

Our New York Correspondence  
His unexpected popularity—My  
vision of him, and of matters connected with  
the interesting incident—Military enthusiasm—Astonishing growth of the New-York  
Daily Times—A new Theatrical Star—Ros-  
sau and the Ladies—Important Movement,  
etc.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1851.

Yours—The town-talk is still Kosuth.  
Kosuth in the morning; Kosuth all the af-  
ternoon; Kosuth at dinner; Kosuth all the evening;  
Kosuth at night; for nobody dreams of  
Kosuth now. On Change and  
Justice, in places of business, in  
the street, at the fireside,  
in short, you hear of nothing but  
Kosuth. He is "the all, and the end all," here.

The Clergy, of all Protestant denominations, are  
not behind other classes in the manifes-  
tations of Kosuth. The clerical cresting extended  
to the highly intelligent and influential  
members of this and neighboring cities has  
been a great impetus to the popular enthu-  
siasm. Distinguished Divines have preach-  
ed from the pulpit of the gospel, for the last  
month, in this manner. I do not say this sneeringly or  
reproachfully. I wish they could hardly do better  
than to lecture hearers with an ardent  
and the best Religious Liberty, and a desire  
that all should be saved. I feel quite  
an interest to preach the gospel as it is in  
Jesus, in a good Republicanism. Christ was  
not a saviour that ever lived, and his  
ministry, if they are true to their God,  
brought him from selling Kosuth God,  
and the great and stuporous crusade against  
all life, and true religion, and all  
good feelings and aspirations of the human  
race. Fairly, I thank God, that I have  
no such as that.

I am the present moment, fleeting fast,  
Is all that we can call our own—  
A linklet, in life's brittle chain,  
That we can never count again.

The Old Year, with his diamond pen,  
Wrote deeply, in the hearts of men,  
Full many a sparkling gem of love  
To bless us when his reign was o'er,

He says, "I tracked Sardan's sons,  
With Ishmael's wild and wandering bands;

Roamed thro' the vine-clad slopes of Palestine;  
Cheered Lapland's bowels with my glance;

Reposed in fair Italia's bowers,  
And caught the breath of Persia's flowers:

I hovered o'er Siberia's snows;  
Strayed 'neath the mystic Niger flows—

Caressed Circassia's misty divine—  
Knelt with the Turk at Mecca's shrine;

Heard India's aching palm-leave slier,  
And wandered by the Gaudelouper.

I furled this viewless wing of mine,  
And numbered hours beside the Rhine—

The sky is bright, thine air is bland,

Thy bosom fertile father land.

But still, upon thy sunny plains,

The vast canals their feudal chains,

Or seeks, beyond the deep blue sea,

The home he should have found in thee.

But he who wrote upon the wall,

In burning words, Belshazzar's fall,

Will surely break the tyrant-power,

That proudly rules the present hour,

And hurl to earth the flag that waves

O'er hated kings and slave slaves.

The rock whence sparkling waters came;

They rallied, blotted, died and left.

A glorious hercule斯 to fame—

And o'er the valley where they sleep,

Victorious frenzies yet shall rep.

With heart to heart and hand to hand,

With gleaming sword and flaming brand,

The harvest of their native land.

I left the footprints of decay,

On many a regal marble dome;

I mocked the grandeur past away

Among the ruins of old Rome.

And laughed to see the beggar dare

To press, with his unblown tread,

The sculptured monuments that bear,

The ashes of the mighty dead.

I saw the Russian despot pale,

And tremble under his regal state,

Whom unseen fingers raised the veil.

That hides the mystery of fate;

For near him, life's turbulent stream,

He saw the assassin's dagger gleam.

I grieved by the British thone,

And through the gorgious grandeur there,

Heard the wild wail, the heavy groan

Of Erin's anguish and despair—

And saw the burning tears they shed

Who strive and toil, and die for bread!

Did I behold a fairer sight,

Than young Columbia's banner bright

Far beyond the deep blue,

This starry ensign of the free,

Shines tamer than the purest gem,

In Europe's proudest diadem.

Forever honored be the land,

That wrested from the tyrant's hand,

The charter of the glorious land,

That fears no haughty despot's rod.

And pays no homage, save to God.

Huge mountains, hoar and high;

Her hoary air, her sunny sky;

Her towering forests, dim and old,

Her inland seas, her mines of gold,

Her mighty streams, her old blue hills,

Her stony flowers, her laughing nills

Make her so fair; as fancy deems

The Eden of the poet's dreams.

As freely tills the voice of mirth,

Around her poorest cottage hearth,

As where the sparkling wine is poured

By wealth around the proudest board;

For loving hearts and sunny eyes,

Have made an earthly paradise,

As well with her lowest homes,

As in her grandest marble domes,

But were her unsatisfied

Ambition, bigotry and pride,

Have sought to sow the tares of strife

Along the pleasant ways of life.

"Dissolve the Union" was the cry,

That met me, as I journeyed by.

Dissolve the Union—echo woke

Afrighted from his hidden caves,

The dissonance, like thunder, broke

The music of the mountain waves,

And wind, in hollow whispers, told

The new world's madness to the old—

The millions, who had watched the star,

The dawn of freedom's beacon-star,

Heard the wild murmur as it past,

And listened, trembling and dismayed,

For fear the light would fail at last

On which their hearts and hopes were stayed.

And thus I pondered: can it be?

That men, the proud, the brave, the free—

Men who enjoy, by right of birth,

Esteemed heritage on earth,

Are fain to cast the hoar side,

For which their noble fathers died?

On the castor who would dare

To rend the stars and stripes in twain—

He is a traitor, and should wear

Upon his brow the mark of Cain.

Heaven will unite, till time is done,

The many in the glorious one."

Yours truly, TIPPECANOE,

THE MAN in the glorious one."

Retrospections on New Year's Day.

"Oh, could we look, through memory back

Upon the Old Year's dreamy track,

And see, as God will scan at last,

Our every action, word and thought,

Would not start, and stand agast,

To see the tissue we have wrought?

Have we assumed affliction's smart:

Consoled and healed the breaking heart;

Reclaimed the wayward, cheered the weak;

Have we so weary hours beguiled:

Protected some poor orphan child—

Brought comfort to the dying bed;

Wrote with the mourner, by the dead?

Thus, wisely hoarding in our prime,

Heart-treasures, for life's winter time,

Or, have we spent the vanished hours,

Like butterflies, in summer hours?

That trifle, while the zephyr flings,

The blossom-orders from his wings,

And perish when the northern blast

Proclaims the blustery sunshine past.

Alas! how many hearts would quail;

How many radiant cheeks grow pale

With shame, with sorrow and affright,

If mortals had the power to gaze

Upon the book, where angel wrote.

The record of lost hours and days.

We cannot now redream the past;

The shadowy future is unknown—

The present moment, fleeting fast,

Is all that we can call our own—

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