CONTRIBUTIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XXVIII.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1853.

Winter tardy—Preparation for winter—Want—Approach of the holiday season—Santa Claus—Jullien's second month in the Metropolis—The Lecture Season—New Books—Tuckerman's Month in London"—New edition of "The Yemassee" Superb copy of "The Spectator"—Edinburg and New York joint Edition of the British Poets—The Harpers—Their Magazine—Autobiography of Haydon the Painter—Crystal Palace—Non-arrival of the Europa.

MY DEAR POST:—Winter is scarcely up to time with us this season—for while the calendar declares it to be the 3d of December, and of course the third day of winter, we have as yet no decided demonstrations of the fact. The weather is cool but not cold, and the occasional remark of the weatherwise, "It looks like snow this morning," seems to be rather forced than spontaneous. There is yet no ice in the river—and it is only in the extreme northern latitudes of our territory that we hear of obstructed navigation.

We are all ready for winter—no, not all, alas! I am indeed too hasty in my remark, and I recall it with an irrepressible shudder for the unpreparedness of thousands in this great metropolis to meet the inevitable bitterness of the wintry blast—to withstand the consuming cold of the unclad season which is at hand. In many a lodging place the supply of fuel is miserably scanty, and the diminishing heap of coal or wood is regarded with a half despairing glance by the needy inmates—for they know not how it is to be replenished. How thankful ought those of us to be who have nothing to apprehend in the advance of the wintry season who can see in the prospective, only bright visions of glowing fires in our grates, and feel only genial warmth within our dwellings.

The near approach of the holiday season has infused fresh vitality into the channels of both business and pleasure. The multitude is moving with eagerness to get through the toils of the year by the time the festal days set in. A very large number of citizens and tradespeople are busily concerned in preparing the multitudinous gifts which Santa Claus will distribute upon Christmas Eve. What a pretty fable, by the way, is this of the queer little genius who presides over the Christmas dispensation.

I cannot conceive of a more felicitous representation of the supposititious benefactor of the juveniles, than that of the good Dutch ancestors of this metropolis. It certainly heightens, immeasurably, the interest of the young folks in their store of bon bons and knick-knacks, to imagine that they got into their stockings, or upon their little toilette tables, through the agency of so mysterious a being as Santa Claus. But I forget that it lacks yet three weeks of Christmas, and that I am anticipating. And, how do we know that Santa Claus will come at all this season?

Among the prime attractions of this festal month will be the new series of Jullienesque concerts, to commence on Monday next, the 5th inst. I verily believe that the impatience of the public for the reappearance of the great *Band-it* is greater than its first desire to hear his matchless band, and to watch the waving of his inimitable baton. The vast area of Metropolitan Hall, will be thronged to its uttermost capacity during his visit. I confess to a strong sympathy with the popular enthusiasm. Jullien's band has opened for me a new world of musical delight—and I am fain again to lose myself amid its ravishing and bewildering mazes of harmony.

The lecture season is fairly begun, and who shall enumerate the themes of the popular discourses? The lectures of Dr. Doremus on the physical structure of the Universe, are perhaps, the most brilliant and philosophical of all. Dr. Holmes is still affording gratification to his select auditors. Besides these, we have lectures upon the state of Europe; upon Geology; upon Education; upon the Past, the Present, and the Future. The present generation should be a wise one, if lectures and books can make them so—for when, in the annals of our planet, were there half so many of either of these agencies as at the present time? Echo answers *a la Hibernice*, "When?"

I have mentioned books, and the theme is too seductive to be resisted. You must e'en let me gossip awhile about several which have interested me within a few days.

Under the title of "*A Month in London*," Mr. Tuckerman narrates some of his observations during a recent visit to that world-renowned city.—In spite of the object, familiarity of subject and scenery, the book is a novel one, a result due to the author's tact in choosing his point of observation. It is not a political, or a religious, or a commercial, or a merely picturesque view, which he gives us, but a general view obtained through the medium of literary associations—or more definitely—through the haunts and homes and habits of English authors. The book—unlike the works of its author generally—is effervescent with life and reality. It is positively *animated*, and some of its chapters are instinct with a delicate humor. This is particularly true of the chapter on 'Lions.' The picture of the universality of the Uncle Tom-phobia in the great Babylon, is worthy of the pencil of Dickens himself. I can sympathize intensely with the author, compelled to hear Uncle Tom songs in the street; to wash with Uncle Tom soap in his chamber; to see Uncle Tom money boxes upon his tea table; to answer questions touching Uncle Tom, morning, noon, and night; and finally to see at three successive theatres upon one night, the eternal drama of Uncle Tom, in successive stages of its grand development! "Verily," quoth I to myself, as I ceased to laugh over this droll picture, "Verily, John Bull is a willing victim of humbug." Mr. Tuckerman's book is published by Redfield in his usual tasteful style.

The Yemassee, in a new and revised form, from Mr. Redfield's press, is the first volume of what I trust will become in time, a complete and uniform library edition of the admirable novels of Mr. Simms. I do not hesitate to express my opinion that, since the death of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Simms stands at the very head of American novelists. He is unsurpassed in the border story, and in the delineation of Indian life he is every whit a master. His plots are consistent, and the development of them effective in the highest degree. In this ever popular romance of Carolina, the characteristics of the author are well developed. The story is full of dramatic power, and the careful version to which it has been subjected renders it, in some manner, a new claimant upon the interest and delight of the reading world. Some felicitous illustrations from the pencil of Darley increases the attractions of this new and beautiful edition.

Among the recent issues extraordinary, of the American press, is a new and superb edition of the *Spectator*, published in six octavo volumes, by the Messrs. Appleton. In every respect this is a remarkable undertaking. The typography and paper are of faultless beauty. The text followed is that of Chalmers, and the edition is unquestionably the most complete one ever made. It is worthy of mention, that no such edition of the Spectator is extant in England, and it is not a little creditable to the publishers, that they have surpassed their most princely London compeers, in the honor they have done to the immortal series of British Essays embraced in the Spectator. The wonder increases when the exceedingly low price of this sumptuous edition is considered. I believe it does not exceed ten dollars. No one will buy any other edition who can possibly afford to procure this.

In this connection, let me remark upon another great enterprise of these same princely publishers, viz: the issuing simultaneously with an Edinburgh publisher, the poetical works of the great masters of English poetry. The series is edited by the Rev. George Gilfillan, the fervid and popular author of "The Bards of the Bible," and "Literary Portraits." A comprehensive memoir precedes the collected works of every poet included in the series. I have examined, with much earnestness, the three works already published. They are Milton, Thompson and Herbert, and I should do the editor great injustice if I failed to express my admiration of the manner in which he had discharged his task, both in the biographical sketches and in the notes which are appended to the text.

It is a luxury to read the grand old poets of England in this sumptuous edition. The type is large and fair—the paper of exquisite texture—and the price for each volume is only—*one dollar*. If the enterprise can be matched in beauty and cheapness, I have yet to learn the fact.

The untiring industry and energy of the Harpers, is exemplified in the appearance of a new book nearly every day from their teeming presses. I have looked over several of their late issues, and some of them have interested me exceedingly.

The December number of their Magazine—commencing the seventh volume—is made up of entirely original matter, excepting only the advance chapters of Thackaray's new novel—"The Newcomes." It is a number of which they may justly be proud, in both literary and artistic points of view. It seems idle to commend a work that commends itself to over a *million* of regular readers! The world can show no parallel to Harpers' Magazine, either in cheapness or popularity.

Taylor's Autobiography of the eminent English painter, Haydon, (republished by the Harpers) is a book of extraordinary and varied interest. It is, in fact, printed from the Artist's Manuscript, as arranged by himself for the press, and for the root is very judiciously edited from his journals, which for forty years, were penned habitually and copiously, with the utmost frankness and truth, and with the great literary ability for which he was scarcely less distinguished than for his artistic skill.

The vivid but painful picture which these journals give us of the aspirations and despondings, the achievements and failures of a brilliant but impracticable man of genius, teaches a most profound and invaluable moral.

While we smile at the Artist's vaulting ambition, or shrug our shoulders at his extravagant egotism, we still sympathize with the magnificent fancy and the generous heart which fed them; and we follow the hero lovingly through all the vicissitudes of his changeful life; now in confident and daring hope, now in despairing fear; to-day in a palace, and to-morrow in a prison; until we part with him in the vale of years, a heart-broken suicide. Alas! poor Haydon!

Quite distinct from the absorbing interest of the strong and original character of the artist himself, the volumes have another attraction in the innumerable vivid portraitures of most of the great men of his time, and with whom Haydon lived on terms of intimacy and friendship. Everywhere we find genial gossip, clever anecdote, and sagacious analysis of character and genius. One after the other, we come in pleasant contact, with all those in the literary and political world of England for twenty years past, whom we would most desire to meet, while the art-history of the country slips before we know it, with all its details, into our store of pleasant knowledge.

I have still other books upon my mind which I should like to mention, but I have written enough already and must reserve them for a subsequent letter.

I have given the Crystal Palace the go-by this week, supposing that your readers will prefer to have my reviews of the Great Exhibition, alternated with gossip from the great world outside of its crystal walls. Within them I may say, (*en passant*,) they contrive to keep up a pleasant warmth, and a very respectable attendance. I do not know how much will be immediately withdrawn from the Palace, now that the time has come when Exhibitors may retire their goods—but I presume not enough to impair considerably the whole fine effect of the interior.

The non-arrival of the Europa at her Northern port, creates some little solicitude in the city; but I hope we shall hear of her on Monday.

Faithfully Yours,
COSMOS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.]

CASTALIA.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I am little skilled "to drive the gray goose quill," and of course unable to write such nice letters as *Cosmos;* but, sirs, by your leave, I will give you, in a simple way, the particulars of a pleasant little jaunt to the Institution, whose name heads my letter. On the lovely morning of Thanksgiving's day, six of us left College, with hearts buoyant with liberty and the hope of pleasure, and bent our way towards Nash. We spent the night pleasantly with a friend, and, repairing early next mornining to Castalia, found Mrs. Richardson taking her pupils through a rigid examination. To the examination we listened with interest, and the prompt responses to the difficult questions put by Mrs. R., soon convinced us of the thorough acquaintance of the young ladies with their studies. The examination of Mr. Richardson's school had been on the day previous, and we were told, was quite creditable. The exercise succeeding Mrs. R.'s examination, was Mr. R.'s exhibition. By this we were highly entertained—the declamation was good, the valedictory pathetic, and the dialogues capital. If we mistake not, the dialogues were from the splendid and humorous pen of Mr. R. himself, and certainly they indicated a high order of dramatic talent. About three o'clock the orator of the day, Mr. Wm. T. Faircloth, a member of the senior class of Wake Forest College, was introduced to the audience, and received the most respectful attention for half an hour, while he presented to them the claims of education. His speech was logical, interesting and instructive, with occasional humorous hits which drew down rounds of applause. The assembly was then dismissed, the older part to return to their homes, and think of the occurrences of the day—the young people to prepare for the convivialities of the evening. The twinkling of the stars was the signal for the party to commence. And now, Mr. *Post*, how I wish I could wield, for a few moments, the flexile and graceful pen of an Irving or a Wiley, that I might portray our party in all its spirit and beauty There were there, lasses many and lovely, some arrayed in party costumes of virgin white; others, deterred by the coolness of the evening from wearing white, came out in rich merinos and rustling silks. As these fair creatures flitted in graceful joyousness before the eyes of the laddies, they felt that such eyes, such looks, such snowy hands, and such sweet smiles, "would shake the saintship of an anchorite." 'Tis true, there was no dancing there, but if the flushed cheek the kindling eye, the merry laugh are indications of Pleasure's presence, she was there. And we fear that little arch-fiend Cupid was not far off, if pensive looks, soft whispers and rosy blushes tell his whereabouts. The supper which came off about one o'clock, was in capital taste, and received many compliments from the ladies. The pleasure of the evening was protracted till four in the morning, and even then it was with a sigh and soft pressure of the hand, that the young swains bade the fair ones good night, wishing them sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams. Such was our party. Oh! no, such was not our party,—'twas infinitely more delightful, and I have utterly failed in my description: but if I can't describe, I can remember it, and 'twill ever be a pleasant little picture, that, in after years, will rise painted on the eye of memory.

Apropos to the party, Mr. *Post*, we have always heard Nash was famed for good brandy and pretty girls. In judging the first I am no connoisseur, being a tetotaler, but in matters of beauty I am somewhat of an amateur, and I defy any bachelor to frequent the atmosphere of the Nash girls, and enjoy their sweet smiles, without being softened, and before a lengthened seige, surrendering at discretion.

A word or two, Mr. *Post*, about this classically named place, and I am done. Castalia, the seat of a male and female school, is situated about ten miles west of Nashville, eighteen east of Lousburg and near forty-seven north-east of Raleigh. 'Tis naturaly a beautiful place, and its enterprising citizens have much improved it. They have already erected one academy, large, commodious, and expressly for educational purposes. They propose building another on a slight elevation on the opposite side of the principal street, facing the one now finished. I would like to dilate a little on other improvements, the kind hospitality of the citizens, &c., but hav'nt time. Mr. Richardson and lady, having had advantageous offers made them at Franklinton, will open school there in January. This interesting spot will not be deserted, however, as I learned that Mr. and Mrs. Averitt will occupy in the stead of the teachers now leaving. Pardon my prolixity, Mr. *Post*, accept my wishes for the happiness of the two married members of your trio, and my hope that *the bachelor* may have many such pleasant occasions as the one which we enjoyed.

A VISITOR.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

N. C. CONFERENCE--M. P. CHURCH.

This Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church is composed of an equal number of Ministers and Delegates from the various fields of labor within the District, and recently held its annual session at Fairfield in Guilford co., 11th Nov. 1853. There were thirty-two Ministers belonging to the Conference, of whom twenty-five were present, and also, twenty-one Delegates chosen by the churches from the laity. Its session embraced a period of six days, and shows among other things the following:

Houses of Worship in the State 66, Valuation about $22,000; Circuits and Stations 16; Number of Members 5,356; received during the past year 722; nett increase 636; stationed Ministers and Preachers 41, unstationed do. 21; Total 62; received into the Conference 8. Ordained Elder John Gordon; ordained Deacons J. G. Stockard, J. W. Naylor and Jos. M. Kennett.

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR:

C. F. HARRIS, President.

Albemarle Ct.,—J. F. Speight, Supt., J. E. Norman, Asst.
Roanoke—Wm. H. Wills, " G. A. T. Whitaker, Assistant.
Halifax—B. L. Hoskins, Superintendant,
Granville—Jno. L. Michaux, "
Orange—H. T. Weatherly, " J. A. Neese, T. C. Hays, C. L. Cooley and J. G. Stockard, Assistants.
Guilford—A. Gray, Superintendent, R. R. Prather, N. Robbins and Jno. Gordon, Assistants,
Randolph—A. W. Lineberry, Superitendant, Jos. Causey and J. W. Haith, Assistants,
Davidson—A. Robbins, Superintendent, J. Guyer, Asst.
Yadkin—David Weesner, " T. H. Pegram, "
Mocksville—Q. Holton, " S. G. Parker, "
Cleaveland—J. Deans, "
Buncombe—Dr. J. L. Crumley, Superintendent, R. R. Michaux and A. Pichers, Assistants.
Wilmington Station—Dr. C. Finney, Superintendent,
Fayettville—R. H. Jones, "
Tabernacle Mission—To be supplied.
Monroe—Jos Parker, Superintendant,
Left without appointments at their request: A. C. Harris, C. Drake, J. Henshaw and W. J. Ogburn.
Left in the hands of the President: Daul. Thompson, J. W. Naylor, J. W. Lechie, J. Snotherly, R. Cochrane and J. M. Kennett.
Jos. Gilbreath deceased the past year.

W. H. WILLS,
Secretary.

☞ "Spirit of the Age," and other city papers please copy.

THE RESCUE GRASS.

COLUMBUS, *Georgia, Nov.* 20, 1853.

DEAR SIR:—I have received your friendly letter of the 12th inst., and in answer, have to say, that I have entered your name in my book for one peck of the seed of my truly valuable species of grass. I have no seed to dispose of this year, but will be able to supply the demand next year, say, in June, July, and August. The demand is very great, and only such as send me their names will be certain of seed. My price is $5 for a peck, which is plenty for a person to begin with. You will sow them as early after receiving them as you can, as it makes them come up early in September; and as it grows rapidly, by the middle of November, you can put your stock upon it. It will then keep them fat through the winter and spring till you see it forming the heads for seed, when they should be removed. This grass, however, has this remarkable quality, that it may be cut or ate down after the heads are formed, and then spring up and make as much seed as if it had not been touched. This will enable you to use a field of it until in June, and, perhaps, in your climate, still longer.

The first year sow the seed in drills, after having the ground well broke up, twenty inches apart. Sow thin and cover lightly. The seed will not sprout till September, even if sowed in June or July, which is the time to plant them. When the seed rip ns they shed out easily—you will strip the heads with the hand or shake them in a basket,—let plenty escape to the ground for a stand on the same ground next September. After you save your seed for other fields, sow peas broadcast or in drills, and turn under the grass peas and seed which fell to the ground in gathering.—This is the plan to restore your exhausted fields and which you must adopt. When you get plenty of seed, you will find the grass ploughed in makes an excellent manure to the field, and will make the peas grow with a rush. The grass saves the ground or field from washing rains through the winter and spring. It keeps your stock fat throughout the winter and spring. It will enable your milch cows to give your wife the best of milk, and cream, and butter. It enables you to have fat beef, mutton, kid, pork, turkeys and chickens. It will save your corn and fodder for ploughing time. It will, after doing the above, yield you from four to six tons of the most nuritious hay per acre for your horses and mules and cattle. It returns also an excellent coat of manure to the field. The pea protects the field also from the washing rains of summer and fall. The vines give shade to the ground during the hot months. In the fall, when ripe, they are a valuable food for man or beast. And the vines give a large coat of manure to the field. Now, the Rescue seeds will be up in their time, and by November 20th, is ready for your stock again—and so follow it up until the third or fourth year, when, if you wish to cultivate the field, put in your plows and turn the green grass under; it is not hard to do. This gives the field another coat of manure. Now plant the field and you will see it produce as well as it ever did, besides having paid you all the time it took to restore it.

This is my experience well tested, and if the pea does well with you, it should be used with my grass, as I have said above. If not, then the grass will do it single handed. This plan will cost you but little, either in money, labor or time, and will make your exhausted fields yield you good crops again, and that forever, if the plan is followed.—The best of it too is, that you get paid, richly paid, all the time, while it is effecting it.

I must ask you to help me introduce this invaluable species of grass among your friends in the good old North State. They will find it the most valuable grass ever introduced, or which can be introduced. It is, for the South, far more valuable than silver or gold, and its worth is above rubies. I will send seed to you at Raleigh, to sell for me, if you will consent to act as agent.

Accept my my best wishes, while I remain,
Your ob't serv't,
B. V. IVERSON.

EVERARD HALL, ESQ.

N. B.—There is no danger from this grass spreading; it can be got rid of at any time before the seeds ripen and fall out, by ploughing it up.

B. V. I.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—Among the patents granted in 1852, is one for frosting the surface of glass plate by covering it with sand, pebbles, and water, and rocking it backwards and forwards, so that the sand will pass over the surface. Another was for a camphene, lamp, the wick of which is surrounded by a chamber filled with water, to extinguish the lamps if they should be accidentally upset. Another for a machine for making patent medicine, which, considering the amount of drugs annually passing through the human stomach, is not undeserving of notice. The ingredients are fed in between cylinders, and they come out manufactured pills. Just the machine for cholera times.

DISGRACEFUL FUNERAL SCENE.—On Tuesday, a party from Jenkinton, came to Frankford for the purpose of burying a child. The cortege consisted of a hearse, followed by a dirt cart, drawn by an old horse, containing three women, one of whom was the mother of the deceased child. They became very drunk before they left the Borough, and indulged in a regular fight. The women were so drunk that they had to be assisted in the cart, when they were soon wrapped in slumber.—*Phil. Ledger.*

THE man who thinks he is above his business is really below it, and in undertaking it has shown himself a cheat. He is in no sense degraded by a really moral and respectable work; but, for the time being, he should not expect or desire to be treated as other than that which he has undertaken to be.

WOULD you have noble offspring? See that you choose for them a noble mother, since she alone must be their only teacher in that early period, when lessons are best acquired through the sympathies, and when the heart seems rather to strive against, than to obey the understanding.—*Simms.*

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

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LYTTELTON WADDELL, JR.

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WILLIAM D. COOKE, PROPRIETOR.

MR. H. P. DOUTHIT is our authorized agent for the State of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TENNESSEE.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

This little group, formerly the object of so much religious interest to the people of the United States, and now the subject of political discussion, lies in the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, in longitude 75 degrees W. from Washington, and 20 degrees North latitude. The distance to the coast of Oregon or California is about 2500 miles, and to that of China about 4800. These islands are ten in number, containing 7000 square miles, and a native population formerly estimated at 150,000. Two of them are uninhabited. Several of the larger ones are remarkable for the awful features of natural scenery which they present, including vast volcanic mountains, and towering peaks covered with perpetual snow and inaccessible to man.

Lying just within the tropic, in the same latitude nearly with Cuba and Hayti, and surrounded by the immense expanse of the Pacific, which tempers the heat of a vertical sun with its delightful alternation of land and sea breezes, the climate of this group is celebrated for its mild and equable character, and its healthful influence upon both natives and strangers. The soil is in many cases too precipitous for cultivation, and in some others subject to inundations which greatly interfere with the operations of industry. But on the whole, owing to the kindly influence of the climate, nature here richly rewards the hand of labor with some of the choicest productions, and yields her fruits with such easy abundauce that the most indolent or helpless of the inhabitants need never suffer for want of food. Bread fruit, cocoa-nuts, plantains, bananas, yams, taro, sugar cane, coffee, all thrive on these islands and furnish the untutored appetites of the natives with a rich variety of substantial luxuries. The grains and fruits of temperate latitudes do not flourish but these native productions are of such a character as to answer all the wants of a simple and temperate people. Pigs are raised with great facility, and constitute an important article of trade with the ships of all nations that frequent the islands. Yams are also sold in great quantities in the same way. The taro is a fine nutritious root which requires to be cultivated where the soil is liable to be overflowed. It is baked in holes in the sand highly heated. The roots are taken out when they are done, beaten into a dough-like paste, and eaten with the fingers. The fruit of the bread-fruit tree is another substantial article of food, which is thrown in a green state into the fire and roasted rapidly, It looks inside, when cooked, like potato, and tastes like the hard-boiled yolk of an egg. When first taken from the fire, after the rind is removed, it resembles a nice white, smoking loaf of bread. These trees bear four or five crops a year. Besides these native fruits, many others, introduced from tropical lands elsewhere, have succeeded well. The orange, lemon, lime, citron, tamarind, pine-apple, and fig, are all cultivated, and may be produced in abundance.

The native sugar-cane of the Sandwich Islands is remarkable for its size. Sugar is now manufactured from it to some extent, and there can be no doubt that in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race, these islands might be made to produce sugar and coffee abundantly and of a fine quality. The Sandal tree and other valuable species of wood are natives of the soil, and were formerly exported.

Through the faithful labors of American missionaries, the savage and degraded people of these islands have been not only converted with remarkable facility to the Christian faith, but have been brought through the instrumentality of schools, books, and papers to a high degree of civilization. The history of their abandonment of idolatry and the destruction of the relics of superstition is familiar to all. It is much to be lamented that owing to the frequent arrivals of foreign ships, and the character of many of the white residents who have taken up their abode among them, some of the vices of civilization have been introduced along with its blessings. The consequence has been that they have not improved very much, for many years, in morality, and their numbers, which ought naturally to have increased, have remained nearly stationary. The missionaries of the cross have had a hard trial in resisting the steady encroachments of the missionaries of rum and other agents of Satan, who have been zealous to undo all that they have accomplished, and for the sake of gain appear willing to see the little nation entirely extinguished.

The Sandwich Islands constitute one independent kingdom, with a regularly organized government, a written constitution, and nearly all the important institutions of civilized countries. The government is modeled after that of Great Britain, in accommodation to the claims of the chiefs and the habits of the people. The monarch has wisely availed himself of the ministerial council of the white missionaries, and by their aid has steered the ship of state safely through many formidable dangers. The great dread of the king and the people at present is that France will manage by some means to seize upon their country, as she has already done with some of the Society Islands. The domineering conduct of the French in the Pacific, for several years past, has been such as to excite the suspicions of the whole world, and it is quite natural for the people of this little group, who have experienced so many of the blessings of Protestant Christianity, to dread the dominion of an unscrupulous Catholic Power, whose encroachments upon other groups in the Pacific have been so arbitrary and violent. It appears from recent intelligence that the question of annexation to the United States is seriousiy entertained by a considerable party in the islands, and it is reported that the king is not unfavorable to such a change. The English and French consuls have entered a formal protest against the measure, and Mr. Severance, the United States Commissioner, has defended it with considerable ability.

This question bids fair to become a serious one with our government. As the policy which may be necessary to dispose of it is not yet monopolized by either of the great political parties which divide the country, we may be permitted to speak our sentiments in regard to it without reserve. It is purely a national question, and we can hardly conceive the propriety of permitting it to become involved with those domestic disputes which agitate our own people.

If there were no probability that either France would in a few years assume the sovereignty of these islands, it is clear to us that their annexation to the United States would be both impolitic and absurd. The idea of incorporating with our Anglo-Saxon Confederacy a nation of half naked Pagans, inhabiting a little group of islands between five thousand miles from our seat of government, and people who within our own recollection were ranked among the most degraded savages of the South Sea, would be justly regarded as extremely ridiculous and puerile by all intelligent men. We could think of nothing more quixotic, nothing more incompatible with the character of our institutions. Thoroughly civilized and Christianized to a remarkable extent, considering their former condition, there is absolutely nothing in their habits, ideas, and character, sufficient to warrant their annexation to this country, with a view of adding thereby to our own strength or prosperity. All the objects that could be contemplated by such a measure could be as well and more completely secured by treaty, and a guarantee of their independence.

But when we take into consideration the obvious design of France to get possession of them, and by to convert these neutral islands into a colony, her influence upon the commercial interests of the United States would be altogether unfavorable, and their proximity to our western coast might at some future day become extremely dangerous, we confess that the question assumes quite another aspect. We are compelled by circumstances to make a choice of evils, and it seems to us far less injurious to the interests under the protection of our flag a harmless and docile people, like the natives of these islands, than to suffer France to plant a dangerous colony and a military force directly on the path of our commerce with the stern design, especially if this could be effected without renewing the slavery agitation.

The difficulties arising from annexation without the consent of both parties would be great indeed. To make a well ordered republican State of such materials would be no easy task, but the islands are capable of sustaining half a million of population with ease, and in a few years a tide of emigration from this country would set in that direction, sufficient to overwhelm them with a white population far exceeding in numbers the natives of the soil. Such being the case, the assimilation of the people to American habits would progress rapidly, and a flourishing State formed out of these elements, grow up amid the waste of the Pacific Ocean.

SINGULAR ADMISSION.

The *Freeman's Journal*, the principal organ of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, is very much dissatisfied with the appointment of Protestant chaplains in Public Institutions. "The rule is simply plain," says the Journal, "in reference to our *poor-houses*, and all institutions supported by public money. Under our government we do not see a business such institutions have with salaried chaplains, but if such are to be, it is evident they should be chosen of the religion most generally professed by the inmates of such institutions." If any body had insinuated that the Catholics were a proportionate burden to the public funds than the members of any other denomination, or that the off-scouring of society generally of that persuasion, the *Freeman's Journal* would have taken it in high dudgeon, and have endeavored to make capital out of it for the promotion of the Roman cause. But it happens this time to be a voluntary *admission* from head quarters. Strange that the paper did not blush to receive it. Blushing, however, is not one of its weaknesses.

In connection with the foregoing, we cannot refrain from noticing a strange article that appeared in a number of the *N. Y. Herald*, in editorial type, lauding on the division of the Churches on account of the slavery agitation, and seems to have been designed to rebuke the northern Methodists for allowing that question to distract and divide their church. We were particularly astonished at the following passage:

"In plain truth, the Church has no concern with temporal institutions. It is the first and paramount duty of its ministers, of whatever calling, to evince themselves and inculcate on their flock, obedience to established authority and loyalty to the constitution under which they live. Without such a rule as this it would be necessary for all governments to regard ecclesiastical bodies as dangerous rivals in the State, too likely to become conspirators to escape watching. It has been usually followed with scrupulous fidelity with most European churches—by none more closely than by the Church of Rome, which owes much of its preponderance to its careful avoidance of political troubles. We commend its example to the Methodists."

We confess that we are at a loss whether to attribute such a paragraph to ignorance, to mercy, or to a spirit of satire which sometimes shows itself very effectively in the columns of the *Herald*. We have always thought that a separation of the Church from the State was a pre-eminently *Protestant* idea, and that the voice of all modern history condemned the Catholic church more severely than any other for its frequent interference with political questions. We have always heard that from one end of Ireland to the other the Catholic priests, instead of preaching loyalty to the Constitution under which they live" are constantly fomenting discord and exciting the people to resistance. We have always heard that in Italy or Germany, whenever a movement towards republican institutions takes place among the people, and party spirit runs high, the Catholic priesthood are almost unanimous supporters of arbitrary power. We remember the controversy in the Swiss Cantons but a few years ago, in which Democratic republicans were the leaders of one party, and the Jesuits of the other, and how the republican cause finally triumphed over its enemies by physical superiority alone. All these, and a thousand similar facts, are fresh in our recollection, and must be equally fresh in the recollection of the editors of the *Herald*. But the *Herald* ought to know still better than ourselves all the minutiæ of those manœuvres by which the Catholic Party has been organized in this country to interfere with our Common School system, and how vigorously they have contended and combined at the polls for its overthrow. How then, we ask, could the *Herald* with such a bare-faced impudence insult the Methodists more grossly than by commending to them the example of the Catholic Church?

We are somewhat inclined to suspect the *Herald* of a design very different from what appears upon the surface of its article. It must have been meant for satire. If it was in earnest, we can hardly conceive of anything more imprudent. Methodism in the United States is much more powerful and intelligent than Catholicism. Perhaps the calculating proprietor of the *Herald* may one day regret having even appeared to insult the former by commending the example of the latter, in those very points where it has offended most heinously against the political institutions of the country.

Whatever may have been intended, we cannot refrain from expressing our utter contempt for the cowardly spirit manifested by so many political papers which indulges in the freest criticism upon the course which our own home-bred Protestant churches think proper to pursue, but dares to speak of the Roman church only in the language of eulogy and respect. It is one of the most alarming signs of the times, that dread of the priests has imposed a leaden silence in regard to them upon a large portion of the American Press.