

CONTRIBUTIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XXVIII.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1853.

Resolution of Winter—Coincidence—Philadelphia Antislavery—A Day's Journey—Choice of routes to Quakerdom—Camden and Anby Railway—Courtesy of its Officers—Hotel—Contrast between New York and its Neighbour—Pastry of Gotham—Fire! Fire! Fire!—Destruction of Harper & Brother's great Book-House—Nature of the Loss—Consequences—Anticipation—Burning of an historical mansion—Napoleon at St. Helena & Sir Hudson Lowe—Dunn's book on America.

MY DEAR POST:—This is as bright a December day as ever beamed upon our planet, and imparts any thing else than a wintry aspect to the metropolis. As I have before intimated, winter seems to have come among us in a very irresolute mood, now inclined to assert his sovereignty, and anon seeming to toy with the brown but lovely autumn who hangs coquettishly about his neck, even as he is said sometimes to

"linger in the lap of Spring."

A slight flurry of snow and some cool, over-coaty days are all the demonstrations he has yet made.

A very large number of our population are busy in hunting up coincidences among the memoirs of long ago, and they will tell you—after the usual weather-wise salutations—that "this is just such a season as we had in '24"—or perhaps, that they "do not remember another such a December in thirty years." At all events, it is fair to conclude that this is a remarkable month, and I have already drawn a red line around it in my "Family Almanac."

I have been to Philadelphia since I wrote to you last—to the city of angles and squares—of red brick walls and white shutters; and to complete the antithesis—of brotherly love and firemen's brows. A trip to our sister city is quite a diversion. We can do it in a very short time—going if we please in the morning, after a reasonably late breakfast, and spending four hours there, be home again in time for evening calls. Five or six times a day, by steamboat and railway together, the tide of travel flows and ebbs between the two cities, and every time a large number of passengers are carried along with it. One wonders, reasonably, as he enters the crowded cars at Jersey City, or the elegant Steamboat, John Potter, at her New York wharf—be the weather fair or foul, and be the hour what it may—to see such a large number of people always on the wing. No wonder that firemen call us a migratory people, and say that we live either upon the highways or in hotels! We are certainly a nation of travellers, at home every where and never at home!

When the choice is left to me of the two great routes to Philadelphia, I prefer that by South Anby. Thus it was I went on Wednesday, taking the steamboat before named at 2 o'clock. The comfortable lounges of its cabins are more select than the "tributed" chairs of the railway carriage, and for two hours one may quietly doze or still more pleasantly beguile the time with a new book, such for example, as "Charles Rochester," with its fascinating revelations of musical nature and soul, or "Merikland" with its rare and lofty exemplification of "self-sacrifice" for the sake of a pure and true friendship. At South Anby, a mere wharf and station, we took the elegant cars of the Camden and Anby railway, and were soon gliding swiftly over the unattractive plains of New Jersey. I know of no railway in the country—let me say, *en passant*, and the remark is equally applicable to the steamboat connecting with it—where the passenger may depend upon all the officers for more courtesy cheerfully and promptly shown, than upon the Camden and Anby road. I know it is sometimes derided as "a monopoly" but I sincerely wish that the term properly implied no more reproach than I can bring against the Company in question. They do what they undertake to do well, and subject the traveller to fewer experiences of the "miscellaneous of the road" than any other company I can name.

I reached Philadelphia, crossing the Delaware at Camden by a steam ferry—soon after the lamps were lighted, and took up my quarters, as I always do—malgré the selections of new hotels—at the comfortable, quiet and central "Washington House." After tea and rest I took a walk up Chestnut Street, and although the eighth hour had not yet sounded—three or four bells only intervened my hotel and a region of quiet that I venture to say, could not be paralleled any where within the four-mile range of our Broadway—at the same hour. Turning out of the broad promenade of the Quaker City into Broad Street—that divides the city proper from the Schuylkill town, I passed a new and brilliantly gas-lighted house—bearing the name of La Pierre—a handsome, aristocratic, up-town hotel. I felt, at every step, the contrast of New York and Philadelphia, a contrast more easily felt than described. The whole of my observations and experiences during the next day, amid the veriest "business and bustle" of the town, in no wise altered my impressions. We certainly do make ten times as much show and noise in New York, as our quaker cousins do in Philadelphia, and as one of the most enterprising of their opulent merchants remarked to me one day in Broadway, "the mere pageantry of Gotham would require all the wealth of its quieter neighbor to rival." I do not intimate, in these observations, the idea that Philadelphia is behind New York in substantiality and comfort. Doubtless her enterprises rest upon quite as firm bases as those of the Metropolis, and within her less ostentatious and palatial homes, neither the social pleasures, nor the refinements of luxurious taste are a whit less abundant than those of our own city. New York is the queenly, magnificent belle—arrayed in velvets, and decked with diamonds—Philadelphia is the more retiring maiden, content with a drapery of delicate silk and a set of pearls?

I was startled in the very midst of the preceding paragraphs by a rumor of a terrible fire in the lower part of the city, and the rapid and long protracted clangor of the bells—

"Too much horrified to speak, They can only shriek, shriek, Out of tune."

assured me that a more than ordinary conflagration was raging. Too much indisposed to go out and ascertain the nature and location of the fire,

I waited somewhat impatiently the arrival of news, which was speedily brought in an extra of the 'Times' newspaper, and by the lips of messengers from the scene of disaster. I can scarcely express the sense of regret with which I learned that the vast and splendid book establishment of Harper & Brothers was burned to the ground! If my first impulse was to sympathize with the enterprising owners in their fearful loss, it was quickly changed into a deeper and painful sense of the wide spread suffering which must result to the thousand operatives, dependant upon the great proprietors for their employment by the fruits of which alone they subsisted in comfort. I could scarcely believe the sad story, that two short hours had sufficed for the freedom to devastate the grandest book manufactory in the New World, that all suddenly millions of volumes had been consumed, more than a score of presses stopped and destroyed, innumerable forms of type and engravings melted into shapeless masses of metal, the busy hands of hundreds of printers, folders, binders, finishers, packers, scribes and porters paralyzed, and perhaps not less than a million of dollars, in one single establishment, utterly and immediately consumed. I confess to a continued feeling of disquiet in view of this fearful conflagration, ever since my after-dinner coffee. I trust that the extensive vaults of the establishment, with their tens of thousands of plates intact, and that the ruin above ground will not be aggravated by destruction below. The January number of the Magazine was probably nearly all printed and in the hands of the binders, while the forms were still upon the presses, all involved in the common destruction. Among the numerous books nearly ready for publication, and of which, perhaps, not a vestige now remains, was *Kane's Arctic Expedition*, a work upon which a great deal of labor and money has been expended. I remember that only a few days since one of the members of the firm informed me that they had in readiness and in advanced stages of preparation at least twenty new books. Some of these are expensively illustrated works, and a still greater number in hand. It is probable that the plates and several printed sheets of the February number of the Magazine are also involved in the common destruction.

Writing, as I do, while the ruins of this gigantic establishment are still blazing and smouldering—and before any of the details of the destruction are known to the public, I cannot clearly indicate the specialities of the dismal altar. The generalities, however, are gloomy enough. Men, women, boys and girls—how many hundreds in all I know not—thrown out of work just when winter is coming upon us "like an armed man," with all his terrors of ice and snow. The most indefatigable exertions, directed by judicious energy and urged up by ample wealth, cannot suddenly rebuild that acre of blackened ruins, and restore to its innumerable departments, the appliances of busy labor. When even that is done, how long must the presses groan with ceaseless toil to republish the millions of books just consumed! I have faith in the men who controlled this wonderful engine of literature, that they will do all that can be done to restore the waste places—but there must be, for weeks and months yet to come, a great chasm in the book-world and great disturbance in many a home, that was lighted and warmed by the toils so fearfully interrupted. I may add to my expression of faith in the energy of the great publishers—a conviction of their abounding generosity too—which will devise liberal things for those who will feel the great calamity more painfully than they can possibly do. You will see from the telegraphic and "extra" reports, that the fire not only destroyed the Harpers' and Corbods' establishments upon one side of Pearl Street, but extended across the street to the old "Walton House"—which was soon wrapped in flames, and injured beyond repair—at least so far as its individuality is concerned—and this was all its loss. It was built in the English colonial style more than a century ago. It was the home of Sir Guy Carlton during the Revolutionary War, and has remained ever since a time-honored landmark of the Past. Its destruction is justly lamented by those who have any reverence for history.

I have allowed myself to be beguiled from the subject which I designed to take up in this letter, and it is fortunately one of those topics which do not spoil by being kept in reserve. I have been reading with attention and interest the past week, a work entitled "Napoleon at St. Helena, from the Letters and Journals of Sir Hudson Lowe." I need hardly say that it tells a very different story from Montolion's *Captivity of Napoleon* and Meara's *Voice from St. Helena*. It is indeed "the other side of the question." The work is edited by Mr. Forsyth, an acute and learned lawyer, who has brought all his professional skill to the task he has undertaken. I think that every reader who compares the testimony on both sides, will be compelled to believe that the truth lies between the disputants, but certainly much nearer to the English party than to that of the imperial exile. Sir Hudson Lowe lacked none of the elements of a successful general, but he appears to have been deficient in that loftiness of soul and also in that undimable tact which were essential in the governor of such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte—a caged lion, fretting at his fate, and too eager to find fault with his keeper. I do not suppose that any man could have pleased the captive, but others might have less signally failed to do so than Sir Hudson Lowe. The book will occupy an important place in the already extensive Napoleonic library.

My return journey from Philadelphia afforded me an opportunity to run through Alfred Dunn's new book on America, just published by Hart of Philadelphia. It is a bold, dashing, and I may say vulgar book, well adapted to please the tastes of the unfortunately numerous readers of the "Sunday papers," those reckless and insolent defamers of religion and virtue and benevolence, and ready panderers to the depraved tastes of the vicious. What is true in Dunn's book is scarcely worth the trouble of searching out amid the mass of nonsense and rhapsomontade which forms its staple.

I have extended this letter to an unusual length, for which I must offer the stereotyped excuse of "a great press of matter." Yours ever, OOSMOS.

For the Southern Weekly Post. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BOURDALOUE. BY MISS M. E. C.

NEGLECT OF THE POOR.

How many poor are forgotten! how many live without succour and without assistance! Forgetfulness so much the more deplorable, as on the part of the rich it is voluntary, and consequently criminal. I will explain; how many unfortunate persons reduced to the utmost rigours of poverty, and whom we do not relieve, because we neither know nor wish to know them! If the extremity of their want was felt, we would manifest for them, if not charity, at least humanity.

At the sight of their misery we should blush at our excesses, be ashamed of our delicacies, and should reproach ourselves with our foolish expenses, justly considering them as crimes. But because we are ignorant of what they suffer, and do not wish to be instructed therein, because we do not wish to hear them spoken of, removing them far from our presence, we think ourselves guiltless in forgetting them; and however great their evils may be, we become insensible to them.

How many truly poor whom we reject as if they were not so, without taking or wishing to take the trouble to discover their real condition! How many poor whose groanings are too feeble to reach us, and whom we do not wish to draw near, thereby making it our duty to listen to them! How many abandoned poor! How many desolate in prisons! How many languishing in hospitals! How many ashamed of their condition in private families!—Among those whom we know to be poor, and of whose sad state we can be neither ignorant nor forgetful! How many are neglected! How many are harshly treated, how many want for everything, whilst the rich live in abundance, luxury and ease. If there was no final judgment, this is what would be called the scandal of Providence—the patience of the poor outraged by the harshness or insensibility of the rich.

For the Southern Weekly Post. A PARALLEL.

When the skilful architect takes from the quarry the rough shapeless blocks of marble, gives to them form, polish and comeliness, and by his art rears the beautiful temple, with its strong columns, its massive pillars, its symmetrical domes and lofty spires, filling the eye with stately magnificence, and presents to his country this offering of genius, we feel that right worthily does he merit the praises of that country. But to the intellectual architect, who takes the infantile mind in blank and thoughtless state, and makes the impress of his own mind thereon; who "rears the tender thought," "teaches the young idea how to shoot," fixes the generous purpose and high resolve in the glowing breast; draws out and educates the faculties of that mind; pruning its redundancies; polishing its asperities, and presents to his country the cultivated human intellect, in all its symmetrical beauty and loveliness, in all its mighty power and tremendous influence for good, we feel at once that to this latter belongs a far higher, a far nobler meed of praise. The one is a temple of marble, and must perish under the ruthless tooth of time, the other is a temple of the immortal spirit and the mind, and will still echo the praises of God and its benefactors, when the locks of eternity itself, shall be hoary with age. T. H. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOLAR ECLIPSE IN 1854.—On Friday, the 26th of May next, there will be an eclipse of the sun, which will be more or less visible in all parts of the United States and Canada, and in a portion of both will be annular. Its commencement in the city of Washington will be at 4h. 20m. in the afternoon, its greatest obscuration at 5h. 18m., and its end at 6h. 27m. As the apparent diameter of the moon will be a little less than the sun, the eclipse cannot be total anywhere. The Christian Almanac says: "The ring will be only about one-third of a digit wide, and will be visible only in the vicinity where the line of central eclipse passes. The eclipse is central in longitude 73 53 west of Greenwich, latitude 44 14 north, and in longitude 64 35 west, latitude 41 10 north. By finding these positions upon a map, and drawing a line from one to the other, the towns and countries through which the central eclipse passes will be readily discovered.—The path of the annular eclipse will be about one hundred miles wide, and extend about fifty miles each side of the lines we have described. The annular eclipse will move about one hundred miles per minute. The first time this eclipse ever occurred was in 1813, July 2d; since then it has returned thirty-one times, including its return next year. It occurred in April, 1815, in May 1818, and in May 1836. It will return again in June 1872. Its last return will be in the year 2593, August 17th. The next solar eclipse that will attract much attention in this country will be in 1858, March 15th.

A NEW COMET.—Another comet was discovered last evening by Mr. Robert Van Arsdale of this city, in the constellation of Cassiopea, which is nearly in the zenith: its approximate declination and right ascension at six o'clock fifty minutes, mean time, was North dec., 60 deg. 12 min.—Right ascen. 2 hours 5 min., it came to the meridian at nine o'clock forty-eight min., decl. 60 deg. Right ascen., 3 hours 7 min. It is of a small, round, bright appearance, with an exceedingly rapid motion in a direction apparently opposite to that of the sun. After only a short observation it changed its place very perceptibly. No record of this heavenly visitor is known to have been previously made. It is not apparent to the naked eye. Newark Daily Advertiser, Nov. 26.

By different nations every day in the week set apart for public worship: Sunday by the Christian; Monday by the Greeks; Tuesday by the Persians; Wednesday by the Assyrians; Thursday by the Egyptians; Friday by the Turks; Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the diurnal revolution, and it is apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.

It matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul, it matters not what he saves.

A WAG recently appended to the list of market regulations in Cincinnati, "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

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POLITICS.

The great seething caldron of party politics, is again in active ebullition, generating its usual excess of steam and stench. All eyes are turning with curiosity and interest towards Washington, to see what issues are to become the prominent topics of discussion, and what men are to lead the various factions in their hostile manœuvres. There is visible in the metropolis, an exciting activity, and perhaps no city of its size in the world, ever witnessed so much intrigue and corruption. The spirit of political speculation, infects the surrounding atmosphere, and pervades the length and breadth of the land. The people are on the qui vive, and every little village tavern or groggery, is the scene of animated debate upon the relative merits of the two parties, where tipsy patriotism belches forth its anathemas against one or the other, and huzzas for a cause, in the benefits of which it never can participate, and whose merits it cannot comprehend.

It is the misfortune of our country that its political controversies are conducted with so much heat and passion, so much duplicity and jugglery, whilst calm investigation and independent thought are unscrupulously sacrificed for the sake of a party triumph. Multitudes seem to look upon these contests much as they would upon a horse race or a prize fight, in which the parts and powers of the combatants are the engrossing themes of controversy, and where the great questions of truth and right are, of course, out of the question. It is truly mortifying to observe how little feeling of patriotism is manifested in these exciting contests for power. Party ties are the influences that control almost all our active politicians, and party success seems to be the one great object for which so many volumes of gaseous eloquence are yearly expended. It is now a matter of history that neither of the two great parties has been willing to stake its success upon the patriotic enthusiasm of the people. Both of them have enjoyed a brilliant opportunity of doing so within a few years past. By cutting loose from sectional animosity of every description, and planting itself unequivocally upon the integrity of the constitution and the Union, either one of them might have entitled itself to the lasting confidence and gratitude of the people. The reason they have not done so, is clearly because the leading politicians have not had sufficient confidence in the majority of the people. They apprehended defeat at the polls, and therefore chose to conciliate the favor of opposite factions, rather than expose the fortunes of their respective parties to the doubtful patriotism of their country.

It is very probable, indeed, that corrupt and unprincipled conditions are necessary to success in the present condition of the public mind. The enthusiasm of the people for parties, has been enlisted by every method which human ingenuity could devise, whilst the sentiment of cordial patriotism has been little cultivated or cherished. The pride of the people has been to exaggerate the merits of sectional differences and peculiarities, and to forget those great national ideas which are common to all, and ought to maintain a constant supremacy in every American breast. But whose fault is it that the popular mind has been thus diverted from its legitimate channels? The party political chiefs are, in our judgment, the conscious and responsible authors of this lamentable perversion of national habits, and will have some day to suffer a heavy retribution for the dangers in which they have involved their country.

The only remedy that we can discover for the evil to which we have adverted, is in the hands of the people themselves. They must come to adopt a second Declaration of Independence of party influence and intrigue. We would not obliterate all party lines, but we would have the people to think more freely for themselves, and not allow a momentary enthusiasm for this or that candidate, or for this or that little question of temporary expediency, to cause them to forget the value of their relations to this great Republican Confederacy, which is at once the altar and the hope of the world. The name of an American citizen is a prouder and far nobler title than Whig or Democrat, or any other party designation. Both of these parties might dissolve to-morrow, and leave the great temple of our liberties standing as securely as ever, in all its glorious majesty and splendor. Only let the people resolve to think for themselves and take care not to confound great questions with trifles, mountains with mole hills, and whatever may become of the present organization of parties, the Union and its blessings may still be preserved.

COURTESY OF THE PRESS.

We are very much inclined to complain of little overlookings which occasionally appear in our exchanges, by which the materials furnished in our editorial columns are appropriated in a quiet way without credit, but a very glaring act of injustice perpetrated in a late number of the "New York Mining Journal," calls for a prompt notice at our hands. A letter from one of the editors, published in the editorial columns of the Post, in editorial type, and signed with his initials, appeared a few weeks ago, in which a full account of the Duck Town mines was given. "The Mining Journal" copied the article into its own columns, with another caption, without signature, and without credit. Now we must say, that although the said letter was not published by the writer as a high literary effort, the conduct of the editor of the "Mining Journal" appears to us as anything but genteel.—Some people seem to think that distance not only "lends enchantment to the view" of natural scenery, but palliation, if not innocence, to acts of palpable injustice. There is too little respect generally shown both far and near, for the rules of mutual courtesy which the relations of the press require to be observed. Mere rudeness, however, or such discourtesy as results from a half concealed spleen, we can easily forgive or despise. We only speak when we are compelled to do so, and hope we shall not have another provocation of the kind soon to record.

Hon. FAYETTE McMULLEN, member of Congress from Virginia, has applied to the Legislature of that State for a divorce from his wife.

MANNERS.

MANNERS, by the French, are very correctly called the minor morals. True politeness is the natural expression of our benevolence, and where it is entirely wanting, there must be something wrong at the heart. There are many excellent people, however, who seem to regard the little courtesies of life as altogether unnecessary in those whose conduct is governed by a stern integrity, and whose virtues have become like fixed and unalterable habits. They seem to think there is something savoring of levity and insincerity in those little customs that have long existed in society by which one person communicates to another his sentiments of good will and respect. But the universal prevalence of these customs, in one form or another, through all ages and all nations, shows very plainly, that they are natural expressions, when the feelings are sincere, and that an entire neglect of them implies either a radical defect in the character, or a restraint upon the emotions which is itself artificial and indefensible. Some form of salutation, for example, is found all over the world, and surely it cannot be regarded as an extravagance to notice in some way the presence of a brother man. There are, nevertheless, many persons in every Christian community, who are evidently so well satisfied with their integrity, their intelligence, their money or other claims to superiority, that they seldom put themselves to much trouble to show their benevolence to those around them. They may be liberal to the poor, and yet be destitute of those kindly, neighborly feelings towards others which are the best bonds of the social state.

When one vessel speaks another at sea, there is always a thrill of emotion, excited by the transaction, which tends to awaken and keep alive the nobler sentiments of the heart. It is just so on a smaller scale, when neighbor meets neighbor with a friendly salutation. When, on the other hand, we pass and re-pass without recognition, as cold and repulsive as brother ice-bergs in the northern main, the heart is necessarily chilled by the unnatural suppression of friendly sentiments; and what begins in mere oversight becomes at last the cherished habit of a life time.

It is the misfortune of our country that its political controversies are conducted with so much heat and passion, so much duplicity and jugglery, whilst calm investigation and independent thought are unscrupulously sacrificed for the sake of a party triumph. Multitudes seem to look upon these contests much as they would upon a horse race or a prize fight, in which the parts and powers of the combatants are the engrossing themes of controversy, and where the great questions of truth and right are, of course, out of the question. It is truly mortifying to observe how little feeling of patriotism is manifested in these exciting contests for power. Party ties are the influences that control almost all our active politicians, and party success seems to be the one great object for which so many volumes of gaseous eloquence are yearly expended. It is now a matter of history that neither of the two great parties has been willing to stake its success upon the patriotic enthusiasm of the people. Both of them have enjoyed a brilliant opportunity of doing so within a few years past. By cutting loose from sectional animosity of every description, and planting itself unequivocally upon the integrity of the constitution and the Union, either one of them might have entitled itself to the lasting confidence and gratitude of the people. The reason they have not done so, is clearly because the leading politicians have not had sufficient confidence in the majority of the people. They apprehended defeat at the polls, and therefore chose to conciliate the favor of opposite factions, rather than expose the fortunes of their respective parties to the doubtful patriotism of their country.

BARBARISM.

We publish below only a part of a long extract from the *Shepherd of the Valley*, which we cut from the *New York Observer*. There may be some who still doubt whether there are any influential persons in this country who are endeavoring to overthrow our institutions. The following passage ought to be sufficient to remove all doubt. The Archbishop of St. Louis recommends the paper from which it is taken, to the people of his diocese, and thus constitutes it one of the organs of the Catholic party in the United States.—This assault upon the cause of human freedom and civilization itself, comes from no obscure quarter, and should not be regarded as the mere ebullition of an eccentric egotist, but as the significant portent of formidable combinations against the peace and liberties of our citizens.—

IGNORANCE, THE MOTHER OF DEVOTION.—The *Shepherd of the Valley*, which is published under the special sanction of the Archbishop of St. Louis, holds the following language, in a late number, upon Popular Education. It needs no comment; it speaks for itself. We subjoin the imprimatur of the Archbishop.—N. Y. *Observer*. We are not the friend of popular education as at present understood. The popularity of a hounding shall never, we trust, lead us to support it. We do not believe that "the masses," as our modern reformers insignificantly call the laboring class, are one whit more happy, more respectable, or better informed for knowing how to read. This is our private opinion, however, and as we entertained it before we had the happiness of becoming a Catholic, the persons are hereby warned not to set it down as peculiarly Popish doctrine. We think that the "masses" were never less happy, less respectable, and less respected, than they have been since the Reformation, and particularly within the last fifty or one hundred years—since Lord Brougham caught the mania of teaching them to read, and communicated the disease to a large proportion of the English nation—of which, in spite of all our talk, we are too often the servile imitators.—Reading is only one method of gaining information, and a method that can seldom be pursued with any success in private, where there is no one to direct the student, and no guarantee that he desires his own improvement rather than his own amusement. One of the best informed, most respected men of his station in life that we ever knew, could not read a letter in this day.

The idea that teaching the people to read, furnishes them with innocent amusement, is entirely false. It furnishes the only source of those who seek amusement from it with the most dangerous recreation in which they can indulge. In view of these and other facts, we, on our own private account, and not as a Catholic, but as a prudent man and as a good citizen, unhesitatingly declare, that we regard the invention of printing as the reverse of a blessing; and our modern ideas of education as entirely erroneous. However the thing is done and cannot be undone, a new way has been created to a race which had, before this discovery, more unsatisfied wants than they well knew how to put up with, and an appetite has been created which must be satisfied.—The question is how to satisfy it with the least evil to the community at large, and all concerned.

THE IRISH EXILES.

We have now, in this country, three of the celebrated Irish exiles, Meagher, O'Donoghue and Mitchell, who have successfully escaped from British dungeons, and sought peace and liberty on our shores. What a proud satisfaction should it be to every American, to see all classes of victims escaping from European oppression, and finding a home and a protection in our glorious confederacy. We all unite to welcome these distinguished sufferers in the cause of freedom, and they may justly consider themselves as the nation's guests.

These are the men whom America can well receive without suspicion. With cultivated minds, hearts beating with a noble enthusiasm, and souls expanding with a world-wide humanity, they come to this country with a glowing admiration of its principles and institutions, and would be the last to plot against our peace or disturb our repose. We have always loved "Green Erin," and sympathized in her sorrows. We draw our lineage from her fruitful soil, and our pulse beats with Irish blood. That is the reason we have sometimes expressed ourselves in terms of unusual severity against her enemies. The British government, which confines her body with strict military surveillance, and the dictatorial priesthood who bind the fetters of ecclesiastical authority upon her soul, are entitled to the bitterest invectives they have provoked. We have no partiality for them! But Ireland, generous, sensitive, hospitable Ireland! our desire for her is to see the fetters fall from her limbs, and the veil from her eyes, and the blessings of enlightened freedom showered on her feet. We shall now hope to hear that the remaining captives have also found means to escape. The more of these educated laymen that come amongst us, the better. Their presence may serve to infuse into the masses of their countrymen, a profound respect for the land of their adoption, and a cordial love for its principles. Under such influences the Irish emigration may add new strength to our nationality. They may contribute a desirable element to our population, and render yet more admirable the proportions of our composite national character.

BANK OF THE STATE.—It will be seen from the notice of the Cashier, in the *Advertiser*, that this Institution has declared the handsome dividend of 5 per cent. for the last six months. We also learn that the sum of \$22,000 has been added to the surplus fund. These facts show the Bank to be in a very prosperous condition.

MIND YOUR HEALTH.

In this climate which is liable to very sudden variations, it is particularly important in the winter season to guard the lungs against their effects. The terrible and fatal disease, pneumonia, is generally brought on by sudden exposure to the cold, and the body is not in a favorable condition to resist the attack. Care and watchfulness are necessary, especially in the part of persons who are accustomed to warm clothing to avoid the deplorable consequences of a sudden acquired prudential habits of life are not to be despised. Those who have long been in the habit of wearing strong, perhaps, as others, who think their lungs strong, and therefore do not need careful attention.

Cold weather generally continues for several weeks in this region, that people do not provide themselves with such systematic protection, as they do in the more temperate latitudes. Our habitations are, by a long habit, more open to winter, and from a long habit we have both windows and doors to gape open in cold and damp weather, thus exposing one side of the person to the chilling blast, while the other is wasting in an enormous fire. And then when we go out, we take the little precaution to protect ourselves with sufficient clothing from the depressing influence of the winter wind. We do not advocate too much delicate attention to these things, but wish to remind the young and active and hearty, that they are particularly liable to certain dangerous diseases which are apt to be contracted by sudden exposure of the body to a temperature to which it has not been accustomed. Much of the weakness of lungs complained of by Northern people is undoubtedly produced by close houses and unrefined air; but we of the South are too much disposed to run into the opposite extreme, and after weeks of warm weather, to expose our persons unprotected to a cold and damp atmosphere, and thus often incur the fatal chill of acute pneumonia.

The great rule for the preservation of the lungs is to allow them a plentiful supply of fresh air, and to avoid, as much as possible all sudden transitions of temperature.

BIGOTRY AND PREJUDICE.

We see a great deal in print, and hear a great deal said about "sectarian bigotry;" but there are some who seem to recognize the difference between bigotry and prejudice, which are expressive of two very different states of mind, although found in the same person. Bigotry is a blind and unreluctant attachment to our own creed or system; whereas prejudice is an unreasonable dislike of the opinions or practices of others. We know those sentiments generally exist in list, but they ought not to be confounded. We so often censure in this country under the name of bigotry, is in fact too strong an expression of a sentiment against the bigotry of other people. It is not common, now-a-days, for polite persons to let their own Church, in extravagant terms, or to boast its superiority to others, in ordinary conversation. Many American christians never express themselves warmly in favor of their most cherished views. Any rater exhibits itself here by supercilious airs and a haughty self-complacency. It is prejudice that matters its sentiments with so much indecent violence, and deserves so much of that censure which has, so justly been inflicted upon the American Church.

A NOVEL CASE.

A young man named Gonsc, became enamored of a young lady in Lynchburg, Va., but encountered some parental obstacles to his matrimonial designs.—The damsel, however, interested herself actively in his behalf, and by dint of that persevering activity for which the sex is distinguished under such circumstances, got permission for her father to become Mr. Gonsc's provided she would also be gone, never to return. He also authorized Mr. Gonsc to pen, in his name a written consent to the union, which duly witnessed was presented at the clerk's office, and was given as a regular marriage license. Mr. Gonsc thought he was going to be married, but was surprised to find himself going to court and to prison on a charge of forgery. The investigation was renewed after a short confinement, when the truth was extracted from the old gentleman, much against his will, that he had authorized the writing that bore his name. Capital his way after all, and Mr. and Mrs. Gonsc, going on of the paternal paradise, have at last gone into their quarters in the Elysium of Matrimony.

MR. DYER.

This distinguished vocalist from Philadelphia, gave our citizens one of his rich musical entertainments on Monday night last. He was in a fine vein, and favored the audience with a number of superb pieces not included in the programme. In consequence particularly, we think Mr. Dyer excels. We should like to know how to enjoy these rich combinations of humor and melody to go and hear him. Mr. Dyer left here Monday afternoon for Fayetteville. We hope that wherever he goes, all who are not averse to innocent entertainment, will lend him their aid.

LOSS OF THE REVENUE CUTTER HAMILTON.—A mournful news of the wreck of this vessel with nearly all on board, reached this city on Tuesday last. Lieutenant Camillus Saunders, who perished in the wreck of the life boats, was a son of our fellow citizen Judge Romulus M. Saunders, whose family have been thus suddenly bereaved by the awful catastrophe.

The Hamilton was driven from her moorings at Charleston bay during the gale of Thursday of last week, and so shattered that the officers and crew sought safety in their life-boats. Both parties were subsequently lost, with the exception of one seaman named Hyam, who had lashed himself to the boat and was picked up by a steamer. The two boats were found. The officers were Captain Koshoff, Lieutenants Saunders and Hines, and the crew consisted of twelve men and boys.

CONGRESS.—Both houses of Congress had a recess on Thursday of that week to Monday the 12th. On that day the standing committees were announced. An election of printer to the Senate resulted in favor of Beverly Tucker, of the Southern. Gen. Cass offered a resolution asking for correspondence between the British and United States Governments in regard to the treaty of Washington, which having on motion of Mr. Clayton been so amended as to include instruction to foreign ministers, was adopted. In the House a resolution offered by Mr. Wentworth, affirming the power and duty of Congress to construct a rail road to the Pacific, was laid on the table by a party vote of 126 to 72. On Tuesday, several other resolutions in favor of the same road, were laid on the table. Nothing interesting has yet been done in either house.

CONFIRMATION.—This religious rite was administered at the Episcopal Church on Sunday, by Bishop McKim, to seven persons. Among the recipients were one of the teachers in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, himself a deaf-mute.

We understand that Thursday the 23d of this month has been designated as the day for the consecration of the Church, and that all persons who desire to be present are invited to attend.

A new and elegant Hotel is to be opened in Portsmouth, Virginia, on the first of January. It is called the "Macon House," in honor of the late Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina. Portsmouth is improving rapidly—so says the *Transcript*.