METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XIV.

NEW YORK, August 20, 1853.

Machine Arcade of the Crystal Palace—Its Motive Power—An Alabama Steam Engine—Carey's Rotary Pumps—Dick's Patent Boiler-Plate Shears—Cotton Machinery—Sewing Machines—The Delighted Old Lady—Powers' Statuary—Eve—The Greek Slave—The Fisher—Boy—Proserpine—Mantel-Pieces—Marble Statue of Cupidity—A Hid-Den Court—Treasures to be Revealed—Avarice Rebuked—Two Shillings for nothing—The Weather—New Books—"Salad for the Solitary"—"Cranford"—Sir Wm. Hamilton's System of Philosphy—Abelard and Heloise—New Book by "Cousin Alice"—Fines.

MY DEAR POST:—I have just traversed the Machine Arcade of the Crystal Palace, to inspect the machinery already erected and to be put in motion next week. Two ponderous, but still exceedingly compact and beautiful Steam Engines, each of sixty horse power, are to be the grand propelling force of the department. One of these is a double cylinder horizontal engine from the Lawrence Machine Shop in Massachusetts, and the other is a vertical beam Engine made by Carliss and Nightingale of Providence, Rhode Island. It is calculated that when the whole system of operative machinery is in motion these mighty Engines will carry not fewer than nine hundred feet of shafting. Close by the Massachusetts engine is another horizontal engine which cannot fail to arrest the eye of every visitor, and which merits more than a passing notice from me, as it comes from the far South—even from Alabama. It is the product of the Winter Iron Works at Montgomery, and reflects the greatest possible credit on the skill and enterprise of its makers. In elegance of design and in beauty of workmanship, it surpasses every other engine within the Crystal Palace. Every part of it is beautifully elaborated and highly polished. It is of thirty horse power, and is valued at $7000, the sum actually expended in its production.

Comparatively few of the machines embraced in classes V. and VI. of the Official Catalogue are yet in their places; but the Arcade is a scene of bustle and labour indicative of speedy progress in perfecting the list. I shall not be able to give you anything like a general view of the machinery in this letter, but there are some machines already upon the floor to which I will devote a few words.

Carey's rotary pumps strike me as possessing advantages over every similar pump I have ever seen. There are several of these curious machines ready for motion and being connected with the main of the Croton Reservoir, will continually discharge water in practical illustration of their efficiency. The rotary pump as generally constructed—is a contrivance for throwing water without the action of reciprocating pistons; but Mr. Carey has ingeniously constructed what appears to be a physical paradox—to wit, a rotary pump *with* reciprocal pistons—the pistons being made of elastic leather and kept tight by the action of the water. Diagrams would be necessary to make the *how* of this operation intelligible to your mechanical readers—and I shall not attempt it in mere words. It is, however, a very simple process, and it enables the operator of the pump I am speaking of, to produce, with a very slow rotary motion, a continuous and uniform flow of water. Mr. Carey claims to do this by *ten* revolutions of the pistons, in a minute, but assures us that he has really accomplished it by only *two* revolutions in the space named. An unbroken stream of water was recently discharged by one of these pumps from a pipe an inch and a quarter in diameter, to the height of 175 feet, the pump working 120 revolutions per minute. This is a very remarkable performance, not to be surpassed only by a still more powerful the various forms of this pump now arranged in the Arcade, will be one of its many attractive sights.

Very near the driving engines of the Arcade there is now erected a ponderous machine which is called a "Boiler plate Shears," and is designed to cut very thick iron plates. I am assured by Mr. Holmes, the intelligent Superintendent of the Machine Arcade, that it will cut a plate of iron six feet long and *one inch thick*, into strips, as one cuts paper with a pair of scissors! This also will be operated, and perform at certain times this mammoth work—doubtless to the astonishment of all beholders. I noticed on the floor and ready for the Engine bands, several neat and compact power looms for cotton spinning, made by Benjamin & Reynolds of this State, and also a spinning frame from Massachusetts, known as the "Dodge Cap Spinner," both of which exhibit novelties of construction.

There is a large amount of competition going on in the immediate vicinity of the Arcade among the various proprietors of *Sewing* Machines. The eternal click, click, click, of the busy needles, is heard all around, and curious visitors by scores crowd about the iron railing which encloses the space appropriated to each rival exhibitor. There are already *five* various machines in motion, and still more promised—which will astonish you by the rapidity, and precision with which they carry the cotton or the silk in straight or curved lines across the cloth or leather continually worked up in strips for the gratification of the beholders. Observe with what an air of delight that good old lady from the country looks at the automaton needle in its rapid motion, making in one minute, a beautifully uniform seam, which she could not sew with her fingers in *five* minutes. She will carry home that little bestitched piece of muslin, and show it to her neighbors for a twelve month to come, expatiating all the while, upon the wonders of the Crystal Palace in general, and the sewing machines in particular.—They *are* remarkable, by the way, and constitute a Yankee feature of the nineteenth century. Of the machinery, you shall hear further at another time. I have more to tell you of the ever-changing aspect and attractions of the naves.

Since my last was mailed, a very great addition has been made to the great central court, under the dome. It is a group of Powers' exquisite statuary, embracing his *Eve*, the *Greek Slave*, the *Fisher boy*, and the bust of *Proserpine*. As you may suppose, there is ever a crowd about this attractive spot, and the genius of the great American Sculptor is not displayed to a wholly unappreciative public. I am, indeed, highly gratified to see these beautiful works placed in juxtaposition with the fine productions of Italy and other parts of the old world, for they will effectually silence the ill-natured sneers of those who say that the new world—whatever she may be able to do of mere utility—can do nothing of lofty, artistic beauty.—We have only to point such cavillers to this group of works in marble, and say, "Behold our denial!"

The master-piece of this exquisite group is the *Eve*;—for beautiful as the Greek Slave unquestionably is, it does not so unconditionally fulfil the demands of the subject as the statue of our first mother. This admirable work was executed for Col. Preston of South Carolina, by whose courtesy and generosity it is now exhibited. The statue has an additional interest from its association with the melancholy and fatal shipwreck of *Margaret Fuller d' Osseli*, on her voyage from Italy to her native land. The "Eve" was on board the ship, and was for some months submerged beneath the salt waves from which it was eventually recovered, having sustained no injury.

The Greek Slave is the property of the sculptor; the Fisher-boy—which I have seen here for the first time—is a very pleasing work, and rivals in the mingled grace and freedom of its outline the best works of the Italian artists. It is the property of Sidney Brooks, Esq. The bust of Proserpine, though a work of much merit, does not impress me with the full force of the sculptor's genius as it is displayed in the matchless form of Eve.

Marble mantel-pieces are multiplying with great rapidity in the naves of the building. There is one from Italy which may be called—not inaptly perhaps—a marble statue of Cupidity—for it is covered all over with Cupids, which appear to have swarmed out of a nest in the centre, still full to overflowing of the little mischiefs. The chiselling of this mantel-piece displays all the care and skill of an artist, and is truly an elaborate work.

There is one Court in the French Department, which is at present jealously curtained from the public gaze, but which will soon be thrown open, revealing all the magnificence and wonderful beauty of the Gobelin tapestries, and the Sevres porcelain from the Imperial manufactories in France. I shall occupy a considerable portion of my next letter with some account of these works, which have filled the world with the merited renown of their surpassing beauty and richness of design and fabrication. I have no doubt that hundreds will daily linger anxiously about this Court, waiting their opportunity to inspect its rare and costly treasures.

I am glad to see in the *Times* of this morning, a letter from "an officer" of the Crystal Palace, complaining, in severe but merited terms, of the impositions practiced upon the visiters, at the Refreshment Saloons. The Editor, in protracted comments endorses the complaint and insists upon the reform, which two weeks since, I declared in your columns was imperatively needed. The avarice of the present purveyor is insatiable, and the public will not long endure its extortions. I would not desire a larger fortune than I could realize in three months, by supplying *a respectable lunch for one shilling* to each of the hungry visitors who throng the Palace. At present, those who are betrayed into eating at the Saloons, get *nothing*, and pay *two shillings* for it—which is rather hard fare!

The weather has become reasonable—nay, charming. The nights are of a delicious temperature for sleeping—barring (out) the mosquitoes!—and the days are not hot enough to create a feeling of lassitude at the slightest exertion. The change of temperature has already operated to double the number of visiters at the Palace. I perceive that there were nearly *seven thousand* registered yester day.

I do not find much leisure for books at present; but I snatch an opportunity now and then, to indulge myself in looking over the novelties. A very pleasant and readable book has just made its appearance from the press of Lamport, Blakeman & Law, entitled, somewhat quainly, "Salad for the Solitary." It is known to be from the pen of an amiable and accomplished gentleman of this City, whose varied reading and fine taste admirably fit him to make a "Salmagundi" for the dainty reader. His "Salad" is truly appetizing, and satisfying withal. It is to be republished by Bentley in London.

I have recently read, with much interest, a volume of Sketches—entitled "Cranford"—published by Harper & Brothers.

Messrs. Appleton have just published a very valuable book in Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, arranged and edited by Mr. Wight. The metaphysical system of Sir William Hamilton is perhaps the most logical, brilliant and evangelical of any of the great polemics of modern time.

Mr. Wight has given us, recently, through the same distinguished publishers, a very glowing and fascinating book, entitled "The Romance of Abelard and Heloise," in which, however, he exhibits more leniency towards the unblushing immorality of the learned monk and the beautiful object of his passion, than is altogether consistent with the standards of the present day.

Messrs. Evans & Brittan announce for immediate publication a second volume of their new juvenile Series, so beautifully commenced with Mrs. Manners' "Pleasure and Profit." It is entitled "The Pet Pen or Cousin Alice, (Mrs. Neal,) of whom it is said that Mrs. Manners is an own sister.

I have gossipped long enough for this week, and shall not trespass further upon the patience of those readers of the *Post*, who lend their attention every week to,

COSMOS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XV.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29, 1853.

Approach of Autumn—A homily upon the Watering Places—"Paying dear for the Whistle"—Fashionable folly—Sunday changes in the City—Cause for thanksgiving—The burning of the Cherokee—The Book-World—The Trade Sales—Musical Matters—Jullien's Monster Concerts—Metropolitan extremes of interest—Crystal Palace Machine Arcade—The Picture Gallery and the hangmen—The Gobelin Tapistries—Sevres Porcelain—Last Words.

MY DEAR POST,—You are not as conscious probably, away down in the Old North State, of the rapid lapse of the Summer as we are in these more northern latitudes. The premonitions of the Fall are already visible with us, and very soon we may take up the mournful chaunt of our Metropolitan bard,

"The melancholy days are come—
The saddest of the year."

Verily, the Summer has sped its flight with a startling velocity of wing, or foot, according as you will liken her to an Eagle, or to an Antelope. The winds of autumn are already pitching the key note of her requiem—tuning their pipes in preparation for the melodious wail which they will speedily take up and prolong over the grave of the departed Summer.

The crowds who have, through fervent August, filled to repletion the fashionable hotels of Saratoga and Newport are departing—returning to their homes and to their toils. The latter word suggests a reflection which may seem a little comical—but I assure you it is *not* so. It is this—how many of the gay throng at the watering places the last few weeks, have paid, as "Poor Richard" would say, "very dear for their whistle!!" Doubtless hundreds of those who have sported in the sushine of fashion and pleasure, at the above places, have spent the hard earnings of twice as many weeks in their shops and offices. It were well if they had the good sense to put themselves on short allowance for three months previous to their "splurge"—for *then* the pleasure coming last, might somewhat atone for the pain; but in nine cases out of ten, the pinching *has yet to come*, and I have no doubt at all, that women have sported at Saratoga and Newport—Paris bonnets and fancy dresses, which if honestly paid for at all, will inevitably abridge the supplies at the family table, the fuel in the cellar, or the comfort of the winter wardrobe for the coming season. Men also have sported white kid gloves and champagne at their dinners, who will pay the penalty of the indulgence, by borrowing money to pay the wages of their employees, or the expenses of their households! Now, all this is absolute folly; nay, worse, it is downright sin. Such people have no business to go to Saratoga and Newport;—the pride which impels them is as wrong as it is weak. If they need the country air let them seek it in a quiet, inexpensive manner, *within their means*, and come back to the city, refreshed, bodily and mentally, to command the confidence and support of their neighbors—for verily, my dear *Post*, people are *respected* according to what they have and spend judiciously, and not what they pretend to have! But pardon my sermon. It is quite *too late* to preach it, as far as the present season is concerned—but it may be a nail *driven home* somewhere for good!

The approach of the Fall is indicated by the ebb of the great travel-tide from the interior. Our hotels are filled to overflowing. The churches yesterday exhibited a great contrast, to their appearance for weeks past. The pews which had been vacant for several Sundays were again occupied—the Saxtons had increased duty to perform, the organists played with more vigor, the choirs mustered in greater force, the truant clergymen reappeared in their pulpits, and altogether Sunday looked more like itself than it has done for some time.

I trust a feeling of devout thankfulness prevailed throughout the Christian temples of this Metropolis, for the manifold mercies of God towards our people, in keeping them safe from "the pestilence which walketh in darkness" and which also "wasteth at noon day." Our sympathies have been wrought up fitly for the doomed "City of the Crescent," and we have sent money freely to help the poor in their dreadful sufferings—but have we also offered to God our grateful, humble and penitent thanksgivings for His goodness to us? Surely we have occasion to do so, and that too in a public and reverential manner, for His mercy has been great to the Metropolis.

The chief event of last week was the burning of the steamship *Cherokee* at the wharf, on the very eve of her day for sailing to the Isthmus. She was burned to the water's edge, and her cargo valued at half-a-million of dollars, was totally destroyed. "Spontaneous combustion" is the supposed cause of the fire, and if this be true, it is a providential thing that the catastrophe was not deferred until the steamer had sailed, for then it might have proved fatal to human life in a terrible degree.

I have taken a hasty survey, during the past week, of the operations of the busy book world. Not much has yet *appeared* of the fruits of the quiet labours of the Summer. The publishers have been preparing books for the fall trade—the titles of which are announced—but they are not yet "ready," as the phrase goes. There are, of course, some *new* books issued every month; but the busy *trade* season does not fairly commence until after the Fall *Trade Sales*. I should not forget that these are now in progress at Philadelphia—perhaps just over—but I allude to the New York sales of Bangs, Brother & Co., which are just at hand, and which give the key-note to the tune of trade for the whole season. I will give your readers some account of them as soon as they transpire.

In the musical world there is a little stirring of the reeds and quivering of the strings, as if there were a *noise* at hand. To-night, the celebrated M. Jullien commences his grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, at Castle Garden. Beside his own immense troup of performers, he has secured the principal orchestral aid of this great city. The specialities of his concerts will be the vocal performances of Madame Anna Zerr, and the instrumentation of the other great solo artists of his troupe; Botlesini on the double-bass viol, Reickert, Collinet, Koenig, Lavegne and Wuilf, on their various instruments. These artists will never *all* appear together, but will distribute their great powers with discrimination through the programmes, which are to be changed *every night*. These will always embrace a grand classical overture, symphony movements, operatic selections, with quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, and other light music. Madame Zerr will sing every night. These mammoth musical festivities will, of course, create a great furore, and the capacious saloon of Castle Garden will swallow up its eight thousand people every night of *Jullien's* month; for with a liberal forethought, Mr. BROUGH, his judicious manager, who is a well known musician, an amiable gentleman, and of great experience as a manager, has put the price of tickets within the reach of all—the choicest seats being only *one dollar*, and promenade tickets only fifty cents.

With the Crystal Palace at one extremity of the city and Castle Garden at the other, what more attractions will the metropolis require to make September the gayest month of the twelve, embraced within the ring of the present year? Certainly arrangements to come—let me say to them, do so *at once*.

The Machine Arcade of the Crystal Palace is now open to visiters, but it does not present that scene of bustle and activity which it will in a few days. Then, the visiter will feel as the poet did, who, when he was trying to grasp the theory of Purbeck, to-wit: that the spheres were of actual crystal, seventy in number, and all revolving together by some mysterious law, exclaimed in despair,

"Within my ears I hear a sound,
Of fifty mill-wheels whirling round!"

The Picture Gallery is now in the hands of the hangmen, who are doing their duty on the vast number of pictures accumulated there from all parts of the civilized world. I say they are "doing their duty." If I speak the truth, they will not *hang* them all, for certainly some of them do not deserve so mild a fate as hanging. They ought to be cut up into shreds, and sold for old canvas! There are, however, many very choice pictures in the collection, which will go far to redeem the character of the indifferent ones.

An entirely new court has been thrown open since I wrote last. It is in the French section, on the ground floor, and is occupied by the contributions of the French Government, consisting of the Imperial Tapistries of the famous *Gobelin*, and of the Beauvais looms, and also, of the exquisite porcelain from the royal works at Sevres. There are four pieces of the Gobelin Tapistries, and six of the Beauvais. The former are of exceeding beauty, and the latter would be *wonderful*, if the others were unknown. Do your readers know that the Gobelin looms, in which these wonderful cloth-pictures are woven with a delicacy and brilliancy of the most skilful pencil—were established in France in 1667, and are controlled by the Government? Their products are very rarely sold, but made chiefly for presents and for the royal halls. Those now upon exhibition are designed by Louis Napoleon for his palace. The greatest marvel of these pictures is, that they are woven *from the wrong side*—the artist having to go round at intervals to inspect his work.

The Sevres porcelain in the Palace is not so matchless in its beauty as I supposed it would be. I have seen Dresden porcelain of equal excellence, and there is also some Sevres here, in a private French contribution, of not a whit inferior beauty. The Court is, of course, nearly always thronged, but hundreds see the tapistries and take them for beautiful paintings.

I have purposely intermitted my *regular* Crystal Palace Letter for this week, lest your readers should think that I have forgotten how much there is in this metropolis, besides it. The attendance is increasing, and now averages *six thousand* daily, not counting, of course, season and free admissions.

Au revoir,

COSMOS.

[FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: My attention has been called to the fact that, in the list of premiums offered by the State Agricultural Society, the various Manufactures and specimens in home industry and in millinery, and perhaps other branches, have been overlooked. Being satisfied that the Society will concur with me and sustain my position, I will venture as one of its officers to invite all who have any thing which they may wish to exhibit, to bring it on, and special premiums will be awarded if deserved. Some may think that I have here assumed too much, but as our officers are at a great distance from each other; and the time close at hand for the Fair, I will take the responsibility, and run all risk of censure.

Yours respectfully,

J. F. TOMPKINS.

The papers throughout the State will please copy.

A London witness having described himself as a penman, was asked in what department of literature he wielded his pen, when he replied that he penned sheep in the Smithfield market.

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IRELAND.

IT appears from recent intelligence that this unhappy country is undergoing a rapid transition. Emigration is thinning the population on the one hand, and conversions among the peasantry to the Protestant faith are so numerous on the other, that many confidently expect that in ten or twenty years her condition will be entirely changed. There is much reason to believe that Protestantism is decidedly on the increase in Ireland. But a few weeks since nearly a hundred missionaries held their rendezvous in Dublin, preparatory to an invasion of the strongholds of popery, and an extraordinary zeal in the cause has been manifested in many other quarters. We see reports of conversions by hundreds in various parts of the country, and when it is remembered that the emigrants are almost exclusively Catholics, it appears extremely probable that the supremacy of the old religion in that part of the British dominions is doomed to a speedy termination.

We anticipate from these facts a bright future for the Emerald Isle. For centuries her condition has been an enigma to the British government, and a proverb of misery and degradation in the eyes of the world. Deluded and misled by their teachers, her ignorant and unhappy children have been induced to occupy an attitude of constant hostility towards England, whilst at the same time they have been kept by the same influence too degraded to recover their independence. Too fierce and bigoted to submit, they have also proved too impulsive and reckless to contend successfully with the vast power of the conqueror. A people of a different faith would long ago have either secured their freedom, or coalesced on equal terms with the more powerful party. Such was the case with Scotland more than two centuries ago, with a population not more than one-fourth that of Ireland; and such we doubt not will be her destiny, as her people become more and more assimilated in character and feeling with those of England.

But all this relates more to the soil than to the Irish race. Ireland, Celtic Ireland, is in fact emigrating to America, and not many years will elapse before the majority of that part of her population will be citizens of the United States. Ireland, with all her characteristics of ignorance, bigotry, lawlessness, and poverty, her wit, generosity and frankness, will then be *here*, under a *regime* entirely different from that of Great Britain, but quite as incompatible as hers with some of those habits for which her people have become distinguished among nations.

We rejoice in that open hospitality with which our country has received these unhappy refugees from the land of their nativity. It is a glorious privilege we enjoy, of affording an asylum to the oppressed of every clime. We would not spurn from our shores the meanest offcast in the world, far less the misguided, but noble-minded, brave, and warm-hearted people of Ireland, whom we pity more than we blame for their misfortunes, and in whose fate every generous heart must feel an interest. No! We would not repel them from the only country that offers them a refuge, but continue to receive them with all the cordial kindness with which they have been accustomed to greet the stranger in their native land.

But when Ireland is translated to America, it becomes a question of the most serious importance whether she will adapt herself to the nation into whose bosom she is received, or require the people of the United States to adapt themselves to her—whether she will expect the institutions, laws and public opinion of this country to be modified so as to suit her old prejudices and errors, or more wisely choose our institutions and principles as the means indicated by Providence for her own regeneration. It is clear that her people and ours cannot live together harmoniously and prosperously, so long as each party clings with bigoted attachment to its peculiar opinions and habits. One party must change, and shall this necessity fall upon the native or the stranger? We think that even Irishmen themselves must see that it devolves upon themselves. Received into the warm bosom of American hospitality, they have no right to expect that we will abandon our national habits and customs, simply because they prefer habits and customs of a different kind. When they leave Ireland for our shores, they know, or ought to know, the character of the country to which they come, and they ought to come willing to take her as she stands, without undertaking to revolutionize the structure of her society or to overturn her institutions. It is nothing less than base ingratitude and shameful treachery, to accept a home at our own hands on equal terms, and then endeavor to get the upper hand of the original owners, by means of party intrigue and political combinations.

The duty of Ireland to America is plain enough. Our country is the freest and happiest land upon which the sun has ever shone. If it is the duty and interest of her own sons to keep fast hold of the blessings they now enjoy, and to defend the institutions by which they are secured, a still more sacred obligation rests upon the children of Ireland to preserve and defend the same, as treasures bought with patriotic blood, and offered to their participation on condition of their fidelity. We believe that if it were possible for our institutions to perish by foreign machinations the justice of Heaven would pursue with its vengeance the authors of the deed to a yet more dreadful doom. Here are our free Common Schools, our free unfettered press, our lay participation in controlling Church property, our right to listen in our own churches to speakers and lecturers of our own selection, and a multitude of other privileges which our fathers secured and we are determined to defend. All these are *ours*, and no body of strangers can have a right to undermine or weaken them. We say to Ireland, our guest, whom we have received on equal terms to all the rights and privileges of American citizenship, beware how you interfere with our glorious inheritance; we have invited you to enjoy, and not to destroy it.

The duty of America to Ireland is equally obvious. Here we have in our midst a numerous race of strangers, who being the rightful owners of their native land, have been subjected for centuries to the double curse of priestcraft and oppression, and reduced to such a state of abject poverty and despair, that they have been compelled to abandon their native island to the conqueror, and seek protection and a home in this distant hemisphere. Like ship-wrecked mariners they cling by thousands to the shores on which Providence has cast them, and we give them in return a warm Irish welcome to our firesides and our bountiful board. We know the causes of their sufferings and ruin. Ignorance and superstition have conspired with misgovernment to make them what they are, and their only hope is in complete emancipation from them all. We are bound by every obligation of humanity and self interest to rescue them, by every proper means, from that thraldom of the mind which has prostrated them so long under the foot of power. We must point out to them their own past errors, and explain to them the secret of our national prosperity. We must open to their children our free schools, where they may be instructed as freely as our own, and where they may learn to think and feel and act with a manly independence, limited only by the revelation of God and the dictates of reason. We must approach them kindly, as their friends who desire to see them as free, happy, and prosperous as ourselves. Such we conceive to be the duty of Americans towards their Irish fellow-citizens, and if our people would keep it constantly in view and act accordingly, we feel confident that in a few generations, the peculiar faults and blemishes of the Irish race would be obliterated, and their nobler qualities of head and heart become a part of our national character.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "There is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon."

This little bit of an effort at clerical wit, is going the rounds of the papers as an evidence of wonderful smartness in the Beecher family. The sentiment is as old as Methusaleh, and we can see a great deal of truth, whilst there is very little originality in it. It is susceptible of many applications. For example, "there is a great deal more gospel in a loaf of bread than in a wild abolitionist's head," or in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "in all the extravagant and foolish speeches by which Henry Ward Beecher has sought to make himself famous for eccentricity and wit." There is certainly more gospel in a cup of cold *water*, than in a religious newspaper flaming with fanatical *fire*, such as the New York Independent!

☞ We invite attention to the communication of Dr. Tompkins, the Corresponding Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, as it involves a matter of considerable interest to persons desiring to compete for premiums in the approaching Agricultural Fair. We learn with pleasure that an extensive theatre for its operations has been procured in the immediate neighborhood of the city, and that buildings and enclosures of the requisite number and character will soon be erected. We sincerely hope that the effort thus about to be made to promote the agricultural and domestic industry of our people, will meet with hearty encouragement at their hands, and that the 18th of October will be gloriously memorable in our annals.

THE DAILY NATIONAL DEMOCRAT, published in New York, is now regularly received at our office, and we find it to be a vast repository of the most valuable information. It is printed like the *Herald* on a large double sheet, and in general appearance resembles that paper, but in decency is decidedly superior to it. Its opinions we have nothing to do with, but as a medium of intelligence it is an excellent journal.

THE NEW YORK AMERICAN is another new paper which we have just received. It is devoted to the defence of great American interests and institutions, and we wish much success to its labors in the cause.

AID FOR NEW-ORLEANS.—At a public meeting of our citizens on Tuesday last, the Mayor presiding, Messrs. Alfred Williams, James M. Towles, and Geo. L. Gould were appointed a committee to solicit contributions from the people for the relief of the sufferers at New-Orleans, and the ministers of the different denominations were requested to take up a collection next Tuesday in their respective churches for the same object. We hope that this call upon the liberality of the community will not be in vain.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—We learn that a dispatch has been received in this city, conveying the information that the Post Office Department and the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company have entered into an arrangement by which the mails will be transported on that road, and arrive here at half-past 6, P. M., thus allowing time for distribution on the day of their arrival.

We are informed that President Swain has appropriated a large apartment at the University for a Reading Room. It would be well for editors generally in the State to send their papers to it free of charge. This can be done by directing to the University Magazine.

BAILEY'S GRAMMAR

THE following extract from Bailey's Grammar of the English language, contains some startling views well worthy of consideration:

The idea of *reading a dictionary* has been regarded as ridiculous. But we seriously and earnestly recommend to English scholars to *read* Webster's Dictionary, and to *study* it well—not the Abridgment, but the Quarto. About four pages a day will pass the student through the whole of it in a year, Sundays excepted. It is not a book of mere definition, but of etymology and analysis. We doubt whether a much of language, of philosophy, of history, and of general learning, useful to the scholar and to the professional or business man, can be learned in the same time in any other way. It is earnestly recommended to parents to supply their children every winter with a standard work, at the small cost of $6, at which it is now furnished. The youth who represents it at least once a year, will find it the more at his command as a book of reference, and will find himself in company with some eminent scholars who have adopted the habit: at any rate, he will prove the value of this advice.

The language of a nation indicates, with wonderful accuracy, its character, its civilization, its religion, its progress in science and the arts, its manners and habits, its, and, at different periods, its rise, its progress, and its decline. Thus we may read a nation's history in its words, even although it have no historian, and have no other written history than its classics, or even its lexicon. With their language, if we had it, and no other memorial of them—all else lost—we could, with almost unerring accuracy, decipher their character, intellectual, moral, political, judicial, domestic—their manners, pursuits, progress. Having their language at different periods of their existence, we could trace their beginning, their progress, their summit elevation, their decline, their refinement or degradation. Have they no name for a Supreme Being?—they are atheists. Names are things. What they have a name for has been—love, affection, hatred, crime, law, justice, honor, morals, religion, science.

So the dictionary of a nation reveals their character. We may, therefore, read a nation's history in its dictionary. Their words are correlatives of reality. The *study of words*, therefore, is the study of his own, and every scholar who produces anything in literature that may live after him, becomes a part of that history, and will instruct posterity. He is, therefore, a contributor to general learning, and to the language itself, whether he uses it only, or moulds and modifies its forms. Hence, he should be studious to understand, and use properly, the language he employs.

The study of language, when limited to its structure, its origin, its adaptations, uses, and principles, is a *department of philosophy*. The study of its classics, and of the languages as there defined and matured, is a *department of polite literature and general learning*.

In its relation to other languages—its copious array of words, its idioms and accidences—it is a study of *details*, of *analysis*, of *exceptions*, of *usages*, and of *authority*.

The whole scheme of language is philosophical—the natural development of established principles. The entire structure of language is analogical, *to nature*, in its formation; *to other languages* and to itself in its processes. These are subjects of study in the department of grammar.

The English student has a mine of treasured literature to explore in the received classics—the permanent records of the nation. Our language is not a football, to be the sport of boys: it is the gymnasium of mind—the great arena of vigorous thought. Men wrestle and contend there. Giants engage in combats. The classics of England and the classics of America preside and give judgment.

The student, therefore, should have these classics before him, and study them. He must have an English dictionary, not so much to learn the parts of speech, which must be rather decided by the use of the words; but to aid him in tracing the origin of words, and the general uses to which the best authorities have applied.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," completes it seven hundred at the National Theatre to night, and the probability is it will continue several months longer. The manager, we perceive, has announced it for the whole month of September. This is now the moral theatre of New York, and is liberally patronized by the clergy and their congregations. Go see the piece to-night.

We obtain this theatrical notice from a New York exchange. Is it true that "*the clergy and their congregations*" in that city do now "liberally patronize" the National Theatre, for the purpose of encouraging the performance of abolition representations upon the stage?

DAVIDSON COLLEGE.—At the recent commencement of this institution, fourteen young gentlemen were graduated. Rev. JAMES R. GILREAT has been appointed to the professorship of Latin and Greek Literature, and Maj. HILL, now of Washington College, Va., to that of Mathematics and Philosophy. Prof. Hill has a high reputation in Western Virginia.

☞ WE are sorry that want of space compels us to postpone till next week the interesting report of the proceedings of the Convention of Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, recently held at Columbus, Ohio.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WE have received from the author, Rev. B. Bailey, A. M., and the publishers, Clark & Hesselgrave, Philadelphia, copies of Bailey's new "English Grammar," just published. We have long known the author of this valuable work, and have always entertained a high opinion of his moral worth and intellectual abilities. His long experience in teaching, his keen analytical powers, and habit of close investigation, seem to fit him in an eminent degree for such a contribution to the science of language as he has now given to the public.

We have long felt that an English Grammar which would instruct the learner by means of the inductive process, and step by step unfold to the understanding of the young the principles of our tongue, presenting in bold distinctness the great outlines of the framework upon which it is constructed, was probably more wanted than any other text book which the progressive spirit of the times could suggest. The thanks of the public are due to Mr. Bailey for his laudable effort to meet this demand. The plan of his Grammar we cannot too much admire. Arranged in successive Parts, by which the mind of the pupil may be gradually familiarized with his subject, it is designed to follow the natural laws of the human intellect, and instruct the memory through the medium of the understanding. That part of the book which treats of "Idioms," evinces much laborious examination and independence of thought, and although we differ from the author in regard to some of his conclusions, we invite especial attention to it, as possessing uncommon interest for the general reader. Mr. Bailey, has not succeeded fully in producing a text-book, the execution of which, in detail, should correspond with the admirable plan he has adopted; he has fallen short in minor points only, and in such defects in his work as are incidental to almost every new system. We cordially agree with Dr. McGuffey, that "it is superior in some respects to any Grammar of our language now before the public," and we add to this our confident expectation that it will become, in the end, a general favorite.

The September No. of GRAHAM'S Magazine has been received. It is as handsome as usual, and the table of contents is full and inviting. We notice an article from "Sam Slick" of facetious memory, and a number of others that come from sources which are guarantees of excellence.

The September No. of the "Ladies' Keepsake" is on hand. It embodies much useful and agreeable reading for the ladies, and ought to be encouraged.