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Christmas Day.

Of all the truisms most frequently repeated occurs the one of "Christmas comes but once a year;" and when we take into consideration the scant cause we but too often have for congratulation on the occurrences and experiences of the past year, it is fortunate, perhaps, that we are only called upon once during the period, to pass a mental review of the last twelve months.

We are no puritans, and in these days of expediency and greedy would willingly see the old customs of our ancestors more frequently kept up, tending as they do to bring together all classes of society, and for a while at least, to smother discontent, and forget during one day, the carking cares of life.—We have not yet seen two scores of Christmas days, but what changes have taken place, not only in our own circle, but in the world's face since then? Thousands of miles have been reclaimed from solitude and nature, and from howling wildernesses have been converted into smiling fields of golden grain and green pasture, whilst before the resistless and untiring energy of the Anglo-Saxon, the native of the plain and the forest, like the *fera natura*, have retreated and all but vanished before the might of civilization.

But it will not do to wander too far from our subject, which is essentially domestic, and that should transfuse into our mature mind something like the dreams of our former days, bringing back to our recollection the days of our youth, and the hills and valleys in which, many a weary mile from this our place of sojourn, we saw the future glowing with the rosy tints of imagination, and the dull, leaden skies of reality invested with the azure tints of hope. Since that time the old have died, raven hair has turned to grey, and our companions of those days are scattered over all countries from the equator to the pole. Yet, of all the seasons that recall past events to the mind, this is the one that should be less given up to regret than any other, and although hard times have come upon us, freezing up the kindly sympathies of man towards his brother, we trust that a good and genial future is in store for us, and that ere another misfortune visits us, we may look back upon our present trials with the satisfaction that the shipwrecked mariner reaches a friendly shore with the increased pride of having, by his own valor and courage, unassisted save by a watchful Providence, conquered a difficulty and gained strength in the contest.

We feel confident that ere the budding of the primrose,

"——that comes before the swallow dares and takes the winds of March with beauty,"

we shall be in a healthier and more prosperous condition than we have ever before experienced.

To all our friends we tender, not the *compliments*, but the best wishes of the season. For those little ones who, better than all the portions of Medea, can bring back youth again to the old, we tender the following spirited and appropriate lines to their patron, SAINT NICHOLAS; and for those of maturer years, who regard the day in its solemn as well as its holiday character, we give the magnificent poem, entitled "A Christmas Lyric," from the pen of an old contributor to these columns. We are sure our readers will thank us for its reproduction, both on account of its intrinsic merit and appropriateness to the day, but also in compliment to the excellent lady who is its author:

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there:
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky:
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow:
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*"

A CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

BY JANE GAY FULLER.

The night stars glittered like a diadem
Above the Judean hill-tops, when a band
Of way-worn pilgrims paused at Bethlehem,
Obedient to Cæsar's stern command!
Group after group had gathered all the day,
And coldly now the keeper of the inn
Turned from these last benighted ones away.
For they were lowly in their garb and mien;
And with the poor who flocked at Rome's decree
Came Judah's wealth and her nobility.

The house was full—and sad and heavily
To a low basement stable then they turned,
For far beneath the skies of Galilee
The cot in Nazareth where their home fire burned,
And chilly was the dew-fall on them there—
Sick and exhausted with the tiresome way,
The world shuns poverty, and few will share
A home and fireside with the poor who stray;
So, while the wondering cattle fed around,
They made their beds upon the damp, cold ground.

Hark! Hark! what sounds break on the silent air—
The mellow tones of myriad harps are ringing
Through the clear night-vault! All the starry choir
Of heavenly angels join their might in singing
The world's triumphant anthem, "Glory, glory!"
Dwellers of Bethlehem Judah, while the skies
Are waving their immortal banners o'er ye,
Shake off the leaden slumber from your eyes,
And bring your offerings! Many an angel guest
Is hovering round the city of your rest.

Upon the hills that gird the city round,
Amid the quiet flocks that seldom strayed,
Shepherds were seated on the dewy ground,
As years before, when the boy David played
His magic harp among the sheep-folds there!
The shepherd bard, in numbers deep and strong,
Pouring his inspiration on the air,
As the free-hunter pours his wild, glad song!
And the same star would burst on them this night,
That on his inner vision shed such light.

Gaze, shepherds! Lo, on the horizon's rim
Is rising now that Orb of Prophecy,
The glorious, wondrous star, that heralds him,
The world's Redeemer, in his mystery
Of earth-blood and Divinity combined;
Leave there your sheep upon the mountain side,
Meek-hearted ones, and follow till ye find
Your long expected King! Your angel guide
Shall show you to a babe, a new born stranger,
Softly reposing in a Bethlehem manger

The night-stars faded when the next morn stained
The eastern hill-tops with its rosy light;
But the bright Star of Prophecy remained,
To chase away the wide world's moral night!
And then awoke the busy city a throng
But all forgotten, like a night of dreams,
The angel hymnings and the choral song:
Each on his way, as best to each beseems,
The haughty Pharisee and begger trod,
Alike regardless of the Son of God!

Son of the Highest—Being so Divine!
From thy straw pillow wake not thou to weep;
The cattle on a thousand hills are thine—
They will not harm thee in thine earthly sleep!
For this poor stable thou hast left a throne,
Of heavenly beauty, and upon thy brow
A vail of shadow and of grief is thrown:
An earthly destiny is on thee now—
And thou must bear the burden of thy lot
Alone! alone! the world will know thee not!

Years sped along! The Babe of Bethlehem grew
To manly stature, in the humble home
Of his kind foster parents. No one knew
The mystery of the mission he had come
To work in human guise. The carpenter
Of Nazareth was his sire—though whispering
Of sorest meaning sometimes on his ear
Fell from envenomed tongues, as if to wring
From patient, honest poverty, its stay,
And cloud the dearest sunshine on its way.
But the forked tongue of malice could impart
No pang! From his lips, too strange things would fall,
Which but his mother heeded, in her heart.
She pondered o'er each word, and shrined them all;
For Oh! for him, the bitterest drops of scorn
Had been nectareous. Nor heeded she,
In the full treasure of her spirit born,
The world's distrust, and cold uncharity!
She was a human mother, and her eye
Wept, as she marvelled at his destiny!

Jesus began his mission, and the land
Was filled with strange astonishment and awe;
Though on no fiery tables did his hand
Engrave the new commandments of his law;
He dropped them by the wayside, like the seed
Of flowers that fall to bless the wanderer's lot;
His presence gladdened every heart of need,
While deeds of mystery by his word were wrought:
The hand of palsy at his touch grew strong—
The blind had sight—the dumb the voice of song.

The youth of Nain were sadly bearing one
In youth like them, a comrade, to his tomb;
He was a widowed mother's only son,
And life's last love-light had gone out in gloom.
From that lone mourner's heart! Jesus drew near,
His eyelids moistened with compassion's dew,
And kindly laid his hand upon the bier;
Then that electric touch started anew
The silent wheels of Life: the youth of Nain
To a new earthly life was born again!

Death crossed the Ruler's threshold; one sweet bud
Had lain like a bright dew drop on his heart;
The bud was bursting into womanhood
Before his eyes, when lo! the Spoiler's dart
Touched the young blossom, and its life-tide stilled.
He called the "Nazarene" to his abode;
And when he touched the hand that Death had chilled
Warmly through every vein the life-blood flowed;
And while the maiden looked on Christ and smiled,
The Ruler blest the Saviour of his child.

He stood beside a grave in Bethany,
"Groaning in spirit," for its shadows fell
On one he loved, and whose warm sympathy
Had often been potential to dispel
The sorrows that so closely marked his way,
And while the weeping sisters urged him there
To leave unbarred the dwelling of decay,
A moment lifted he his eyes in prayer,
And then the dead a Godlike summons gave,
To his first resurrection from the grave.

Such are the wondrous deeds that cluster round
Thy name, Redeemer of our fall'n race,
Until the mystic earth-tie was unbound,
That held thee in Humanity's embrace!
The sun was darked, and no star arose
Above the Judean hill tops, in the hour
That brought thine earthly wanderings to a close:
Death claimed thee—but the Giant had no power
To bind his victim; thou didst rend his chain,
And clothe thee in Deity again!

The lights gleam brightly through the green wreathed pane:
The Christmas garlands tell of jubilee;
And crowds are thronging in the sacred fane,
Upon this eve of thy Nativity!
But in my silent chamber all alone
I sit, dear Saviour, now, and muse on thee,
And from thy Bethlehem birth place follow on
Each step of that lone way to Calvary,
Where thou did'st suffer for the unforgiven,
And die to make the dying Heirs of Heaven.

"Social Prejudices."

The lecture of J. A. WHEELOCK, Esq., of the *Advertiser*, before the Young Men's Christian Association, was one of the most successful discourses ever delivered in this city. The audience was very large, and composed mainly of the discriminating, educated, and critical portion of our population. Therefore, to say it was successful, implies high praise.

The lecturer treated his subject with great ability. He laid bare, with marvellous skill, the ground work of many unfounded and selfish prejudices; he spared neither sex, rank, condition, caste or color. While all could not follow the lecturer to his conclusions, yet there were few present who withheld approbation of the ability and earnestness with which he enforced his peculiar views.

We give below a few disconnected extracts, selected at random from the lecture. While they offer no basis upon which to judge of its literary merit, yet they will give the reader an insight into the character of the discourse, the lecturer's method of treating his subject, and the particular prejudices and faults which he assailed:—

THE FOUNDATION OF SOCIAL PREJUDICES.

Egotism is the foundation of social prejudices. Men have always lived in one form or other, in feudal castles—set up high in fierce and stony isolation—behind walls four feet thick—and every entrance of the turretted soul guarded with moat and drawbridge, and sentinelled with armed slaves. We have been forever looking out upon each other through chink holes and embrasures, telescoped with rows of loaded cannon to assist our speculations.

The era of brute force which built this fendal castle—which gave nations their traditions and society its classifications—gave humanity its whole social and moral configuration, as the shock and sweep of the noodic deluge gave shape to continents.—The active hates in which society was founded survived their first causes and crystallised in those passive forms of mutual animosity, which we call social prejudices.

GOSSIP—A SEWING CIRCLE.

There are some men and some women who secrete vitriol in their salivary glands, and like the poetical toad, poison whatever they spit at. We wear our ears on the outside of our heads, as the apothecary has his mortar and pestal for a sign: that this is the place to mix and grind your poisons. Slander is to the ear what tobacco is to the mouth, or snuff to the nose.

Whenever you see a pretty woman tripping along the street, with a smile on her face, and with a nervous touch of her dainty foot on the pavement, as if she were practicing music on the sidewalk, you may be sure she has got either a new bonnet, a letter, or a piece of slander. If she stops to make a call, it is about an even guess between the bonnet and the slander. If she is out of breath, and pulls the bell with more than usual vigor, you may be sure it is the slander.

I remember once to have been at what is called a sewing circle, when I was a boy.

Twenty ladies—I remember that most of them were young and pretty—were met there together on a work of love and charity. Gentle creatures, meet for gentle deeds. Twenty tongues and twenty needles ran a race together in that circle. The twenty needles worked for love and charity; the twenty tongues worked faster than the needles—worked fastest when the needles tarried; but not, I grieve to say, for love and charity. Ah, those busy needles and those busier tongues! One had better have his quick skin stitched to his flesh, in a double seam, from head to foot, by those same needles, than be quilted through the heart to any fancy patterns of female device, by those same busy, merciless, diamond-pointed tongues. For to every stitch the needles made for charity, the tongues took twenty counter stitches of sly depreciation and silken, soft disparagement, sewed on good Christian names, in smooth black thread, which quite undid the charity.

The sewing circle, with its tongues and needles, knitting up odd ends of defamation, and piecing out a consistent calumny with scraps of unconsidered gossip, to make bed-quilts for the poor, meets to-night wherever men and women meet throughout the world.

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

PERSONAL PREJUDICES CHARACTERISTIC OF WOMEN.

Personal prejudices are more especially characteristic of women than of men, because women are vainer than men. They are stuck as full of prejudices as they are of—pins; and are as dangerous to touch in consequence. The sentiments of women are personal—her attachments and her relations are personal—and her prejudices have, of consequence, the same proximate and individual bearing. "Aurora Leigh," the charming poem of Mrs. BROWNING seems written especially in demonstration of what we may call the intrinsic domesticity of woman's sphere. Women are, therefore, rarely humanitarians. Philanthropy is based on generalizations, to which she is constitutionally averse rather than incapable.

* * * The love of woman is itself a prejudice—a very fortunate prejudice for the object of its unreasoning excess. But it is full of sharp corners for every one else. It is a rose set in a tree full of thorns. The dear creature compounds for the love she gives to one, by cordially detesting some one else in the same proportion; and, as I would rather have the love of one woman than of a thousand men, so I would rather have the hate of those thousand men than that of one woman. She fulfils her whole vocation in loving and hating. These are the only things she knows how to do well. She takes in the cold love of man as the steam-boiler takes in water which turns to vapor in the hot furnace of her earnest nature—a vapor thin, diffuse, aerial in its sentimental softness, but with a terrible expansive force in it—a fearful capacity for "blowing up" people, and all the more destructive when once let loose from the very restraints which society and her own organization impose upon its diffusion. If the first epic in the world was inspired by the wrath of Achilles, let it be remembered that the second was founded on the anger of the "jealous Here."

THE LECTURER'S "PREJUDICE" AGAINST MATRIMONY.

A superstition prevails extensively in the rural districts, and infects female colleges to some extent—that husbands and wives entertain a more than ordinary affection for each other. I am convinced that this is a mistake. Husbands and wives undoubtedly deserve great credit for the fortitude with which they endure each other, considering the painful nature of their relations. From a series of extended observations on this subject, I infer that the primary object of the institution of marriage is to inflict the greatest possible amount of mutual torment in the most economical manner.

It is an ingenious instrument of torture. From the opportunities which the parties have of learning each other's vulnerable points, and the precise mode in which a given amount of vexation may be administered, they acquire an immense facility in the practice of this little amusement. The dramatists, who are excellent judges of human nature, concur in presenting married life in this aspect. It will also be observed that, in all novels pretending to acquaintance with human nature, the story stops with marriage—marriage is uniformly made the catastrophe of love. The curtain is prudently dropped on the sequel—the long, long contest for the breeches. Lord Byron's or Bulwer's domestic history would be an invaluable commentary on this theory of marital aversions.

The Medea of Euripides and the Othello of Shakspeare, are memorable instances of a lady in one case and a gentleman in the other, who permitted their matrimonial prejudices to get the better of their equanimity and their judgment.

OUR PREJUDICES AS CITIZENS.

In America, we ought, according to all precedents, to have no nationality. For a nationality pre-supposes a past and traditions and homogeneousness of race, and the lateral attrition of external enemies to remind us of these—and we have nothing of the sort. We have nothing but two oceans and a continent, containing vast quantities of land, water and whisky, mixed in indefinite proportions. Bunker Hill is the sole memorial of our past. We have eighty-two years of history, and we claim a nationality—and we may claim it without affectation and arogance. But it is a new type of nationality corresponding with the new conditions on which its rests. It is not because America is our home that we glory in its name—but because *we own* it. We do not *love* it, but *pride* ourselves on it. No poet sings, "America with all thy faults I love the still." The national bard invokes not the past, but the future, in his "Hail Columbia happy land." No American was ever home sick. He has a home, to be sure, somewhere, but his tendency towards it, and his tendency to fly from it, balance each other like the centripital and centrifugal forces, and keep him revolving round it in an eccentric orbit without ever going near it.

Our patriotism is unalloyed egotism. But it is not the introverted, reticent egotism of John Bull, corked up like old wine and put away in a dark cellar, to be brought out only at Lord Mayors' dinner. Our patriotism steams up in a perpetual exhalation of newspaper puffs and Fourth of July orations. We boast inveterately and loudly of our energy, our greatness, our wealth, our institutions, our magnificent destiny. But like all *parvenues* who have grown suddenly great, we do not feel quite sure of our greatness. We want to know what people say of us abroad. Above all, we are anxious to know what the Englishman says of us. The Englishman who is principally engaged in admiring himself has no admiration to bestow upon others. He sees nothing in America but spittoons, and boots resting on window sills.—He puts the result of his observations into a book, and Columbia, Happy Land, goes into convulsions. The happy land might have consoled itself with the observation of Montesquin, that the era of polished manners in Rome was that of the establishment of a despotic government.

POLITICAL PREJUDICES.

Popular parties are the offspring of free societies, and are as necessary to free government as the opposition of forces to the equilibrium of the Universe. But the necessary connection between the moral phenomena of differences of opinion, and the physical phenomena of gutta purcha canes, which is the latest embodiment of political prejudices, does not appear. It is easy to understand why the party in power should be always conservative, and the party out of power always reformatory and progressive—for conservatism and progression are merely different tenses of the same verb, I *have* and I *shall have*, of which the subject is the party, and the object the spoils. But it is not so easy to understand how from the interior and conservative point of view, the *outs* are all scoundrels, fanatics and liars,—or how from the reformatory stand-point, the *ins* are a set of unmitigated rascals, steeped in iniquity to the eye-brows. Yet the fact remains, from the ostracism of Aristides to the last knock down in the United States Senate, that parties were made to fulfill the canine destiny denied to little boys, "to bark and bite, and tear each other's eyes."

NICK-NAMES—THEIR POLITICAL USES.

The convenience of such a conclusive term in political logic is unquestionable. It dispenses with the necessity of analysis, reasoning or reflection, and thus reduces the most intricate problems of political science to the simple question—are you a Guelph or a Ghibilene, a Whig or a Tory, a Democrat or a Republican. You have but to say, that a man is a Federalist, a Locofoco, a Border-Ruffian, a *damned* Abolitionist, or a Black Republican, to upset a three hours' argument, and demolish conclusions supported by the united testimony of a whole people. The nickname! If you would bring down a giant to your level—nay, prostrate him to the sod—you have only to take a smooth round nickname like David's pebble, from the muddy brook of your imagination, and fling it at him—with a gin sling. It will crush through a helmet of iron, and crush a face of brass, like a porcelain mug. It is a kind of moral ken. It collects the scattered rays of party prejudice from all the air into one burning monosyllabic focus, and pours the concentrated stream, at white heat, full upon the quivering eye-ball of the foe. Some of the noblest men that ever lifted up their heads in the sheen of God's sun.

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

men, beautiful in private—heroic in public life—nay sublime in their devotion to a hopeless, helpless cause—pass through this lower world as reptiles, toads and vermin pass through it—trodden under heels, ironed, with despotic nicknames. Manhood, in its glory and pride, withers and shrinks under the basilisk stare of a party name, as Lamia, the goddess bride of Lycius, blushing with the glory of a loveliness all divine, withered under the gaze of the Grecian philosopher, transformed by the utterance of a single word to a cold and slimy snake.

ORGANIZATION OF PARTIES ON A BASIS OF NICK-NAMES.

But the organization of parties upon a basis of nick-names was not fully established till 1679—the most eventful year of English History, when the celebrated Exclusion Bill was before the people. We have spoken of the political animosities which were developed before in civil war—but civil war was peace to the fierce battle words which raged throughout England that year. Social intercourse was suspended—family relations sundered. Lampoons, nicknames, pasquinades and libels were rained upon the ministry and the opposition. The court party was called Birminghams, Exclusionists and what not. The opposition was called Anti-Birminghams, Abhorrers, Tantivies, etc. But of all the brood of vile names sprung from the boiling cauldron of that contest, two only have survived, the name of Whig and Tory—bestowed in derision by some obscure pamphleteer—have spread with the English race and language to the ends of the earth. Macaulay gives their origin. The rustics of the western Lowlands of Scotland, among whom the despised covenanters were numerous, furnished the appellation of a party who were supposed to have some affiliation with them. The bogs of Ireland afforded a refuge to a gang of Popish outlaws who were called Tories, and the contemptuous epithet was bestowed on the party which favored the succession of the Catholic James—pretty much on the principle on which a few Border Ruffians in Kansas have given their name to the Democratic party. * * * The truth is our whole political vocabulary is confused with sophism. We shall never be able to reason correctly about parties, till we seperate the opinions of the party from its prejudices—that is to say till, we seperate the real party from its adherents and retainers.

RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS.

Religious systems are to communities what chimneys are to houses. It is these in which the sacred fire is kindled which warms all the chambers of the social fabric; and whether it is shut up in a grim, black, dogmatic, cast-iron stove, air-tight and saturnine like a Scotch Presbyterian, or gleams across the heart from the genial, open hearted Catholic fire-place, it is all the same, so the chimney answers its purpose, which is to carry off the smoke, and not pour its funnel of blinding and begriming prejudices right into our eyes.

The peroration was very fine. The lecturer here discarded every trace of cynicism or railing, and in the spirit of true and hopeful philanthropy, urged all present to inaugurate the Christmas anniversary by obeying that most precious of all divine injunctions: "Love one another."

A Monster Bridge.

We subjoin, from the London papers, the following details of a bridge some twenty miles in length, proposed to be erected between Dover and Cape Grisnez, and which scheme we believe to be generally entertained by the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON:

"The proposed bridge or viaduct, is designed for the purpose of uniting the railways in Britain with those of Continental Europe generally. The English terminus of the bridge will rest on Dover Cliffs, to give the necessary altitude above the level of the sea for the free passage of vessels of the largest dimensions, and the bridge will be supported across the Straits by towers rising from the bed of the Channel, at equal distances apart—say of about 500 feet; the summit of each tower will form a light-house, and contain a gas reflector and an alarm for the double object of guiding ships by night, and the gas to be lighted at sunset throughout the whole line of viaduct, and the alarm to be set in action when necessary—in either case by electric apparatus, and at the will of the Superintendent at either terminus. The towers at water-mark will be fitted with 'fenders,' to prevent accident to shipping in the event of any unforeseen collision, and the French terminus will rest on Cape Grisnez, the land approach to which will require to be brought to the same elevation or level as the English terminus. The viaduct will be about 20 miles in length, and could be traversed by train in 20 minutes at all seasons of the year. The greatest depth of the Straits is about 21 fathoms, and the ordinary depths from 12 to 14 fathoms, with a chalk foundation; and although the proposed bridge is of tubular formation, it would be constructed so that the light of day may illumine it in daytime, and a free current of fresh air pervade it at all times. The batteries of Dover Castle would command the English approaches, while a battery could be placed to cover the French terminus, and thus secure either country from the apprehension of invasion."