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GREELEY & McELRATH, Publishers.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

CRADLE-SONG....[For the Tribune.

BY MISS ALICE CARY.

Weary of the mother's part!
My sweet baby, never!
I will rock thee on my heart
Ever, yes, forever!
Loveliest of lovely things,
Pure as the evangel—
O, in everything but wings
Is my babe an angel!
Blue as heaven is are the eyes,
Neath the lids so waxen,
And the gold of morning lies
In the ringlets flaxen.
Fragrant shrub, or tropic tree,
Never yielded blossom
Half so lovely, sweet, as thee,
Sleeping on my bosom!
When thy little dimpled cheek
Mine is softly pressing,
Not a wish have I to seek
Any other blessing.
Art thou, little baby, mine?
Earlier love effacing:
One whose smile is like to thine,
Chides this long embracing.
No! as drops of light and dew
Glorify each other,
So shall we, life journey through
Father, child and mother.

THE SIN OF SUFFERING.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

"WHAT sell you that creature, dark couched in its lair?
"It now was called woman" "Why lurketh she there?

I hear a low moaning, the hovel within,
As infant one crying—sure here must be sin!"
A dying voice murmurs—"The worst of all sins,
Which, from sisters and brothers, small sympathy wins!"

"Poor wretched hut-dweller, now give it a name—
Tho' sin, without solace, must wed thee to shame?"
"To shame and to sorrow I'm wedded—a curse
Lies on the poor baby, as well as its nurse!"

"But name me the sin which to sorrow hath wedded
And shame the pale pair in the straw-heap embedded?"

"The sin and the curse we are bound to endure,
Tho' view it—we feel it—we're poor—we are poor!
The will of the stronger has fashion'd the law,
Which leaves us these rags and this heap of old straw:
The sword of the stronger upbraids us, for being,
The work of that will—the sad wreck you are seeing!"
They have passed from the hovel—she ceases to mourn—
A motherless babe's in the wide world alone.

Things and Thoughts in Europe.

Foreign Correspondence of The Tribune. [No. XXIII.

Commencement of a Roman Winter....The Progress of Events in Europe, not their effect upon Italy.....The Carnival.....Romantic nights in prison.....Revolutions of France and Austria....Transports of the People....Guidance to the cause of Liberty.....A Poem by C. P. Cranch.....The Castle Fosanoo....The Weather, the glorious excess of Nature and the pleasure of Thought.

ROME, 29th March, 1848.

It is long since I have written; my health entirely gave way beneath the Roman Winter. The rain was constant, commonly falling in torrents from the 16th December to the 19th March. Nothing could surpass the dirt, the gloom, the desolation of Rome. Let no one fancy he has seen her who comes here only in the Winter. It is an immense mistake to do so. I cannot sufficiently rejoice that I did not first see Italy in the Winter.

The climate of Rome at this time of extreme damp I have found equally exasperating and weakening. I have had constant nervous headache without strength to bear it, nightly fever, want of appetite. Some constitutions bear it better, but the complaint of weakness and extreme dejection of spirits is general among foreigners in the wet season. The English say they become acclimated in two or three years and cease to suffer, though never so strong as at home.

Now this long dark dream—to me the most idle and most suffering season of my life—seems past. The Italian heavens wear again their deep blue; the sun shines gloriously; the melancholy lustres are stealing again over the Campagna, and hundreds of larks sing unwearied above its ruins.

Nature seems in sympathy with the great events that are transpiring: with the emotions which are swelling the hearts of men. The morning sun is greeted by the trumpets of the Roman Legions marching out once more, but now not to oppress but to defend. The stars look down on their jubilees over the good news which nightly reaches them from their brothers of Lombardy. This week has been one of nobler, sweeter feeling of a better hope and faith than Rome in her greatest days ever knew. How much has happened since I wrote!—First, the victorious resistance of Sicily and the revolution of Naples. This has led us yet only to half measures, but even these have been of great use to the progress of Italy. The Neapolitans will, probably, have to get rid at last of the stupid crowned head who is at present their puppet, but their bearing with him has led to the wiser sovereigns granting these Constitutions, which, if eventually inadequate to the wants of Italy, will be so useful, are so needed, to educate her to seek better, completer forms of administration.

In the midst of all this serious work came the play of Carnival in which there was much less interest felt than usual, but enough to dazzle and captivate a stranger. One thing, however, had been omitted in the description of the Roman Carnival; i. e. that it rains every day. Almost every day came on violent rain just as the tide of gay masks was fairly engaged in the Corso. This would have been well worth bearing once or twice for the sake of seeing the admirable good humor of this people. Those who had laid out all their savings in the gayest, thinnest dresses, on carriages and chairs for the Corso, and found themselves suddenly drenched, their finery spoiled, and obliged to ride and sit shivering all the afternoon. But they never murmured, never scolded, never stopped throwing their flowers. Their strength of constitution is wonderful. While I, in my shawl and boa, was coughing at the open window from the moment I inhaled the wet sepulchral air, the servant girls of the house had taken off their woolen gowns, and arrayed in white muslins and roses, sat in the drenched street beneath the drenching rain, quite happy, and have suffered nothing in consequence.

The Romans renounced the *moccaletti*, ostensibly as an expression of sympathy for the sufferings of the Milanese, but really because, at that time, there was great disturbance about the Jesuits, and the Government feared that difficulties would arise in the excitement of the evening. But, since, we have had this entertainment in honor of the Revolutions of France and Austria, and nothing could be more beautiful. The fun usually consists in all the people blowing one another's lights out; we had not this; all the little tapers were left to blaze, and the long Corso swarmed with tall fire-flies.—Lights crept out over the surface of all the houses, and such merry little twinkling lights, laughing and flickering with each slightest movement of those who held them. Up and down the Corso, they twinkled, they swarmed, they streamed, while a sense of gay triumphant sound ebbed and flowed beneath that glittering surface. Here and there danced men carrying aloft *moccoli*, and clanking chains, emblem of the tyrannic power now vanquished by the people. The people, sweet and noble, who, in the intoxication of their joy, were guilty of no rude or unkindly word or act, and whose national being given as usual for the termination of their diversion, closed, of their own accord and with one consent, singing the hymns for Pio, by nine o'clock, and retired peacefully to their homes, to dream of hopes they yet scarce understand.

This happened last week. The news of the dethronement of Louis Philippe reached us just after the close of the Carnival. It was just a year from my leaving Paris. I did not think, as I looked with such disgust on the empire of sham he had established in France, and saw the soul of the people imprisoned and held fast as in an iron vice, that it would burst its chains so soon. Whatever be the result, France has done gloriously; she has declared that she will not be satisfied with pretexts while there are facts in the world—that to stop her march is a vain attempt, though the onward path be dangerous and difficult. It is vain to cry Peace, peace, when there is no peace. The news from France, in these days, sounds ominous, though still vague; it would appear that the political is being merged in the social struggle: it is well; whatever blood is to be shed, whatever altars cast down. Those tremendous problems MUST be solved, whatever be the cost! That cost cannot fail to break many a bank, many a heart in Europe, before the good can bud again out of a mighty corruption. To you, people of America, it may perhaps be given to look on and learn in time for a preventive wisdom. You may learn the real meaning of the words FRATERNITY, EQUALITY: you may, despite the apes of the Past, who strive to tutor you, learn the needs of a true Democracy. You may in time learn to reverence, learn to guard, the true aristocracy of a nation, the only really noble—the LABORING CLASSES.

And Metternich, too, is crushed; the seed of the Woman has had his foot on the serpent. I have seen the Austrian arms dragged through the streets of Rome and burned in the Piazza de l'Popolo.—The Italians embraced one another and cried *Miracolo, Providenza!* the modern Tribune Ciceronac chio fed the flame with faggots; Adam Mickiewicz, the great Poet of Poland, long exiled from his country or the hopes of a country, looked on, while Polish women, exiled too, or who, perhaps, like one nun who is here, had been daily scourged by the orders of a tyrant, brought little pieces that had been scattered in the street and threw into the flames—an offering received by the Italians with loud plaudits. It was a transport of the people, who found no way to vent their joy, but the symbol, the poesy, natural to the Italian mind; the ever-too-wise "upper classes" regret it, and the Germans choose to resent as an insult to Germany; but it was nothing of the kind; the insult was to the prisons of Spielberg, to those who commanded the massacres of Milan; a base tyranny little congenial to the native German heart, as the true Germans of Germany are at this moment showing by their struggles, by their resolves.

When the double-headed eagle was pulled down from above the lofty portal of the Palazzo di Venezia, the people placed there in its stead one of white and gold inscribed with the name ALTA ITALIA, and quick upon the emblem followed the news that Milan was fighting against her tyrants—that Venice had driven them out and freed from their prisons the courageous Protestants in favor of truth, Tommaso and Manin—that Manin, descendant of the last Doge, had raised the Republican banner on the Place St. Mark—and that Modena, that Parma, were driving out the unfeeling and imbecile creatures who had mocked Heaven and Man by the pretence of Government there.

With indescribable rapture these news were received in Rome. Men were seen dancing, women weeping with joy along the street. The youth rushed to enrol themselves in regiments to go to the frontier. In the Colosseum their names were received. Father Gavazzi, a truly patriotic monk, gave them the cross to carry on a new, a better, because defensive crusade. Sterbini, long exiled, addressed them: he said, "Romans, do you wish to go, do you wish to go with all your hearts? If so, you *may*, and those who do not wish to go themselves may give money. To those who will go, the government gives bread and fifteen baiocchi a day." The people cried "We too wish to go, but we do not wish so much; the Government is very poor; we can live on a paul a day." The princes answered by giving, one sixty thousand, others twenty, fifteen, ten thousand dollars. The people answered by giving at the benches which are opened in the piazzas literally everything; street-peddlers gave the gains of each day; women gave every ornament—from the splendid necklace and bracelet down to the poorest bit of coral; servant girls gave five pauls, two pauls, even half a paul, if they had no more; a man all in rags gave two pauls; "it is," said he, "all I have." "Then," said Torlonia, "take from me this dollar;" the man of rags thanked him warmly and handed that also to the bench, which refused to receive it. "No! *that* must stay with you," shouted all present. These are the people whom the traveler accuses of being unable to rise above selfish considerations. Nation, rich and glorious by nature as ever, capable, like all nations, all men, of being degraded by slavery, capable as are few nations, few men, of kindling into pure flame at the touch of a ray from the Sun of Truth, of Life.

The two or three days that followed, the troops were marching about by detachments, followed always by the people, to Ponte Malle, often farther. The women wept; for the habits of the Romans are so domestic, that it seemed a great thing to have their sons and lovers gone even for a few months. The English—or, at least, those of the illiberal, bristling nature—too often met here, which casts out its porcupine quills against everything like enthusiasm (of the more generous Saxon blood I know some noble examples,) laughed at all this. They have said that this people would not fight; when the Sicilians, men and women, did so nobly they said, "Oh! the Sicilians are quite unlike the Italians; you will see when the struggle comes on in Lombardy, they cannot resist the Austrian force a moment." I said, "That force is only physical; do not you think a sentiment can sustain them?" They reply, "All stuff and poetry; it will fade the moment their blood flows." When news came that the Milanese, men and women, fight as the Sicilians did, they said, "Well, the Lombards are a better race, but these Romans are good for nothing; it is a farce for a Roman to try to walk even; they never walk a mile; they will not be able to support the first day's march of thirty miles, and not to have their usual minestra to eat either." Now the troops were not willing to wait for the Government to make the necessary arrangements for their march, so at the first night's station—Monterosi—they did *not* find food or bedding, yet the second night at Civita Castellana, they were so well alive as to remain dancing and vivaing Pio Nino in the piazza till after midnight. No, Messieurs, Soul is not quite nothing, if Matter be a clog upon its transports.

The Americans show a better, warmer feeling than they did; the meeting in New-York was of use in instructing the Americans abroad! The dinner given here on Washington's birthday, was marked by fine expressions of sentiment and a display of talent unusual on such occasions. There was a poem from Mr. Story of Boston, which gave great pleasure; a speech by Mr. Hillard, said to be very good, and one by Mr. Hedge of Bangor, exceedingly admired for the felicity of thought and image and the finished beauty of style.

Next week we shall have more news, and I shall try to write and mention also some interesting things want of time obliges me to omit in this letter. I annex a poem of Cranch's, descriptive of a picture he sends to Mr. Ogden Haggerty of your City, interesting in itself and not irrelevant to this present communication:

THE CASTLE OF THE COLONNAS.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

High on a rugged mountain, gray and old,
Gray like the rocks themselves—where heat and cold
For centuries with the battlements have striven,
As Man did once—its walls all bare and riven,
The castle stands—a mass of frowning stone,
With dark-green vines and ivy over-grown.
Through the gray rifts the deep Italian day
Smiles as it ever smiles on all decay.
Here in the olden days of feudal might
The proud Colonna donned his armor bright
And strode upon the ramparts, to survey
The vassal plains that far beneath him lay,
And mustering his brave knights, held them intent
To guard each oft-assaulted battlement.
Here bristling up the steep and narrow path
Host after host came flaming in fierce wrath.
Through the bright day and through the starlit night
Thundered the tempest of the bloody fight;
And those far Volscian mountains, soft and blue,
Smiled through their purple haze, as now they do
On the deep stillness of this peaceful day,—
When nought is heard save—faint and far away,
Down by the vineyards green—the shepherd's song
Floating the vale and mountain side along;
Or cawing rooks that clamor hour by hour
Sailing around the Ruin's topmost tower.

Up the gray rocks no more the foes advance;
No more the battle storm, the wild romance.
Peace hath her victories now, perchance as famed
As those in olden time the Warrior claimed.
All Italy hath breathed a freer air
Since good Mastai dills Saint Peter's chair:
More mildly seems to bend the Summer sky
It's infinite dome of blue; the morning's eye
Opens more hopefully, and evening cloves
With tinted clouds like dropping leaves of roses,
Over the Roman streets and shrines and fountains,
O'er the Campagna and the purple mountains
Love, Freedom, Truth may yet extend their wing,
And all be realized that poets sing.

When great Colonna, driven from his home,
Landless, and stripped of all, went forth to roam,
"Where is thy fortress now?" they asked. With pride,
His hand upon his heart, the chief replied
"This here!"—And thus around whose onward course
Threaten the legions of tyrannic force,
Sovereign whom God hath surely blest and sent
To be of future good His instrument,
Though all desert thee in thine hour of need,
And leave thee homeless on the rocks to bleed,
Let thy soul's watchword be a truer light
Than even his who ruled by fear and might.
Thy Heart thy Fortress! An unfading youth
Shall yearly crown its battlements of truth.
In the bright panoply of God encased
No years shall molder and no tyrant waste.
No Ruin of the Past that heart shall be,
But a great Beacon-tower for the good and free.

Rome, February, 1848.

APRIL 1.

Yesterday I passed at Ostia and Castle Fusano. A million birds sang; the woods teemed with blossoms; the sod grew green hourly over the graves of the mighty Past; the surf rushed in on a fair shore; the Tiber majestically retreated to carry inland her share from the treasures of the deep; the sea breezes burnt my face, but revived my heart; I felt the calm of thought, the sublime hopes of the Future, Nature, Man—so great, though so little—so dear, though incomplete. Returning to Rome, I find the news, pronounced official, that the viceroy Raniери has capitulated at Verona; that Italy is free, independent, and One. I trust this will prove no April foolery, no premature news; it seems too good, too speedy a realization of hope, to have come on earth, and can only be answered in the words of the proclamation made yesterday by PIUS IX:

"The events which these two months past have seen rush after one another in so rapid succession, are no human work. Woe to him who in this wind, which shakes and tears up alike the lofty cedars and humble shrubs, hears not the voice of God! Woe to human pride, if to the fault or merit of any man whatsoever it refer these wonderful changes, instead of adoring the mysterious designs of Providence."

ILLINOIS.—Dr. ISAAC VANDEVENTER is the Whig Delegate to the National Convention from the VIth Judicial District of Illinois.

Ninth District—Mr. COFFIN of Peru, is the Whig Delegate to Philadelphia. S. B. KNOWLTON of Peoria, candidate for Elector.

The Convention by an informal ballot unanimously declared its preference for HENRY CLAY.

NEW HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—We learn that a Hydropathic Institute, upon a large scale, has been established at Parkeville, N. J., about ten miles south of Philadelphia. The Medical Department is under the care of Dr. SANFORD BELL, and the water is supplied from springs of the purest quality. This is in the midst of the celebrated Pine region of New-Jersey, so much resorted to by Philadelphians in the Summer months.

One More Letter from Gen. Taylor.

BATON ROUGE, LA. April 20, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 10th inst. which alludes to certain statements that have recently been made in some of the papers at the North, and which submits several inquiries for my consideration, has been received. To your inquiries I have respectfully to reply:

First—That if nominated by the Whig National Convention, I shall not refuse acceptance.

Second—I am left free of all pledges, and permitted to occupy the position of independence of all parties in which the people and my own sense of duty have placed me—otherwise I shall refuse the combination of any one man or party.

Thirdly—I do not design to withdraw my name if Mr. Clay be the nominee of the Whig National Convention—and, in this connection, I beg permission to remark that the statements which have been so positively made in some of the Northern prints, to the effect "*that Mr. Clay be the nominee of the Whig National Convention*," I had stated, "*that I would not suffer my name to be used*," are not correct, and have no foundation in any oral or written remark of mine. It has not been my intention at any moment to change my position or to withdraw my name from the canvass. When I spoke of being the nominee of the National Convention, either of the Whig or Democratic party,

Fourthly—I have never stated to any one that I was in favor of the Tariff of '46—of the Sub-Treasury, nor that I originated the war with Mexico. Nor, finally, that I should (if elected) select my Cabinet from both parties. No such assertions or statements were made by me, at any time, to any person.

Permit me, however, to add that should such high distinction be conferred upon me as that of elevation to the Executive Office, the Constitution, in a strict and honest interpretation, and in the spirit and mode in which it was acted upon by our earlier Presidents, would be my chief guide. In this event, I conceive it to be all that is necessary in the way of pledges.

The election of another candidate would occasion no mortification to me, but to such a result, as the will of the people, I should willingly and calmly submit. As I have had no ambition to serve, but in the desire to serve the country, it would bring to me no disappointment.

With sentiments of high respect and regard, I remain

Your most ob't serv't, Z. TAYLOR.

O. P. Baldwin, Esq. or Rt. H. Gallaher, Esq., Editors of Richmond Republican, Richmond, Va.

SANTA FE ITEMS.—The *Santa Fe Republican* of March 18th, has the following:

Paymasters Spaulding and Beline arrived from Socorro on the 20th, to pay off the troops. Captain Jones, who is styled the famous "Yellow Flower of the Forest," reached there at the same time, and was appointed Provost Marshal.

Captains Clarkson and Haley, with their companies, were stationed at San Elezario, twenty miles below El Paso. Lieut. Ludwig was at Doniana, to protect the town against the incursions of the Apaches.

Squire Collins, who was, with others, captured by a party of Mexicans and imprisoned at Chihuahua, made his escape, and reached El Paso on the 1st of March.

The entire force at El Paso amounted to about 1,500 men

NEW VERSION OF THE REVOLUTION.—The *Courrier des Etats-Unis* gives the following account of the French Revolution published under the sanction of the Russian censorship of the press at Warsaw:

"At Paris there was a riot which was promptly put down. His Majesty, Louis Philippe, is seriously indisposed and by the advice of his physicians, he has resolved to abstain for some time from the affairs of Government, and gone to take the sea-baths at Brighton. On the King's departure there was a slight commotion, which was repressed, and which resulted in the retreat of M. Guizot.—During his absence the King has confided the direction of affairs to Count Molé."

ARTICLES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

We give below a few interesting articles from foreign papers, commencing with one on

Agricultural Improvement in France.

Among the measures which the Provisional Government has taken to aid the working classes, there is one which we ought not to pass over in silence—it is that which has for its object to prepare a vast plan of agricultural works. A circular has lately been addressed by the Minister of Agriculture to Commissioners of the Departments, relating to this matter. The questions asked by the Minister demand information on various points; if there exist in each department uncultivated lands, marshes, downs, or low lands occasionally covered by the sea, which can be reclaimed and turned to account—the approximative extent of those lands—if they belong to the State, to the communes, or to private individuals—the distance at which they lie from the centers of population, &c. According to returns already collected on these subjects, it appears that there are in France ten millions of hectares of waste land of all kinds (the hectare is about 2½ English miles). Marshes alone are down for 800,000 hectares, and ponds and pools for 200,000. The total extent of the downs in France is as yet unknown, but in the Department of the Gironde alone it is 67,000 hectares, and in that of the Landes 40,000. As to waste lands, known by the name of *terrains en friche*, they amount to about eight millions of hectares, the greatest portion being in Gascony, Brittany, Touraine, Berry, Poitou, and Limousin. All this immense extent of land is entirely lost to cultivation. We know from recent experiment that the quantity of corn produced is not sufficient to secure the country against the chances of want of food; we also know that the forage produced is not sufficient to supply the country with cattle, and to ameliorate the food of the working classes. Here is a means of improving that state of things, and certainly no capital would be badly employed, which tended to transform waste lands into cultivated and fruitful pastures or corn-fields. It is calculated that the draining of the bog-land alone would add upward of a milliard and a half of capital to the public wealth, without saying anything of the happy effects which this measure would exercise on the salubrity of fifty-five of our departments. But in our present circumstances the principal matter to be considered is the employment of this innumerable mass of workmen whom the suspension of work exposes to misery, and to the temptations and disorders which are its inevitable consequence. We are well enough acquainted with the sentiments of just susceptibility which animate the French workmen, to be persuaded that they would prefer employing their strength in draining our marshes or clearing waste lands, to living on official alms. They would here see a career opened before them which would occupy them for years. The Government also would find it advantageous, as it would prevent the rural population from emigrating to the large towns, and would draw to the country parts the working population agglomerated in the great centers of population. This would be a grand step toward the reestablishment of public confidence and of security, which are now so deeply sinken. Thus, public order, the general good of the country, the physical and moral amelioration of the working classes, the progress of Agriculture and national riches are equally interested in the project conceived by the Government. Let us hope that its execution will not long be deferred.

[Journal des Debats, April 11.

Labor-Blight.

From the Dublin Nation

A mass of human strength and energy, unused and withering away on an island fruitful in soils, in streams and minerals, in unnatural revolt against the laws of Nature and God, is a condition of things which must speedily end.

The application and direction of labor is the question of the day in free France and wealthy England; it is with us also the prime problem. Whatever may be the most perfect development of an industrial community, its signs and emblems certainly are not enormous poor houses and ruined factories, champaines of fallow land, and hordes of peasants flying affrighted from the soil to the sea. Whether the "land plan" of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, or the organization of labor" of M. Louis Blanc be good and wholesome specifics for the social evils of France and England or not, is no immediate concern of ours, but labor right is.

"Go forth, and till the land and subdue it"—such was the command of the Earth maker to His first intellectual creature. To labor, and in labor to find sustenance and comfort, is the condition of all the children of the first man. Such is Humanity's great charter.

Labor is the primitive inheritance and the original calling of man, and among men should be held sacred as the emblem and outward husk of the pilgrim spirit which passes over this world and crosses the frontier of death to live in the hereafter. The homely gray, the hardened hand, the well-worn implement, are the relics of the anointed laborers of the earth, whose mission is of God, whose path is to God. Institutions, cities, systems, are as warts and weeds on the face of society, to which labor is the limbs and heart, the sweating brow, and the fast producing brain.

Nowhere on the earth is the laborers' charter so cruelly set at nought as in this island. Here they dwell, millions of them, in a climate where life requires much heat and food, and perfect shelter, as its preservers. Their food, once the potato, is now turnips, with salt, if they can get it; their shelter is made of weeping mud walls and dripping thatch; their firing, the brambles torn from the next hedge, or cinders gathered from the ashes of the rich man's grate. Created by these wants are diseases which annually slay their thousands; famine, that like the sword of David, kills its tens of thousands, rages annually among them.

Such are the rewards of industry in Ireland.

As to rights, our laborer has none, except the free consumption of the air can be called so. In the rural districts he has no tenure of the land; in the towns he has no protection against fraud and extortion. The rural laborer has no political franchise, while every idle man who yawns away his days under a slated roof is privileged to govern him and all his class. The taxes of the towns have completely disfranchised the laborers of the municipalities.

The social evils of the Irish laborers are all directly traceable to a false system of government, resting on a false basis, and exercising functions fraudulently obtained and ignorantly abused. In Manchester or Paris your land plan or organization may be tried like any other great experiment, because those capitals have native property and native power, and every social revolution needs its materials to work with. Fourier himself could not make broth on a lime stone, neither can a bleeding body be bound without bandages, and if those be not of the right sort, they may even hasten death, not hinder it.

Our Government has uncivilized Ireland into the most barbarous state in Europe. It has fixed all increase of population on the land, while it has diminished the quantity and quality of the human food. It has plucked men out of "their small holdings," and flung them to die at the closed poor-house gate; it has forbidden the plough or spade to turn the soil; it has stopped the sower stepping into the furrow; it has wasted human energy like water in delving the highways and breaking flint; it has ganged honest poor men into droves of slaves, stripped poverty of its virtuous self-respect, and even of its inner shame; it has pillorried God's people in poorhouse cribs and mocked their imbecile attempts at escape from sin or sorrow.

If the laborer be a man and a Christian, as he may be, even though he does live by the use of his hands, how can his Christian fellows see him so degraded, without a struggle to save him? The Divine Legislator has ordained his task, has defined his rights, has denounced terrible punishments on those who defraud him of his own. Let those tremble who have incurred the penalty.

We believe it is in the power of human wisdom and perseverance to make almost any spot of earth habitable for men; in our own, to make Ireland eminently so. We predict no millennium—the golden age of the world was its infancy. If the earth find a second childhood, it will be by returning to the weakness, not to the joyfulness of the first. Disparity of condition will continue till the axis of the revolving globe is worn through. But in Ireland all improvement is still before us. Radically we are divided into two great classes—beggars and officials. Though the poor should never cease out of the land, all the land is not doomed to poverty. Within the "ring fence" of our deep blue waters are millions of fertile acres, with their blank faces gaping at the sun; deep untouched mines of rich mechanic ores, and physical strength enough to build pyramids. Once interpret to a large sense the charter of labor written by the hand of God, and give the prize and reward of undaunted industry to the brave men and true disciples of the destiny foreordained us, who strive without doubt or pause in the streets and fields for independent bread to eat in the sweat of their brows, and a new Ireland is created.

We have looked so lately into the theory of Fourier, and the illustrations of it by M. Louis Blanc, that we cannot yet pretend familiarity enough with their lessons to turn teacher of them to others. Beside, we do not see their applicability to Ireland, for whom the only science now is that which can save. We do not assert Fourier's philosophy to be useless to our condition, we doubt, but do not yet deny its potency. And after all, what can we do with any project however excellent, without native power?

* Louis Blanc does not illustrate Fourier. [ED. TRIB.

The Chartist Holiday.

From Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.

On Saturday, Sir Robert Peel was sworn in as Special Constable, to fight, if need should be, the Chartists on Monday. This simple, single fact convinces us that Sir Robert has already determined to make the Charter the law of the land. Grasping his staff of Honduras—for Sir Robert always played the trump navvie, with nothing less than a mahogany spade—Peel felt that "the Charter was henceforth the truth." Lord John must bend himself in readiness to retire before the "potent" of his successor.

Since the days and nights of Waterford, there has not been so much of the aristocracy before the police magistrates as on Saturday. Like knights in a melo-drama, half the house of Peers rushed forward with "We swear!" Sometimes we are called upon to analyse the votes of the Senate: it would be no less instructive to analyse the oaths of the special constabulary, vowed to defend the crown and their owners with their own pensions thereunto belonging. We bow to pure patriotism; we make a respectful leg to John of Gaunt in flannels, eager to fight rebellion; but we have no respect for the combatants, when the denounced Jack Cades of London Stone are to be set upon by the Jack Cades of the Civil List. And it would not be difficult to select from the sworn of Saturday a list of illustrious special constables who, swearing to defend their Sovereign Lady the Queen, instinctively associated with the oath the defence of sinecure and pension. Lord Mayor Walworth did not kill Wat Tyler with less satisfaction, for that the rebellious blacksmith had burned down certain stews across the private property of his lordship.—The dagger of the patriot may have been whetted on the heartstone of the pander.

Well, the Chartists have effected their revolution. It is not to be denied: for contempt in high places has been pulled down, and deliberation enthroned. The Chartists have commanded attention—and something more. Or wherefore, on the part of the Government, such mortal preparation? Lord John, if only flea-bitten, would not invoke Jove's artillery to destroy the instruments of so contemptible an annoyance. No: the Ministry, in their excess of caution, acknowledged the deep discontent of the masses. Happily, Monday last turned out a holiday both for the mob of the people and the mob of special constables. Loyalty enjoyed itself in a long day's contemplation of its own excelling merits; and Property, as the hours wore on, took heart, recovering from its early fright; and after supper, slept the sleep of security. The Bank was not attacked; the soldiers, through loop-holes and from behind ramparts of sand-bags, did not fire upon the multitude of thieves desirous of rewarding themselves with cash payments. The military quartered in private houses—for we cannot die, believe the glowing tributes to their good manners printed in the *Times*—left in the bosoms of families the liveliest recollections of the urbanity and politeness of the cloth; and altogether, the fears of the timid oozed away in the most perfect good humor. With most people the extreme of caution relaxed into a something like a jest; and many, as special constables, not to be wholly idle, had no other resource than from time to time to revisit their own house, to cry to wife and family—"All's well!" To be sure, a few who had made the fullest preparations—at some expense, too—to put down an unborn revolution may, such is the perversity of human nature, have been a little disappointed at the general tranquillity. We have heard of a most loyal adherent of Church and State, somewhere on the banks of the Thames, who—believing that a party of Chartists would steam up to Fulham and carry off the Bishop of London and other valuable church property—mounted four eight-pounders on his grass-plot to sweep the river. It is just possible that for the moment, this good man may, a little sulkily, have ordered his artillery to be unshotted, lustend of "whistling the grape" among the piratical Chartists on board the *Moonlight*. "There's none of 'em broke, Sir," said Sheridan's servant, when he had let the fire irons fall among the clattering plates dishes. "Sdeath, then," was the good-tempered answer, "you've made all this noise for nothing!" Now no peace was broken on Monday; a great deal of noise was made for nothing; and very general, indeed, was the good humor at the harmless result.

We are not among those who regret the proceedings of Monday last. True it is, that there was one day's gap in the business of the metropolis; but we believe the good of the day far outweighed the disadvantage. We believe that the Bills of Mortality—if we may personify them—went to bed on Monday night in improved temper with themselves and their neighbors. We believe that the Chartists; the reasonable temperate Chartists—for we denounce as traitors to truth and justice the foolish, wicked men, who, in these days, talk of bloodshed as the means of political improvement—have gained ground. The question of the Six Points is now allowed to be an honest, debatable question. It is no longer associated with the visions of revolutionists. The common sense of this country is so reassured of its strength, that it can calmly discuss the boldest political speculations. We are convinced that the Charter has gained friends and advocates from among the very men who, on Monday last, took upon themselves the conservation of the public peace, threatened, as they believed, by either the guilt or the folly, or both, of knaves and false enthusiasts. The Charter itself is discussed in another part of this journal; and from Monday last, we date an awakened attention on the part of the middle classes, to the claims of political emancipation, advanced by their laboring brethren.

Hence, albeit the Bank was guarded—ball-cartridge, gun and cutlass, were served out to the patriot clerks of Government offices—and redcoats took their temporary quarters in parlors, drawing-rooms, and attics of private houses—despite of the thousands of soldiers ready to be let slip upon the masses—despite of the artillery loaded to "disperse the mob"—despite all needful, perhaps a little more than needful, preparation was made for civil carnage—we joyfully contemplate the result of Monday, when an expected time of terror gradually broke into a social and political holiday.

NOTICES.

PUBLISHERS AND PUBLISHERS
FOWLERS & WELLS,
(Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau-st., N. Y.)
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

☞ Robert M. Strebeigh can be seen at all hours during the day at the Tribune Office, New-York.

☞ Water-Cure Establishment, Syosset, Long Island, and Office 51 Tenth-st. near Fifth avenue. Jos. Shew, M. D. and Dr. Roor (both pupils of Priessnitz,) attend to patientes above. One of the Physicians, at least, will be in constant attendance at Syosset. a18d 1st p

☞ New-York Water-Cure Establishment—J. D. Pierson, M. D. Proprietor—This establishment is opening in one of the most pleasant and healthy parts of the city, containing some sixty rooms, with several private parlors, a good table for invalids, or others who wish a good plain diet; also a fine arrangement for bathing—18 and 20 East-Fourteenth-st. near Union-square, N. Y. a28 1m*

☞ Mrs. Gove's Water-Cure Establishment will remain at 261 Tenth-st. near Tompkins-square. Mrs. Gove, as heretofore, will receive patients at her residence or attend them elsewhere. The great advantages of the water cure, in the treatment of the most obstinate and formidable diseases, especially of females, are becoming too well known to require advertisement. a27 1m

☞ THE BOEHM FLUTE.

☞ A. G. Badger, Manufacturer, 191 Broadway, N. Y. has manufactured with Flutes of every description. A choice selection of Music and Books of instruction for the Boehm and 8 keyed Flutes constantly on hand. a25 1m

☞ Notice is hereby given that Books will be opened for subscription to the Capital Stock of the "Pensed Indianapolis Railroad Company" in the City of New-York, by W. J. HOGMAN, of Miami Co. In., on Monday, May 1, 1848, to be kept open for an indefinite term of time, Forty per cent, upon the amount is required at the time of subscribing. m29 eod

COUNTER CASES.—2 second-hand counter cases suitable for jewelers or fancy store, for sale cheap.—Inquire at 135 Hudson-st. m22 3t*

STEAM ENGINES.—For sale one 20 and one 25 horse high pressure steam engines, with iron beds, embracing all the modern improvements. Inquire at m22 1m* LEONARD HONE & NICOLL, 30 Pine-st.

FOR SALE.—4 Wool Cards, 2 Condensers and 2 Stretchers, finished in a superior style. Apply to m21 1m* J. G. DUDLEY, 8 Oliver-st. N. Y.

STANDING PRESS.—For sale low, to close a concern. A screw, screw poles, and several gross of boards. Apply at 65 Washington, basement, or at 56 Nassau-st. north story. m23 3t*

DRUG STORE FOR SALE.—The stock and fixtures of a small drug store, situated near the center of Brooklyn, will be sold cheap for cash. Inquire at 180 Washington-st. near the new City Hall. m12 1m*

NOTICE.—The stockholders of the West Chester Turnpike Road Company are hereby notified that an election of directors for said Company, will be held at the house of Jacob D. Hill, in the village of Mamaroneck, on Tuesday the 16th day of May.

STEPHEN C. GRIFFEN, President.
Mamaroneck, May 1, 1848. my2dMy16*

REMOVALS.

DOCTOR KIRBY has removed to 762 Broadway, fourth door above Eighth-st. my2 2w*

DR. TURNER has removed from 518 Broadway to 359 East-Twenty-st. near Tompkins Square. a28 1w*

REMOVAL.—CRANE & RITCHIE have removed from 74 William-st. to 62 Maiden-lane, a few doors above William-st. my2 3t

REMOVAL.—The subscribers have moved their paper warehouse from 223 Front st. to 218 Pearl-st. between Burling-slip and Maiden-lane, nearly opposite Pearl-st. my1 3t* BUNTING & FOOT.

REMOVAL.—E. WILKY, M.D. Homeopathic Physician, has removed from Broadway to 502 Houston-st. 3 doors west of Broadway. my3 1m*

REMOVAL.—Dr. WALLACE, Oculist, has removed from 59 to 60 Chambers-st. Office hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5. a27 1m

REMOVAL.—The office of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company is removed to No. 69 Broadway, below Wall-st. my1 1m

REMOVED.—Dr. A.