the best from Mr. Twist to Governor Marcy, on behalf of a gentleman who is ready at any moment to do for his country and at a fat office:

"The bearer, Mr. Van Buren Phelps, is an applicant for some easy office, and I am happy to say, is an out-and-out Democrat. He voted for Van Buren in '40, for Polk in '54, and in '48, being somewhat puzzled by the claims of the contending factions, pulled two votes, one for Van Buren and one for Mr. Cass, exciting a spirit of contention and high-toned principle which puts to the blush all other compromise measures. Mr. Phelps, I can truly say, is an active, energetic, and industrious Democrat, but is unable to discharge very many out-door duties, as he is suffering under a physical disability, having two years since sprained his ankle badly. * * * The circumstances attending this physical disability may not be uninteresting, as illustrative of the Democracy inherent in the man. They are these:—He was engaged with some young Democrats raising a hickory-pole. They had accomplished their object, and young Phelps determined to place the stars and stripes upon the top of the pole. For this purpose he commenced climbing; but alas! having arrived at the dizzy height of ten feet, the pole gave way, and he was hurled miserably upon the earth, with a severe contusion upon the fleshy part of the leg, but without realizing the extent of the injury, he waived the tattered sign over his contused frame, and gave three hearty cheers for James K. Polk! Such Democracy ought not to be placed on our unfortunate friend in some easy position where his physical disability will not be antagonistic to his progressive Democracy."

A LITTLE INCIDENT.—A bachelor friend of ours was riding a day or two ago through Attol, in this State, when he overtook a little girl and boy apparently on their way to school. The little girl appeared to be five or six years old, and was as beautiful as a fairy. Her eyes were lit up with a gleam of intense happiness, and her cheeks glowed with the hues of health. Our bachelor friend looked at her for a moment admiringly. She met his glance with a smile, and with an eager voice saluted him with, "Have you got a baby?" He was struck aback by the question, and something like a regret stole over his mind as he looked upon the animated and beautiful little face before him. "No," he answered. "Well," she replied, drawing her tiny form proudly up, "she passed on, still smiling, to tell the joyous news to the next one she might meet. What a world of happiness to her was concentrated in that one idea—the baby! In and her joy she felt as if all must have the same delight as herself; and it was a matter of affectionate pride to her that lifted her little heart above the reach of ordinary envy, for in the baby was her world, and what she had she to crave? Such was the reflection of our friend, and he remembered it long enough to tell us yesterday in State street.—Boston Post.

TELEGRAPH WATER-CARRIER.

We saw this singular apparatus in operation a few days since in Virginia, and was very much entertained in witnessing the simple and direct manner in which it performs its office. The design is to enable persons to convey water from a distant source to their door or kitchen, without the expense and promptitude as to surprise the beholder. The machinery is very simple, consisting of a wire and crank, a large wire extending over a series of posts from the house to the spring or well, a little car on wheels adapted to the wire, and a bucket suspended from it, and a cord which winds and unwinds as occasion requires. By turning the crank, the cord is wound upon the wheel, and draws the car forwards as far as the first post. The reversed portion of the cord disengages the car and the bucket pass down the inclined wire to the water, by their own weight, as fast as the cord is given out from the wheel, which is turning in the opposite direction. When the bucket reaches the spring, a leaden weight attached to one side causes it to dip and fill, the crank is again turned as at first, and the cord draws the car and bucket back to the point from which it set out. In this manner a small boy can convey ten or twelve gallons of water over a distance of several hundred yards as soon as he could carry twenty of the ordinary methods.

THE CAUSE OF LEARNING.

THE people of this country are still far behind those of England, France, and Germany, in the cultivation of learning, is universally admitted and generally lamented. The comfort derived from the fact that this is "a new country," is daily diminishing, because it loses its significance as we advance in age, and our mortification is constantly increasing as we become more conscious of our superiority in almost every other element of national greatness. In the extent of our empire, the noble freedom of our institutions, and the practical energy of our people, we need not fear comparison with any other civilized power. Our arms have been gloriously successful, our commerce whitens every sea with its adventurous sail, our agriculture is at the same time feeding and instructing the world. We are unsurpassed in ingenuity, enterprise, and eloquence, and it is only in the more quiet walks of literature and the arts, that we are compelled to shrink from a comparison with older countries, and to acknowledge our inferiority. The cause of letters still languishes in a land which abounds in facilities and conveniences for their successful cultivation.

We are not a literary people, because we are not a learned people. The diffusion of knowledge among us is a just theme of national pride, but profound learning is another thing, which can, as yet, be boasted of by few of our citizens. There is a mistaken impression deeply fixed in the American mind that a scholastic life is a dull, stupid, and unprofitable mode of existence, which men would never pursue, if the brighter and more attractive paths of business ambition were not closed against them. Hence, few of our young men seem disposed to devote themselves to such a retired life, and they rush headlong into the whirl and turmoil of a professional career, or into the angry vortex of political agitation, without casting even a wistful eye to those calm retreats where the triumphs of intellectual labor are achieved.

The worst consequence of this national neglect is perceived in society itself. We associate together in this country for business, for feasting and drinking, and for agitation, but never for the purpose of enjoying an elevated and refined intellectual communion. If we converse at all, it is rigidly confined to business, or politics, or the news. Those who venture into the field of letters and taste, are ridiculed as disagreeable pedants, and few have the courage to incur such danger. We call the classics a bore, and laugh at the muses as if we regarded them as so many lispings, sentimental school misses, whose performances never rise above the level of a weekly composition. Our taste is decided in its preference for the lightest and most perishable kind of literature. We are easily entertained with newspapers that deal largely in accidents and theatricals, with wishy-washy novelettes, and driving contributions to our monthly magazines of great minds, are seldom appreciated. Macaulay, Alison, Arnold, Whately, Chambers, Prescott, Bancroft, are thrown contemptuously aside to make room for the paltry performances of a host of penny-a-liners, who record over and over again the same old sentimental histories for the entertainment of the idle and the vain.

We would rejoice to see a change in this respect take place among our people. The number of those who read for instruction and improvement is lamentably small. Few of those who have leisure and taste for these pursuits, are qualified to enjoy the great original productions of antiquity. The literature, the polity, the superstitions and traditions of the ancients are no longer the subjects of investigation and correspondence among our prominent men. We are in danger of losing sight of them altogether, and thus departing entirely from the great models by which the judgment of the world have hitherto been governed. This should not be. We owe it to ourselves and to posterity, to preserve the access we have enjoyed to the treasures of antiquity open for all generations to come. We owe it to our national character to refine as much as possible the intellect and manners of our people, that we may compete with other nations for the triumphs of learning and science, as we now do for the commerce and wealth of the world.—Our march, if it is to be truly glorious, must be upward as well as onward, in every department of industry and enterprise.

IMPROVED.—The Standard made its appearance last week in a new and very handsome dress. It is now a very pretty specimen of newspaper typography.

MADAME BISHOP is concertizing in the "City of Elias," Concord, N. H.

DOWN WITH THE GROGGERIES.

WHEREVER we go, we see the awful evidence that curse which has so long desolated our country. We hear constantly of brilliant youth, and venerable age, withered and consumed by the destroying vice of mothers, wives, and daughters, wretched and broken hearted by its fatal contagion; and we ask ourselves how long is this to last—when will society, aroused to its danger, drive the dread demon from its bosom? We speak of the vice itself, not of the instruments it employs for self indulgence. There is such a vice prevailing in almost every community, and it is insidiously hardening the hearts, sapping the consciences, and destroying the lives of its victims. They resort at first to the delusive gratification of the sake of health, or consolation, or convivial enjoyment, but whilst they are dallying with its light, they are gradually enslaved, and neither nor affection, however eloquent their appeals, can effectually sever the chain. How bitter the taste this vice is now wringing in secret from honest eyes! How keen the pangs it is inflicting, every day, upon hearts that throbb with virtuous feelings! What is its cause, and what its remedy?

The cause of all this sin and sorrow may be found in the drinking habits of the people. These habits are fostered by various causes, but more especially by the temptations held out by the number of houses and shops established all over the country for the very purpose of creating a gambling to the vicious propensities of men. The groggeries, and other similar establishments, school-houses of intemperance, crime and misery, and must be put down, or the dreadful work of demoralization and ruin will still go on with its horrible results. How this can be prudently and safely accomplished, we are not prepared or qualified to determine. Legislation of some sort, enacted at the source of the evil, is evidently needed, and yet there are delicate rights belonging naturally to man, which are liable to be violated by any measure adopted for this end. These rights must be respected, and some radical remedy applied at the same time to the awful curse, yielding to no other means, seems to require the hands of society, the most strenuous exertions of the law-making power for its removal.

A QUEER BOOK.

We have recently been amusing ourselves with an odd sort of a volume, entitled "INTERESTING MEMORABLE AND USEFUL," by Rev. S. H. D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., which we think deserves a place among the curiosities of literature. The interviews were with Dr. Chadlers, Dr. Merson, President Adams, a French lady from the Mormons. Out of the materials derived from the author has constructed the most rambling, voluminous, conceited, pedantic, abusive, and at the same time, one of the raciest, wittiest, most evanescent and entertaining books we ever saw. We certainly never did see one which combined so many opposite qualities in so small a compass. It is really amusing to observe the artistic manner in which the Dr. has brought himself into contrast with the great men whom he introduces, regularly numbering the interlocutors and calling himself always one. The curious manner in which Dr. Chadlers constantly preserves what place, by keeping the words of all admiration. He seldom loses his presence of mind or his complacency, but preserves throughout in the midst of sincere professions of humility, the air of conscious superiority and cool satisfaction.

In some of the pages, the author writes like a philosopher, in others like a professed humorist, a bigoted controversialist. We have never seen the English language concentrated to so much bitterness as this eminent divine has contrived to express towards some of his brethren in the church. He calls them forgers, conspirators and other names, and accuses them of crimes second only in atrocity to that of Judas. But on the whole, the Dr. appears to us a kindly sort of man, so well pleased with himself that he is not particularly prone to complain of other people. There is zest and vivacity about the style of his narrative, which the reader is apt to enjoy as well as himself.

Speaking of style, we can recommend this volume as one of the composite order. There is a book in our language which abounds in more curious rhetoric. Incongruous metaphors abound.