

From the Musical World.
How our Church Music goes on.

It is turning over the leaves of his sermon: he is thinking. Perhaps it is too long—he must curtail here and he must curtail here; has a bright additional thought somewhere; he is hastily interlining it with his pencil: the sermon is not quite finished, the peroration (in student parlance the snapper) is not yet put on; he is now appending it.
But perhaps the sermon is quite ready and is entirely off his mind; the book containing the hymn is in his hand: is he following the hymn or is he thinking that Mrs. So-and-so or This-and-that are not at church to-day? He is looking vacantly and dreamily at the congregation: what is he thinking of? Perhaps that the church is very thin to-day? Perhaps that a child is to be baptized? Have the baptismal party arrived in church?—perhaps, that certain notices are to be given; he must not forget any of them; perhaps, that a church or vestry meeting has been forgotten; he must think to somebody and have that settled: he just observes, that a blind man be closed, or a window opened: he must stand a book in a certain position on the pulpit, as a signal to the sexton.
But, perchance the minister has a clear conviction, that the hymn just given is an act of solemn worship; that it is devoutly and personally to be engaged in, just like a prayer; he tries to do this; the book is before him and his eyes are earnestly bent on it; glancing through the verse, in a brief moment he has mastered the sentiment: he finds it difficult for his thoughts to dwell so long on the words as the voices of the choir do; wishes he could sing to secure his attention; wishes, as the choir would let him sing, would let all the congregation sing; but Mr. Day—the organ might rebel; Mr. Lead-the-choir might resign his situation; the whole choir might leave the singing seats. But now comes an interlude, and the mind is here normally relaxed from its attention; all look up and look around; so does the minister; perhaps he thinks, what a long interlude!—what is the use of interludes?—what connection have they with an act of worship?—why should they interrupt, and break in upon, the sense of the verse?—what are those of us who are engaged in this act of devotion supposed to be doing in the presence of God, whom we have invoked and are addressing while the interlude is going on?—The second verse commences, and again the good minister takes up the broken thread of his devotion: he glances through the verse, and again his thoughts are entirely astray.
“But are such things true of all ministers,” says some one: “Are there none that make the hymn an act of solemn and personal devotion? How few!—but some there are.—And as regards some of the first things stated, it must be justice to say, that such practices, during singing of the hymns, are neither possible nor usual in the service of the Episcopal Church, where the clergyman, during the singing of the first hymn, stands openly at the altar in view of the congregation, and in the second is absent until the closing verse.—Such things are seen generally, only where the minister is screened, more or less, from the congregation in pulpit, and yields, unreflectingly, to the opportunity thus afforded him. But, if clergymen often are not doing, and perhaps thinking, some such thing as are here enumerated, then I have vainly spent my little observation and reflection while church music is going on, when I ought to have been attending to something better.
WHAT THE CONGREGATION ARE DOING.
They are standing, or they are sitting, some are facing each other and looking up at the choir; some are facing the altar and looking at the hymn book; some are looking at the minister and some not. Mrs. Broad-side is absent-minded; she is perhaps thinking, that the cherry-colored ribbon all over the church this season is being quite run in the ground; she is glad she trimmed her bonnet with purple; also of the dinner at home: is every thing going on right? will that stuffy Betty make no mistake?—Mrs. Broad-side is just attending very much to music; she therefore listens to the choir:—How loud Miss First-treble is singing!—what new fangled tune is that?—they'll certainly break down in that duet—what a screaming they do make of it!—why can't they sing some of the pretty Italian tunes my teacher gives me?—Young Mr. Dio-dise is adjusting his collar, attending to the parting of his hair behind, and distributing glances among the young ladies of the neighborhood, generally. Broad-side is attending partly to little Bobby Broad-side, who is scratching the pew with a pin, kicking over the footstools and dropping the hymn-books, and partly to his own thoughts, which are running, perhaps on the money market, the fall of stocks, that last “operation” of his, and perhaps on a great many other things; only disturbed, occasionally, by the voices of the choir, and that rumbling sub-bass of the organ, which gives him such a headache and which he can't endure. So do, and perhaps think, the family Broad-side. The Side-side family are doing and thinking much the same thing, perhaps with some variation: while the family of Gallery-pew are looking down, generally, upon the Broad-sides and Side-sides.
Let me be just. Here and there is a quiet, retiring figure, apparently absorbed in the act of devotion, and lowly and sweetly singing to her God his praise: a true worshipper!—Some such worshippers in every congregation undoubtedly there are.
WHAT THE CHOIR ARE DOING.
They are performing the act of devotion; the music is new perhaps; in any case requires their close attention; they are glancing hurriedly at the words on the one hand and then looking out, on the other, for those musical breakers before them, sharp and flutes. A scowl from Mr. Lead-the-choir tells Susan First-treble that her voice is flat or she is singing out of tune: Miss Susan whips up her tone and her time, and then makes a sudden scramble for the words. Mr. Bass-voice sees a flat ahead, that he is very much troubled in mind about; thinks he will ignore and skip it altogether; he can hit the next tone. Mr. Tenor sees that he is coming to a passage that lies just in his voice, particularly that highest F, upon which he is preparing to lay himself out, and can't be prevailed, for once, above the other voices. Mr. Grumble in the bass, wishes that Play-the-organ would not drown the music; so he can't hear his own voice, much less so can other people. Miss Alto-singer is regarding with trepidation a duet in the prospect, which she has to sing alone with Susan First-treble. Mr. Play-the-organ is absorbed in a multi-

licity of responsibilities, the music before him—the words by the side of the music—one hand on the swell organ, another hand on the choir organ—one foot on the pedals, another foot on the swell—one eye on one row of stops, another eye (quasi) on another row of stops; while the rest of his mind, still left unengaged, is occupied with the sound of the organ, the tones of the voices, and with the conception of coming interlude.
Who, then, is worshipping God in such an assembly? Is it an ideal assembly? Let any one think the subject over, and refer to his present recollections of these things: in some, if not of all these statements, he will have to agree with me: perhaps his future observations may cause him to agree with me in all.
“Who is worshipping God in such an assembly? Am I doing so? No—because I am observing whether others are; my motive, just now, may perhaps be good; but still—I am not worshipping. Is the minister doing so? How can he be, if he is occupied as described?—how can he be, although, book in hand, his thoughts are wandering, or revert to the words of the hymn, perhaps for a line, perhaps for a line and a half, and then—are all astray again?—Are the congregation worshipping God? Cast your eye ever them: do they look like it?—Are the choir worshipping? If the mechanical part of musical performance be such as to engage all the mental faculties; if musical flats, and sharps and quick-and's of all kinds, be imminent in the music—in a word, if the music be not so familiar, that the mind can dwell on the thought of the hymn, and utter that thought upward to God—how can the choir be worshipping? How can the leader or organist?
Now, if such be the results of our present system of church music, then, either the whole system is wrong, or else my own mind is entirely at fault as to the meaning of the term worship—as applied, not in a vague, general, whole congregation and nobody-in-particular sense, but to the individual—the individual soul, appearing before its Maker, in an act of intelligent, consecutive worship: an act which has a beginning, a continuation, an end; just like a prayer. If music can be beautifully wedded to worship,—if a music prayer be possible, let us know it; if it be not possible, let us know it.
THE PRECISE NATURE OF WORSHIP, is—it seems to me—what I ought first to be determining: this underlies the whole subject of church music, and this I propose, with what poor ability I may, first to consider, in a series of papers now commenced, on a subject so vital to the church as that of her Devotional Music.
R. S. W.

Address of the American Minister to the Sultan.

Carroll Spencer, Esq. (of Baltimore), the United States Minister to Constantinople, on presenting his credentials to the Sultan made the following address:
The amicable relations which have ever existed between the Ottoman Empire and the Republic of the United States of America, render the presentation of my letter of credence as Minister near your august person, particularly agreeable to me. That the friendly intercourse which has ever existed between the two nations may remain undisturbed, is the sincere desire of the President and people of the United States. To prolong its existence shall be the unremitting effort of this Minister at your Court.
Differing as the two countries do in their political and religious institutions, they have nevertheless, upon some subjects, pursued the course of policy. Upon each the spirit of progress has exercised a benign influence, inducing the republicans of the United States to disregard those antiquated political doctrines which still continue in many countries to fetter the physical and mental energy of man, and prompting your Majesty to adopt such reforms as are best calculated to promote the welfare and prosperity of the Ottoman family. To both nations have the political refugees of other countries been indebted for an asylum. From your illustrious ancestors the Christian Patria, in times gone by, found that protection under the Crescent which was denied him under the Cross; while to your magnanimous conduct the exiled advocates of Hungarian freedom were in latter days indebted for an escape from the vengeance of their oppressors.
In the great struggle in which you are now engaged, you have the sympathies and good wishes of the American nation. The policy of our government, while it prevents all national interference in European quarrels, can never restrain us, as a people, from praying that that arm, be it Christian or be it Mahomedan, may be strong which wields the sword in a just cause. That you may succeed in preserving the integrity of an empire which has so frequently afforded an asylum to the exiled friends of liberty, is the universal desire of the people of the United States.
Permit me, as instructed, to tender you the best wishes of the President and of the people of the United States, for your welfare and happiness, accompanied with my sincere hope that the termination of the conflict between your Majesty and the Czar of Russia may accord with your most sanguine expectations.
A New First Assistant Postmaster General.
We have every reason to believe that to-day the nomination of Horatio King, Esq. of Maine, so long a clerk in the Post Office Department, to the First Assistant Postmaster General vice Maj. J. S. R. Hobbes, recessed, was sent to the Senate. This appointment will emphatically reward merit. Mr. King has faithfully discharged his duty to his various trusts in the department, until he has come to be regarded as one of the most efficient and serviceable officers under the government in Washington. His selection is an earnest that the Postmaster General looks only in the discharge of his public duty, to the true interests of his charge.—*Washington Star, March 27.*
IN A FIX.—Attorney General Choate, of Massachusetts, has been placed in an official predicament of no little perplexity. In a liquor case before the Supreme Court, he has been appointed by the highest authority as counsel on both sides. The governor has assigned him for the prosecution, and the court itself for the defence.
NORTH CAROLINA BANK NOTES. These it is stated, are now refused by all the Banks in Petersburg, Va., on the ground, it is supposed, that they are located at points most inconvenient for redemption in specie. The Petersburg Intelligencer considers it a very wise movement.

THE ATLANTIC.

NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1854.
Republican Whig Ticket
FOR GOVERNOR
GEN ALFRED DOCKERY
OF RICHMOND COUNTY.
Election first Thursday in August.

The “Wilmington Journal” has written us down for an ass, because of the article in our issue of the 22nd ult. headed “Ridiculing Gen. Dockery—Boston Abolitionists.” With his keen penetration, the Journal cannot “fail to perceive” in us “the full lineaments of the donkey, with all the graceful and distinctive marks and appendages of the animal, ears and tail included.” Well, we have a very great mind to admit that for argument's sake. But suppose we do—what in the world will become of us? *Aye, there's the rub.* Why, the only alternative left for us would be to give the Journal-man a very friendly greeting, and thus illustrate the truth of the expression, “A fellow feeling makes a wondrous kind.” There we, however, some very grave objections to this course, on our part. In the first place, we should dislike to submit to the tyranny which the “Journal” in the full pride of conscious superiority would impose on us, if associated with him—for, you know, in this country, there is a kind of mania for foreign fashions, foreign importations, &c., and the Journal being of an imported stock, would always take the premium, and hence, the Journal would be too big an ass, too much of an aristocratic ass, for one “to the manor born” to keep company with.
In the second place, we late to be made fun of, (if we knew how to do it, we'd Journalize that word,) and we know that that mischievous fellow Burr, of the “Herald,” would be everlastingly laughing at us for being the two biggest jackasses on the face of the earth—that is, of our aforesaid respective kinds.
In the third place, we don't wish to be caught in such company. This is an *inuperable* objection; so we shall admit the Journal's assertions, even for argument's sake.
And then again, the Journal-man complains that we mangled the extract taken from the Boston “Post,” ridiculing Gen. Dockery. Pray in what does the horrid mangling consist? Why, simply in a typographical error of one letter. In accrediting the article to the Boston “Post,” the word “Post” was printed *Poss.* Of this trifling error the “Journal” takes advantage, to deceive his readers into the belief that the extract was mangled to suit party purposes. Every body knows how to characterize and class such little trickery. We need not do it.
But after all, what does the article in the “Journal” amount to? Why does he ridicule General Dockery and our humble self at such a tremendous rate? Why, in fine, is his *Irish up?* Because, reader, we asserted forcible truths which are well calculated to arouse the public mind to a sense of the real position the Democratic leaders and Effrons occupy in the State. The fact is beyond dispute, that Gen. Dockery is ridiculed and laughed at by these men for the very reasons which we stated. It is also true, that the Boston “Post” which breathes and lives in an atmosphere tainted with abolitionism, and whose friendship for the South and its institutions we'd trust just about as far, and no farther, than we could sling the “Journal” by the tail, has also joined them in their dirty work. The “Journal” is conscious of these truths, and when they are thrust upon him, his Irish is up immediately, and he calls people asses. Why don't the “Journal” *disprove* our statements, if they be false? He may tell us that the Boston “Post” is a friend to the South—but who believes it? Gen. Pierce was also declared to be a better Southerner than men who were born and raised beneath a Southern sun, and now Gen. Pierce supports the Nebraska bill, for what reason? Because it is “a proposition in favor of freedom” and because it will prevent “another slave State” from coming into the Union. These are Gen. Pierce's own words—does the “Journal” deny it? Here is an illustration of the friendship Gen. Pierce has for the South. And is the Boston “Post” more to be trusted than Gen. Pierce? No. The people of North Carolina may well pause and consider *what's in the wind*, when they see a Boston paper, with abolition temptations and influences all around it, engaged with the Wilmington “Journal” in ridiculing and reviling Gen. Dockery whose greatest honor is, that he is one of the people, and has always battled manfully for their best interests and the welfare of our good old State. What have Boston abolitionists got to do with a gubernatorial election in North Carolina? And yet they would tamely dictate to North Carolinians to vote against General Dockery. Will the people submit to this? Never, never. They will rise as one man, and in their might, give Gen. Dockery a support which will teach Boston abolitionists and the Wilmington “Journal” that they are not to be influenced by their combined ridicule and abuse.
But the “Journal” says “the rhyme about which the Atlantic” makes such a fuss, are simply innocent pleasantries.” We copy verbatim et literatim. Here a new rule of Grammar is introduced, which Murray would submit to about as soon as the people of North Carolina will submit to being influenced by “innocent pleasantries” coming from Boston, the very hotbed of abolitionism.—The “Journal” doubtless exclaimed when he wrote down the old lady's lines about “Pharrah,” that *are* some poetry.

Wilmington Commercial.
We see that Mr. Loring has offered the Commercial Office for sale. He values it at \$5,000. We regret that Mr. Loring should have made up his mind to retire from the Chair editorial. The Commercial is an ably edited and interesting paper, and Mr. Loring's loss would be much felt by the party to which he is so much attached, as well as by the citizens of Wilmington. His place would be difficult to supply indeed. Mr. Loring intends, however, if he does not dispose of the Commercial at the above price, to enlarge it, and make it more interesting by European Correspondents.
Gen. Dockery.
We are glad to see that the distinguished candidate of the Whig Party for Governor has commenced the canvass in earnest. He made a speech, last week in Johnston County and produced a most favorable impression on the people. Gen. Dockery is, in fact a man whose republican manners and simplicity will win golden opinions wherever he goes. The subjoined letter, taken from the Register, will show the result of the General's visit to Johnston:
SOUTHFIELD, March 28th, 1854.
DEAR SIR:—General Dockery spoke here to-day to a very large audience, and I am assured by Whigs and Democrats, that his speech made a strong impression on all who heard it. He discussed the main issues between the two parties with ability, and his candor made him friends, and elicited the admiration even of his enemies. He referred to the abuse and misrepresentation of the Democratic press in such way as to elicit admiration from all. He has evidently made an impression here, which cannot be removed, and the Whigs of Old Johnston, promise to roll up a glorious vote for him. Keep the ball in motion, and tell our friends in other sections to be of good cheer. If every Whig will do his duty, we shall beat them!
Yours,
A WHIG OF JOHNSTON.
Kossuth.
This polished scamp has published an address, through his friend, Dr. Howe of Boston, to the Germans in the United States in which he presumes to lecture the Senate for rejecting George Sanders, as Consul to London. He affirms, that the Senate has *unintentionally* given freedom a blow in Europe, and urges upon the Germans to stir up the people against the Senate to compel it to confirm Sanders' nomination. Was ever such abominable impudence heard of! Kossuth, the greater knave of the age, living in London on money which he filched from the pockets of dupes, lecturing the Senate of the United States, as to whom it shall choose to represent this Government abroad! The fellow deserves a coat of *Tar and Feathers*.
Anticipated Duel.
A very excited debate came off in the House of Representatives, on the 27th ult., between Messrs. Cutting, of New York, and Breckenridge, of Kentucky. Mr. Cutting had made a motion to refer the Senate Nebraska and Kansas bill to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. Mr. Breckenridge affirmed that the intention of the motion was to kill the bill. Mr. Cutting denied that such was his intention, at the same time stating, that he favored the principle of the bill, but objected to some of its details. The debate then became personal, and a challenge from Mr. Cutting was the consequence. The following from the “Washington Star” will show how the matter stood at the latest accounts:
The whole city being excited over the fact that preparations were made yesterday for a hostile meeting between Messrs. Cutting and Breckenridge, our duty to the public as journalists renders it obligatory upon us to state the general understanding of the progress of the affair, to us late an hour as we have been able to learn anything apparently reliable concerning it. Thus, the understanding among the public men in the city is, that immediately on the conclusion of the personal row in the Hall, on the day before yesterday, between Mr. Breckenridge and himself, Mr. Cutting, on advising with Messrs. Hunt, of Louisiana, and Bissell, of Illinois, as to what course it might be his duty to pursue, addressed Mr. B. through Col. Monroe, of New York, for an explanation, which merely led to negotiations between the friends of the parties, Monroe, Bissell, and Hunt, on the part of Cutting, and Shields, of Louisiana, Preston, of Kentucky, and Hawkins, on the part of Mr. Breckenridge. Every effort to accommodate the affairs is said to have been made, and at 10 p. m. it was generally believed, that a meeting had been arranged to take place this morning. General Lane, of Oregon, is also understood, was to accompany Mr. B. as his friend on the field.
P. S. Up to the hour (2 1-2 p. m.) at which we go to press, we are satisfied that the parties are still in Washington; and, of course, that they had not yet fired a shot.—And, further, that as we write this paragraph, the affair has not been adjusted, though friends of the principals are still laboring to effect an amicable settlement of the difficulty.
The Difficulty settled.
The following from the correspondence of the Baltimore Sun shows that the difficulty has been settled:
The difficulty which so unfortunately occurred between Messrs. Cutting and Breckenridge, of the House, was announced by Mr. Preston, of Kentucky, to be honorably and amicably settled. Gentlemen were referred on the part of Mr. Cutting to Col. Monroe

of New York, and General Shields, on the part of Mr. Breckenridge, to Col. Hunt, of North Carolina, and Mr. Preston, of Kentucky. Messrs. Monroe and Hawkins acted as seconds.—Messrs. Shields and Preston as advisers to the respective parties. On the part of the principals, an apology was tendered to the House for having transcended the strict rules of parliamentary decorum.
Prof. Bach.
This distinguished scientific gentleman passed through Newbern last week, on his return from Beaufort, where he had been to superintend matters connected with the survey of Beaufort Harbor. The object of this survey is to determine the fitness of the situation for a Naval Depot. The report, which will be published in four or five weeks, it is believed, will be favorable to the establishment of the Depot.
A Comet.
A Comet is visible in the West, about 4 degrees above the horizon, between 7 & 8 o'clock in the evening. It has a tail, one or two degrees in length.
N. C. Medical Society.
The next meeting of this Society will take place in Raleigh on the second Tuesday in May next.
ROBBERY ON POLLOCK STREET.—The store of M. Thomas Melvin, on Pollock street, was entered on last Friday night, and robbed of money to the amount of \$500.
Gen. Dockery and his Revilers.
In no contest which the Whigs have carried on in the State, since the election of Governor was given to the People, has there candidate ever been so much abused and reviled by unscrupulous partisans as has been Gen. Dockery. By the strictest integrity, most persevering industry, and that candor and frankness of deportment and kindness of disposition which command respect and elicit confidence, he has risen from the humble walks of life to a position of which any man might be proud. He is indeed an appropriate representative of our free, republican institutions, which look with like favor on the humble and the great, and, in dispensing their honors, seek to make no discrimination but that which is demanded by true merit—such a man, having served the State with a fidelity and devotion which never faltered, should receive from all the commendation:—“We'd done, good and faithful servant!” But, no—these good-humors of Jacobinism will not have it so; they have not yet gladdened their complacent appetites for slander and vituperation. No sooner had he been nominated, than they—the whole pack—from the mountains to the seaboard, opened their irascible cry and nothing sufficed to appease them. *Let them bark and snarl on!* It will enrage the old General ten times more to the treason and just People of the State, who will not suffer a faithful public servant to be thus traduced and persecuted without a signal rebuke?
The Jennings Estate.
We take the following from the Virginia Sentinel:
It is now a pretty well ascertained fact that the much talked of Jennings estate is not recoverable by any one of the name of Jennings. Mr. Jennings married a Miss Corbin, and having no children, he bequeathed all his property to his wife in fee. Mrs. Jennings died some few years since intestate, and consequently this immense estate of £40,000, 000, or \$200,000,000 passes over to her relatives. The crown of Great Britain has advertised that the money is in readiness, that the heirs are in the United States of America, and requests that they come forward and claim the same.
The Corbins of Virginia, are the rightful heirs of the Jennings estate, and through them, the Balls, of Fairfax, Va.; the Jones, of Washington, D. C.; and the Gordons, of Alexandria, Va. They having descended in a direct line from Corbins.
News from the New Hampshire election will rest a damper upon the occupants of the White House. A few months ago he received a majority of six thousand votes in his native State for the Presidency. Now the majority of his party has dwindled down to a few hundred—a wonderful falling off for so brief a time in his Executive career. The voice of New Hampshire is a home thrust to the Brigadier. It amounts to a repudiation of her own son—though he be the first and perhaps the last President she will have the honor of furnishing the Republic with. Even Concord, the place of his residence, rolls up its majority against the Young Hickory of the Granite Hills. This is the nakedest act of all. If this reaction of public sentiment in New Hampshire is to be attributed to the suspicion that the President favors the passage of the Nebraska Bill, the South will be furnished with some stronger signs of treachery on the part of the Administration, before long. The President's party, we are told; strove hard throughout the contest, to create the belief that the President was not committed to the bill. The Washington “Union” announced, in advance of the elections, that opposition to it would be no ground for ex-communication from an abundant share of the spoils. But all this will not do. The stern, unflinching Democracy of New Hampshire seemed determined upon administering a severe rebuke upon the President for any thing like a charge of suspicion that he was about to abandon the faith of his fathers. He will take care to profit by the lesson.—*Richmond Whig.*
SALEM COTTON FACTORY.—According to previous notice, this establishment, together with all the houses and fixtures belonging to the Salem Manufacturing Company, with a few exceptions, was sold on Tuesday last, Gov. Morehead becoming the purchaser, at the very low price of \$9,100.
We learn Mr. Morehead intends removing a portion of the machinery to Leaksville, and putting the remainder in operation here.—*Salisbury Press.*
CANDIDATES.—John C. Radham has been nominated as the democratic candidate for the Commons from Chowan county. H. W. Collins is the Whig candidate.
Wm. E. Mann and John Pool, both Whigs, have announced their lives as candidates for the commons from Pasquotank county.

Proceedings of the Board of Commissioners.

Monday, March 27th, 1854.
At the regular meeting of the Board held this evening, were present John D. Whitford, Esq. Intendant, J. C. Justice, I. Dismay, Wm. P. Moore and Matthew Matthews, Commissioners.
The proceedings of the last meeting were read, corrected and approved.
The following accounts were examined and allowed:
W. H. Jones, work on No. Engine \$25
Alfred Pratt, 5
RESOLUTI NS.
By Mr. Justice, *Resolved,* That the Intendant be and he is hereby requested to report to the Board as early as practicable, the annual expenses of the Town from the year 1825 to the 1st of May 1854, with the names of the members of each Board of Commissioners by which the same was expended, also the character of the work done by each Board and the work commenced by the present Board of Commissioners and now an unfinished state, with such other statements and remarks as in his judgment may be of service to the Commissioners or of interest to our citizens.
Mr. Justice said that no one disliked more than he did to do the labors of the Intendant which were already too great, but he hoped as he had taken deep interest in the welfare of our Town and could do nothing more for it than to be of interest to our citizens as well as to the Commissioners, that he would comply with the request, if the resolution was adopted, more especially as some appeared to believe that the present and preceding Board of Commissioners had wasted the funds of the Town. The resolution was adopted.
By Mr. Moore, *Resolved,* That the Streets of the Town be properly cleaned. Adopted.
On motion, the Board adjourned.
STEPHEN B. FORBES, Clerk.
The New York Prohibitory Liquor Law Voted by Governor Seymour.
New York, March 31.—Governor Seymour has sent a message to the Legislature vetoing the prohibitory liquor law, recently passed by the Legislature, which was to go into operation on the 1st of May. He says he does so upon the grounds of its unconstitutionality. First, because it authorizes unreasonable searches, and secondly the forcible and destruction of property without due process of law, and finally its unreasonableness in the prohibition generally. He gives his reasons at great length. It has caused much excitement.
A Cure for Drunkenness.
The London Spectator mentions a curious remedy now in use in Swedish hospitals, for that form of madness which exhibits itself in an uncontrollable appetite for alcoholic stimulants, which we termed to this of our readers who profess an interest in the fate of the unfortunate drunkard. The process is thus described:
“We will suppose that the liquor which the patient is addicted to drinking is the commonest in the country—say gin. When the patient enters the hospital for treatment, he is supplied with his favorite drink, and with no other; if anything else is given to him, or any other food, it is flavored with gin. He is in Heaven—the very atmosphere is redolent of his favorite perfume! His room is scented with gin; his bed, his clothes, everything around him; every mouthful he eats or drinks, everything he touches; every zephyr that steals into his room, brings to him still—gin. He begins to grow tired of it—begins rather to wish for something else—begins to find the oppression intolerable—hates it—cannot bear the sight or scent of it—longs for emancipation, and is at last emancipated; he issues into the fresh air a cured man dreading nothing so much as a return of that loathsome persecutor which would not leave him an hour's rest in his confinement. This remedy,” says our contemporary, “appears to have been thoroughly efficient—so efficient, that persons who deplored their uncontrollable propensity, have petitioned for admission to the hospital in order to be cured, and they have been cured.”
The Invasion of Canada.
[Correspondence of the Courier and Enquirer]
WASHINGTON, March 7, 1854.
Mr. Steedick, for many years past has been attached to the Russian Legation here, was on Wednesday presented to the Secretary of State as Charge des Affaires ad interim. No interpolations have passed relative to the important rumor that the Emperor of Russia has surreptitiously introduced into the United States an expedition for the invasion of Canada. I have enquired of Hon. Caleb Lyon, who represents a frontier district, from which the descent of this Russo-American force upon her Britannic Majesty's dominions would most probably be made, if at all, and am concerned to say that he evades a direct answer. It is as well to recall the fact that Mr. Lyon made a tour through Turkey last fall, and that he passed over from Anatolia to Sebastopol, and from that point repaired to the headquarters of Prince Gortschakoff on the Danister. It is of course entirely improbable that Mr. Lyon made any arrangement for the rumored assault upon the integrity of the British through his district, but the coincidence to which I have referred is singular. The people of Canada are entitled to some consideration, and in the general melee into which, by common consent, Christendom appears ready to plunge, it is proper that some notice should be taken of them. I am credibly informed that there are filibusters enough along the Canada lines to make an impression upon the ten thousand militia just called out by provincial authorities, if well supplied with Russian gold, and organized and disciplined on the mode of those veterans “too old to desert,” who have been sent among us as the nucleus of such a force.
THE SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.—The delegates to this Convention, which assembles in Charleston on the 20th of April, will no doubt be handsomely entertained by the citizens of that city, as we notice they are making extensive preparations with that view. A magnificent ball is to be given at the Military Hall on the night of the 12th, in honor of the delegates. On the 13, a grand excursion round the harbor will take place, the festivities of the day to close with a fine display of fire-works on the Battery, and on the following day the members of the Convention are to partake of a public dinner.