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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

Taylor Meeting in Alabama.

A large meeting, embracing many of the leading men of both political parties, was held at Montgomery, Ala, on the 8th inst. to promote the election of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency. Hon. James E. Belser, late Loco Foco M. C. presided, assisted by a numerous array of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. The meeting was addressed by the President, Wm. M. Murphy of Greene; Hon. Julius C. Alford, of Macon, the old war horse of Georgia; Hon. Arthur F. Hopkins, of Mobile; Samuel F. Rice, Esq. of Talladega, and others; and resolutions were adopted, of which the following was one:

Resolved, That we deem the true position of General Taylor to be this: He considers himself to be placed in nomination by the people of some of the States in their primary assemblies. He will do nothing to change that relation to them; and it is for the existing parties to decide whether they will adopt the nomination already made by a portion of the people. General Taylor will oppose no obstacle to this mode of proceeding, either by the action of State or General Conventions in his behalf.

Provision was made for calling a Convention at Montgomery in June next to nominate a Taylor Electoral ticket.

TEXAS.—Col. Thos. J. Ward of San Augustine has been chosen Governor over D. H. Miller. We think he was formerly a Whig in Mississippi. Dr. Green, also of San Augustine, is Lieut. Governor, and J. M. Henderson of Houston, Speaker of the House, by 10 majority over M. B. Lamar of Laredo, who has introduced

"a resolution protesting against the relinquishment of any territory to Mexico, South and West of the Rio Grande, that had been conquered by the United States, and another resolution respecting the incorporation of a portion of this conquered territory into the State of Texas."

We don't believe the Extension of Slavery will be effected by so barefaced an operation as this. Texas is now as large as at least ten other States altogether, and will not bear expansion on the side of Bondage.

☞ Hon. MOSES HAMPTON, Whig M. C. from Allegheny Co. Penna. having introduced resolutions looking to the conquest of Mexico, and having voted (the *only* Whig) against Mr. Ashmun's amendment, (that the War was unconstitutionally and unnecessarily commenced by the President,) his constituents have been giving him 'a piece of their mind.' The following resolutions were passed at a late meeting of the Whigs of Pittsburgh:

Resolved, As the voice of this meeting, that the preamble and resolutions relative to the annexation of Mexican territory, recently offered in Congress by Hon. Moses Hampton, the Representative from this County, do not correspond with the views nor meet the wishes of the Whigs of his District.

Resolved, That the negative vote of Mr. Hampton on the Ashmun Amendment, viz:—"That the war with Mexico was unconstitutionally and unnecessarily begun by the President of the United States," does not shadow forth the sentiments of those who elected him, and is not endorsed by the Whigs of his District.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Hon. Moses Hampton.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for December.

EMERSON. [CONCLUDED.]

The fables of Pagan mythology next cross his path, and these lend to another medley of thoughts. "These beautiful fables," he says, "being proper creations of the imagination, and not of the fancy, are universal verities." And well they may be, whether of the fancy or the imagination, (and the great distinction here marked out between the two we do not profess to comprehend,) if each mind, in every age, is at liberty to interpret them as it pleases, and with the same unrestrained license that our author takes. But how can he find here an instance of the *present man* being written out in history, when the old history or fable is perpetually to receive new interpretations, as it is handed down from generation to generation—interpretations which assuredly were never dreamed of by the original inventor?

"Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets.—Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as heaven had sent its same angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mope and wallow like dogs."

Whether witty or wise, such interpretations have manifestly nothing to do with the fable as it exists, in history, as part of the history of the human mind.

"The transmigration of souls: that too is no fable; I wold it were. But men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing, and to leave a print of its features and form in some or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers."

Very good: only, if poets and wits are to set themselves to the task, we should like to know what fable there is in the world, whether the product of imagination or fancy, which might not be shown to abound in eternal verities.

Traveling on a little farther, we meet with the following paragraph, some parts of which are to be made intelligible by putting ourselves in the point of view of the idealistic philosopher; but the whole together, by reason of the incongruity of its parts, produces no other effect than that of mere and painful bewilderment:

"A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to nature out of him. All his faculties predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg pre suppose a medium like air. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live without a world. Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no state to play for, and he would treat the air and space stupidly. Transport him to large countries, amongst great, complex interests and world-wide political power, and you shall see that the strong Napoleon, bounded, that is, by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but half a shadow:

'His substance is not here:
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.'

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace need myriads of ages and thick stream celestial space. One may say, a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the structure of Newton's mind.—Not less does the brain of Davy and Gay-Lussac, from childhood exploring always the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Handel predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt and Arkwright foresee the properties of the fusible, hard and temperable metals of metals, the properties of stone, water and wood? the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society? Here, also, we are reminded of the action of man on man. A child might ponder its thoughts for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, has felt the heart-burning eloquent tongue, or has shaken with the thousands in a national exultation and alarm? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time."

And the essay concludes by presenting its leading idea in this distorted and exaggerated shape:

"Thus, in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil, each new-born man. He, too, shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of Nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by language and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read. You shall make me feel what profitable you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk as the poets have described that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences;—his own form and features by that exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld; in his childhood the age of gold; the apples of knowledge; the Argonautic expedition; the calling of Abraham; the building of the temple; the advent of Christ; dark ages; the revival of letters; the Reformation; the discovery of new lands; the opening of new sciences. And new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth."

We regret to say that instances of this painful obscurity, of this outrageous and fantastical style of writing, it would not be difficult to multiply, were it either necessary or desirable. We have quoted sufficient to justify even harsher terms of censure than we have chosen to deal in; sufficient to warn our readers who may be induced, from the favorable quotations we have made, and shall continue to make, to turn to the works of this author, that it is not all gold they will find there, that the sun does not always shine upon his page, that a great proportion of his writings may be little suited to their taste.

That which forms the great and inextinguishable charm of those writings is the fine moral temper they display, the noble ardor, the high ethical tone they everywhere manifest and sustain, and especially that lofty independence of his intellect, that freedom of his reason which the man who aspires after true cultivation should watch over and preserve with the utmost jealousy. Addressing the Divinity students of Cambridge, U. S., he says:

"Let me admonish you, first of all, to avalue; to refuse the good models, even those most sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you will find, who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, estate and prophets. Think God for these good men, but say, 'I also am a man.' Imitation cannot produce its models. The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him, and now in him it is a character. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's.

"Let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pursue the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? We easily come up to the standard of professional and political party. Society can be cheaply secured, and almost all men are content with those easy merits; but the instant effect of converting with God, will be to put them away. There are sublime merits: persons who are not actors, not speakers, but influences; persons too great for fame, for display; who disdain eloquence, in whom all we call art and artist seems too nearly allied to show and by-ends to the easy gestation of the finite and selfish, to be admitted to the universal. The orator, the artist, the commanders, encroach on us only, as fair women do, by our allowance and homage.—Slight them, by preoccupation of mind—slight them, as you can well afford to do, by high and universal aims, and they instantly feel that you have right, and that it is in lower places that they must shine. They also feel your right, for they, with you, are open to the influx of the all-kindling spirit, which subsidizes the world. Appeal from the living to the dead, and gradations of intelligence in the compositions we call wiser and wisest.

"In such high communion, let us study the grand strokes of rectitude; a bold benevolence, and independence of friends, so that not the subject wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom; but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the focal fire of kindness, and repeal our sympathies far in advance. And, what is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element,—a certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue, that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would compliment a cocoanut tree for yielding the best cocoa would not commend a friend for being a friend. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause."

Nothing but the necessity to husband our space prevents us from quoting other passages of the same noble strain.

There is an Essay *on Love* which has highly pleased us, and from which we wish to make some extracts. To a man of genius the old subjects are always new. The romance and enthusiasm of the passion is here quite freshly and vividly portrayed, while the great moral end of that charming exaggeration which every lover makes of the beauty and excellence of his mistress, is finely pointed out. There is both poetry and philosophy in the essay—as our readers shall judge for themselves from the following extracts. We do not always mark the omissions we make, for the sake of economy of space, nor always cite the passages in the order they appear in the essay.

"What fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties?—Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. *All mankind love a lover.*—The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are love-tokens of one sex to the other. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door, but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors, that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality."

As is ever the case when men describe what is, or might be an exquisite happiness, there steals a melancholy over the description; and our author makes it a primary condition,

"that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in *hope*, and not in *history*. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink, and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions imbitter in mature life all the remembrances of boyish love, and I should over every page of my history, find something to be penitent for. Nothing is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, as seen from experience. It is strange how painful is the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and space. There dwell care, canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with matter, with fact, they are not the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

"But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; which made the face of Nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart leap and the pulses run; when a casual glance met with one form, is put in the amber of memory; when *we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone*; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the more wise women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures.

"For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty, overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting to quite beside ourselves, we can seldom meet after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlast all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

And on this matter of beauty how ingenious and full of feeling are the following reflections:

"Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft budding, informing loveliness, so entirely for itself, *and she teaches his eye why beauty was ever painted with Loves and Graces attending her steps*. Her existence makes the world rich.—Though she excludes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, yet she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal, so that the maiden stands to him for a representation of all selected things and virtues. *For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to be kindred or to otherwise* His friends find in her a likeness to her mother or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. *The lover sees no resemblance except to Summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.*

"Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed so. It is, they said, the flower of virtue. Who can analyze the subtle charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows or has but, as it flows from these to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true faerie land, to what roses and violets hint and foreshow. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves' neck tints, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter study, when he said to music, 'Away! away! thou art weary of the rest of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find.' The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful, when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition from the finite to the infinite is apprehended by the senses, to that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone.

"So must it be with personal beauty which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself when it dissolves us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggest gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

'Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;'

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cesar; he cannot feel more right to it than to the firmament and the splendors of a sunset."

But this dream of love is but one scene in the play; and our author concludes his essay by pointing out what is, or should be, the *denouement* of the drama.

"Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties to extort all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For, it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other.

"At last, the party is disenchanted of all which drew them together—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms, was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the happiest society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy—at the profane beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and Nature and Intellect and Art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium. Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom."

If there is some of the *ideal* in this account given of love and matrimony, there is, nevertheless, a noble truth in it. And surely in proportion as the sentiment of love is refined and spiritualized, so also ought the moral culture, to which it is subservient, to be pure and elevated.

The longest essay in the collection, and that which approaches nearest to the more formidable character of a treatise, is that entitled "Nature." This exhibits, so to speak, the practical point of view of an Idealist. The idealist has denied the substantial, independent existence of a material world, but he does not deny the existence of a phenomenal world. The Divine Nature reveals itself in the twofold form of finite mind and this phenomenal world. Thus, we believe, we may express the general creed of these philosophers, though it is a very delicate matter to act as interpreter to this class of thinkers; they are rarely satisfied with any expressions of their own, and are not likely to be contented with those of any other person. This phenomenal world has for its final cause the development and education of the finite mind. It follows, therefore, that all which a realist could say of the utility of Nature can be advanced also by the idealist. He has his practical point of view, and can discourse, as Mr. Emerson does here, on the various uses of Nature which, he says, 'admit of being thrown into the following classes: Commodity, Beauty, Language and Discipline.'

We have not the least intention of proceeding farther with an analysis of this essay; as we have already intimated, the value of Mr. Emerson's writings appears to us to consist in the beauty and truthfulness of individual passages, not at all in his system, or any prolonged train of reasoning he may adopt. It is impossible to read this production without being delighted and arrested by a number of these individual passages sparkling with thought or fancy; it would be equally impossible to gather from it, as a whole, anything satisfactory or complete.

On the beauty of Nature he is always eloquent; he is evidently one who intensely feels it. "Every day the sun; and, after sunset, night and the stars. Ever the wind blows; ever the grass grows." The shows of heaven and earth are with him a portion of daily life. "In the woods is perpetual youth."

"We talk," he says in another place, "with accomplished persons who appear to be strangers in Nature. The cloud, the tree, the turf, the bird are not theirs, have nothing of them; the world is only their lodging and table."

No such stranger is our poet-philosopher.

"Crossing a bare common, in twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am."

The only quotation we shall make from the essay on "Nature" shall be one where he treats of this subject:

"A noble man of man is served by Nature—namely: the love of beauty is one of the constitutions of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary form, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight *in and for themselves*; a pleasure arising from outline, color, motion and grouping. And as the eye is the best computer, so light is the first of painters. *There is no object so foul but infinite light will not make beautiful.* And the love of beauty is one of the surest and most sacred of intuitions which it hath, like space and time, will make all matter gay. But beside this general grace diffused over Nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them: as the acorn, the grape, the pinecone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

"The influence of the forms and actions in Nature is so needful to man that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of Commodity and Beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, Nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the dim air and close of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

"But in other hours Nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sun-rise, with emotions to which no tongue I might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light.—From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea.—I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! *Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of Emperors ridiculous.* The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie."

Mr. Emerson has published a volume of poems, and it has been generally admitted that he has not succeeded in verse. But there are touches of charming poetry in his prose. This discrepancy, which is not unfrequently met with, must result, we presume, from an inaptitude to employ the forms of verse, so that the style, instead of being invigorated, and polished, and concentrated by the necessary attention to line and metre, becomes denaturalized, constrained, crude and unequal. We have looked through this volume of poems, but we should certainly not be adding to the reputation of the author by drawing attention to it. If we wished to find instances of the poetry of Emerson, we should still seek for them in his prose essays. Thus he says:

"In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record, day by day, my honest thought, without prejudice, or retrospect, and I cannot doubt it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. *The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also.*"

"Our moods," he says, "do not believe in each other.—To-day I am full of thought; but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity in this direction in which now I see so much; and a month hence, I doubt not, I shall wonder why I was then wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this infirm faith, this will not strenuous, this vast ebb of a vast flow! *I am God in Nature—I am a weed by the wall!*

"A lady," he writes on another occasion, "with whom I was riding in the forest, said to me that the woods always seemed to her to wait, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the visitor has passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies which breaks off on the approach of human feet."

The lady had a true poetic feeling. And the following thought is illustrated by a very happy image:

"In man we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races, yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as he is to Euclylus, transformed to a centaur, offends the imagination; but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Jove, a beautiful woman, with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns, as the splendid ornament of her brows!"

In his philosophy, we have seen that Mr. Emerson is an idealist, something, too, of a pantheist.—In theology, we have heard him described as a Unitarian; but although the Unitarians of America differ more widely from each other, and from the standard of orthodoxy, than the same denomination of men in this country, we presume there is no body of Unitarians with whom our philosopher would fraternize, or who would receive him among their ranks. His Christianity appears rather to be of that description which certain of the Germans, one section of the Hegelians for instance, have found reconcilable with their Pantheistic philosophy. It is well for him that he writes in a tolerant age, that he did not make his appearance a generation too soon; the pilgrim fathers would certainly have burnt him at the stake; he would have died the death of Giordano Bruno. And we believe—if the spirit of his writings be any test of the spirit of the man—that he would have suffered as a martyr, rather than have foregone the freedom and the truthfulness of his thought. His essays are replete with passages such as this:

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, you oscillate ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and anchor. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations. Between which, as a pendulum, he will be swing. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and he respects the highest law of his being."

We gather from what little has reached us of his biography, that he has in fact sacrificed somewhat of the commodity of this life, to this "higher law of his being." In a work which has just fallen into our hands, entitled "*The Prose Writers of America, with a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition and Prospects of the Country, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold.*" we find the following scanty account of Emerson.

"He is the son of a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and in 1821, when about seventeen years of age, was graduated at Harvard University. Having turned his attention to theology, he was ordained minister of one of the congregations of his native city, but embracing soon after some peculiar views in regard to the forms of worship, he abandoned his profession, and retiring to the quiet village of Concord, where he now lives, in the manner of an Arabian prophet, gave himself up to 'thinking,' preparatory to his appearance as a revelator."

This meagre narrative, not very happily told, leads us to infer that the recluse of Concord has lived up to the high spirit of his own teaching.

It is remarkable that Mr. Griswold, in the prefatory essay which he entitles *The Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country*, although he has introduced a host of writers of all grades, some of whom will be heard of in England for the first time, never once mentions the name of Emerson! Yet, up to this moment, America has not given to the world anything which, in point of original genius is comparable to his writings. That she has a thousand minds better built up, whose more equal culture, and whose more sober opinions, one might prefer to have,—this is not the question—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivaled in his country; he has no equal and no second.

Very popular he perhaps never may become; but we figure to ourselves that a century hence, he will be recognized as one of those old favorite writers whom the more thoughtful spirits read, not so much as teachers, but as noble minded companions and friends, whose aberrations have been long ago conceded and forgiven. Men will read him then, not for his philosophy,—they will not care two straws for his idealism or his pantheism; they will know that they are there, and there they will leave them—but they will read him for those genuine confessions of one spirit to another, that are often breathed in his writings, for those lofty sentiments to which all hearts respond; for those truths which make their way through all systems, and in all ages.

CITY ITEMS.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14.

MR. KING'S LECTURE ON GOETHE.—This lecture was attended at the Stuyvesant Institute last evening by a larger audience than the former discourse of the same gentleman. The speaker commenced by a historical sketch of the famous German, drawn mainly from his own autobiography, or "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*." This was followed by an attempt at analysis of Goethe's intellectual and moral character, which was more striking than original, and more brilliant rhetorically than successful logically. To understand this greatest man since Shakspeare, requires a great deal of study and an appreciation of Art as Art which it is not a fault in a young man not to exhibit. Of all the phenomena of these modern times Goethe is perhaps the least easy for any one to explain on a partial acquaintance, or on the report of others.

The audience listened to Mr. King with constant attention, and applauded him warmly at the close.

SYRACUSE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—A large and spirited meeting of the Parent W. T. B. Society was held last evening in their Hall, corner of Henry and Catharine sts. for the purpose of furthering the cause of Temperance—the President in the Chair. Able and eloquent addresses were made by EDMUND BURKE, Esq. Rev. J. S. DENNIS of Boston, Rev. Z. BAKER, and Mr. STREETER of this City.

The following resolutions were offered by EDMUND BURKE and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, A call has been made for a General Convention of the friends of Total Abstinence to assemble at Syracuse on the 17th day of the present month of January, for the purpose of consulting as to the best method of suppressing the evils of intemperance; and whereas, the Washingtonians, from our said experience, regard the drinking customs and usages of society as the great source and fountain-head from which flows the constant stream that fills the ocean of drunkenness with its struggling, drowning victims: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage at social meetings, public dinners, at the family board and in the domestic circle, is a certain, sure and specifically effectual preventive against drunkenness.

Resolved, That the signing of the Pledge of Total Abstinence and its adherence to its principles, will restore the drunkard to society, arrest the moderate drinker, and prevent him from becoming a sot, and preserve the as yet total abstinent from pollution by the contact of alcohol.

Resolved, That society, so long as it sanctions the presentation of the cup to the friend in the domestic circle, or the use of the bottle in public assemblies, is sowing the seeds and propagating the vice of drunkenness, and is the true and sole drunkard maker and cause of the traffic in rum.

Resolved, That until society is enlightened as to the evil tendency of its practices, and converted from the error of its way, the army of drunkards never will be sensibly diminished.

Resolved, That as Reform is the effectual remedy, we go for Reform, and Reform only.

Resolved, That we do hereby appoint S. P. HANSCOM, Esq. Delegate to represent us in the before-mentioned Convention, to be holden at Syracuse on the 17th January instant.

INTERESTING TO THE OPERA FREQUENTERS.—The following process of cleaning kid gloves may be interesting to economists in white kids:

Fold a clean towel three or four times, and then spread the gloves on it quite smooth; then dip a piece of clean flannel into some new milk, and rub on it plenty of brown soap; with this, rub the gloves downward, holding the top of the glove firmly with the left hand. When the gloves, if they be white, look of a dingy yellow, though cleaned, or if colored, when they look dark and spotted, lay them to dry, and they will look almost equal to new.

FIRE.—The premises 176 Mulberry-st. occupied by Nicholas McLaughlin were set on fire about 8 o'clock this morning, by the boiling over of a pan of fat which had been left on a furnace in the basement. Damage trifling.

SPECIAL SESSIONS.—Charles Hayden, for stealing $5 in bank bills from the money drawer of John Brady, was sent to the Penitentiary for 6 months....Mary Francis, for stealing a lamp from Catharine Palmer. Penitentiary 3 months.... John H. Jackson, for stealing a dress from Julia Anderson. City Prison 3 months.... James Williams, for stealing some articles from a furniture cart belonging to John J. Tweedy. Penitentiary 60 days....George Lawrence, for stealing a sheet from John Tuthner. City Prison 60 days....The Court, after disposing of some other cases of minor importance, adjourned until Tuesday next.

POLICE.—Frederick Russell and E. Thonnan were promptly apprehended on suspicion of stealing a bundle of clothing worth $10....Thomas Steely, boy, was arrested and locked up on a charge of stealing iron from Lewis Petty.....James O. Mora was arrested to answer for abusing his wife and threatening to set fire to the house.....James Lewis was locked up to answer for stealing some clothing worth $30 from James Appleton, of 292 Bowery.

BROOKLYN AFFAIRS.

☞ The Brooklyn City Tract Society held its Eighteenth Anniversary at the Church of the Pilgrims last evening with a very full attendance—the President, Rev. B. C. CUTLER, in the chair. From the Treasurer's report, it appeared that the receipts of the Society for the past year have been $1,073 37, and the expenditures the same. It owes the American Tract Society, for tracts, $136 97. Its indebtedness to other parties is $140 03; total $277. During the year, 84,000 Tracts, 300 Bibles and 750 Testaments, have been distributed by 125 visitors. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D.

☞ The Agent of the City Tract Society states, that there are in Brooklyn over 600 places where liquor is regularly sold being one to about every nineteen families. Supposing the average receipts of each of these grog-shops to be $3 a day, which is a low estimate, we have $1,800 a day spent in Brooklyn for intoxicating drinks, or $657,000 a year.

RHODE ISLAND TELEGRAPH.—The section of the Rhode Island Telegraph between Providence and Worcester is completed and will be ready for operation as soon as the office at Providence, in the new railroad depot, is ready to receive the instruments. The continuation of the line to New-Bedford via Taunton and Fall River, is also in state of rapid progression, the poles being nearly all up and ready for the wire, and we have no doubt that the whole line will be ready to send through messages by the 1st of February at farthest. [Prov. Jour.

FALL RIVER LINE TO NEW YORK.—The new Stock of the Fall River Line is being taken up freely. In a few weeks the steamer Bay State will again return into the line, and in May, the magnificent new boat called the Empire State, still more costly than the Bay State, will also be placed on this route. [Boston Trans. Wednesday.

NOTICES.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,
FOWLERS & WELLS,
Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

☞ Mercantile Library Association.—Pursuant to Article 12, chapter 2, of the Constitution, the Annual Election of this Association will be held at Clinton Hall on Tuesday, 18th January. The Polls will remain open from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M. By order,
H. BANCROFT, Recording Sec'y.
jan 15 1t

☞ General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the City of New-York.—A course of Lectures will be delivered before the Society by Dr. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, at Mechanics Hall, 472 Broadway. The subject of the first Lecture will be "Man Physically considered; the second, "Brain and Nervous System;" third, "Circulation of the Blood."
The first Lecture will be delivered on Monday evening, the 17th inst. to commence at 7½ o'clock—each succeeding Lecture to be delivered on the following Monday evenings at the same time and place. Members of the Society can obtain tickets of admission on application to the Librarian of the Apprentices' Library in Crosby-st. jl3 2awdw

☞ Philadelphia College of Medicine, Fifth, south of Walnut-st.—The Spring and Summer Course of Lectures for 1848, will be commenced on Monday, March 6, 1848, and be continued four months, by the following Faculty,
JAS. McCLINTOCK, M.D. General, Special and Surgical Anatomy.
J. R. KERSHAW, M.D. Materia Medica and Therapeutics.
D. P. GARDNER, M.D. Chemistry.
HENRY GIBBONS, M.D. Theory and Practice of Medicine.
LOUIS H. BEATTY, M.D. Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
JAMES McCLINTOCK, M.D. Principles and Practice of Surgery.
HENRY GIBBONS, M.D. Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.
S. R. McCLINTOCK, M.D. Demonstrator of Anatomy.
RICHARD BURR, M.D. Prosector of Surgery.
Fee for the full course $70. Fee for those who have attended two full courses in other Colleges, $40. Matriculation to be paid once only, $5. Graduation, $20. Practical Anatomy, including Recapitulatory Lectures, $10. The Dissecting Rooms will be opened on the 1st of March.
From arrangements now pending there is every reason to hope that the chairs of Institutes of Medicine and Anatomy will be occupied by distinct Professors at an early period. For further information inquire of
JAMES McCLINTOCK, M.D. Dean,
No. 1 North-Eleventh-st.
Philadelphia, December 27, 1847. jl 2awdw

Religious Intelligence.

NEWSPAPERS.—As a faint illustration of the generally increasing interest of the community in religious intelligence, the *Boston Recorder*, (the oldest religious newspaper of the world,) says: The new names that have been entered upon our books during the last month, are nearly three times as many as in any other December since we have been in this office.

"THE GIBBON" AND BIBLES.—The "Monthly Extract" of the British and Foreign Bible Society contains a letter from Lieutenant Gray of the Royal Navy, dated at Berne, Switzerland, in which he says: Although it is but four days since I had the pleasure of remitting you the proceeds of my quarterly sales, I cannot help writing again to say that, on the following day, I was induced to revisit the depot at Lausanne. You are aware that it is in a hotel there, and the principal one of the place—"The Gibbon," built on the very site on which, but a few years ago, stood the house occupied by the celebrated author whose name the hotel bears, and whose heart never vibrated at the joyful sound of salvation, but rather sweltered with deadly venom. Well; on that very spot the worthy landlady handed me over one thousand francs as the proceeds of the sale of 915 copies of the New Testament between the 1st of January and the 28th of the month, making upward of 2,100 copies she had dispatched to applicants in that fine Canton in five to six months, and for which ready money was most cheerfully paid. What a happy reverse of celebration to the name of "Gibbon!" and what bitter anguish to the soul which once gloried in that name, while it was employed in sneering at the religion of Him who had borne even his griefs, carried his sorrows, and had been bruised for his iniquities! Thus, even in this vale of tears, are ordered the judgments—even those instructive judgments of the Lord.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, INDIA.—Rev. W. H. MCAULEY, in a letter of September 30, mentions an instance of remarkable liberality on the part of the Nowab of Furrukhabad. "This young nobleman," says the writer, "is quite friendly in his disposition toward our missionaries, and has recently made a handsome donation of seven h