expression "free trade," I take it to mean this: that you will not impose taxes for the purpose of protection of local and individual interests; that you will impose taxes for the purpose of revenue, and of revenue only; and that in the imposition of those taxes you will have especial reference to lightening the burdens which may be imposed upon those articles that mainly enter into the consumption of the great mass of the community. Now, in that system I see much of advantage; I do not deny that I see much of difficulty and future embarrassment. (Hear.) I see great present advantage; I am not ours—God forbid but I should be wrong—that that system may not lead to future embarrassment, by necessary consequent changes in our financial system. (Hear.) But I do not hesitate to say, after the opinion which has been pronounced by the country, whatever may be the views of myself or of my friends as to what would have been the desirable policy, that a recurrence to such a policy is in itself impracticable, and that if it were practicable it would be most undesirable to raise such a question of controversy among large masses of the people. (Hear, hear.) On the part, then, of myself and of my colleagues, I bow to the decision of the country—(hear,) and, having so bowed, I declare, on their part and on mine, that while desirous to the utmost of our power to mitigate that unavoidable injury which the adoption of the policy to which I refer has inflicted, and must inflict, upon important classes, I do not adopt it with any reserve whatever. I adopt it frankly as the decision of the country fairly, heartily and honestly and fairly I am prepared to carry it out as the decision of the country. (Hear, hear.) I will not detain your lordships by entering into any of the other topics of the speech. With regard to this question, I have frankly stated that we will endeavor as honestly to carry out the policy to which we have hitherto objected as if we were ourselves the authors of that policy. (Hear, Hear.) On the other hand, I say as frankly and as distinctly, that I will abstain from no effort which, in my judgment and in that of my colleagues, may have the effect of mitigating—to those who suffer from it—the unavoidable effects of that policy which the nation has now adopted.

Debate in the House of Commons.

On the 9th, after the Queen's Speech, Lord Lovaine, in moving the address, in reply, reviewed in succession the several topics noticed in the speech, paying a warm tribute to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, and bearing his testimony to the patriotism, the good conduct, and the efficiency of the 40,000 men who, in the short space of six weeks, had enrolled themselves in the militia. Upon the subject of our late commercial policy, he admitted that it had contributed, among other causes, to the prosperity of the country; but if this policy had simultaneously inflicted suffering upon a large and important class, the relief of that class, he contended, deserved the attention of the Legislature.

The motion was seconded by Mr. E. C. Egerton, who likewise acknowledged that, the country having been appealed to, its verdict upon the question of our late commercial policy must be acquiesced in; but, in the settlement of this question, if any class could make out a claim for relief, he hoped that they should be allowed to come forward and prefer it.

Mr. C. Villiers complained not of what was contained in the speech and the address, but of their defect and omission. The First Minister of the Crown had avowed in the last Parliament that he held opinions at variance with those of a majority of the House of Commons, and, admitting the constitutional doctrine that this conflict of opinions should not exist, he had appealed to the country. What he (Mr. Villiers) complained of was, that the House was not informed whether the First Minister had abandoned his opinions, and that it had no assurance that it was not intended in any way to alter or modify our late commercial policy. Upon this subject the speech was vague, and, he might almost say, deceptive; whereas the House was entitled to a distinct declaration, whether our future policy was to be that of Protection, or that of Free Trade. He should move on the 23d for a final declaration of adherence to the Free Trade policy on the part of the House.

Mr. Hume thought that her Majesty was unfortunate in having a Cabinet which had not formed an opinion upon this important subject, or, if they had, which shrank from confessing their error. A speedy decision of the question was indispensable.

Mr. Walpole said the House had met for a special purpose—namely, that the question of the financial and commercial policy of the country should be finally settled and decided. No exception had been intended in the speech from the throne, which was worded carefully in a way to avow the necessity of discussing any amendment of the address. Ministers were, however, prepared not only to avow their policy, but were ready with measures to carry it out, and they intended to take the first and earliest opportunity to submit those measures to the consideration of the House. As soon as the national tribute had been paid to the late Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would lay before the House and the country the views which the Government took of the financial and commercial policy which ought to be established and perpetuated. Enough was stated in the royal speech to authorize the inference that there was no intention to reverse the recent system of legislation which had led to the improvement of the industrial classes of the community. More the House could not expect him then to say.

Lord J. Russell participated in the disappointment of Mr. Villiers in respect to the evasive language of her Majesty's speech upon the subject of our commercial policy. It seemed to him that there were two plain courses open to Lord Derby—either to maintain the opinions he had constantly expressed from 1846 down to last February, or to say he had been mistaken, and manfully avow that he had come to act upon a different policy for the future. Instead of adopting either of these courses, there was a continuance of the ambiguity and doubts which had subsisted for the last nine months. The country had been appealed to, and the intentions of the Government should be announced in a clear and decided manner, and not enveloped in the mist in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, like the deities of old, loved to shroud himself. With the exception of this topic, there was nothing in the speech which called for more than slight remarks.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied that there was anything evasive in the paragraph excepted to. It had been framed in a manner to leave no mistake in an impartial mind. Without disturbing the principle of unrestricted competition, which was recognized in the speech, it was intended to endeavor to mitigate the injury inflicted by recent legislation; not, however, by means of artificial prices or compensation for losses. It was the purpose of the Government to take into consideration the changes which had been effected without the necessary and corresponding changes in our financial system, and to put before the House a policy which should place our financial system more in harmony with our commercial system. It was probable that he should be able to make his statement on Friday, the 26th; and he hoped the member for Wolverhampton, (Mr. Villiers) would postpone his proposed motion until after he had done so.

Mr. Gladstone expressed his satisfaction at the exposition which the paragraph in the royal speech, on the subject of our commercial policy, had received, though the two defences, of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Disraeli, were inconsistent. The first was the best—namely, that the paragraph was left ambiguous because the moment was inconvenient for the conflict of principles. All he (Mr. Gladstone) wanted was a full, final and solemn settlement of the question of free trade; that the Ministers should once for all declare their views upon this question, and that they had unequivocally and finally abandoned the idea of the possibility of a return to protection.

After a few remarks from Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Christopher, in reply to an observation of Mr. Gladstone, explained and defended the sentiments he had expressed out of doors, and professed his readiness, now the verdict of the country had been taken on the question of Protection, to bow to its decision.

Mr. Osborne thought that the country would only gather, from the insidious paragraph put into the Royal Speech, that the question of Protection was to be reopened. He complained likewise of the paragraph relating to Ireland.

Mr. Adderly remonstrated against the premature attacks made upon the Government. He had understood the paragraph in question as a declaration that the Ministers had entirely and forever given up any intention to attempt to restore a protecting duty on corn, but were prepared to consider the question whether its abolition had inflicted injury upon a particular class. He had supported Protection upon the principle that the land was unequally taxed, and now that Protection was withdrawn, the inequality, from which it had originated, should be a justed.

Mr. Cobden thought that no plain, fair-minded man could regard the clause of the Queen's speech as a sufficient solution of the question so long agitated. Supposing that the Cabinet had resolved to adopt the principle of unrestricted competition, it must not be mixed with other questions; the pure principle of Free Trade must be affirmed. Apart from the doctrine of unrestricted competition, there was a wide field open to a Chancellor of the Exchequer in dealing with taxation; but he could not be allowed to go into that question with the view of remedying the alleged injury done to certain interests. This would be to reopen the whole question of Protection. He trusted the member for Wolverhampton would insist on the motion he had proposed for the 23d.

Lord Palmerston had derived great satisfaction from some parts of the Queen's speech, and, with respect to the questions of Protection or Free Trade, he thought it necessary for the public interest that there should be some formal declaration on the part of the House of Commons of its permanent and decided concurrence in the sound policy of the commercial arrangements established by the legislation of late years.

After some observations from Col. Sibthorp, the motion was agreed to, and the address was ordered to be presented to her Majesty in the usual manner.

The House adjourned at 9½ o'clock.

The Search for Sir John Franklin.

From The Morning Chronicle.

It is with no small gratification that we announce the return from the Arctic regions of the Isabel screw-steamer, under Commander Inglefield, R.N., who has, during an absence from England of four months only, delineated and searched a longer line of coast than, we believe, has ever been laid down within the same period by any one yet employed in the search for Sir John Franklin's expedition.

It will be in the memory of our readers that the Isabel was originally destined for the region lying north and west of Behring Strait, hitherto neglected in the search, and that circumstances of an untoward nature interfered with the execution by the projector, Captain Beatson, of this most important and still highly necessary undertaking. The complete equipment of the vessel was finally effected by the friends of Lady Franklin, aided by subscriptions to a comparatively small amount, the Royal Geographical Society bestowing upon the enterprise such active encouragement as that body might be expected to hold out to an undertaking of this nature. The Isabel became at last at the disposal of Lady Franklin—it is understood at a great pecuniary sacrifice; and in order to prevent the previous expenditure from being utterly wasted, the vessel, with its stores and provisions, was presented by that lady to Captain Inglefield, an officer of distinguished merit and accomplishments, on the understanding that it was to be employed in the Arctic search, her own means for further carrying it on being exhausted.

It was then too late in the season to dispatch the vessel upon its original mission; and accordingly Capt. Inglefield turned his attention to a nearer field of search, and sailed from Greenhithe for Davis's Straits on the 5th of July last. We announced but a few days since that letters had been received via Denmark, reporting his arrival at Disco Island, the usual rendezvous of vessels proceeding to the north; and thence Captain Inglefield proceeded to search the whole north coast of Baffin's Bay, and the various inlets and channels leading out of it, beginning with Wolstenholm Sound and Whale Sound, which latter presented two large openings to the Sound, which latter presented two large openings to the north-eastward. On entering Smith Sound, at the head of Baffin Bay—long considered as a promising field for discovery—the passage widened until it became a broad expanse of open water, and it seemed as if the little Isabel were upon the verge of the long-talked of Polar basin. It being evident that Sir John Franklin's party had not passed through this opening, her course was directed to Jones's Sound, which was penetrated as far as 85° west latitude, very far beyond any preceding expedition; when, being arrested by ice, Captain Inglefield was obliged to stop short. Hence he proceeded to Beechey Island, where he found the North Star, and gladdened the hearts of all at the *dépôt*, by delivering the numerous letters and dispatches which had been put on board the Isabel before leaving England. Here he arrived a fortnight after the departure of the Prince Albert, and learned that Sir Edward Belcher's progress had apparently continued unobstructed, and that no ice had been seen in Wellington Channel up to the 5th of September. After a sojourn of twelve hours only at Beechey Island, the Commander set out upon his passage down the west side of Davis's Strait, intending to proceed along the coast; but a succession of furious gales baffled repeated attempts to keep in with the land; and, most reluctantly, as it would appear, Captain Inglefield shaped his course for England, having at the last been compelled, by heavy weather in the Pentland Firth, to take refuge in Stromness harbor, whence the news of his return has reached us.

It is now satisfactorily demonstrated that Franklin has not been driven into Baffin's Bay from the north, nor been wrecked within that part of the Arctic region, not proceeded in any other direction than that long since pointed out. So that, now and forever, the absurd and frightful theories of catastrophe and disaster which some have delighted to urge, are exploded, and we may direct our undivided attention toward the quarter whither Sir Edward Belcher is pressing forward under circumstances the most favorable that can be desired.

For the second time during the present season, the Admiralty and the friends of the absent searching expeditions have obtained most important and satisfactory intelligence of their progress and welfare, at the cost of Lady Franklin; and we cannot think that the nation will desire to rest satisfied with the bare acknowledgment of the obligation. But for the return of the Prince Albert and the Isabel, we must have waited a whole year, and perhaps longer, for the cheering intelligence we now possess, contenting ourselves as best we could with that brought home by the wanders, who parted with the squadron early in the season, and under circumstances by no means promising the satisfactory and hopeful results we have now learned.

At a late meeting of the Geographical Society, Captain Penny, in answer to the call of the President, made some interesting remarks respecting the future route of the search. He directed the attention of the meeting to the chart, and pointing to the Wellington Channel, he remarked, "You will there see that Captain Sir Edward Belcher has only now entered up in the door of the search. Then turn your eyes to the American shore, you will there see H. M. ships Enterprise and Investigator valiantly struggling with a drifting body of ice, in a position which, if Franklin had been there at all, we should have had him in England long ago by his own beaten path. The renewed search that I have the honor now to propose, in order to solve this great geographical problem, would be worthy of England's humanity and commercial wealth. We have now a new agent at command, namely, screw steam power.

What I propose, then, would be that two steamers be dispatched to Behring's Straits, so that they should be early on the ground to take advantage of the land ice. That they should pass along the Asiatic shore, through the strait formed by Cape Yakan and the land seen by Wrangell and her Majesty's steamer Herald, into the Arctic Basin, where an extensive sea must exist in the months of June, July, August and September. Any one can easily conceive what an extensive search would be accomplished in four months by traversing in every direction that vast ocean. The whole distance from Cape Farewell to Baffin's Bay, although one thousand miles, is in a sound in April, but in August frequently not a piece of ice is to be seen. If now you will turn your attention to the north end of Spitzbergen, and lay down by compass one thousand miles, you will see that it will reach New Siberia and the Asiatic shore. This proves demonstrably that a large sea must exist even to the Pole. And who is he that would not be proud to see the flag of our beloved Queen floating upon it? With these facts before us, we should urge upon the Government the adoption of Mr. Peterman's Nova Zembla route, the practicability of which he has so clearly demonstrated, and which possesses such great advantages of commercial wealth to this nation.

I would suggest that a small screw steamer, of a light draft of water, not more than six feet, be likewise dispatched to Capt. Macquire, to search along the American shore, in order to watch over the brave men on board the Enterprise and Investigator, who have become second Franklins. Likewise, that Dr Rae should be dispatched again along the Victoria land toward Banks' land to watch that coast for the arrival of the absent party, since Capt. Maclure and his crew will probably be compelled to abandon his vessel this spring. I have yet a valuable fact to bring forward. I there this day received a letter from Stromness, which informs me that twelve American seamen who left their ship and wintered in an inlet discovered by me on the west side of Davis' Strait, have killed thirteen whales during the season, an amount of food upon which Franklin and his whole crew might have subsisted during the whole time he has been absent. With these valuable facts before us, and such instruments, is England to lag behind in the solution of the greatest geographical problem of the last three centuries, and which by the aid of steam power might now be happily resolved?"

Slavery in the United States.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has a letter in *The London Times*, in which he says:

May I request you to insert in your paper this letter, and the copy of the proposed address which accompanies it?

It is with very great reluctance that I put myself forward, and venture to suggest a course of proceeding to my fellow subjects, but I am impelled to do so by a feeling almost irresistible; a feeling in which they and many others will, I am sure, participate.

In the days in which we live more is to be permanently effected by public opinion, and by appeals to the great sympathies of mankind, than by force or by statute laws. If this, or some such address, were undertaken by local committees, enriched by many signatures, and then transmitted to America, it would not fail, under God's blessing, to produce a deep and fruitful impression.

THE AFFECTIONATE AND CHRISTIAN ADDRESS OF MANY THOUSANDS OF THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND TO THEIR SISTERS THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely believe, a common aim, urge us at the present moment to address you on the subject of that system of Negro Slavery which still prevails so extensively, and which such frightful results in many of the vast regions of the Western World.

We will not dwell on the ordinary topics on the progress of civilization, on the advance of free institutions everywhere, on the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century,—but we appeal to you very solemnly to reflect, and to ask counsel of God, how far such a state of things is in accordance with His holy word, the ineffaceable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of Christian religion.

We do not shut our eyes to the difficulties, nay, the dangers, that would beset the immediate abolition of that long-established system; we see and admit the necessity of preparation for so great an event; but, in speaking of indispensable preliminaries, we cannot be silent on that law of your country which in direct contravention of God's own law, "instituted in the time of man's innocency," decides to the slave the sanctity of marriage with all its joys, rights, and obligations; which separates, at the will of the master, the wife from the husband and the children from the parents. Nor can we be silent on that awful system, which, either by statute or by custom, interdicts to any race of man, or any portion of the human family, education in the truth of the gospel and the ordinances of Christianity.

A remedy applied to these two evils alone would commence the amelioration of the true condition. We appeal then, to you, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow-citizens, and your prayers to God, for the removal of this affliction from the Christian world. We do not say these things in a spirit of self-complacency, as though our nation were free from the guilt it perceives in others. We acknowledge with grief and shame our heavy share in this great sin. We acknowledge that our forefathers introduced, nay, compelled the adoption of Slavery in those mighty colonies. We humbly confess it before Almighty God; and it is because we so deeply feel, and so unfeignedly avow, our own complicity that we now venture to implore your aid to wipe away our common guilt and our common dishonor.

Miscellaneous.

—A Disastrous flood occurred at Birmingham on the 10th inst. from a freshet of the River Rea. The damage to property in the town and vicinity was great, but no lives were lost.

—The spiritual rappers have turned up at Hull.

—The Channel Islands are to be put in a state of defense, and the troops there are to be increased. Large quantities of warlike stores have very recently been landed at Guernsey. At Alderney immense works are hurriedly in progress for the formation of a fortified harbour of refuge, by which that islet may be made the center of most extensive and warlike operations. Alderney is only nine miles from Cape La Hogue, in France, and 20 miles from Cherbourg. Nothing can pass Cape La Hogue, or leave Cherbourg, without observation at Alderney.

—The shock of an earthquake was felt between 4 and 5o'clock A. M., on Tuesday, Nov. 9, throughout England and Ireland. No damage done.

THANKSGIVING SERMONS.

Reports and Sketches of several Sermons, delivered Yesterday Morning, in New-York and Brooklyn.

We present below, as far as we have space, the reports and sketches of Sermons delivered yesterday, as gathered by our Reporters.

By Rev. Henry W. Bellows,

CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY, (UNITARIAN.)

In observance of the time honored festival of Thanksgiving, a large Congregation assembled yesterday morning in the Church of the Divine Trinity. After the usual opening services, the pastor, Rev. H. W. Bellows, proceeded with the sermon. His text was the 16th and 17th verses of the 14th chapter of 1st Cor. in thisese:

"Else when thou shalt bless with the spirit, how shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest. For thou verily givest thanks well, but the other is not edified."

The text is a portion of Paul's epistle with the Corinthian Church for a due exercise of the understanding in every part of worship. There is no propriety or edification according to Him, in giving thanks in an unknown tongue—for then the unlearned cannot say "Amen" with a meaning. We, Protestants, do not now-a-days pray and preach as was then sometimes done, in a language totally unknown to the hearers. Our Catholic Brethren, it is true, still give thanks in an unknown tongue, and every now and then there is an attempt, like Edward Irving's, to revive the apostolic gift of tongues. But, if free from this open folly, we do otherwise violate the apostolic injunction by giving thanks in a manner that does not edify. Every loose, general, ill-considered way of returning thanks to God—every mere way of usage, imitation, sympathy, or thoughtlessness—is equivalent to the unknown tongue which edifieth not, nor bringeth forth an understanding Amen. Language never means less, nor conveys less, than when it falls from lips that move in thoughtless mimicry of the lips of others. Great swelling words of praise to God, loud anthems, long prayers may perhaps be heard to-day in a thousand places, which have no heart, feelings nor convictions behind them to inspire and command the heart's, Amen, from crowds of waiting worshippers.

Shall it be so with us, my brethren? Have we come up into God's temple in the midst of the busy week,—leaving our bargains half completed, our profits half uncounted, merely to honor a venerable custom of our Puritan ancestors; to show a decent respect for the Proclamation of our Governor; or to secure a kind of religious title, to convert the remaining hours of this day into a gay and thoughtless festival? Is it rather the toil which the sobriety and self restraint of the morning furnishes to the merriment and indulgence of the evening, which makes us seek the solemn shades of God's temples? or have we a hearty desire to acknowledge a debt of gratitude; to tell even our blessings in God's presence, and let our joy and perpetuity to sacred music, or breathe it in thoughtful prayers?

There is nothing, I fear, my brethren, more unfavorable to heartfelt gratitude than the abundance of the grounds for it. The more, and the more regular our providential blessings, the less, and the less special our thanksgiving. This very festival is an inheritance from times of adversity. Our poor and pious ancestors—pious perhaps, because poor—could tell over their comforts and benefits in a short catalogue. They called their blessings *mercies*, as if they were reprieves from a general condemnation to sorrow and want. But neither poverty, nor hardship, nor persecution clouded the face of heaven on their upturned eyes. Their sufferings brought them nearer to him who was "made perfect by sufferings;" their destitution of outward possessions drove them in, to find the riches of the mind, their prosperity was of the soul; and when God in his providence added to their spiritual wealth, any temporal gifts, they could hardly find terms of gratitude sufficient to express their sense of his undeserved and unexpected favor.

But the day of their annual thanksgiving, appointed to commemorate the ingathering of the harvest—when food itself was sometimes a precarious blessing—has descended from their day of small things and great hearts—to us and to our time—to find us a rich, free, powerful, prosperous people—with hands full of material riches, with want and war and discomfort far removed from our doors, and with a long and habitual experience of peace and plenty! With what hearts can we, who never knew what it was to fear that the seed time or harvest might fail; who rather with no anxious thrift into our barns the winter's food, or into our sheds the fuel that alone stood between them and destruction; who practice no selectness forethought, and need none; we who are waited on by the commerce of the world—whose granary is the teeming West, our wood-bed the coal fields of Pennsylvania, whose household well is sunk forty miles from home, yet discharging its bucket in every chamber of our dwellings; whom chemical science lights to bed with one great lamp of a million brilliant wicks; whose log cabins are petrified into palaces of stone; our heavy, groaning roads make the very path of "chariots of fire and horses of fire," that in their destiny unite the scattered villages in an unbroken street, and make the great forests seem like the fringes of our gardens; who talk with electric eloquence so clear and loud, that cities in different climates and whom seas divide, hear each other's traffic at noon, and catch the murmur of each other's hourly moods and momentary feelings. With what hearts, I ask, can a community thus crowned with plenty and lapped in luxury and guarded from surprise, a community to which Art and Science have made themselves an intermediate Providence, stealing the sharpness from pain and sheathing the surgeon's knife in a voluntary stupor, extinguishing the rage of flame by a more potent power that stands harmlessly beside in the corner of our halls. With what hearts can such a community celebrate a day founded in times when the gnarled fire on the hearth was the only candle in the house; when a wooden ... was a regular, and no small part of every minister's salary of seventy pounds, colonial currency, when a price was set on the heads of wolves and bears, and the Indians had not ceased an occasional massacre of a family or a village; a time when a small leathern pouch, carried on horseback once a fortnight, conveyed all the correspondence and all the newspapers and pamphlets from the small cities of Boston or New-York to towns within fifty miles distance, and even stage-coaches and turnpikes had not relieved ox teams and pack-horses on the great routes of the country? Thankful indeed for what we should count small mercies, were those brave and suffering pioneers of our prosperity. We can be thankful for them, if for nothing else, and our large and varied possessions, for they were our conscripts, bore our burdens, planted in tears what we reap in joy, and laid up with God that great deposit of obedience and faith and piety, which, with paternal care he continues to disburse to their descendants, even when most unworthy of their sires.

How quickly, my brethren, could Divine Providence convert whatever is thoughtless in our thanksgiving to-day into a most intelligent Amen, by visiting our land with such a famine as fell on Egypt in Joseph's time, or on Ireland in our own; by letting loose again the Asiatic pestilence that smote our cities in 1832, or the devouring flame that devastated our warehouses in '35; by stirring up the ashes of civil war on our borders, or bringing down the vengeance of European states upon our harbors and coasts; by diverting trade from its accustomed channels, through some unexpected openings of greater promise, until the grass that grows in prouder cities than ours should stain our streets with its mocking, mouldy greenness; by winking at the rise of some genius inspired from below with ambition and patience, sagacity and caution—the greatest talents and the greatest selfishness—the worst purposes and the best opportunities—a man of the people, with the heart of an autocrat and the aims of a tyrant—with power to win all hearts, yet without a single true feeling for any body but himself; a mighty soldier, yet a cunning civilian, whose views are on so grand and public a scale that the petty aims of the senses lack all power to attract or betray him—left a model of private purity and worth by the all-absorbing magnitude of his public crimes and world-embracing wickedness;—in short, some Napoleon the First, mighty and malignant enough to make his people proud of their own abasement before his selfish genius, and strong enough in the passion for glory and spectacle, with which he intoxicated his nation, to support upon the leavings of his fame and the echo of his name a Napoleon the Third—the coming Emperor of France and the present scourge of the civilized world. Yes, Christian brethren, what were left to us by these scourges and plagues would be fully appreciated, and gratefully traced to the source of all blessings; but at the close of a year, when smiles, plenty, and ruddy health and gentle peace, and civil concord and transcendent commercial thriftiness, and unthreatened liberty, set together at our board of national thanksgiving, it is much to be feared that in their enjoyment of each other's society, and their alleviation and rest for the table before them, they will be impatient of the benediction which opens the feast, and forgetful of the duty of "returning thanks" at its close.

For notwithstanding any drawbacks, caused by the reaction of Constitutional Freedom in Europe, when did the sun shine upon a more prosperous world than its beams irradiate to-day? At this present moment the trumpet is silent and the sword is sheathed on the late noisy and bloody field of Continental warfare. Trade has revived in the revolutionary Capitals of Europe, so recently threatened with barricades that no commerce could pass. Our own land that fattened on the misfortunes of foreign nations, is now more happily prospering upon their prosperity. Great Britain, that lately envied us our California, has found her own golden Australia. Ireland, yesterday, oppressed with a stifled and stifling population, torn with Chartist riots, and perplexed with the problems of industry, England, to-day, seems to have found a providential rescue from what the unnatural jealousy and vindictiveness of some of our own countrymen would have gladly hailed as her ruin, in the voluntary and immense migration of her subjects to her own Colonies on the Pacific and in North America. Capital and Labor are rapidly settling their lately unequal partnership, and Capital will probably deserve quite as much sympathy as Labor in the near future. No nation on the earth presents a nobler moral attitude than our English mother at the present moment—her vigorous and fearless Press—free as our own, and more able—criticising Parliament and Ministry, Church and State, Court and People, with unsparing fidelity the offenses of absolutism across the Channel—her best minds boring with the problems of Poverty, Sanitary Reform, Education, and Religion; her social literature the food of Christendom; her Constitutional Reforms rapid as society permits, and peaceful as order could desire; her people loyal and sentiment as Rome's, and a territorial dominion won by intellect and statesmanship as wide as the Roman Empire, and one which her language is rapidly extending—a triumph Italy never knew—England has a future yet more glorious, for she is conquering herself—her prejudices, her hereditary inequalities, her religious proscriptions, her conservative instincts, her time—hallowed policies. Nowhere is justice surer to prevail than there, no where is free discussion more fatal to wrong policy, no Government dares less to do wrong, no statesmanship is so incorrupt and so frank. Blessings be on her aged head and her youthful heart, and be it among the thanksgivings of her happy and prosperous child to-day, that the mother country, Old England, was never more powerful, happy, free and glorious than now, when she beholds her rebellious Colonies great and rival power in the earth.

If we turn to the Continent, we behold, indeed, what seems a backward look in popular rights. But certainly we have learned some great lessons by the result of the unhappy and abortive revolutions of Europe: either that political oppression is not so intolerable at home as it has been represented; or that the people are less shut up to the consequences of it; or that civil war is not the best and shortest way of remedying the evils of tyranny. It begins to be manifest in our day, that with the various commercial and intellectual influences at work, (and against the reception and transmission of which the isolation of China and Japan are not secure,) a year of waiting does more than a year of armed remonstrance, to level abuses, weaken arbitrary power and accomplish peaceful revolution. When brute force was the great contriver of the world, and agriculture the main occupation of man, war was almost the chief social agent of Providence. The intercourse of nations was the invasion of each other's territories. Travel took the form of predatory incursions. Ideas, and policies, and religions were exchanged at the cannon's mouth, and in the capture of prisoners and the capitulation of cities. Emigration was the armed precipitation of barbarous hordes upon the plains of civilization. Statesmen learned languages and studied foreign literatures, the better to understand the rival they would humble, or the people they would overthrow. The intense nationality, the exclusive policies, the isolated character of nations, in the days when great roads stopped at national boundary lines, and locomotion was the boldest and most costly undertaking of man—could only have been broken up by a passion as fierce, and an effort as desperate, as war; and its best results have been the introduction of nation to nation; the commingling of peoples, the exchange of ideas, and erection of something like a common standard of intellectual and moral judgment for the world.

But as a necessary consequence of this knowledge of each other, creating common appetites and tastes, commerce has taken on a universal character, and engaged at least as much and as more striking attention, than agriculture, in the recent history of the world; and with the growth of commerce, war has lost and is losing its importance, its necessity, or its possibility. For commerce is essentially an intellectual, as war is an animal occupation. The more brutal the soldiery, the more efficient the generalship; the widest gulf between the few that command and the many that obey, is the most favorable condition to military success. But commerce has no priests. Neither is it made up of officers. It is not an aggregated mass of humanity, animated by one head, and moving toward one end; but a disintegrated collection of independent particles, each laboring on its own judgment, and working its own benefit for the accomplishment of a private end. Thus war brutalizes; commerce humanizes; war commands; commerce discriminates; war makes aristocrats and kings, commerce democracies and men; war may glorify a government, but commerce blesses the people.

And what is commerce but locomotion? and locomotion is the chief feature of our civilization. The cheap and rapid transmission of people, products, intelligence, customs, ideas, interests, is the dazzling quickening, as it is the most reformatory and benignant element in the life of the Nineteenth Century. Civilization has become fluid and subject to the laws of fluids. It seeks everywhere a common level. Wherever there is any want supply makes a road to it. Sellers run toward purchasers, though a hemisphere lies between, as naturally and swiftly as water runs down hill. The grain fields of Ohio and Wisconsin almost laughing their stalks to strike their loaded heads into the lap of New-York. The mills and forges of England buzz and clang for us, while our cotton fields and our coal mines are for her; and commerce, will her feet in the middle sea, and her grasping hands, one on either hemisphere, encircles her deep and mighty arms in a perpetual transfer of the products of both worlds. Way for the superfluous fruits, the superfluous labors, the superfluous ideas of each community!—this is our cry. A road to the Pacific, a road from Wisconsin to the Baltic, a road to Habinas, a shorter road to England—a forest, in a week, three days' journey alone can satisfy us; a road to lanse through the Red Sea, in the very track which Miracle alone could once open! Way for our spices to China and for her teas to us in a third of the time it once took to exchange them; a way across the Isthmus, and to it and from it, as smooth and swift and short as though two oceans and a mountain range were not the obstacles that intervene. Way, too, for Intelligence and Thought! Let there be no needless tax upon News, the communications of Attention, or the intercourse of Thought. Let giant Steam take the messenger's unequal post; let learned Science pick the rags and make the paper, and set the type and fold the sheets; let nimble Electricity be sub-editor and collect the early items; let Speed, with oily foot, slip in his iron groove down the declivities of the earth and drop his fresh packages at every village and door, that, with the morning's sun, the broad world may know how its people slept, and what they did yesterday and mean to do to-day. Way, too, for Genius and Talent. Remove the curse of Babel, and bring in the blessings of Pentecost; that Language may no more confine any wisdom to its native sphere—but every apostle be heard by every man in every nation, each in his own tongue. Let the great lights of Learning, Law, Taste, Morals, Liberty, Letters, shine, like the stars, for no exclusive latitude. If a great man live, let not his people, but the world, rejoice; if a great man die, let not his people, but the world, be sad. And so it is. Peel and Wellington are lamented in America, and Clay, Calhoun and Webster are mourned in Europe. If there be any magnate in Art, Eloquence, Music or Grace, let no city nor sea shut it in, but make a theater of it for the whole world, that civilized man may share the joy and participate of every triumph of Humanity.

And thus it is that commerce is crowding war from the floor of the world to occupy it with the great assembly of the civilized race, all in peaceful participation of their united blessings. It is true that Europe is armed to the teeth; but she is armed to preserve peace, that peace may foster commerce and commerce, wealth and prosperity, and safe and certain progress. True, war may again break out; but every year it can be kept chained, it is losing strength to fight, and occasion for battle. If it can be prevented for another generation; if another thirty years of peace can shine on England, America and Continental Europe, it might almost be certainly predicted that no swords would remain to be beaten into plowshares, and no spears into pruning-hooks.

The recent reaction by which European liberty seems to have been put back so far is probably only a striking evidence of the decline of the war spirit in the masses of the European world. Despotism, in its recent revival, finds its greatest allies, where it will find its greatest enemies, in the peaceful instincts of industry, domestic affections, and widely diffused property. If the masses in Europe had not profited by the commercial feeling which now pervades civilized society, its literature, morals, and domestic life—if they had been as ignorant, desperate, reckless and miserable, as they were at the close of the last century, there would have been no such cessation to civil war. But trade, property, a stake in society, are too common and widely diffused in Europe, to make war in behalf of any rights at all popular, especially at a time when the community of nations and of knowledge and economy, and the facilities of locomotion, promise a speedy relief, by peaceful means, to all intolerable suffering. It cannot be doubted that emigration—the greatest result of the admirable locomotive skill of our time—is itself alone almost a perfect safeguard against war—by the vast it offers, unpaid labor, disarmed citizenship, the love of change and the passion for enterprise—the chief explosives of society. Emigration is not only gradually equalizing the population of the earth, and breaking up the feudalism of landed wealth, but it is destroying the antipathies and antagonisms in the blood of the world; so that that dreaded war of races so often seen in past times and now again frequently threatened, must soon be an impossible conflict between the ventricles of the same heart. Shall we not say "Amen" to such a ground of Thanksgiving.

If we look more immediately at home for evidence of the world's great prosperity, and for intellectual grounds for our Amen in the Thanksgivings of this day, our only embarrassment is in particularizing among innumerable blessings the nearest and most affecting. In my own mind, no view of the benignity of our institutions or the amplitude of our prosperity is so instinctive and striking as that presented by the indifference of the community at large to evils, dangers and follies in themselves, prodigious in magnitude, but thoroughly buried, or totally unnoticed in the overwhelming flood of our blessings, a state of high bodily health is best exhibited by the smallness of the impression which great exposures, severe hurts, sudden changes of weather, unaccustomed food, or excesses, leave upon the feelings or the constitution. Man is sanatory power enough in youthful blood to throw off disease or resist attack. And certainly the gross indifference shown in this community to abuses that would sap the political life of a less vigorous state; our continued prosperity under local administrations utterly reckless of justice and truth, not to say wholly shameless in bribery and corruption; the beneficient result of national measures and policies begun in defiance of rectitude and carried through by party feeling, while a sleeping moral sense has conspired in their consummation;—the vast accumulation of wealth under the providential discovery of our American Ophir, made at a time when excessive importations and headlong extravagance threatened to plunge the nation into a more terrible crisis than it had ever experienced;—the safety and integrity of the Union under the stormy agitation and perhaps unhallowed settlement of sectional questions;—all these things go to show the existence of an unparalleled prosperity, extending itself to the affairs of the citizens at large; a prosperity engrossing their thoughts and exhausting their interest—making them in a manner independent of public policies, and in different to national questions, on municipal concerns. The interests of private enterprise and social ambition—the hopes entertained by tens of thousands, of fortune and luxury; the sudden and social enrichment of whole classes, with the means of domestic elegance; the engagement of commercial and professional men in schemes of speculation; the common aim at a union of comfort, taste and costliness in domestic architecture; all these things, engrossing our city population and supplying life with a novel zest, which it perhaps never had before in the history of the race, indicate the abounding wealth and liberty and equality and aspiration of our community, while they account for the apathy which so extensively prevails in regard both to national and local politics, and to civic affairs in general. But certainly, while it proves how well off we are now, and what a broad margin our prosperity has, it ought to give a serious pause to the higher and calmer judgments of this nation to observe, that the control of our Government in federal and still more in State, and municipal departments, is lapsing into the hands of politicians by trade—through pure default of interest. It is not to be denied, and it is creditable to their appreciation, that our foreign population takes a deeper and a more inquisitive interest in our national or local politics, than our native voters. The few thousand Irish votes thrown in this State deposit in the ballot box a heartier concern for the result of the election than all the rest. But it is plain, that such a fact reduces the control of an election very much within the management of politicians by trade, who can adroitly play upon the sincere prejudices of a small body new to the country, and easily flattered. Is it safe to allow ourselves, then, to neglect the first duty of freemen, because it is just now impossible to materially injure our best interests?

In like manner, what a melancholy commentary on the moral and political insensibility begotten by a swollen prosperity was the result of our recent municipal election? I believe both of the great parties of the country are equally involved in the disgrace of our corrupt state in this city; that it is *men* and not *principles* that have occupied our places of power in this community. And therefore, I do not hesitate to speak freely without the fear of being charged with special sympathies for either side of the political house.

In this place I know neither Whig nor Democrat; but as a citizen of New-York, a friend of public morals, a Christian minister, I have a regret to avow the alarm of surprise and indignation, that after the most plain and public showing both by the press of both parties of the gross corruption, venality and incompetency of our Common Council; showing forth which redounded so much to the independence and faithfulness of the Press—while it must have made every honest citizen blush with shame and virtuous anger;—which held our political institutions up to the scorn and distrust of all enlightened communities;—that after all, no effort was preached upon the organization of our immediate politics—no united effort made to choose men of known character to office, and that no promise appears of the smallest change in the decency or integrity of our municipal rulers. Everywhere, in private conversation, there is a complete harmony of sentiment in regard to the folly and wickedness and peril of such a state of things, and everywhere, there is an utter paralysis of effort to correct it. Time is so valuable, gain so inviting, prosperity so great, that civic honor and municipal integrity and official decency may all proved in vain before and grossly as they choose, and our careless, easition, carpeted citizens will heed not until they feel their own warehouses and ships and home smitten with the plague that as yet spots only the City Hall. If no organized effort is made by secular men to organize a party whose corner-stone is Integrity, for the exclusive government of this great city—(whose politics ought to be wholly separated from national affairs)—I hope that the clergy of the city as official conservators of Morality, will hazard all the influence they poss