

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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From the U. S. Gazette.

ELIJAH.
I KISSED, SIX, 11--13.
On Horeb's mount Elijah stood,
A hurricane swept by,
With noise as of a rushing flood,
It echoed through the sky.
The mountains reeled, the rocks were rent,
Destruction filled the world;
The stubborn pines and oaks were bent,
And all in ruin hurled.
Elijah stood to hear the word,
And looked to see a form,
But naught he saw, and might he heard--
God was not in the storm.
And still he stood on Horeb's mount,
An earthquake shook the world,
Mountain and river, rock and fount,
Were in a confusion hurled.
Elijah stood, and veiled his face,
His God's commands to hear,
But naught he saw, and might he heard,
For still God was not there.
Again, a blazing fire came forth,
An emblem, dear to us,
And sweeping on from south to north,
Consumed all in its path.
Elijah bowed his aching head,
Now burning with desire;
But all was silent as the dead,
God was not in the fire.
Again, there came a "still small voice,"
Borne softly on the air,
Which seemed to say "rejoice, rejoice,"
In whispers mild and clear.
And o'er his head, when that he heard,
His mantle close he drew,
With reverence bowed to hear God's word,
For that "small voice" he knew.
And at the entrance of the cave,
With solemn awe he stood;
Jehovah there his mantle gave,
For in that voice was God.

From the Albany Evening Journal.
THE TIME FOR DEATH.
While musing o'er scenes of vanished bliss,
That cannot fill my heart to dim the eye,
My spirit longed its destiny to trace,
And sought to learn the time to die.
In joyous youth, when life on rainbow wings
Of golden promise, seems to fly;
When every hour some new-born pleasure brings,
I asked my heart, is this the time to die?
It is when love hath won its brightest spell,
That flame aloft but to the favored few;
It is this time to give our thoughts to death,
Or shade the future with so sad a hue?
It is when age has set its withering light
On all thy long heart dream'd in days gone by;
When love and fame have lost their magic light,
Oh, is not this a welcome time to die?
Presumptuous wish! to know the will of God,
Or seek to dictate to his Father,
Father! how beneath the chastening rod,
And own the time thou choicest is the best.

From the Alexandria Gazette.
EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.
Speaking of emigration reminds me of an instance I was once an eye-witness of, and which perhaps it may not be deemed out of place here to relate. I had been travelling in the "far west," not for the purpose of seeking a situation on which to locate myself for life, but rather as a traveler, who after pursuing the bent of his curiosity thro' a land represented as flowing with milk and honey, was on his return to his friends, with the fullest conviction from what he saw, that with all its imperfections, there was no place like home. I had understood that a gentleman, formerly of my native country was living a short distance from where I made out of my way, that I would call and see him. Accordingly I set out for the residence of the emigrant, with a desire to see how he was established, and to give them such information as I possessed in relation to their friends across the mountains. I found my host engaged in repairing the fires that had been built around his dwelling at short distances, to protect the cattle from the annoyance of the mosquitoes; and it was singular to one not accustomed to the sight, to see how well the dumb brutes understood this precaution in their behalf. They walked to and fro through the spaces between the fires, lashing themselves with their brushes, and rubbing each other as they passed, with an instinct almost remarkable.
After contemplating this scene for a few moments, I was ushered into the--(not house, but) log cabin of the emigrant, with a cordiality that told me where he was raised. He had been a resident of this spot about three years, and after incessant toil and innumerable vexations had succeeded in building the cabin in which he lived, and had cleared about ten acres of land--He had also got some stock around, but the tormenting mosquitoes had so worried the cattle that their appearance indicated the greatest suffering. He informed me that the purchase of his land and the expense of his family, some of whom had been sick most of the time, together with expenses incurred in improvements on the place, had exhausted all his means, and he was then without ability to remove, altho' he was anxious to do so. The residence of our emigrant was about fifty miles from any other human habitation, was accessible by only one wretched road and was rendered still more intolerable by the unpleasant notes of the wiper, swills and frogs--And here in this dreary solitude, cut off from the society which they loved and by which they were beloved, dwelt as excellent a man and as admirable a woman as ever forsook abundance and happiness at home, among friends, to seek them in a fuller measure among strangers. He was of respect

able connexions had received a good education, and studied law for a considerable time with a view of making it a profession; but distrusting his abilities, or finding the suit hackneyed or overdone, and it is ranked filled up with a doubtful mixture of materials, he determined like a wise man to embrace the profession of his father, and follow the plough for a living. He married a beautiful and excellent girl, was in a thriving way in the neighborhood in which he was born, and with his application and economy, would, no doubt, have succeeded to wealth. But the emigrating mania broke out in his neighborhood and he fell a victim to it. He sold out and with two or three others, bent his way to the land of promise. Three years had now rolled round since his departure from his home, and he assured me the whole period had been one of sickness and disappointment.--He had not despaired, for he was not of a temperament to despair; but he had lost much of the natural cheerfulness of his disposition; was driven by necessity into a sort of stoical school of philosophy, tho' the world by no means poetical, but a plain matter of fact concern, and that part of it called "his west," in particular, not the thing it was cracked up to be.

In fact, our hero was in the "ear and yellow leaf," not of years but of feeling; and it was in some such mood as this, while sitting at the table on the second afternoon of my arrival, that our conversation turned up to home and the thousand associations connected with it. "We have not found things as we expected," said the emigrant in a subdued tone, "but we must bear with them and hope for something better in future--it is a long lane that has to turn, and our prospects may yet brighten up and leave us nothing to be sorry for." "They may brighten up," said the wife, "but it will only be when you and I are in the grave, or too old to enjoy them. What prospect have we here in this wilderness, deprived of even the sight, much less the intercourse of neighbors, that can compensate for the sacrifices we have endured? Yes, our prospects may brighten; we may not always be as we are now, without neighbors and the pleasures of society; but we shall always have something to be sorry for, while the friends we loved, and the scenes we delighted in are stricken from our sight and no more to be enjoyed forever." Here her articulation became obstructed--her heart was full--and she gave way to a flood of tears. As soon as I could wipe away a little drop that had gathered in my own eye, in spite of all that I could do, I turned to her stoical philosopher, but there was nothing of the stoic in him--his visions of wealth, and all his anticipations of the future, had suddenly given way before the simple but affecting eloquence of his wife--he melted into tears.

The scene that began, and the associations that cemented them are no longer present to the senses, and wanting these disinterested and indissoluble features, our after attachments are generally any thing but of the heart--there are persons, it is true, to whom one place is as dear as another, and who care but little for any one else, so that all goes smoothly with themselves. Such persons are to be pitied--they are as strangers in the world; who do not rest upon its green spots, drink not at its most refreshing fountains, pass the richest enjoyments by unheeded, live uncareful for, and die unweped.

From the Boston Trumpet.
HEEDLESSNESS IN PECUNIARY MATTERS.
Men are too frequently heedless in regard to their promises. You desire one to perform some service for you; it may be labor of some sort, or merely the transaction of certain business to which you cannot conveniently devote your personal attention. He promises very fairly; and on the strength of his promise you neglect to procure other assistance. But he fails to perform his promise, and you suffer harm, being unable to execute the design without his assistance. Yet men are too often unconscious of the evil they occasion by such heedlessness. If they promise with an honest intention to perform, but are prevented by some unforeseen and unavoidable obstruction, they are innocent. But when they promise heedlessly, without any intention to perform, or seeing no prospect to perform, or not caring whether they fulfill their promise or not, they manifest a criminal disregard to faithfulness and truth, which is highly unbecoming the character of any one who makes the least pretensions to honesty.
To the same class of offences belongs the neglect to pay just and honest debts--There are those who are always ready to incur debts, but utterly heedless about paying them. Whether they need an article or not, they readily purchase, if they can obtain it on a credit. They are prodigal of promises. They will pay you at any time--just when it may best accommodate you. But when you have opened your account, you cannot foresee the time when it will be closed. I do not speak of those who are unable to pay; but of those who are able, but so heedless and inconsiderate as either to forget the matter entirely, or to imagine it can make no difference to you whether they pay promptly or not--They renew their promises often, and break them as often; and you suffer harm from their heedlessness. And they also will suffer harm, sooner or later. They acquire the name of slack-payers, and find it more difficult to obtain credit than their neighbors, who perhaps have less property, but are more punctual.
As to that class of debtors, who contract debts which they never intend to pay. I only remark; if they contract such debts for absolute necessities, to preserve the lives of their families, they have an excuse. But they are utterly inexcusable if they purchase what they do not need, unless they intend to pay, and see a reasonable prospect of paying for it.
Are any of you guilty of such criminal heedlessness? Let us remember that it

indicates an unpardonable indifference to the feelings of our brethren, and even to their wants and sufferings. For it often occurs that our negligence in the performance of promises, or payment of debts, is a matter of serious inconvenience to them.--They are disappointed; and what is worse, they sometimes suffer loss or even distress through our fault. Knowing these facts, if we persist in such a course, promising what we have no honest intention to perform and contracting debts, and then neglecting to discharge them according to promise, when we might pay them without material inconvenience, we manifest a criminal indifference to the welfare of our brethren. If we will compare the principles on which such conduct is founded, with the requisitions of the gospel, we shall discover a striking inconsistency between them. We shall be satisfied that we are destitute of that spirit of universal and fervent love which the gospel requires. If we have been thus heedless hitherto, let us be so no longer. But let us rather obey the apostolic injunction--"Render therefore to all their dues--owe no man any thing, but to love one another."--Rom. xiii. 7, 8.

SCOLDING WIVES.--On a certain occasion a reverend father, who was preaching to a refined audience on the pangs of a guilty conscience, made use of the following very familiar simile: "An evil conscience is like a scolding wife." But he did not stop there; he continued to draw out every possible thread of his illustration to its full length. "A scolding wife, my brethren, will not let you rest at home or abroad, at dinner or at supper, in bed, or even out of bed! Her litigious temper and loud tongue, (which is worse than thunder to the wine cask) take all the juices and savouriness out of the ragouts you eat; all the sugar and sweetness out of the coffee you drink. Whether you go forth on foot or on horseback, or in a coach drawn by four galloping horses, all is one; she is always at your skirts, following you with her ever-ready tongue."

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.--Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man to whom his beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him too, be industrious in adorning his domain--in making his home--the dwelling of his wife and children--not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects--in decorating it, within and without with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order--a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, cheerful, happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant their minds and souls, in the way proposed, with the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

CHEERFULNESS AND MOROSENESS.--If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful. We take our food with relish, and whatever it may be, it pleases us. We feel better for it--stronger and livelier, and fit for exertion. Now, what happens to us if we are ill-tempered and discontented? Why, there is not any thing which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes right for us; the weather either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, moon nor stars have any beauty; the fields are barren, the flowers withered, and the birds silent. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved.

As habits of intemperance are not soon or easily acquired, being in most constitutions, especially in early years, accompanied with fits of fear and headache, the young may easily guard against them. I have sometimes met with those who had made it a rule never to drink any thing stronger than water, who were respected on that very account; who enjoyed health and strength and vigour of mind, and gaiety of heart in an uncommon degree; and were so far from considering themselves as under any painful restraint, that they assured me they had no more inclination to taste wine, or strong drink, than I had to eat a nauseous medicine. If I could prevail on my young friends to imitate the example, I should do much good to their souls and bodies, their fortunes and intellects; and be happily instrumental in preventing a thousand vices and follies, as well as many of the infirmities which beset the old age of him who has given way to intemperance in youth.

TIME.--Time wastes us too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious than rubies, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day never to return.
"Nay, daily not with Time, the wise man's treasure,
Though fools are lavish on't--the fatal fisher
Hooks so is while we waste moments."

TRUTH.--The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its origin from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning from the lie. Truth is the foundation of knowledge, and the cement of all societies.
Causabon

Suicide of a Dog.--The United States Gazette has a story about a dog of superior intelligence, and untimely death, the substance of which is as follows:
The dog in question was a superb fellow in form and outward attraction, as he was amiable and intelligent. He had endeared himself to his master, and by dint of long suffering and devotion, to his mistress, who was no lover of his kind. His master resided near the Norris-wood and Philadelphia Rail Road. Caesar lived comfortably and at his ease, guarding them with the fidelity of his species. He was a dog of some fire and liked an occasional frolic, altho' his general deportment was staid, sober, and an example to all his race.--One day, he was eyeing the poultry in the yard, and the mounting dog in his heart prompted him to make a dash among them. He yielded to the tempter, pounced upon the luckless fowls and killed one outright. The deed was witnessed by his mistress, who proceeded inconspicuously to inflict corporal chastisement on the murderer. He was belabored with a broomstick until he howled for pain. It was supposed that the punishment would cure him forever of the habit of killing chickens. So it did. But it did more. From that moment, Caesar, was an altered dog. The pangs of his spirit were greater than the pangs of his body. He became low spirited, listless, and indifferent to the caresses to obtain which he would once have wagged himself out of his skin. The iron had entered into his soul. He had forfeited the good opinion of those he most loved. A few days after his disgrace, he walked out to the rail road, about the time when the train was wont to pass by. A few minutes elapsed, and the cars came thundering on. He gave one look towards his old home, then laid his neck on the rail, and in a few moments Caesar was beyond shame or in suit.--N. Y. Star.

Formation of Coal and Iron.--The important uses of coal and iron, in administering to the supply of our daily wants, give to every individual amongst us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern of which few are conscious, in the geological events of those distant eras.--We are all brought into immediate connexion with all the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth before one half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielded back their elements to the earth and at atmosphere, by which they were nourished, but, treasured up in subterranean store houses, have, been transferred into enduring beds of coal, which, to men, in these latter ages, have become the sources of heat, light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas, derived from coal: that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of earth. We prepare our food and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the extraordinary power of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth one the formation of the transition strata, are completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which are constructed by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with or more ancient than the fuel by the aid which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to the innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved on the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron; two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral productions of the earth to increase the riches and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind.--[Buckland's Bigwater Treatise.]

AN OLD INSTRUMENT APPLIED TO A NEW PURPOSE.--A man of much presence of mind living near Abordare, heard a thief breaking into his house in the night. He reached to a bottle of soda water on his mantle piece, and as soon as the fellow's head was visible, took deliberate aim and cut the string. The cork hit him in the face, the stream followed, the thief thinking it blood fell on his knees and roared for mercy. He was suffered to depart on promise of amendment.

What's in a Name?--The clerks in the English post offices are ingenious at detecting letters written with invisible ink on the covers of newspapers, and such like methods of avoiding the payment of postage; but there is a class of expedients which puts their ingenuity at fault--that of making the letter a part of the name of the person addressed. A person wanted to let a friend in Dublin know that a shawl and letter sent by him had been received, and for this purpose directed a newspaper to William Shawl-safe Got-letter Humby, Esq., which, as it might or might not be a name, could not be charged.--N. Y. Eve. Post.

EMIGRATION.--To give the public at a distance some idea of the tide of emigration setting west, we would mention, says the Buffalo Journal of Monday last, that since yesterday morning, six steamboats have left this city, bound up the lakes, to wit, the New York, for Chicago, and the Gov. Marcy, Charles Townsend, United States, Oliver Newbury, and Gen. Porter for Detroit--all of which were literally loaded with passengers, and some of them had to leave port before their time, to avoid the press of emigrants to secure a passage.

A Yankee speculator is about to take a drove of dogs from Canada to New York for the purpose of killing them and obtaining a premium of fifty cents a head.
The Cholera was raging in Italy at the last accounts from that country.

OPENING OF FALL SCHOOLS

During the months of Sept. and October the parents begin to send the older children to school; at this time also, new books are purchased, and in most cases a new teacher employed. This is a good season of the year to make a change for the better, and we will with great earnestness and sincerity ask the School District a few plain practical questions:

1st. What wages have you, heretofore, given your teacher?
Would it be cheaper, taking all things into consideration, to employ one of higher qualifications, if you have to pay him a little more?
Can you spend your money in any other way so wisely as in giving your children a good education?

2d. What an essential to our well being, as virtue and intelligence, in those around you?
Of all men, who should be more virtuous and intelligent, than that man, who educates and forms the character of your children?
Will any thing but a higher salary secure higher qualifications?
If a well educated teacher saves school books, and above all, your children's time by advancing them faster and more correctly in their studies, can you not afford to pay him more?

3dly. What is the condition of your school house?
Are the windows filled with glass?
Are the clap-doors falling off?
Are the doors thrown off from the hinges?
Is the stove or pipe out of order?
Are the school desks of the right construction?
Have they back pieces? Are they cut full of holes and ridges with the penknives?
Does the school house leak rain and admit the wind?

4thly. Is this building located in a good place?
3dly. What school books do you use?
Can you not select a better series, than abide by these, freeing yourselves from the perplexity of so much changing?
4thly. Can you not elect school officers who are competent, and will be faithful to the interests of the school?
5thly. Can you not keep your children more steadily at school?
Shall this winter go to school one day, and stay at home the next?
Can you not give them more than two or three months schooling, during the whole fall and winter?

6thly. Will you not endeavor to visit the school once a week this winter, and take a suitable interest in your teacher and his instructions?
Finally, will you not resolve when the fall school is opened to start anew on this momentous subject? Will you not begin then to give this subject more aid, more attention, than you have done?

The whole state of New York is awake to the subject at least, and the district that stays behind now, will deprive itself of many advantages.

MR. VAN BUREN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE POPE

MR. Cicognani, the American Consul at Rome wrote a letter to Mr Van Buren, dated May 1st, 1836, in which he informs him of his official visit to the Pope. "His holiness received me," says Mr Cicognani, in the most benign manner, and expressed the most favorable sentiments for the government as well as for the nation of the United States of America."

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, 20th July, 1836.

Felix Cicognani, Consul of the United States at Rome.

Sir: Your letter of the 11th April, and the 1st of May, the first anticipating the favorable sentiments of his holiness the Pope, towards the Government of the United States, and the last confirming your anticipations, have been received in this department, and submitted to the President, by whom an order directed to convey to his holiness thro' the same channel, an assurance of satisfaction which he derives from this communication of the frank and liberal opinions entertained by the Apostolic See towards the government, and the people, and of the policy which you likewise state his holiness has adopted, and which is so worthy of the head of a Christian Church, assiduously to cultivate in his intercourse with foreign nations, the relations of amity and good will, sedulously to abstain from all interference with each other, except with the benign views of effecting reconciliations between them.

You will accordingly seek an early opportunity to make known to the Pope, in the terms and manner best suited to the occasion, the light in which the President views the communication referred to; and likewise you will assure him that the President reciprocates, to their fullest extent and spirit, the friendly and liberal sentiments evinced by his holiness towards the government and people of the United States; by those which he entertains towards the Apostolic See and the people of the Church; and it is the President's wish that you should offer his congratulations to the Holy Father upon his recent accession to the Pontifical, not from any hereditary claim on his part, but from the prepossessing influence which a just estimate of his talents and virtues had upon the enlightened councils by which that high distinction was conferred, and which afforded the best pledge that his pontificate will be a wise and beneficial one.

You will take care likewise to assure his holiness, in reference to the parental solicitude which he expresses in behalf of the Roman Catholics in the United States, that all our citizens professing religion, stand upon the same elevated ground, as citizens of all other religious denominations occupy in regard to the right of conscience, that of perfect liberty, contra distinguished from toleration, that they are free, in common with their fellow citizens of all other sects, and practices, the worship best adapted to their reason or prejudices, and that there exists a perfect unanimity of faith in the U. States among religionists of all professions, as to the wisdom and policy of that cardinal feature of our commitments and forms of government--those of the United States and separate states of the Union, by which this inestimable right is so firmly recognized, and the enjoyment of it inviolably secured.

I have given directions for the transmission to you of the acts of Congress which you request, by the earliest convenient opportunity.
In the mean time, I am, sir, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

In order that the LIBERAL sentiments en-

tertained by his holiness the pope, towards the government and people of the United States of which Van Buren speaks so highly, may be understood, we lay them before the reader just as they are contained in the circular letter of his holiness:

The following are extracts from pope Gregory's Ecclesiastical Letter.

"From the polluted fountain of indifference, flows that abused and erroneous doctrine, or raving in favor and defence of 'liberty and conscience,' for which most peccatorial error the course is open to that entire and wild liberty of opinion which is every where attempting the overthrow of religious and civil institutions, and which the unblushing impudence of some hold forth as an advantage to religion. Hence that pest of all others most to be dreaded in a State, unbridled liberty of opinion, licentiousness of speech, and a host of novelties, which, according to the experience of all ages, portend the downfall of the most powerful and flourishing empires."

Hitherto tenets that earnest and fever sufficiently to be exercised and devoted liberty of the press, for the diffusion of all manner of writings which some so fondly contend for, and so actively promote."

"No means must be omitted, as the extremity of the case calls for all our exertions to exterminate the fatal pest which spreads through so many works, nor can the materials of error be otherwise destroyed than by FLAMES, which consume the depraved element of the evil."

REMARKS.--There are few things contained in the foregoing communication of Mr Van Buren to the Pope of Rome, that require particular observation. The general tenor and spirit of this letter is that of fulsome and sickening adulation. It is evident, beyond a doubt, from the tone of this letter, that Van Buren is extremely anxious to court the especial favor of the Roman Catholics, that "great and Christian church," as he calls them, and especially anxious to create and maintain a friendly and cordial communication and intercourse with "His Holiness, the Holy Father."--And all this Mr Van Buren does not as a private man but as an officer of the government--for it will be recollected that at the time of correspondence he was acting as Secretary of State. To bring this matter home to our bosoms, we need not ask ourselves what would have been our feelings as American citizens, had Mr Van Buren, as Secretary of State in this republican government, addressed the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, or any other denomination of Christians, even of our own country, in the complimentary and congratulatory terms with which he has addressed the Pope of Rome? Aye, there is the rub. What would have been our feelings in such a case? The indignation of the American people of every name and every profession could not have found an adequate vent--so jealous are the people of the connexion between church and state.

Then how shall we look upon the case when the Romish church is the creature that is so fondly wooed and fondly handled by Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State of the United States?

The reader will observe how remarkably well pleased Mr Van Buren is with this arrangement between contending nations. It means any thing whatever, it means that the intriguer is willing to submit the difficulties that the United States may get into with other nations, and of course, among ourselves, to the award of his holiness. What would be thought by patriots who admire our own civil institution, which have utterly divorced church and state affairs, of the propriety of submitting to the arbitration of the presbyterians or the methodists the difficulties between Ohio and Michigan? We need not follow the matter up.

But the question is, how is the pope of Rome to accomplish his benign view of effecting reconciliation? About this matter there is some mystery and yet some revelation in the intriguer's letter. Had we the communication which the pope sent to the intriguer, all might be revealed. We leave it to the reader to surmise what the "letter" is which it is said "his holiness has adopted." It is Van Burenism to leave such business in the dark. But we are fainful enough to deem that we can smell something of the rat, especially when we reflect upon the Catholic operations in this country since the date of this correspondence, in connexion with other clauses in Mr. Van Buren's letter.

Mr Van Buren expresses himself well pleased in reference to the parental solicitude which the holy father expresses in behalf of the Roman Catholics in the United States--with the friendly and liberal sentiments entertained by his holiness towards the government and people of the United States,--which, and such like, things, Mr. Van Buren thinks "affords the best pledge that this pontificate will be a wise and beneficial one"--one "worthy the head of a great and Christian church."--Is the policy then by this "beneficial" and "parental regard" to build up in the United States a great and Christian church, to the end that the "head" thereof, may, through the great body of members, effect the reconciliation spoken of? This is the