NEW YORK HERALD.

New York, Tuesday, December 24, 1844.

European Interference in American Affairs.

We have received private intelligence from London and Paris, of such a nature as warrants the belief that the European powers are actually contemplating the policy of interfering in American affairs, and directing the movements of this continent, on the same principles, and with the same views, as they have been managing the affairs of Europe during the past and present century. This will be indeed a new and interesting movement in political affairs connected with this country, to which the attention of the American people must be called in no trifling degree.

The excuse for this European interference in American affairs, grows out of the movement made in this country for the annexation of Texas. It appears that an increase in the territory of the United States, either in the direction of Texas or towards the west as far as Oregon, has alarmed the European powers; and there is every reason to believe that the British Government is endeavoring to induce France, and the other Governments of the European continent, to unite with them in some plan of interference and control similar to that which we have recently seen exemplified in Greece, in Turkey, and in Egypt. We think, from the source through which we receive this intelligence, that there can be little doubt of its substantial accuracy; and this belief is strengthened by the singular fact, that some of the principal journals in London and Paris, directly in the interest, and acting as the special organs of the Governments there, and hostile to the progress of democratic principles, are speaking out in the most emphatic manner against the policy of this country in regard to Texas, and calling for such an interference as we have indicated. The British Government dare not carry their opposition to annexation to such an extent as to endanger the peaceful relations between the two countries. Their own manufacturing and commercial interests, and, indeed, we may say their internal peace, are so dependent on the maintenance of friendly intercourse with this country, that any interruption of it would be a most essential evil to them. In order, however, to check the progress and power of the United States on this continent, and to limit the moral influence which the Republic exercises in Europe, we have little doubt but the British Government are endeavoring to form a coalition, on the part of the European powers, for the purpose of intimidating our Government and preventing the annexation of Texas to this confederacy, or the extension of our territory to the Pacific, where we might interfere with England, Russia, and other powers.

Such is the amount of the information which we have received; and we believe there is a great deal of truth in these representations. When the recent diplomatic developments relative to Mexico shall have reached Europe, we have no doubt this plan of the foreign Governments will be more fully matured, and that we shall hear more of it by the next arrival. The power and progress of this country have struck terror into the very hearts of the monarchists of Europe, and we have no doubt that great things will soon spring out of the position which the two continents at present occupy.

ANOTHER VETO.—We have some reason for believing that Captain Tyler will soon be under the necessity of clapping another veto upon a law of Congress of some importance, which is now in the process of being matured, and passing both Houses. We allude to the Independent Treasury Bill, which has just passed the House of Representatives by a large majority, and which will be introduced into the Senate this week, probably to pass there also.

It is well known that Mr. Tyler and his administration are in favor of an Exchequer system, and we have good reason for believing that Mr. Polk is also in favor of a similar scheme. Acting, therefore, under the impression that the democracy in the House have merely passed this law thus suddenly for the heroic purpose of heading Mr. Polk, and stopping the present administration, we have some reason for believing that Mr. Tyler will pluck up a little courage, and veto it as soon as it passes the Senate. Another reason we can give. The passage of this new law would be equal to another removal of the deposites—which now amount to seven or eight millions, and will, probably, be increased considerably in a few months—from all the banks, and private individuals in whose hands they are. By this law these deposites must be paid in the shape of specie, which would, of course, produce a prodigious drain upon the banks, and inevitably lead to a great revulsion in the money market.

It will be seen, therefore, that the banking interests, in order to save themselves from the disastrous consequences of the passage of such a law, will, in all probability, unite in sending a deputation to Washington, for the purpose of imploring Captain Tyler to veto the bill. We expect, therefore, some very remarkable flare-ups amongst parties in the course of a few days, in consequence of the passage of this bill. It must give rise to a great deal of discussion before it is all over.

PHILOSOPHIC BEWILDERMENTS.—Our amiable contemporary, Philosopher Greeley, seems to be altogether bewildered of late. It will be recollected that he has heretofore enjoyed a very high reputation in political philosophy and arithmetic, being in fact a sort of oracle amongst the whigs, and that on the nomination of Mr. Polk he predicted that the State of New York would give Mr. Clay a majority of 20,000. Some of the wicked locofocos are now pointing to that sad mistake and false prophecy of poor Greeley, on which he twists and turns like a fish thrown ashore by a chance wave, with its belly up, tossing and tumbling on the sandy beach. So bewildered has he become that in his paper of yesterday he has actually forgotten the State which Mr. Benton represents in the Senate, making him an Illinois Senator, and through a whole column and an half of contortions, endeavors to explain away his blundering predictions by accusing nine millions of the people of this country of being "swindlers," "deceivers," "fraudulent," and calling all sorts of ill names.

Alas! poor Yorick! Greeley had better devote the remainder of his days to the culture of vegetables and Fourierism.

NEW LIGHT VAGARIES.—It is stated that Brownson the famous philosopher, who commenced his career as a radical lecturer, is now lecturing in favor of the Catholic religion and against the capability of man for self-government. Two or three years ago, every one was puffing and praising this Brownson in the most extraordinary manner; and yet we never could find any thing really philosophical or practical in the man, and always set him down as something of a madman. He is now giving proof in evidence of the accuracy of this opinion, and after he has exhausted his present vagary, we should not be surprised if he were to become a Mahomedan, then a Hindoo, and finally to end his career in philosophy as a devoted disciple of Confucius or Budha.

NEW POLICE—TAXATION.—Some appointments were made last evening in the Board of Aldermen; and it will also be seen that the Comptroller has issued his annual budget for the approaching year, and modestly puts in an estimate for $2,097,500 89—being a considerable increase over the appropriation of last year. An effort was made to get this "precious document" printed, but it turned out a failure; however, we have culled a few statistical facts which will be found in our report, which gives a sort of general outline of the document which has been referred.

IMPORTANT ARRIVAL.—Is the "Mr. Brisbane" mentioned in the list of passengers by the "Acadia," the philosopher of that name? Six pence will be paid for the intelligence.

Thirty-ninth Anniversary Meeting of the New England Society in this City.

This Society commemorated the landing of the Pilgrims in this country, at the Tabernacle, yesterday. The attendance was not so great as on previous similar occasions, yet the building was respectably filled ere the proceedings closed. At the hour appointed, one o'clock, the Hon. M. H. Grinnell took the chair, and the exercises commenced by singing the following beautiful

HYMN. Tune—"Old Hundred."

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Again this Votive Day returns,
And finds us bending o'er your urns.

Jehovah's arm prepared the rod;
The heathen vanished at His nod;
He gave His Vine a lasting root,
He loads its goodly boughs with fruit.

The hills are covered with its shade;
Its thousand shoots like cedars spread;
Its branches to the sea expand,
And reach to broad Superior's strand.

Of peace and truth the gladsome ray
Smiles in our skies, and cheers the day;
And a new Empire's splendent wheels
Roll o'er the top of Western hills.

Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of our race!
With grateful hearts your toils we trace;
Oft as this Votive Day returns,
We'll pay due honors to your urns.

The Rev. Mr. BRUCE offered the following prayer—Our Father who art in Heaven, we thank thee that thou hast permitted us to call thee our Father; we thank thee thou art to us as a parent, and for thy gracious care of the whole human family; we thank thee that thou hast given us thine only Son to be our Saviour, and the Saviour of the Bible, upon which are founded our happiness here and hereafter. We thank thee for all thy mercies; for truly our lines are cast in pleasant places. We bless thee for all thy favors to our pilgrim fathers—for thy mercies to them in crossing the deep waters, and in the wilds among the savages of the land, and the prowling beasts of the forest. We thank thee for the institutions they established, and we pray to emulate their spirit throughout this life. And now, O, Lord! we pray thee to preserve us from war, famine, pestilence and slavery. Save us alike from despotism and anarchy, now and hereafter, through Jesus Christ, our Savior. Amen!

The following pieces were then sung:

DUET—MISS PEARSON AND MR. S. PEARSON.

Pray to God, ye righteous servants,
Ye who live in grace divine.

TRIO—MRS. STRONG, MISS PEARSON AND MR. S. PEARSON.

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow;
What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer,
As bursts in desolation there;
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power,
As waits to crown that feeble hour.

CHORUS.

But hope, with radiant wing,
Their sinking hearts did raise—
The Lord is just, his council wise;
Then let us sing his praise!

The CHAIRMAN then introduced to the meeting the orator of the day—

The Hon. GEO. P. MARSH—The gentleman commenced his address by saying, that while New England was yet tied to our fatherland, our forefathers were wont to speak of a voyage to England, as a return to their home; but anarchy and religious intolerance, drove them to seek a home in the wilderness amid the prowling beasts and the untutored savages. But now that wilderness has become a metropolis itself. Then let me invite you to look back at your home—not to look at your home amid the fervid heat of summer or the chill blasts of winter—not to dwell upon your institutions, your schools, or your churches, or your free system of election, upon which is based our dearest liberty; but I invite you to look on the inward institutions on which these are founded; it is from these principles that we gather our strength. I do not address alone the philosopher, or the theologian, who rests himself on the Bible; or to the merchant prince, whose energies and industry carries him all over the world; but to the hopeful youth also who is taught to rely on his own energies for prosperity, although not a drop of noble blood flows in his veins. (Applause.) The gentleman then entered into a long disquisition upon the laws of nature, and showed that history abounded with instances innumerable of the rise and fall of States, and that man himself who lords it over all other parts of creation, was liable to the same; in short that man was but an epitome of States. There was no conservative element whatever to preserve man, and that this great question admitted of no solution. This was, doubtless, the design of an all wise Providence, that all should rise and fall until the very earth itself became void. In order to discharge his duty, man ought to know and study the institutions of his country, that he might be able to fulfil its offices in all its forms—the fundamental traits of our characters should be studied, to make us better acquainted with the wants and wishes of those around us. In the sunny climes of Southern Europe, where the fervid heat of day is succeeded by the genial coolness of the evening, man is a listless being, passing his time in the open air and has no particular home; but in the cold, frigid northern parts, under a cloudless sky, man seeks his home near the domestic hearth—there the child is brought up under the maternal eye, and affection is strengthened towards all. Man's rude energies are softened by the blandness of woman, and woman herself is made his comforter, adviser, and assistant through life, which must ever make her appreciated. Such was the daughter of John Knox, who replied to the despotic monarch, that she would rather receive her husband's head in her lap than that he should turn from that religion he taught and believed in. Other countries might boast of greater beauties, but we could with greater pride look to our maternal parents. It was in the northern parts of Europe that the celibacy of the clergy was first given up, and it would be found that all great and good reforms took the deepest root, and spread their branches abroad therefrom. Our forefathers were the bearers of one great truth to this land. They looked only to the one book which they brought to this land, and which was to be found in every cottage. It is said, that man to be great must only look to one study or book to make him intelligent. And if this was true, how intelligent must our forefathers have been, who only studied throughout their lives one book, and that was the Bible! And who was there that could withstand this falchion drawn from on high? The Puritans of those days were most profoundly acquainted with this book, and to this we must lay their energies. The Puritans of the seventeenth century alike defied the despotism of monarchy as well as the tyranny of the priesthood, and indeed clearly showed that all their higher philosophy was founded on Scripture. It was to this one book that Milton owed all his beauties. Puritanism has been falsely charged with retarding the progress of the arts and sciences; but such was not the Puritanism of our forefathers. It was the proceedings of the priesthood that retarded science and art, and all that was good and great in man. And what were this very priesthood doing at the present time? They were endeavoring to unlearn the people, and to return to the old forms and ceremonies long since exploded, in the hope of regaining that power which had been successfully wrested from them. But as Coriolanus observed, "it was not for the victor to tire of the battle," and if we only copied the conduct of our forefathers, we might bid defiance to all the machinations of a wily priesthood, or the despotism of the most absolute monarchy. The social enjoyments of the more northern Europeans, led them to receive more readily the doctrines of the Reformation. In the more sterile regions of the north, it was received first; their homely altars needed no interpreters between them and their heavenly father, and as these things remain, such must be the character of the residents of New England. It has been said, and that truly, that we live in an age of excitement. The latter part of the last half century fully evidences this fact. Languages that have slept for hundreds of years have awoke again, and we now read the inscriptions on the pyramids of Egypt, for the records of nations almost forgotten. The Bible has been sent to all parts of the earth, translated in almost every tongue that was known, so that the children at the uttermost parts of the world might become acquainted with the great truths which it contained. Then again, that vast portion of the benighted world, China, which so long has been in a state of secluded barbarism, was thrown open to reason and to light. But with all this, it was tame compared with the proceedings of the sixteenth century, and with the exception of our progress in machinery, our whole State was lethargic. It was in this age that printing was discovered; it was in this age that a new world was discovered. It was then that gunpowder was first made known to the world, which bid defiance to the steel clad warrior, and taught men to act *en masse* for their safety. It was then that the Ottoman Power was at its height and its galleys were rowed by Christian slaves.—Then it was that the struggle took place, to see whether the crescent should float on the top of St. Peter's, or the cross on the Mosques of Constantinople; but the noble John Sobieski prevented the former and showed that the Musselman could not dictate to the world. We must now pass over a lapse of time, and come to the period of the glorious reformation—a period which removed the bonds by which the people had been enslaved for upwards of one thousand years. Great Britain was later in receiving this feeling than many other countries, and only then in a modified form; Spencer sang its matin song, and Milton sang the evening song of the dying swan (Applause.) Then it was that the principal was established, that it was disgraceful in a Christian community that man should be oppressed, and in resisting such oppression the Pilgrims were driven from their native land. This was their great characteristic—the right of private judgment in all religious matters. The theory of pure religion could no where be found to such an extent as in the Puritan principles of New England; but to know its real character and value, it must be studied in countries where it is not so free. The Reformation was not only a change of religion, but a change in the aristocracy of the country where it was carried out. It was the first step towards the establishment of democratic principles. Religious conservativeism asks man to admit that God has given up his power, and that monarchs and priests are his true successors. This the reformation exploded to a considerable extent. In the sixteenth century the rights of man were wholly disregarded—he had no protection whatever; the municipal laws were a complete pandemonium; the vassal had to follow his lord and master wherever he led, and had to do every thing the Baron desired. Even the grave was made the spoil for the priesthood, who dying, seized upon all the unfortunate vassal might be possessed of. This was not the worst, for the Christian Barons claimed rights which could not be named, and would make even the Moor or Barbarian blush to think of. It was true that the humbler classes set themselves more than once against these oppressions, but with little or no success, as they were soon defeated by the more active and warlike of the aristocracy, aided by the thunders of the church. John Ball, and honor to his name, was perhaps an exception. Three times was he cast into prison—not the prison of the State, but the prison of the Archbishop of Canterbury as an Ecclesiastical offender, and was at length sacrificed, sealing his principles with his blood. It is stated that the clergy in these times supported the poor; but at no time did they ever afford them as much relief as this country now has to pay for the banished of England, the authorities there finding it cheaper to send them here than to keep them at home in their prisons and alms houses. (Long continued applause.) It was true as a French Monarch of that period said, that the King was the State and the Priesthood the church. At the present time it was much doubted whether England was not retrograding. From the dishonest victory of Waterloo, which might have been necessary for the peace of Europe, to the present time, its object appeared to be restitution, not restoration; their object was not only to put Napoleon down, but to raise up what Luther had put down, and they still progressed in that course. The love of country in man was next to self-respect, and it was this that made it dear to him. We paid too little regard for the past to make us mindful of the future. This might be owing to the varied sources from which we sprang. There was much danger to be anticipated from our love of European customs to the despising of all that was American. There was too much of the pupil outstripping the teacher. To such an extent had this been the case that some of the sons of New England had disgraced their fathers by denying the attributes of the Christian church which they had planted in the wilderness. (Applause.) From the various sources which the residents of this country came, it might be doubted whether Americans could ever possess a national characteristic; if even this was the case, he hoped it would be such as to do honor to our pilgrim fathers. After a high eulogy on the social and religious liberty enjoyed by the residents of New England, the gentleman concluded a lengthy address, which was somewhat marred by the rapidity with which it was delivered, and sat down amid a strong expression of approbation.

J. OXEY, Esq. hoped he would be pardoned in addressing a few words to those present. He was rejoiced that, through the mercy of the pilgrim's God, he had heard the able and eloquent address just delivered, and begged to move that the thanks of the meeting be given to the gentleman for it, and also that he would be kind enough to furnish the Society with a copy of it, for publication, so that it might be read throughout the length and breadth of the land. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN then put the question, which was carried unanimously amid great applause.

The following song, "The Rock of the Pilgrim"—from a Cantata by Benj. Wyman—Poetry by George P. Morris, Esq., was then sung by Mr. S. Pearson;—

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old, an example have given,
Of mild resignation, devotion and love,
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

Chorus.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace, good will to men; Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. Hallelujah, Amen.

The Rev. Mr. BRUCE then delivered a brief benediction and the exercises of the day terminated.

The CHAIRMAN announced that the Society would dine together at the Astor House at five o'clock.

The Dinner.

The festive board at the Astor House was garnished with that profusion and magnificence which have made the names of the hosts of that famous caravansary, immortal. The decorations were very simple—a few flags tastefully arranged. About two hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner. Before each guest was the "Pilgrim's fair"—a roasted clam and a few ears of parched corn. But something more substantial and palatable was provided for the "Pilgrim's dinner" on this occasion, as will be seen from the following Bill of Fare:—

PILGRIMS' DINNER.

SOUPS.

Clam Chowder, Vegetable Soup,

FISH.

Bass, Madeira sauce, Baked Codfish,

BOILED.

Ham, Champagne sauce, Turkey, Oyster sauce,
Leg of Mutton with Turnips, Tongues.

COLD DISHES.

Breast of Chicken, à la Royal,
Bastions à la Moderne,
Galantine of Eels with Montpellier butter,
Chaumiers,
Boned Turkies, with Jelly,
Partridge on a socle.

ENTREES.

Fricandeau of Veal, larded, Vegetable sauce,
Mutton Chops, a la Soubise,
Chickens, larded, a la Marechale,
Escaloped Oysters, Chartreuse of Game,
Veal Chops with Spinach,
Filets of Wild Ducks, sauce Bigarade,
Arched Chicken, Tomato sauce,
Filets of Bass, breaded, English style, with Oysters,
Lobster Salade,
Form of Macaroni, Milanaise style,
Rib of Beef, Madeira sauce,
Hashed Chicken, Turkish style,
Calf's Head en tortue,
Legs of Chicken with Mashed Potatoes,
Eels, Cold sauce.

ROAST.

Beef, Spare Rib of Pork, Turkies,
Chickens, Goose, Venison, Jelly sauce.

GAME.

Wild Ducks, Partridges,
Broad Bills, Red Head Ducks,
Black Ducks, Brandt.

ORNAMENTED PASTRY.

Plymouth Rock, or the Landing of the Pilgrims,
Gothic Temple,
Roman Casque upon a socle,
Fancy Pyramids,
Fruit Baskets ornamented in the Parisian style,
Savoyan Biscuits.

PASTRY.

English Cream, Meringuer Swisses,
Fruit Jelly, flavored with Champagne,
Charlotte Russe, flavored with Orange,
Blanc Mange, flavored with Maraschino,
Plum Pudding, Rum Jelly,
Bavarian Cheese, flavored with Kirch Water,
Charlotte Apple, Apple Pie, Mince Pie,

CONFECTIONARY.

Italian Meringues, Chocolate Cakes,
Peach Tarts, Broiled Almonds,
English Croquettes, Kisses,
Filberts, Mottoes,
Genoise with Jelly, Almond Macaronies,
Quince Paste, Iced Puffs,
Orange Ice Cream, Vanilla Ice Cream.

FRUITS.

At the head of the table we observed MOSES H. GRINNELL, Esq., the president of the society, supported on his right by the orator of the day, the Hon. George P. Marsh, Vt; D. C. Colden, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Dewey; Judge Warren; Hon. Jos. Grinnell; Rev. Dr. Bellows; Philip Hone, Esq.; J. De Peyster Ogden, Esq.; and on the left by Rev. Mr. Brace; His Honor Mayor Harper; W. Cuthbertson, Esq.; Dr. Manley; James Reyburn, Esq.; John Thomas, Esq. The Vice Presidents, S. Draper, Esq., and Thomas Fessenden, Esq., ably discharged their duties at the head of the other tables.

After grace was pronounced by Mr. Bruce, the choir sung in fine style Mrs. Heman's beautiful hymn, "The Landing of the Pilgrims."

The cloth having been removed—

The CHAIRMAN—Gentleman—Prepare for the first regular toast. It is—

"The day we celebrate—We would never act or shrink from acting, so that its remembrance would reproach us. (Three cheers.)

Music—"Yankee Doodle."

The second regular toast was—

"The generous Hollanders.—The shelter they gave to the New England Pilgrims is part of the fame of the Pilgrims themselves." (Drank with cheers.)

Mr. FESSENDEN, one of the Vice Presidents, rose and made some highly complimentary allusions to addresses delivered in the Tabernacle and to the orator, whom he characterized as the youngest public man in his native state of Vermont. He then made some remarks relative to the rights of individuals to maintain their own opinions, and went on to speak of the eminent virtues and patriotism of New England. He concluded by giving—

"The Orator of the Day." Drank with great applause.

The Hon. Mr. MARSH returned thanks. He said—I cannot be expected to respond to the remarks of the gentleman who has just addressed you, by dwelling upon matters personal to myself, and I will therefore only briefly state by way of excuse, that if in any of my remarks this day I have offended any one, by expressing too decided opinions, it is not a family trait. If there be any truth in old Master Fox, one of my name was burnt by the Bishops in April, 1555, for heresy. (Cheers.)—And this example instead of amending us, has but confirmed us in our obstinacy. (Cheers.)—But I will not dwell on matters personal to myself. I well remember the first Dutch words I ever heard. They were from the lips of a venerable Knickerbocker. Many years ago an insane old man came from the banks of the Hudson to the foot of the Green Mountains. He was wont to lament, at length, the fall of the ancient Dutch race; and one of his most frequent phrases cannot be forgotten by me. I will translate it; for, perhaps, even in New Amsterdam itself, it might not otherwise be altogether intelligible. It was "The old Hollanders are all dead, and the Yankees have married their daughters." (Laughter and cheers.) It is said by those acquainted with this old man's history, that he had reasons for being tender on this subject of mixed marriages. (Renewed laughter.) But, however that might be, it is undeniable that the "old Hollanders" are gone, and that the Yankees have been incorporated into their family and obtained their inheritance. (Cheers.) There are very good reasons for this. We are descended from the same stock—we have the same mother tongue—we unite the blood of the Anglo Saxon and the Batavian races—and we are intimately connected by the strong bonds of mutual kind offices. It is true that the celebrated Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, carried a broom at the head of his ship in allusion to his own name, and threatened to sweep the English out of the channel. But with these trifling exceptions, the Anglo-Saxon race and we of Batavian blood are on very good terms. Moreover, we of New England have strong incentives to gratitude for the generous hospitality of the "Old Hollander." No true Yankee can have forgotten—no true New Englander ever can forget the hospitality extended to our fathers by the Dutch of the 17th century. (Cheers.) Without their aid the "Pilgrims" never could have colonized the shores of New England and laid the foundations of this republic. (Cheering.) We are connected not only by ties of blood, and neighborhood, and hospitality, but we have the same great traits of character. One of them is individuality, and another is the disposition to adhere to principle regardless of conventional forms. These are the great elements of social progress, and from the want of these principles many nations of the old world have remained the same through the whole period of our history; I will detain you no longer, but give as a toast the sentiment somewhat altered of the old Knickerbocker, to whom I have alluded—

"The Batavian Dutch of the 17th century—the fathers honored our ancestors, and the sons of the latter have espoused their descendants." (Loud applause.)

The next regular toast was—

"New England—We are willing to share her fortunes and abide her destiny."

The Hon. Mr. WARREN, of Boston, was loudly called on to respond. He then rose, and was received with loud and continued cheering. He said—

Mr. President—It is by the kindness of your committee that I am here, and by the excessive kindness of that committee it has been intimated to me that the company would be patient with me in responding to the toast just drank. I have come, sir, from Boston, from the banks of the Charles, and I have some fear that the company will think that I have some qualities in common with that other individual just mentioned, who came from the banks of the Hudson—(A laugh.) But if I am crazy, it is on that particular subject of a New England celebration of this anniversary—(Cheers.) It is common, though we have seen no instance of it here, for individuals who are called upon, frequently, as I have been, to commence a speech, though I tell you beforehand, not to expect one from me—with some egotism.—Sometimes it is said by the speaker, that he did not expect to be called upon. I cannot say that with truth—(A laugh.) I did expect to be called upon—(Laughter.) Sometimes the speaker expresses a fear that he will occupy time that might be more profitably employed. Well, that is true in my case—(Laughter.) I will take care to remember it, and make my remarks conformable. Still I must say, I have a right to be here, because I have been invited, and it is proper, because I have certain associations with the occasion and the event, which are indeed not peculiar to myself, but upon which I value myself exceedingly. I was born under "the shadow of" that great "rock" in that "weary land." (Cheers.) I had ancestors, divers of them—in that very ship, the "May Flower;" and, therefore, I have a right—having been invited—you all understand me—(laughter)—to join in the celebration of an event of this kind. I do not mean, however, to talk much about my ancestors, because I see so many around me who will, mayhap, fling back the old joke, that those who talk much of their ancestors remind one of the potato heap, of which it is truly said—the best part of it is under ground. (Great laughter.) I do not come, strictly speaking, as a delegate from Massachusetts. (A laugh.) I wish I did. But between you and me, I fear if Massachusetts had chosen a delegate to represent her on this occasion, I should not have been here. (Roars of laughter.) Therefore, you will understand that Massachusetts is not to stand committed by any thing that I say. (Renewed laughter.) But still I stand as the representative of Massachusetts, in one measure—and I mean to speak for Massachusetts, as her representatives, when I say that no Association exists in the country, or can exist, which commands more heartily the sympathies of her sons than this very society in the city of New York. (Cheers.) The last toast gives expression to your willingness and determination to stand by New England—to abide by her destiny. What that destiny may be none of us can tell. What her history has been—what its state now is—we know; and we have no fear as to what that destiny may be. It may be as has been stated by the orator to-day. It may be that we of New England may be called upon, and shortly called upon, to stand shoulder to shoulder, as our fathers did, and in the defence of the right. It may be that we may be called to share their perils, and brave what they braved. And if we are called into a conflict like that, under whatever form it may come, I am sure that I need not say that we would derive infinite strength from the assistance and sympathy of men such as compose the New England Society. (Cheers.) And they are safe in the pledge they give in one respect, whatever perils may come—whatever jeopardy may come upon us—I feel sure that they will be called to the defence of the right—that it will be in no idle quarrel in which we will be engaged—and if it come to any extremity of controversy with any other body or any other people, it will be in defence of those great principles of civil freedom and civil liberty which our fathers planted in the hearts of us all. (Cheers.) And this leads me to say and express a little more fully what has been intimated by the orator to-day, that I think, after all, the great distinguishing trait of our fathers, so far as we are looking at the springs of action—and that was a love of civil liberty and freedom. Of course I do not forget their religious character, but as a motive—as a spring of action—it seems to me that they held a secondary place in leading to the events which we now celebrate. It was the love of civil liberty and a disposition to promote and to spread it throughout the world, which led to the course of conduct they adopted in the mother country, and finally led to their expatriation from that country, and their landing on the shores of New England. I do not undertake to make any startling proposition, but I say that the foundation of liberty in England was laid by the Puritans in the latter part of the seventeenth century. They fled not so much from a hierarchy as from a monarchy. It was their sympathizing brethren kept at home—The Hampdens and Cromwells—who were not permitted to come to these shores, who dethroned Charles the First; and it was their successors who brought in William the Third, by whom that revolution in Great Britain was ushered in, which resulted in the establishment of what has been—and truly called—"the great and glorious constitution of that country." (Loud cheers.) Those who came here had a fresh soil to work upon. They had a good field for their exertions.—They acted upon these principles, and I think I may say with the perfect concurrence of every gentleman who hears me, that American liberty—civil freedom in this country, was born in the year 1620—it was baptized in blood in the year 1776—and it will be buried—just when we forget the principles of our forefathers. (Loud cheering.) But what are these principles? We have a great deal of them. They are in the mouths of all of us who undertake to speak—foolishly in some cases, I admit. (A laugh.) I do not mean to state them here at length, nor to undertake to illustrate them. General discussions of this kind are dry on occasions of this kind, when coming from individuals of a certain description, and we are not met here for the vindication of principles, nor to convince one another of their truth, but rather to bring up fresh upon the memory, and to excite every individual to apply them, and to carry them out as they may see fit. Well now, I mentioned that the two great principles of the pilgrims—not that they monopolized them, far from it—were, first, that all true freedom in a country must find its root in an enlightened and educated morality. (Cheers.) And in the second place, this condition being observed, that all their national happiness is in exact proportion to the intellectual and physical activity of the people. That is to say in other words, that all true national greatness and happiness depend upon good moral and industry. This is the N. England principle. These are the principles on which we stand—for which we have been sneered at—for which we are sneered at—and it is for us to say, annually, if not daily, whether we are not ready to stand by them—sound morals—educated morals and industry. We profess to hold these principles—we profess to have acted upon them. And as I have said before, we are sneered at on account of those principles. The indolent and the idle seeing us carry out these principles call ed us crafty—others call us cunning—and vicious men call us superstitious—and if I am not misinformed "the chivalry" have an idea that we are fanatical. (Loud laughter.) But after all, we have a right to inquire how those principles have stood the test of time—how far they have been practically valuable—how far they have been actually promotive of the public good, and, as I have intimated, I do not intend to argue the matter. And I am free to talk plainly on the matter in the presence of all around me, except two suspicious-looking gentlemen with pens in their hands, and who will, I trust, go to sleep now, as it is the only chance they will have during the evening. (Loud laughter.) They lay down their pens, I see, and this is a little family party, around the same hearth—many brothers I see, and a few sisters, too—(cheers)—and a few excellent cousins, whom I am glad to see sympathizing in this matter (Cheers.) Now, then, let us boast, brag, if we choose it is good to brag so long as you do it with truth; above all, so long as it holds good that—

They who a glorious ancestry enlarge,
Produce the debt, instead of the discharge.

(Cheers.) And now, let me ask, who is there who has ever gone forth from New England, and found reason to be ashamed of those principles, or of this ancestry. Who has ever shrunk from bringing them into comparison with the prevailing notions of any land to which he might be led? Who ever was afraid to plead guilty to the charge that he from his cradle had been taught to worship God habitually in his holy place? Who ever denied that he came from the land of churches and school houses? Who was ever ashamed that he was able to read—and, as we used to say in the old schools, to read without spelling? (A laugh.) Who ever was ashamed of the industry of his fathers?—that industry which they practised from the early time, which has overcome all the adverse circumstances of nature—that industry which has given them wealth and influence and happiness, and a vast moral power—that industry which has created what Mr McDuffie, I think, calls an "unnatural aristocracy" in New England? (Ironical laughter.) Yes, sir, an "unnatural aristocracy"—an aristocracy, sir, which instead of being rocked in a cradle, was cradled on a rock. (Tremendous applause.) That shocking and degrading aristocracy which digs, and spins, and catches fish, and dares to lift itself amongst the aristocracy of gloved hands and fishers of men. (Great cheering.) But I mean to put those questions, and not to answer them. But look further, and see to what tests these principles have been brought, and how they have stood the tests. I ask, do these principles create men—do they last—have they form and substance enough to be imperishable?—How is that? Look at the present state of things in New England. Look at the standing of those men who have gone out from a New England parentage. Look at that old man—not of New England, but of the country—who with a trembling hand, but with a stout heart, is dealing such buffets in the cause of freedom and of freemen, and ask if old John Adams would have been ashamed of his son! (Great cheering.) Look again at that venerable man in Boston, who, in a hale, and vigorous, and delightful old age, is daily adding new lustre to the name of Otis. (Cheers.) Or go to the freshly covered grave of the son of the Yankee leader of Bunker Hill, or to his late mansion, and then look at the third generation, and say whether the blood of Prescott, and say for yourself, and say for yourselves, for you have had an opportunity to judge, whether the blood of the Winthrops runs there in the present day—(Cheers.) And then to bring forth the memory of another great, and good, and noble man—let me repeat the phrase, a great, and good, and noble man—and let me ask of you New Yorkers whether the sons of Rufus King are worthy of mention. And Mr. President, there was another man less known to fame, but who should be more so, and whose history exhibited many of the Yankee traits. In the olden time, there was a man in New Hampshire, who in his youth was "bound apprentice," as we call it there, to a farmer; and the farmer was bound by his covenants to give him three months schooling in the year—a good old Yankee custom, and I trust one also in New York—but unlike Yankee masters in general, he failed to give the boy an hour's schooling, and he never had one till the day of his death. In the old French war of '56, this boy entered the army as a private, and he fought himself up to a commission, first as a warrant officer, then as an ensign, and upon the peace of Paris in 1763, he left the army, came home, and his first act upon his return, was to bring an action against his master for a breach of his covenant in not sending him to school. (Laughter and cheers.)—And the master compromised his claim and gave him a tract of land that is the family homestead now. The war of the revolution came, and this same man, now a captain of militia, went with his company to West Point, and was there at the time of Arnold's treason. And two nights after that treason, he stood guard before Washington's head quarters, and the next morning Washington thanked him in person for his vigilance and fidelity. Well, that man has left a son, and that son has often mounted guard since, when he thought treason was working in the American camp.—The father's name was Ebenezer Webster!—(A spontaneous and tremendous mark of applause—waving of handkerchiefs and most enthusiastic cheering.) I see it needed no prophet to tell what the son's name was! (Renewed cheering.) And now let me ask how New England principles have stood the influence of other climates? How do they stand here? Remember, this is a family party; we need not be afraid of being called egotistical. How then have New England principles and New England men stood in New York? Go to your churches—whether with Bishops or without them—(great laughter)—and let them answer that question. Go to your books printed in New York, and see whether the New England spirit of poetry has fled (Cheers.) Go to your Exchange go to your wharves and counting rooms, and find the good old New England principles of integrity. If the gentleman on my right, excuse me, may I not say that they still retain their *Good hue?* (Laughter.) Go to the courts of justice and do you not find capital lawyers amongst the New England *Staples?* (Continued laughter and applause.) But it is not my intention to give a catalogue of names, for if I were to enumerate all the New England men in New York who have done honor to their parentage as well as the place of their residence, that Yankee-man who publishes your "directory" would, I fear, prosecute me for a breach of his copy-right. (Laughter.) But, after all, I do not mean these, remarks as panegyric. I do not mean that we are driven hard to find cause of thankfulness that we do live and have lived in New England. You have come out from us, and perhaps you have done wisely. You have come out like the children of Israel, of old, under the guidance of *Moses* [This allusion to the baptismal name of the respected President was received with the most uproarous laughter, in which the fair lookers-on from behind the chair heartily joined.] Do us the justice to say that you did not leave a land of bondage and we follow you as we have opportunity, like Pharoah of old, with a strong desire to bring you back, but with no feeling of enmity, and no fear of being overwhelmed except by your kindness. (Loud cheers.) But while we that remain there are contented, as it is well we should be, we are proud of our men that remain, and of those that have gone out from us. And we are ashamed of nothing. (A laugh.) In the general, I mean. (Renewed laughter). We derive comfort from all adverse circumstances. They say that our climate is uncongenial. Well, it may be so, but it has given us good reason to be satisfied with it. It has its advantages. We can say of it, as it was said of the climate of Russia, when Napoleon retreated—that it is a defence against enemies—it is, in fact, a perfect *shivers de freeze!* (Roars of laughter.) It is true that we have a plenty of Jack Frost—but precious little of Jack Cade. (Laughter and cheers.) It is true that weeds are plentier than corn, and more sand than either. (Laughter.) But there is one weed, which Mr. Banks said would grow on any soil which New England has not—it is the weed of slavery. (Terrific cheering for some minutes.) It is true that we have no cotton plantations, but then we have most productive fields of —— ice. (Laughter.) And, although we have no fair and broad Savannah, we have, as you have all seen this day, most highly cultivated *Marshes* (Great laughter and loud cheering.) It was my happiness to be in Boston at the time of the celebration, had in honor of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, and there I saw the sons of New England from the city of New York. They met on the morning of that day in Summer street, in Boston, upon Church Green—how felicitous the selection of that spot for the meeting place of New England men on their returning home again! (Cheers.) They were there in strength of numbers and of character; and as that Procession moved through the streets, there was no banner more nobly—more proudly borne than theirs; and, let me say, none blazoned with a nobler heraldry; and as they passed amongst the multitude assembled on that occasion, may I not say here to you, that every man who saw them felt a fresh assurance that there was something in a New England parentage—something in a Yankee spirit which no distance could deaden, and no time extinguish? (Loud cheers.) I have falsified my promise, as all lawyers—Yankee lawyers—do when they set out by declaring that they won't make a long speech. I shall not detain you a moment longer.—(Cries of "Go on—go on!") I have said that we are sorry that you went away from us, but I will retract that expression. I am glad. New England has lost no strength by your departure, for the wider the branches of the oak extends, the more vigorous and the firmer are its roots.—(Cheers.) The more you expose and extend the mine the richer becomes the ore. The New England colony in New York, is like the Sicilian fountain, only the reappearance of an ancient stream, breaking forth to refresh and invigorate other lands. (Cheers.) The New England principle loses nothing by diffusion. Every true son of New England carries his early home with him wherever he goes; and every new triumph of the children adds fresh lustre to the character of the mother. (Cheers.)—And following out this sentiment let me conclude by giving you as a toast—

"The influence of our forefathers, which
Spreads undivided, operates unspent!"

The fourth regular toast was—

"The Clergy of New England—Fit teachers for the times that tried men's souls, because they trained them in the time of triumph for the time of trial."

The Rev. Mr. BRUCE replied in appropriate terms.

The next regular toast was—

"The Common Schools of New England—The best security for the permanence of our institutions."

Rev. Dr. BELLOWS responded to this toast. He spoke briefly and in eloquent terms of the vast utility of the public schools of New England. The common school education in that part of the country was of the very highest order. He rejoiced that he could speak of the whole land as a great common schooled nation. (Cheers.)

The next regular toast was—

"The State of New York—Not Ireland, nor Germany, nor old England, nor even New England, but one of the old thirteen of the revolution." (Cheers.)

Mr. Brough and an amateur here sang, in exquisite style, that delicious duett,

"Could a man be secure,
That his life would endure."

Then came—

"The City of New York."

His HONOR, the Mayor responded in a very happy manner. He said—Mr. President, and Gentlemen: I assure you I never felt more embarrassed than in rising to address you. I have had the pleasure of listening to the eloquence and looking upon the intelligence of England assembled in Parliament, and in point of intelligence it could not compare with the audience now before me. That embarrasses me, but great as you are I am happy to be one of your relatives. I am not a New Englander, as you will perceive from my speech. (Laughter.) I am a Dutchman, and we Dutchmen cannot brag so readily and glibly as these New England gentlemen. (Laughter.) We are all sister States in this Union, and I am at least one of your cousins. I do not much like long speeches.—(Laughter and cheers.) And I will, therefore, at once conclude by giving you a sentiment:—

"Our cousins of Yankee-land—a mighty smart lot of fellows, and no prettier girls in all creation."

This toast was received with peals of laughter, and drank with vociferous applause.

The next toast was—

The Sister Benevolent Societies."

Mr. REYBURN, of the St. Patrick's Society, responded in one of his admirable little speeches, delivered in the rich and racy *patois* of his country.—He said "Mr. President and gentlemen of St Jonathan, (laughter) I beg pardon, the New England Society, I have heard a great deal of Plymouth Rock, which, I am sorry to say, I have never seen. I hope, however, one day to make a pilgrimage to it. (Cheers.) We have also a famous rock or stone in Ireland, which we call the Blarney Stone." (Laughter.) But like his honor the Mayor, I don't much like long speeches. So to come at once a close, let me give you—

"Plymouth Rock—the *Blarney Stone of New England.*"—(Roars of laughter for several minutes.)

Hon. Mr. WARREN—Mr. President, I fear from the remarks made by the gentleman on your other side that something has been said that offended his sensibilities—(Mr. Reyburn—"Not at all my jewel!") I hope the rock is not a trouble to him—but if it be, I will say in the language of one of his countrymen, when asked if he would be "troubled with a letter"—"not at all your Honor," said he, "for your trouble is my pleasure"—(Roars of laughter.)

Mr. D. C. COLDEN, of the St. David's Society, returned thanks in eloquent terms. He alluded to the Berkshire Jubilee last summer, in which he had most agreeably participated, and concluded by giving—

"The education which New England gives her children is the grand secret of their fame and success."—(Cheering.)

The next regular toast from the chair, was

"New England." (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN in giving the next toast, said that it was one in which all the sons of New England were interested, it was

"The commerce of New York; it lays the treasures of the world at her feet, and makes the nations tributary to her civilization."

DE PEYSTER OGDEN, Esq., who was loudly called for, at last arose, and said that that meeting was composed of New England men, who were assembled there, the enterprising and noble men from whom they sprung; and on such an occasion many were the recollections that crowded upon the mind. That society was not established to perpetuate sectional feelings, nor local interests, but to be a noble incentive and example to all. The speaker in alluding to New York, the subject of the toast, passed a handsome eulogium on her capabilities, and influence; and depicted in fluent terms the operations and advantages of commerce, pointing out England and other countries as illustrations; and concluded by giving—

"The Commerce of Our Country.—New England furnishes wings to its enterprize, and claim to be always at home upon the deep." (Loud cheers.)

The PRESIDENT then gave—

"The New England Matrons—Like the Roman Matrons they glory in no jewels but their children. (Cheers.)

Song by Mr. Brough—"The Monks of Old."

The next toast from the Chair, was—

"The New York representatives of the unostentatious but sterling virtues—honesty and hospitality."

The Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN was repeatedly called for; he addressed the meeting by observing that if, as an invited guest he were called upon to make a speech, he should consider the terms less favorable than the payment of $5 for a ticket. He could not, however, although not disposed to speak, say that he was altogether unprepared; for it was kindly intimated to him that he should be expected to respond to that sentiment. He had hoped that the excellent music and eloquent speeches which they had heard, would have so arrested their attention and directed their future efforts that he should have passed unheeded. In rising at the call made upon him, he felt that he could not say anything worthy of the occasion. He did not rise to eulogise New England alone; after the addresses they heard, he could not supply any want of it. But if she did require eulogists, her advocates would spring from every quarter of the world; from every clime where New England enterprize has planted her foot. Her wisdom had illuminated the past history of the Union, and stands triumphant. When in the halls of their Legislature, it advocates the Constitution of their country. (Loud cheers.) The people of New England were entitled to all the praise he could give them, and he could say that they were not accustomed to hide their light under a bushel. (Laughter.) For nobly as they had done, and boldly as they acted, they did not forget to speak of the deeds of their sires; and it almost made a Dutchman like himself wish that his had been a New Englander. (Loud cheers.) Nor did this State do a mean part in the revolution; and his eye fondly reverted from the story of the founders of New England to that other band of heroes, who left their country in its most palmy state, when her ships were triumphant, and her power felt over the world. They landed at New Amsterdam, but, not lingering on the shore, with indomitable courage and unsurpassed enterprize, they pursued their way into the wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles into the wilderness from the ocean wave in the face of foes, savage and christain. They struggled with the French, with the savage, and carried their arms triumphantly to the gates of Montreal.—They formed laws in a spirit of liberality, not to control man's relation to his God. (Cheers.) They brought with them an indomitable love of freedom—that freedom that raised its throne in the hearts of true men. (Applause.) Yes, there was an indomitable love of freedom and sturdy independence, and a readiness to extend to all, to the French Hugunot and the English chevalier. Mr. Hoffman continued to address the meeting with great ability, and concluded by giving—

"New England—She holds in her hand the historic pen of the Union—may the same ability continue to characterize its use in kindred annals she has shown in recording her own immortal story." (Applause.)

Song—"The days when we went gipsying"—by Mr. Robinson.

After a toast by the Vice President, a glee was sung in fine style by Messrs. Brough, Stetson and Brown, when Mr. DRAPER, second Vice President, made a brief speech, and gave—

"Americanism—that which makes every native and adopted citizen cling to the doctrines of Washington and Independence." (Prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.)

Song—by Dr. McMichael. "The meeting of the waters."

"The Press" was next proposed by the President, to which Mr. King responded, and offered as a sentiment—

"The united race of Holland and New England—they do honor to their ancestors."

A number of letters of apology were announced as having been received. The following were read to the meeting. From the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Grace church; from Roger S. Baldwin, of Mass.; from Silas Wright, Governor of New York; (partial cheering) from Hon. Millard Fillmore, who came near being Governor; (tremendous applause and laughter.)

Governor Wright's letter reads as follows:—

CANTON, 9th December, 1844.

GENTLEMEN,—

Your note of the 28th ult., inviting me to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, to take place in the city of New York on the 23d of the present month, under the direction of the New England Society, has just reached me.

I have to regret that engagements, beyond my control will put it out of my power to accept the invitation. As a native of New England, it would afford me sincere pleasure to meet the Society and its guests upon an occasion so full of interest; and I desire, through you, to tender my earnest thanks, for this kind invitation. To yourselves also, gentlemen, my thanks are due, for the friendly manner in which, as the organs of the Society, you have made the communication.

I am very respectfully,
Your obed't servant,
SILAS WRIGHT.

Messrs. Thomas Fessenden, John Thomas, and Samuel T. Tisdale, Committee, &c.

After a song by the Vice President—

P. HONE, Esq. made a brief speech, and gave—

"Ancient Rome—A model to modern Republics—great and glorious as long as the title of Roman citizens was properly appreciated.

MOSES H. GRINNELL, Esq. briefly addressed the house and proposed—

"The Seamen of the Old Colony—by selecting them to command your packet ships you have given evidence of their skill and character."

Captain BAILEY being loudly called upon, responded with true technical brevity, much to the amusement of all who heard him, and was followed by Capt. Eldridge in a similar manner. They were both well received.

The next toast was given by Judge ROCKWELL. It was—

"The New Englanders of New York."

This toast was drank with great applause.

Mr ROCKWELL in the course of his remarks, introduced Mr. TRUMBULL who possessed, he said, a very interesting relic of the times of the Puritans,—a silver drinking cup, which once belonged to the celebrated John Robinson.

Mr. TRUMBULL,—who is, we learned, a grand-son of old Jonathan Trumbull first Governor of Connecticut of that name, and a nephew of the celebrated painter John Trumbull,—then addressed the company, and exhibited the cup. It was traced by tradition, he remarked, to the year 1717 when it was in the possession of Samuel Robinson, by whom it was bequeathed to Faith Robinson, afterward married to Jonathan Trumbull, from whom it came to the hands of the present possessor.

Mr. ROCKWELL jocularly remarked that if any evidence of Mr. Trumbull's veracity was wanted, he would be happy to give it. But in fact the cup, as had been said of Mr. Clay's mouth, "spoke for itself." (Laughter.)

Hon. Mr. WARREN begged to express his opinion that Mr. Trumbull was very happy "in his cups!" (Great laughter.)

The Hon. Mr. MARSH then proposed as a toast—

"The Memory of John Robinson, the original possessor of this cup—the true Christian, who, when he wrote to his brothers, said he wished they had converted some before they had slain any."

After this the volunteer toasts poured in—many after dinner speeches were made—good songs sung—and the festivities kept up by the "choicest spirits" of the party till a late hour.

It was, altogether, a very happy and joyous celebration. The enjoyment of the occasion was much enhanced by the fine singing of Mr. Brough, the amateur vocalists, and the "Orphean Family;" and the courtesy and attention of the hosts of the Astor, left nothing to be desired.

IMMIGRATION OF CRIMINALS FROM GERMANY INTO THE UNITED STATES.—A statement has been going the rounds of the newspapers intimating that the small German governments are in the habit of sending their convicts to the United States, in order to avoid the expense of keeping them. This has given great offence to our German immigrants, who number amongst them some of the most respectable and influential of our citizens. Some movement is contemplated by them in relation to this charge, in order to ascertain whether any ground exists for it or not.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.—*Lucrezia Borgia* will be repeated to-night, and we have strong hopes that the house will be as brilliant and as crowded as it was on the occasion of the previous representation. Indeed, fashionable people seem to be awakening slowly to a true appreciation of the beauty, the refinement, and graces of the classic musical drama, as it now exists at the Opera House. We are not without hopes that before many weeks the distinguished artists will be quite satisfied that New York can and will support the Opera. The former internal squabbles of the *troupe* reflected a great deal of ridicule on the Opera itself and injured its prospects materially for the time. But since their present democratic organization, they have been doing very well and great good feeling exists. We have now the strongest hopes of the establishment of the Opera under the most cheering auspices.

OLE BULL'S CONCERT.—The tremendous storm of wind, snow and rain which set in yesterday afternoon, and continued with uninterrupted violence to near ten o'clock, was a sufficient excuse for the failure of any public entertainment, but Ole Bull gave his concert, notwithstanding, and despite the tempest that howled without, all was harmony and enthusiasm within. The "Niagara" was gloriously played, and was received, this time, with a prompt demonstration of delight on the part of the audience. It is truly a great performance, and will be more and more admired every time it is heard. The "Solitude of the Prairie," another new piece by Ole Bull, was produced for the first time, last evening, and displayed a wonderful diversity and depth of fancy and power. These two pieces contain within themselves fundamental elements of greatness, and are destined to live long after their author has ceased to guide their harmonies with his magic bow. They ought to place Ole Bull at once in the front rank of musical composers, and we do not doubt that they will be received, upon their production in Europe, with the most unbounded admiration.

STEAMSHIP CALEDONIA from Boston for Liverpool arrived at Halifax on the 18th inst.

Superior Court.

Before a full Bench.

DEC. 23.—DECISIONS.—*Alexander H. Brown ads. James Lane.*—Order from Chambers referring this cause set aside, and cause restored to calendar, to be tried in its order, without costs to either party.

[No day calender to be made up during the trial week of the next January Term. The Court will proceed to call from the general calendar, and no cause will be set down for any during the trial week.]

His Honor the Chief Justice, hereupon disposed of some unimportant motions, when the case of

Bernard Rhinelander vs. Samuel Adams—Was called on. This was an action of assumpsit to recover the amount of one year's rent, due out of premises, 155 Allen street.—The defence put in was, that half the rent was paid, and the balance was offered. Adjourned over.

Before Judge Oakley.

Daniel Flock vs. George W. Thurly and Jesse C. Cleves.—This was an action of trespass for assault and battery which it is alleged was committed in a rencontre that took place between the parties on the 6th of April last, at No 167 West Broadway. The quarrel originated in consequence of a claim made for rent by defendant Thurly, when he used some hard names towards plaintiff's wife, which the husband took up, and making an effort to evict Thurly, the alleged assault was committed.

U. S. Circuit Court.

Before Judge Betts.

DEC. 23.—*Eubank vs. Walter.*—The Court charged in this case to-day, when the Jury found for defendant.

Edward Robinson vs. John Jewett.—This was an action of trespass for breach of covenant, brought to recover $1,195 75, alleged to be due for rent out of premises situated in Pennsylvania, on which was built a saw-mill, with its appurtenances—a grist-mill—furnace—and it was put in for defence that an eviction took place and that on letting the premises the landlord did not apprise the parties that there were liens on the premises, by other parties. It appeared that Plaintiff bought his interest of one-third of the rent from a party named John Gamble, the other two thirds being the property of Israel and Isaac Kinsman. The title to the premises being in litigation, the plaintiff contends that he devised to the Defendant nothing more than his individual interest in the real estate, such as he had purchased from Gamble. Adjourned over.

Court Calendar—This Day.

COMMON PLEAS—Nos 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 13, 15, 16, 27, 30.
CIRCUIT COURT—Nos 11, 13, to 31, inclusive.