

CONTRIBUTIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XXXI.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21st, 1854.

The Missing letter—The Wreck of the San Francisco—Testimonials to the deliverers—Captain Creighton—The monuments of the Catastrophe—The signs of the Times—A Magnificent Bookstore—Birth-day of Franklin—My Phœnix Friend—The Harpers again in the field—Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio, and the people—The Lessees of the Lafarge Hotel—Project for their relief—Nugent dismissed—Simms' Poetical Works—Atlantis, Norman Maurice—Lines to a Sleeping Child.

MY DEAR POST: From the number which is affixed to my last letter, (Jan. 9.) in your columns, I conclude that the letter of which I made mention at that date has never reached you, and may properly be regarded as missing. Now, if it had been a steamship—like the ill-fated San Francisco, or a noble and adventurous explorer, like the lamented Sir John Franklin—what a theme it would be for my pen! But, alas, it is only a letter, and let me console myself by adding—a dull letter.—This is the most philosophical view of the case, certainly.

Since I wrote you last, the public mind has been intensely agitated by the disastrous wreck of the steamship San Francisco. The details of this sad affair have been too generally made known to justify me in repeating them. At present, the popular interest is absorbed in the getting up of testimonials to the generous men who aided and rescued the unfortunate sufferers in their dreadful peril. The names of these deliverers are upon everybody's lips, and in the enthusiasm of the hour they are invested with almost superhuman virtues. Far be it from me to derogate aught from their renown, even in the suggestion that had they failed to do what they did, they would have merited the popular execration as truly as they now deserve honor. The gallant man who commanded the packet ship, "Three Bells," and who kept his white-winged craft, hovering for nearly a week, like an angel of mercy, around the wreck of the San Francisco—prompt to succor and to deliver its perishing victims—was doubtless conscious of a prouder delight and a more exquisite degree of pleasure, in his work of mercy, than he will ever be in the reception of the most valuable and appropriate testimonial of approval which his sympathizing fellow-men can devise and bestow! Not that he will undervalue the gift or be unmoved by the popular admiration it will express, but in his own bosom there exists a sentiment of benevolence, from which will spring a higher and holier satisfaction. He is, doubtless already more than repaid for his sacrifice, his toil, his care, and his goodness. The name of Capt. Creighton is already written on the fame-roll of Time. The catastrophe has monuments as well as memories. It naturally excites surprise, that a ship, built as the San Francisco was, for a special service, at an immense cost and in the clearest light of knowledge and experience, should be overwhelmed by the first storm which she encountered, a storm by no means so terrible or protracted as many which less imposing vessels had successfully withstood, and which itself failed to over-ride other ships in the same seas. I cannot tell the precise cause of the sad and fearful disaster, but I have no doubt that it is either in her construction or in her steam equipment, and possibly in both combined. The safety of those who go down to the Sea in ships and who do business in the great waters" is properly an object of universal solicitude, and the causes of terrible disasters like this, demand investigation, that they may be obviated.

I may add to this part of my letter the remark, that the marine disasters of the past few months have been numerous, almost without a parallel. The almost universal stirring up of the elements, both natural and social, is too palpable to be overlooked by the most superficial observer. War and wreck, flood and fire, seem to be doing man's various parts of the globe. I am not a seer to predict any important moral result from these "signs of the times," but nevertheless, it seems probable that Providence is directing all these commotions to some great end.

Among the most notable incidents of the metropolis since the date of my last letter, is the removal of the Messrs. Appleton—the well known publishers and booksellers—to their new quarters upon Broadway. They purchased recently, and have fitted up with great elegance, the building formerly known as the "Society Library," at the corner of Leonard street. They occupy the entire ground floor and the basement extending beneath it, being a front of 60, and a depth of 100 feet.—The new store, therefore—if the term be not unfitting to such a magnificent saloon—is of really imposing dimensions, the effect of which is heightened by the general arrangement of the shelves and tables. It resembles a grand library, and the visitor's first impression is that he must have entered a grand public hall of literature, rather than a private bookstore. The ceilings are most beautifully painted in fresco, and are supported by rows of Corinthian pillars, in imitation of Siena marble. All the cases and wood work are of oak.

This elegant establishment is one of the great features of Broadway, and as well worth a visit as any of the lions of our grand promenade. There may be found an assortment of books in all departments of literature, art and science, American, English and continental, unequalled by any in the western world. The enterprise of the Messrs. Appleton is a just matter of comment and praise in the best circles of the city.

The birth-day of Franklin was commemorated in this city, as usual, by a typographical festival, at which a good dinner was eaten, costly wines freely imbibed, and very so-so speeches received with the usual applause. Mr. James Harper presided at the festive board, and was subsequently referred to, by one of the best-speakers, as "my phœnix friend." The allusion was a happy one—for never certainly has the fable of that "much abused bird," had a better illustration than in the rising of the Harpers from the wide-spread ruins of their grand establishment. In one brief month they have accomplished an incredible amount of work, and are again in the market with the January number of their unparalleled magazine, and with an already long list of their popular textbooks for schools and colleges. Such energy is noble, and I rejoice to record and applaud it—for the sake of all who are struggling with disaster.

Some excitement prevailed in the city on Saturday, in consequence of a rumor that Bedini, the Pope's nuncio, would embark for the old world in the steamship Baltic. I am told that nearly 3000 people were assembled at the Baltic's wharf, and that there was every indication of an outbreak.—Happily there was no provocation, for the object of the popular ill will did not make his appearance, and it was given out that he had left the city for Boston the previous night. The cruelty and treachery of this foreign emissary very justly expose him to the execration of the American people; but I should greatly deplore any act of violence, or any riotous manifestation towards him.—Every day adds strength to my conviction that the majesty of law and order should be preserved inviolate in every case.

In my last letter I stated that I did not discover any remarkable degree of popular sympathy with the proprietor of the Lafarge Hotel, in its recent destruction by fire. I did not refer to the unfortunate lessees of the new hotel—Messrs. Wright, Lanier & Co., who it appears are really the greatest sufferers by the fire. With them the public does sincerely sympathize, and I am glad to say that the sympathy of the craft and of those concerned in the building and furnishing of the house, has taken a tangible shape. Measures are on foot to put these worthy gentlemen once more upon their feet and to give them a new and first class hotel. The father and son are southerners, and well-known to the travelling world in Georgia. The examination of Nugent—the private watchman of Metropolitan Hall, upon the suspicion that he set fire to the premises—discovered no sufficient evidence against him to warrant his detention. He was therefore set at liberty, and the mystery remains.

The poetical works of Mr. Simms have just been published, in two handsome volumes, by Redfield of this city. The friends and admirers of the poet and novelist, who are rapidly increasing in number I believe, will give this work a cordial welcome. Mr. Simms does not yet occupy his true position, as a poet, in the popular estimation. He is indeed, very far in advance of the popular taste, and like many notable bards must wait for his true mode of fame. These two volumes afford abundant evidence of his claim to the title of a poet. He is not merely a versifier—injudging in prettily rhymed sonnets or in conceits daintily turned. He has in him the elements of the true bard. His poems are philosophic—seldom complex or metaphysical—but pregnant ever with meaning, and moral. He seems to recognize the dignity of the poet's mission, which is to make truth vital to the understanding, and through the medium of tuneful numbers demonstrate the connection of the Ideal with the Actual.

In the poem of "Atlantis," Mr. Simms has employed the machinery of fairy and demon mythology with a singular degree of delicacy and a corresponding grace of effect. No poem has been written upon this side of the Atlantic that at all approaches this in the imaginative element—which is unquestionably the highest attribute of poetry. I think that if this was the only exposition which the poet had vouchsafed to us of his genius, his reputation with posterity would still be as well assured as that of any one of his contemporary bards. In "Norman Maurice"—the most prominent of his dramatic works—the poet has achieved a remarkable success. It is one of the most vigorous, consistent and consummate dramas of modern times.

The numerous small poems, and especially the lyrics, which are embraced in these volumes, attest the versatility of the author's muse—at home in any sphere and disporting herself at ease alike in iambic or dactylic measures. It is impossible to overlook the earnestness of Mr. Simms' poetry, and it is equally impossible not to be impressed with the chasteness and delicacy of his numbers. The sensuous is never a repulsive element of his verse. Much of it is pervaded, moreover, by a spirit of deep and irresistible tenderness, not surpassed in the strains of Tennyson or Wordsworth. I wish I had space for a few passages in illustration of this opinion, since it has been asserted by some of Mr. Simms' reviewers that his poetry is devoid of tenderness. I must venture upon a single brief quotation, which I well recollect was once quoted in ignorance of its source, by a hostile critic, as a model of exquisite pathos and beauty!

"My little girl sleeps on my arm all night,
And seldom stirs save when with playful wile,
I bid her turn, and lift her eye to mine,
Which even as she sleeps she does, and sometimes then
Half muttering in her slumbers, she declares
Her love for me is boundless. Then I make
The precious promise closer to my arms,
And, by my action,—for in such a time,
My lips can find no utterance for my heart,—
Give her assurance sweet, that she is there
Most treasured of my jewels. Thus, tenderly,
Hour after hour, with no desire to sleep,
I watch above that large amount of hope,
With eyes made doubly vigilant by their tears,
Until the stars wane, and the yellow moon
Walks forth into the night."

I will not dismiss these volumes without expressing my sincere conviction that they contain more true and enduring poetry than any yet embraced in our national anthology.

I know I have trespassed too long upon the patience of your readers and will not aggravate my fault by any longer delaying to subscribe myself—theirs and yours.

COSMOS.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIANA.

(Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Mary A. Brackette of Lafayette, Indiana.)

The light had almost faded from the sky, and few indeed were the stars to be seen as the steam horse, or iron horse, call it what you will, rushed into the suburbs of the city of Indianapolis, one cold night last May. It was really cold. A residence for the winter in the delightful climate of eastern Carolina had given the writer a kind of blood but little fitted for the night air of a latitude two hundred and fifty miles more northern, and an altitude full five hundred if not a thousand feet higher from the ocean.

The city of Indianapolis is one of those towns of a mixed order which spring up so suddenly that "all the world and the rest of mankind" are fully astonished at its rapid progress.

It is a place with ten thousand busy, striving, scheming souls, and its progress is like the State of which it is the capital, onward. To a person

reared in the South, the "Hoosier State" presents many rugged points, but it has life and vitality in it.

The fields are filled with stumps and the roads show how lately the tall forest trees stood in their natal sublimity. Every new scene in Indiana only evinced to the writer how fully the industry of man was seeking to make earth teem with its fruits. The land will soon be filled, too, to overflowing!

Well, so be it. Search the world o'er, and no where, neither on the Atlantic or Pacific, can we find towns of a more rapid and substantial growth than La Fayette, Terre Haute, Madison, La Porte, Evansville, and other places, present.

The great Empire State, with its cities every forty miles, considering time and position, is not the superior of Indiana.

The sons and daughters too, of the State, "will pass in any crowd" with credit.

The writer most assuredly will not soon forget the kind friends he met at the capital last May. And though seas and continents intervene for many a long year ere he again greets his sister Mary; yet will he often recall her as he met her at "the Hoosier Capital" last May. There, too, was one absent that he did not greet, who will be recalled "now and then."

C. H. B.

Chapel Hill, N. C., Nov. 14, 1853.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

MEMORIES OF TEN YEARS.

BY C. H. BRACKETTE.

(Dedicated to my young friend, Benjamin J. Paschall.)

There are many thoughts which come crowding into our minds as we progress in years, and tho' our dreams in youth and opening manhood be most of the future, yet as we onward go, it is impossible for us not to recall, even tho' we do so sadly, the events of the past, and especially is this the case as we close one year after another. The present may be gay, the future most brilliant to our imagination, still we cannot but often think of those who have gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Many a year of grave care, if not deep thought has the writer seen and tho' not in the judgment of all the world, yet the calm, cold face of manhood should be his.

The ten years which have passed like the rapid turning of a wheel have brought their cares, their sad disappointments, hollow joys and many sorrows.

The year 1843 was one, in the west, of deep and wide-spread financial disasters, while 1844 was but little if any better. It was the year of political excitement.

1845 was one of sober effort by the masses, everywhere, to make progress.

1846-'7 and '8, were years when the citizen soldiers were called to the field of battle, and were years of war news. 1849 and '50, were so filled with disease and death that all trembled. 1851 and 1852, were years of peace and plenty, while the last year 1853, may challenge comparison with any year for many deaths. Thus the years roll on so swiftly.

Some have risen in life, while many have fallen. Still onward we must go, let us then all live so that—

"In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!"

DECEMBER 20, 1853.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIVIPAROUS FISH.

Among the many recent and rich developments of California, not one perhaps has been more unexpected to the scientific world, than that of the extraordinary Fishes discovered by Passed Midshipman Alonzo C. Jackson, in San Salta Bay. A notice of them will be found in the November number of the American Journal of Science, written by Professor Louis Agassiz.

Fishes as a class have been long and well known to be viviparous. From the little Minnow of the mountain streams to the countless myriads of the mighty deep, with few and rare exceptions, they follow one universal rule. It is true that in ancient times, and indeed for long ages succeeding, the Whale and the Dolphin, with the other species of the order Cetacea, were considered, even by eminent naturalists, as fishes, though known to be viviparous. In more modern days, however, this opinion came to be greatly disputed among scientific men; some, as the great Linnaeus, placing them among the Mammalia, since they were ascertained to possess the heart, lungs and other internal organs of quadrupeds; others, following Ray and Willoughby, still classing them with fishes, on account of the element in which they lived and their power of progressive motion there. The theory of Linnaeus has however, long since prevailed; the Whale, in spite of popular opinion, is no longer a fish, but a Mammal—while the other few exceptions to the general rule (species of the Shark, Ray, and also the Zoarces) have been pronounced by naturalists to be *ovo viviparous*. The discovery, then, of a *viviparous fish* is an event in science.—Whether this new and peculiar type, lately found by Mr. Jackson in the waters of California, be *ovo viviparous* or *viviparous*, it remains for future investigation to decide.

We give the account of his discovery in his own words. He says, in his letter to Professor Agassiz:—"On the 7th of June, I rose early in the morning for the purpose of taking a mess of fish for breakfast, pulled to the usual place, baited with crabs, and commenced fishing, the wind blowing too strong for profitable angling; nevertheless on the first or second casts, I fastened the two fishes, male and female, that I write about, and such were their liveliness and strength, that they endangered my slight trout spd. I however succeeded in bagging both, though in half an hour's subsequent work I got not even a nibble from either this or any other species of fish. I determined to change the bait, to put upon my hook 'a portion of the fish already caught, and cut for that purpose into the largest of the two, when what was my surprise to see coming from the opening thus made, a small live fish. This I at first supposed to be prey which this fish had

swallowed, but on further opening the fish, I was vastly astonished to find next to the back of the fish, and slightly attached to it, a long, very light violet bag, so clear and so transparent, that I could already distinguish through it the shape, color and formation of a multitude of small fish (all *fec similes* of each other) with which it was well filled. I took it on board (we were occupying a small vessel which we had purchased for surveying purposes,) and when I opened the bag, I took therefrom, eighteen more of the young fishes, precisely like, in size, shade, and color, the first I had accidentally extracted. The mother was very large round her centre, and of a very dark brown color, approaching about the back, and on the fins a black color, and a remarkably vigorous fish. The young which I took from her were in shape, save as to rotundity, perfect miniatures of the mother, formed like her, and of the same general proportions, except that the old one was much broader and wider between the top of the dorsal and ventral fins, in proportion to her length than the young were. As to the color, they were in all respects like the mother, though the shades were many degrees lighter. They had, too, the same peculiar mouth, the same position and shape of the fins, and the same eyes and gills, and there can not remain in the mind of any one who sees the fish in the same state that I did, a single doubt that these young were the offspring of the fish from whose body I took them, and that this species of fish gives birth to her young alive and perfectly formed, and adapted to seek its own livelihood in the water. The number of young in the bag was nineteen, and every one as brisk and lively and as much at home in a bucket of salt water, as if they had been for months accustomed to it."

Mr. Jackson was one of the officers under Commodore Sloat, occupied at that time in locating a Navy yard on the coast of California. On his return in the month of September following, to his home in Schenectady, N. Y., he wrote to Professor Agassiz, informing him of his discovery. He had not been able to preserve the fishes which he had taken, on account of the impossibility of procuring the alcohol necessary for that purpose. He, however, made every arrangement for securing specimens when the proper season should arrive, and in the meanwhile sent to Professor Agassiz a minute description of the fish, accompanied by an outline drawing of the female, from a sketch made at the time in California. Mr. Jackson died very suddenly in the following March; but the agent of Professor Agassiz, at his request, and guided by Mr. Jackson's instructions, has since been enabled to secure several specimens, and to send them to the Professor for examination.

The great order of fishes to which this remarkable type would seem properly to belong, contains numerous and well known families, as curious and interesting to the naturalist as valuable to man.—The common Perch which frequents the streams of every land; the Old Wife of the British seas; the Rock fish or Stripped Bass, so much esteemed with us as an article of food; the Mullet, still more highly prized by the ancients for the beautiful changes of color which it exhibited while dying; the Arabas of India, which, from its labyrinthine form cells, is enabled to remain for a long time out of water, to crawl upon the ground, and even; it is said, to climb trees; the Loxotes jactulator of the Ganges, and the Chetodon rostratus, adroit archers, who project water from their mouths upon their prey to the height of several feet, and never miss their aim; the Sparts sargus, whose teeth resemble so closely those of man; the Flying fishes of the tropical seas, and the Drum fishes, musicians of our own coasts; the Mackerel, of such inestimable value in our New-England fisheries; and the Tunny, no less a source of wealth to the Mediterranean shores; the Sword fish; the Surgeon, with his mimic lancets; the beautiful Umbra, and the Pilot fish, who with such unerring instinct conducts the Shark to his prey, are all members of the same great order to which these new fishes in all probability belong.

Professor Agassiz' account of their appearance and structure, in his minute and scientific investigation, will be interesting to naturalists:—

"The general appearance," he says, "of the fishes upon which this family is founded, is that of our larger species of Pomotis (Perch,) or rather of that of the broader types of Sparoids, (Sea Bream.) Their body is compressed, oval, covered with scales of medium size. The scales are cycloid, in which respect they differ widely from those fishes they resemble most in external appearance. Head small, with scales only on the cheeks and opercular pieces. Teeth in both jaws, short, conical, arranged in one row, and slightly recurved. The pharyngeal teeth much shorter and blunter than those of the jaws, and arranged like pavement. One long dorsal fin, the anterior portion of which is supported by spinous rays, and the posterior by numerous articulated branching rays, which are sheathed at the base by two or three rows of scales, separated from those of the body by a rather broad and deep scuteless furrow. This last peculiarity has not yet been observed in any fish, as far as I know.

"The ventrals are subthoracic as in the Sparoids, and provided with a strong spinous and five soft rays.

"Four branchial arches, supporting four complete branchie with two rows of lamellae in each, and entirely above the base of the pectoral fins. Pseudobranchia very large, and composed of sixteen or seventeen lamellae. The alimentary canal is remarkably uniform in width for its whole length. There are no caecal appendages at all in any part of the intestine. The ovary is extended into a sack like a large bag, subdivided internally into a number of distinct pouches, in each of which a young is wrapped up as in a sheet, and all are packed in the most economical manner as far as saving space is concerned; some having their head turned forwards, and others backwards. The size of the young, compared with that of the mother, is very remarkable," being about one-third of the length of the full grown fish. "Judging from their size, I suspected for some time that the young could move in and out of this sack like young opossums, but on carefully examining the position of the young in the pouches, I remained satisfied that this could not be the case, and that the young, Mr. Jackson found so

lively after putting them in a bucket of salt water, had then for the first time come into free contact with the element in which they were soon to 'alive.'

Prof. Agassiz adds, that "a country which furnishes such novelties in our days, bids fair to enrich science with many other unexpected facts."—But another idea naturally suggests itself. Can it be possible that these singular fishes have for perhaps an indefinite period of time inhabited these waters, and yet escaped until now the watchful eye of either the fisherman or the investigator? Or is there indeed that progress in the succession of beings on the earth's surface, that increasing resemblance of fishes to animals and of animals to man, which the great naturalists of our day would fain lead us to believe? We dare scarcely ask ourselves the question, for we feel that we are already treading upon dangerous ground.

The young officer who discovered these wonders in the history of fishes, blighted in the spring time of his brilliant promise, has already passed beyond the fading honors of this world. By him, the voice of censure, the tribute of respect, and the tender offering of affection, are alike unheard. Professor Agassiz, however, as he states, has been unwilling to forego the pleasure of connecting his name with his interesting discovery. Among the specimens transmitted to him from California there were two distinct species. He has given to the family the title of *Embiotica*, with reference to its peculiar mode of reproduction; and to the species most closely resembling the one discovered by Mr. Jackson the name of *Embiotica Jacksonii*.

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THE MOB SPIRIT.

The disgraceful outbreaks of popular violence which have recently taken place at Erie, Cincinnati, Wheeling and other places, call loudly for rebuke from the press throughout the Union. We care not what may be the exciting causes of these demonstrations; they are utterly inconsistent with the spirit of our institutions, and at war with the best interests of our common country. So far as the Erie riots are concerned, we regard them as expressive of so much contempt for the authority of the courts and the majesty of the law, that the people of the United States ought to feel that their collective sovereignty has been insulted and defied. The governments of Pennsylvania and the Union, owe it to the great body of the people which they represent, to quell such disturbances and maintain the peace at every hazard, and without regard to the nature of the controversy which produced them. Our laws and public functionaries, being the creatures of the popular will, should be armed with ample means to secure respect to the power they represent, and the public authorities should feel a confidence and courage in performing their duty proportionate to the resources of the people themselves. It is a great error, though a very common one, to suppose that a prompt and rigorous vindication of the law is inconsistent with republican and democratic principles. This is precisely the reverse of the truth. The very fact that the government represents a sovereignty which is unquestionable, and which is in perfect harmony with the interests of the people, affords a warrant for decided measures and vigorous action which can be obtained under no other form of government. The depositaries of despotic power, may well fear to execute their tyrannical laws, when they know that better public opinions, nor the public interest have called for their enactment; but the agents of the people themselves, can have no such excuse for neglecting to execute laws which are the expression of the popular mind.

So much for what we consider the right American spirit:—in regard to such examples of local disturbance as have recently made the name of Erie to stink in the nostrils of an order-loving people. But what shall we say of those disgusting scenes which have been lately witnessed in the streets of some of our cities, on the occasion of the visit, or intended visit, of the papal nuncio? After what we have already said of this personage, and his two-fold mission to this country, we will not be suspected of the slightest sympathy with him, or approbation of his designs.—Indeed, we suppose the past history of this paper would suffice to vindicate us from such a suspicion. We heartily wish that the sentiments of the American people might be so embodied, and so emphatically expressed against the papal mission, that his Holiness, would never again dare to send one of his mired emissaries to our national capital. But these sentiments must be uttered in a decent and dignified manner, becoming the national character. We have no taste or respect for those vulgar demonstrations of popular spite, which have lately been made at Cincinnati, New Orleans, and elsewhere, no matter how innocent they may be in the eyes of the law. It is too obvious that they have been concocted, in the commencement, by men and cliques whose principles are as inconsistent with ours as those of Bedini himself. A large portion of the foreign population in this country is deeply infected with the spirit of French Jacobinism, and the doctrines of Tom Paine and Robespierre lie at the foundation of those inflammatory societies which they have organized in the great cities. These men have no respect for religion, either Catholic or Protestant, and look upon the restraints of law, in a republican country, very much as they do upon the despotic rule of their former masters. We can see no reason, therefore, to sympathize with their displays of vulgar prejudice, or countenance the orgies with which they seek to propagate their opinions. On the contrary, we feel a profound aversion to all these combinations of foreigners in our country, for whatsoever purpose, and will continue to denounce them as anti-American and dangerous to the peace and liberty of the nation.

We are glad to see with what unanimity the respectable portion of the American press has already condemned these violent proceedings. Of course they do not approve of coercive measures to prevent them, such as were so unjustifiably employed in Cincinnati, but they express the almost universal feeling of the Protestant America, against the too prominent exhibition in this country of infidel and socialist doctrines, and the one hand, as well as of Catholic intolerance and superstition on the other. We are coming to regard both as imported evils, from which we are bound to defend ourselves with all the moral means we command. The respectable Protestant Republicanism, with either of these foreign parties, but, warned by every exhibition of anti-American feeling and principle, must draw together more and more closely, and strengthen those fraternal bonds upon the strength of which our safety so clearly depends.

What we most need in the United States is not more violence of feeling among the various factions, or more irritation on particular occasions, but rather more union of views in regard to the means necessary to preserve our institutions, and more community of purpose and action among the solid and conservative elements of our country. It does very little good to overwhelm a foreign demagogue with unmeasured applause, or to burn in effigy, the emissary of the Pope. Every patriot volunteer who would fly to arms to defend his country, is worthy of more applause than the former, and every native American who has become a Jesuit, deserves more intense popular dislike than the latter. What do you think of your fellow-citizens who are tolling right and day in the service of the republic? How do you feel towards those traitors who, having been nursed in the arms of protestant piety and republican simplicity, have now abandoned their faith and the republican cause, and are laboring in behalf of a system of diabolical tyranny and its abuses? These are the questions which more thoroughly test our patriotism, than the presence of any notorious foreigner or the occurrence of any local disturbance.

We have never thought it prudent or humane to organize a native American political party in this country, which would necessarily tend to discourage and mortify the unfortunate foreigner. It would make him feel that he was doomed to a continual inferiority on account of his birth, and excite his prejudices more than ever against our national principles and his life. It is at the same time our safest and most generous policy to obliterate all unnecessary legal distinctions between native and foreigner, and thus to make the latter feel the privilege and the pride of an American citizen. But there is an American spirit which we cannot too much cultivate. We must not insist, that our confidence will be extended to foreigners, only in proportion to the extent to which they adopt our principles and acquire our national habits. So long as they continue to preserve their distinctive peculiarities with a bigoted attachment, and treat the native population with scorn and derision on account of their faith or their devotion to law and order, so long must we maintain an embodied Americanism, and refuse to countenance those antiquated errors or crude theories which they have imported to our shores.

such as were so unjustifiably employed in Cincinnati, but they express the almost universal feeling of the Protestant America, against the too prominent exhibition in this country of infidel and socialist doctrines, and the one hand, as well as of Catholic intolerance and superstition on the other. We are coming to regard both as imported evils, from which we are bound to defend ourselves with all the moral means we command. The respectable Protestant Republicanism, with either of these foreign parties, but, warned by every exhibition of anti-American feeling and principle, must draw together more and more closely, and strengthen those fraternal bonds upon the strength of which our safety so clearly depends.

What we most need in the United States is not more violence of feeling among the various factions, or more irritation on particular occasions, but rather more union of views in regard to the means necessary to preserve our institutions, and more community of purpose and action among the solid and conservative elements of our country. It does very little good to overwhelm a foreign demagogue with unmeasured applause, or to burn in effigy, the emissary of the Pope. Every patriot volunteer who would fly to arms to defend his country, is worthy of more applause than the former, and every native American who has become a Jesuit, deserves more intense popular dislike than the latter. What do you think of your fellow-citizens who are tolling right and day in the service of the republic? How do you feel towards those traitors who, having been nursed in the arms of protestant piety and republican simplicity, have now abandoned their faith and the republican cause, and are laboring in behalf of a system of diabolical tyranny and its abuses? These are the questions which more thoroughly test our patriotism, than the presence of any notorious foreigner or the occurrence of any local disturbance.

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"LO! THE POOR" DRUNKARD!

We cannot but regard it as an erroneous opinion of our day that drunkenness is rather a misfortune than a crime, and that the drunkard is generally the victim of others who are far more wicked than himself. It is at least the glaring fault of much of our popular literature, in which it has become very common to invoke the particular indignation of the community upon the accessories to the crime, whilst the principal is represented as an object of compassion and sympathy, entitled to all the protection which an active philanthropy can throw around him. We would not be understood as complaining that too severe a judgment has been pronounced upon those who spend their lives in pandering to the low appetites of the vicious and abandoned. Language cannot well exaggerate the weight of their responsibility, or too bitterly express the abhorrence of a humane and virtuous heart for the despicable means they too often employ. But there is no reason to cast the mantle of charity, or of sentimental sympathy, over the principal offender, for the purpose of throwing into deeper shade the character of his accomplices. There is no justice, sound philosophy, or prudent wisdom, in trying to divert the severity of public censure from the man who makes best of himself, and plunges his loving wife and helpless children into wretchedness and despair, in order to fasten it upon those who furnish him with the facilities of crime. We are heartily tired of all this deceptive and baseless sentimentalism. The man who for the gratification of a low appetite, destroys all the comfort and hopes of a dependent family, and willingly sees the little ones whom God has entrusted to his care, become, through his beastly indulgence, the victims of want and pain, is, in our view, a more monstrous, whose turpitude deserves the abhorrence and detestation of mankind. Avarice inhabits and desolates the homes of other men, but drunkenness, with yet more diabolical malignity, violates the most sacred domestic ties, and destroys the happiness of those who ought to be most dear to the criminal himself.

For the purpose of illustrating our meaning, we will cite one characteristic passage from a very popular book, recently published, which seems to abound with such false sentiments. The author, after describing the awful death of a drunkard, who has plunged his family into ruin, uses this language:—"Judge him not harshly; he was the victim, not the criminal. He is dead now, tread lightly upon his grave." We ask the reader to ponder this language, and say if it does not contain in a small compass, much bad morality as can easily be compressed into so little space. And such we say is the moral doctrine which is becoming widely prevalent, and is circulated wherever it is propagated to undermine the sense of responsibility which is the salt of the world, and preserves it from moral ruin.

There are a great many insidious notions spreading themselves like a secret contagion through society, which, being associated with benevolent enterprises, are apt to deceive good men and elude detection, and are poisoning and polluting the popular mind with most deleterious effect. The one to which we have now referred, is one of the most injurious of which we can conceive. It robs one of the worst of human vices, of its most revolting features, and represents the criminal as an object of tender and even romantic interest, whilst it directs the severest denunciations against those who aid and abet him. The forger and the robber, after one offence, is never forgiven by society; but the drunkard, more puffed than despised, is received with open arms, forgiven, petted, and honored; and even if he dies like a beast, is buried like a saint, and a funeral eulogium is pronounced over his grave. The world is too severe to some classes of offenders, and altogether too lenient and complacent towards others.

DRAWING.—Not drawing water, nor drawing prizes, nor drawing dividends—but drawing lessons,—why is this beautiful accomplishment so much neglected now by the young ladies? Many of them would be much better employed with the pencil and brush, than they are, trying to draw music from unwilling strings.

FOUND.—Somewhere in this vicinity, the broken fragments of a shattered star, and the shreds of a tattered standard. The remains are so few and indistinct that it may be found difficult to identify them.