

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER IX.

NEW YORK, July 4, 1853.

Fourth of July—Fireworks—A gala day—Cost of a Carriage—Crowds at the Crystal Palace, but not in it—Progress inside—The Opening Ceremonies; A Fast Storm—Damage; Accident to the Steamer; James Adger—A Heroic Engineer; Sir Charles Lyell's Elementary Geology; "The Old House by the River"; "Pleasure and Profit," a new and excellent book for the young; Coleridge's Complete Works; National Academy; Art at the Crystal Palace; Fireworks again; Finale.

MY DEAR POST:—The fourth of July is doubtless "some" to your readers throughout the good Old North State—but I can assure you that it is "some" in this metropolis.

I have just excused myself to a group of young people, (some of them freshly arrived from the far South) who have departed "to see the fire works" and to hear Dodworth's famous band at Madison Square—in the vicinity of my domicile. I have a passion for fireworks myself, and should have gone with them, but that I remembered my obligation to you and to your readers. It is not necessary, however, to leave one's own dwelling—no matter where, in this great city, it is situated—to see "fire works," for they are everywhere! Rockets are shooting up in every quarter, and describing fiery arcs through the moonless sky. Catharine wheels are rotating to-day upon almost every tree-top along the pavement—now with a progressive velocity that reminds you of an approaching locomotive; and, again, with a sort of spasmodic endeavor that would be entirely vain without the prompt assistance of a score of eager hands ready to do it "a friendly turn." Roman-Candles are vomiting forth legions of sparks and projecting red and blue, and green and crimson meteors, far up into the air. Add to these, (which may be counted by thousands from any commanding point) an incessant, feu de joie, of Chinese crackers (or "poppers," as I think they are called in the South) and you have a feeble representation of what is, at this moment, going on in every street, and at every corner, in this metropolis. There is not even a momentary cessation of the mimic cannonading, and not an instant in which the sky is not aglow with meteor fires. These are but the private entertainments of the night—while at half a dozen centres the city provides grander and more imposing displays of pyrotechny, with the best band-music of the metropolis thrown in.

The day has been a model of "loveliness. It dawned amid clouds, but had laid itself to rest upon the bosom of night with a rosy flush upon its cheek, like that of an infant in its innocent repose. Ten thousand little LEDs, weary of sight and sound, are already nestled upon pillows—but still "Young America" is wide awake and up to everything in the shape of fun or frolic which can be devised within the pale of the law—winking to-day at excesses which it cannot prevent. So far the day has passed away without a serious catastrophe in any of its parts. The usual grand military parade came off in the morning. There was no dust, and happily no mud to make the march fatiguing and to soil the gay uniforms of the soldiers. It was truly a gala day. Everything was bright and cheerful. At no time has the heat been oppressive, and a finer holiday New York has seldom enjoyed. The abandonment of the city to festivity has been more absolute than you would suppose it possible to be. By eight o'clock this morning even the market shops were closed and woe was to the luckless wight who failed to do his catering for Independence dinner, before breakfast!

The streets have been thronged for twelve hours, and everything in the shape of a vehicle on wheels has been in requisition. Carriages have been let at extravagant prices, and a one-horse buggy has commanded a sum that would go far toward buying the same in the back woods. I know of an incident in proof. A horse coach was hired by a friend of mine for a short excursion out of town. It was on duty only two hours, and the bill rendered was twenty dollars!

The scene at the Crystal Palace (or rather all around it) this afternoon was a curious one. I suppose there were not fewer than ten thousand people congregated. Every avenue of entrance to the Palace was zealously guarded by a brace of policemen, who were under strict orders to admit no one "except on business." It was amusing to witness the attempts of many to obtain entrance—some upon the plea of being "invited by Mr. so and so, to come up and look at the building." I rather compassionated the disappointed gazers, as armed with my talismanic card, I passed the police and the portals together, and stood within the fairy halls of iron and glass. The clinking of hammers, the twinkling of feet declared it to be a hive, where industry prevails. The amount of work accomplished since I wrote last is very great. The show cases are beginning to glitter in gold and glass; the tables and wall spaces are nearly ready for the objects which are to be displayed thereon; the graceful railing of the galleries and staircases are already painted and gilded; the myriad packing cases are beginning to yield up their treasures—and everything betokens a speedy opening. There appears to be no disposition upon the part of the managers to recede from their promise to open on the 15th—and the grand initiating ceremonies of the day previous are beginning to occupy their thoughts. I am not able to tell you precisely what these ceremonies will be; but there is no doubt that music and speech making will be two important features. Was there ever a great occasion celebrated in this land without speeches—and is there any reason why it should not be so? I row not, and speeches will have when the great Crystal hive is thrown open to the public gaze, that the profits and products of the world's industry may be seen and admired of millions. There will be jubling strains, and voices of thanksgiving to God mingling therewith—for where, except in a Christian land, could such an exposition be successfully carried into effect?

I must not omit to make mention of the storm which swept over our city on Friday evening last, doing serious injury in many quarters; and not suffering the Crystal Palace to go unscathed. It was the fiercest hail storm I have ever witnessed. In the northern section of the city, and particularly upon the eastern side, there raged a tempest of ice. I have no doubt that a bushel could have been scraped together by one pair of hands in five minutes. I picked up halibones fully six inches in circumference, and some time after the storm abated, one was picked up upon the stairs of my house not less than five inches in diameter. It fell through a thick glass skylight. At the Crystal Palace there prevailed for a few moments, I am told, a fearful apprehension of peril. The chief injury done was the prostration of an unfinished iron building attached to the main edifice. Much less glass was broken than I thought was inevitable. In the neighboring village, (town I should say) of Williamsburg a very large amount of property was destroyed by the storm.

I regret to record a decrease of the facilities for our Southern friends to visit our city this summer, in the disability of the beautiful steamship James Adger, running between this port and Charleston. Upon her last voyage hither she broke her engine; and it will take her two months to repair damages. The accident occurred before she was a day at sea, and her consequent detention for several days excited apprehension among the friends and officers of the ship. I am told, by a passenger, that the chief engineer performed a feat of heroism when the accident befel the ship. He dived among the crushing masses of iron and opened the escape valve of the boiler, thereby saving the passengers from the imminent peril

of an explosion. The firemen also stood at their posts, and manfully exerted themselves to extinguish the fire. Captain Dickenson, the amiable first officer of the ship, won the regard and esteem of all by his vigilant care of the steamer in her peril. I hope the noble craft will ere long resume her place in the line, and have henceforward a long immunity from mischances of every kind. She is justly esteemed the queen of the Southern Steamers.

I have examined, with much interest, a large and handsome volume just issued by the Messrs. Appleton, of this city. It is Sir Charles Lyell's "Manual of Elementary Geology," containing upwards of five hundred well executed engravings. No such manual as this has ever before been accessible to the American reader at a reasonable price. It is the most comprehensive and the best digested view of geological principles and discoveries now extant, and must inevitably become the standard work in that important and rapidly extending branch of physical science. The most incredibly low price at which the publishers have announced it, makes it a book for every student.

Did I commend to you in my last, a new book from the teeming press of the Brothers Harper—entitled "The Old House by the River." If I did not, let me do it now, cordially too, for it is a very charming volume and just the thing to read in the shadow of a tree upon the grass.

"Pleasure and Profit," is the happy title of a very beautiful little book, just published by Evans & Britton of this city. It purports to be written by "Mrs. Manners," a nom de plume doubtless, and is designed to convey lessons upon the Lord's Prayer, in a series of stories. They are exquisitely told, and exquisitely illustrated. I hope the book will be as popular as it is praiseworthy; and then it will be well for author, publisher and public alike.

Messrs. Harpers have just completed their beautiful and well-devised edition of Coleridge's complete works in seven volumes, which are a legitimate part and parcel of every classic English library.

Mr. Redfield's revised Shakespeare is bound to an enviable success. The public approves, it would seem, of Mr. Collier's new readings, and it may very justly do so.

The Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will close for the present year on the 9th inst., and for the rest of the season the great picture gallery of the Crystal Palace will be the home and centre of the fine arts, in this western world. The collection of oil paintings will be very large, and not less attractive; embracing many of the best pictures of the famous Dusseldorf painters—besides Italian, French and English works, in numbers. I shall, of course, pay proper respect to these and other objects when they are fairly introduced to the public. To say more now would be to forestall—unavoidably—the public's reasonable pleasure.

Still, although my candle flickers in its socket, (I pray you understand me figuratively, for I write by gas-light), still, the reverberations of exploding rockets make the air tremble; and the gleams of Roman and Roman-candle make the sky bright. They keep it up late—the patriotic boys—doubtless thinking that the fourth of July comes but once a year—for which let us be thankful.

Your's awfully,
COSMOS.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

BY WATSON.

To any one who has, at all, heeded the rapid mutations of matter, and observed, with any attention, the constant and ceaseless changes that take place daily and hourly around us, it is evident no epithet can be more appropriately applied to the goddess, Fortune, than "Fickle." It matters not whether we open, by the key of history, the iron chest of the past—examine and note the present aspect of affairs, or, with prophetic eye, explore the mysterious future, we are equally impressed with the thought of change. Mutability is stamped upon all things earthly and mortal. Under the ever varying influence of this fickle Goddess a few individuals, exiled from their native land, seek a foreign soil and in a short time become a mighty nation—set their brief part and then sink into their former nothingness. Where before the magnificent forest waved in its green luxuriance—where roamed the prowling lion and howling wolf—where the birds sang their melodious lays unheard by mortal ears, and the beautiful flowers bloomed to "waste their sweetness on the desert air,"—now large fields of yellow grain meet the eye—the howling beasts of prey have fled at the sound of the axe of civilization—magnificent towns now adorn the lands with their beautiful mansions, and sacred fane with lofty spires. On every side we are struck with the impress of mutability, and learn that this world is one continuous round of changes. To illustrate: if we consider earth's notables—the actions of brave men, who, like the comet in its flight, have flashed across the world's horizon with a bright glow and then disappeared forever, we will find numerous examples in point. Behold Napoleon Bonaparte at the zenith of his glory, when the powers of Europe feared and trembled at his name's mention—exalted, as he was, far above any of his contemporaries in quickness and correctness of judgment, which were the procuring causes of his unexampled success. Again, call up before your mind an individual—a sad and care-worn prisoner—on the lone Isle of St. Helena—exiled from his own, his father land—stripped of all the insignias of royalty and power, which he once possessed—guarded by the armed and happy-tempered powers of Continental Europe—cheered by no ray of hope of escaping from that terrestrial purgatory—but chilled by the thought of ending his days in solitude and misery: consider these extremes of this modern Alexander, and then, perhaps, you can form some feeble estimate of the vacillating nature of this fickle mistress—Fortune. At one time receiving the plaudits and homage of an admiring world—at another despoiled of all—taken prisoner and carried far away from country, friends, and all that man holds dear in this life—to die—an exile—an out-cast—is the fate of one whose name outshines, by far, any modern hero, as a brave, powerful and successful warrior. The language of the bard of Avon, in regard to Caesar, is equally applicable to Napoleon Bonaparte.

"But yesterday the world was his and none so poor to do him reverence." It is unnecessary to pursue this subject further to be convinced of the vacillating nature of this fickle Goddess. How very irregular and uncertain are her gifts! To this she gives and from that one withholds her favors. To one, who seems by nature endowed with all the qualities ensuring success in life, how often does it happen, that this arbitrary Goddess withholds her smiles; and again, upon others, who seem to have been born under an unlucky star, against whom external circumstances seem to have conspired to keep in ignorance and dishonor, she profusely lavishes favours—encouraged by her assistance, he, overleaping and trading down all opposition, rises to rank and distinction.

"Let not one look of Fortune cast you down,
She were not Fortune if she did not frown;
Such as do bravely bear her scorn awhile,
Are those on whom, at last, she smiles amiable."

Due West, S. C.

Human knowledge is a proud pillar, but it is built in the midst of a desert of ignorance, and those who have ascended the highest have only gained a more extended view of the waste.

From the Richmond Christian Advocate. COLPORTAGE IN VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

\$2,357 85 have been collected for this cause, and nineteen additional colporteurs commissioned in these States since the commencement of the quarter ending June 1st; seven agents have closed labor through various causes.

Eighty-seven months' and seventeen days' labor are reported, but many of our quarterly reports are yet due. In Virginia our sales for the quarter amount to \$2,271 29; grants, \$584 83; families without religious books except the Bible, 618; do, neglecting preaching, 737; do, without Bible, 411; meetings held for preaching and prayer, (many of our agents are regular preachers) 396. Whole number of families visited, 7,590.

Our sales in North Carolina are \$724 68; grants, \$123 33; meetings held, 60; families neglecting church, 268; do, destitute of the Bible, 249. Whole number of families visited, 1,565.

The tract cause was never more prosperous in these States than it is at present. Its silent yet powerful influence falls like dew or the gentle summer rain on the parched plain, irrigating many a moral waste, and troubling man a guilty sinner, but with God's blessing resting on it, it is also quieting awakened conscience by the application of atoning grace through the Redeemer. It brings joy to many a pious widow's heart as she reads the books presented by the colporteur, and many a poor ignorant child now owns his first lessons in Bible truth at the newly formed Sabbath School only by the Society's colporters.

When Jesus was asked by John the Baptist's disciples if he was the Christ, he replied, in giving various signs of his Messiahship, "And the poor have the gospel preached unto them." So now, over widely spread regions almost totally unvisited by the living minister, are installed as fire-side preachers, in the cabins of the destitute, Baxter, Bunyan, Doddridge, Flavel, and many others, thus preparing the way for the introduction of the stated ministry.

No one who has faith in the word of God, and in the efficacy of christian effort to save souls, can doubt that so much Bible truth, scattered abroad in thousands of habitations of the destitute, accompanied as it is for the most part with wise instructions, earnest exhortation and fervent prayer, will fill in producing results that shall cause angels to rejoice, strengthen the church on earth, and enlarge the ranks of watchmen on the walls of Zion.

The last quarter shows a considerable increase, when compared with previous quarters, in remittances by mail from the friends of the Society. This token of growing interest is thus publicly acknowledged with sincere satisfaction.

Were all the pastors in Virginia and North Carolina, who regard this institution as a great engine of moral reform, to specify one Sabbath in each year for the purpose of collecting the free-will offerings of their people to this object, we could beyond doubt sustain 75 colporteurs among the destitute; give to the poor, annually, \$30,000 worth of books; save a large sum now unavoidably expended by agents in travelling expenses, and still not less by one dollar our denominational contributions. On the contrary, they would undoubtedly increase, and so would our ministers' salaries—since it is a well established fact, that just as the masses of people are brought to fulfil their duty to God, their desire to aid in every department of benevolence increases; and no publications in the world, except the Bible, so fully enforce the duty of sustaining every good work as those of the Tract Society.

Remittances made by mail will be addressed to J. Cross, Richmond.

June 1, 1853.

PAY AS YOU GO.

The New York Times contains the following advice, which, if followed up, would prevent many an aching heart and sorrowful bosom. It reminds us of some of Franklin's excellent essays. "What! not avail myself of this capital opportunity for a bargain, just because the money is not in my pocket! There are a great many snug fortunes made by buying on time. But our mercantile friends who draw most largely on their credit, will agree with us in advising a young man to 'pay as he goes.' A sixpenny loaf of bread without butter, and no debt on it, has a better relish than your best dinner that is to be paid for to-morrow. The potatoes that are paid for before eating them, have no better taste, while a coppery flavor mingles with the vanilla of the creams that are bought on credit. Cash lords handsomely the leanest beef. Credit makes the fattest slices shrink in the pan. If you pay as you go, you very likely will fall astern of your bold, speculating neighbor, but you will have your vessel in a better trim for a squall. Men do not always get rich very rapidly who adopt this motto, but they very seldom can make out to fail. It may be hard for them to get rich, but it is harder for other people to suffer very bitterly on account of their poverty.

"The man who pays as he goes, and has nothing but the suit he has on, and the meal he is eating, that he can call his own, how much poorer is he than his neighbor who keeps a carriage and a servant, and lives in splendor, and owes more than he can ever pay; the latter, one will say, enjoys all the money that his splendor represents. This is very much a matter of taste. We should not enjoy it. Widows and orphans will weep when he dies, not because he has gone, but because his estate only pays twenty cents on the dollar. 'Pay as you go,' and leave no unpleasant business for your executor to transact. It is not gratifying for the widow to have your debts to settle, and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by his assets. Pay as you go—sleep sound at night, and drive out the nightmare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggler about the house. You will buy what you want, and leave what is unneeded till money is plenty. You will find the necessities of life to be only the desires of what generally are called rich. Off their faces, tearing the lean and laggard mask, you will find jolly, lazy luxury behind.

Your library will contain fewer and choicer books. Your wardrobe will be a collection of wearable garments—your home an aggregation of comforts for every day use. Your wife will be as tidy and neat as the best of them. She will have very little old jewelry to exchange for new, and the moths will not mch trouble her during these warm days. Your balance sheet will always be a pleasant document to study. The amount you have in the bank, the property you hold, the stock you own, will be the true representative of your means. Pay as you go, and when you die the enjoy the satisfaction that there is but one debt left behind you. If you have not any thing, the undertaker's bill will not be very heavy—too small to trouble you much afterwards. Next to having money enough, the most comfortable thing, in a financial aspect, is to owe nothing to any man. Pay every body as you go; but pay the printer in advance."

"Have you much fish in your bags?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good deal," was the rather slippery reply.

What makes a lawyer's position so perilous? Because he has other men's deeds to answer for as well as his own.

He who avails himself of the passing moment, that is the proper man.

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC.

The sprightly correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who is travelling through Syria, and at last accounts had reached the ancient city of Baalbeck or Heliopolis, gives the following description of the effect which his flute and the negro melody has upon the descendants of Ishmael:

"In travelling through Syria, as in other parts of the world, I always carry my flute with me, to relieve the lonely hours at night, and excite a social feeling among the natives. I had flung my way after the fashion of Goldsmith, through many a difficulty; and now I was resolved, through what magic of music would do in removing the prejudices of the Arabs. As soon as it was dark, we had a good fire lit in the corner, and pulling off our shoes, as custom required, we spread our mats close by, and sat down quietly to enjoy the cheerful fire, my friends (the Southern and the English captain) smoking their chibouks, while I brought forward my knapsack, and commenced putting the pieces of my flute together. The Arabs, who had begun to crowd in, were greatly interested in the strange instrument that I was getting under way, and Yusef, who was rather proud of his civilization, sat by enjoying their remarks, and giving us a running interpretation. Some thought it was a sort of pipe, with a large touch-hole; but the notion was ridiculed by the more knowing ones, who said it was plain to see that it was a new fashioned pipe, and that they would soon see me put the bowl to it, and begin to smoke.

At last I got the pieces adjusted, and commanding silence by a mysterious motion of the hand, commenced playing that classical air of "Old Zip Coon" which I dare say was never heard before among the ruins of Baalbeck. There was the most breathless attention on all sides, interrupted only by the suppressed exclamation of Talib! Talib! (Good, good!) when I blew a very shrill or false note; and soon the women and children from the neighboring houses, began to crowd in, and there was gradually a large circle formed around the room, and the audience squatting down in rows, till there was scarcely space enough to breathe. I blew away with all my might, for not only was I excited with the success of my experiment, but rather inspired with the music I was making, which I assured you was not bad. The familiar airs of home made me sentimental, and I merged into the doleful air "Give me back my heart again," which was a miserable failure; not a damsel seemed disposed to listen to it.—They commenced in the very middle of the most pathetic strain to call for "Old Zip Coon." When I had ended, there was no end of the talibs. Mr. Coon was a decided hit.

In order to vary the entertainment, silence was commanded again, and Yusef was desired to explain that there would be a song; that it was a song of an old black gentleman who lived in America, who was a pacha among the blacks; that he was called Uncle Ned because he was so venerated, and being very old, the hair all fell out of his head, and there was no hair at all, in the place where the hair ought to grow; that he hadn't any eyes to see with, and consequently was as blind as a post or stone wall, or anything else that is supposed to be deficient in eyes; that he neither had teeth to eat bread with, and he had to let the bread alone and eat something else; that his fingers were as long as came in the brake; which was about an average of sixteen feet; and eventually that one day when he was out in the field, a horrible monster, called Gaim Death, came along and caught him by the heel and carried him away, and he was never heard of any more except in this song, which was written in commemoration of these facts.

Thereupon, having excited the most profound interest in the history of Uncle Ned, I launched forth into the song, keeping as near the tune as possible, and going through all the motions descriptive of the baldness of his head, the absence of his teeth, and the length of his fingers. When I arrived at the final catastrophe, where grim death seizes the old gentleman by the heel, I made a sudden motion at the heel of one worthy who was sitting near by, completely upsetting him with fright, and causing a laugh from the audience that seemed as if it would never come to an end! It was the best hit of the evening, and completely removed all constraint. The women had gradually uncovered their faces, and the men were in such good humor that they paid no attention to it; and we were all as jovial as possible—showing that people all over the world are pretty much the same by nature; and that there are few faces so barbarous as not to be moved by music and a spirit of sociability.

"SEEN the Crystal Palace, Tommy?" asked a little urchin of a news-boy. "Oh yes, I've been up there several different times," replied another newsboy, as they both stood in Nassau street, waiting for the Extras to come out.

"Wal, I knows a man that would give \$500 to see that place."

"You do, Jim?"

"Yes sir-ee."

"And you know it, Jim?"

"Yes."

"Get a quarter on it that you don't."

"Done!" and the money was put in Billy Mulligan's hands.

"Now, who is he?"

"Why, he's a blind man."

To cure palpitation of the heart, procure a young woman—alive! and, having ascertained the region of her heart, press the organ closely against your own, until the pan ceases. For regimen, use cooling drinks and moonlight—about half and half.

OUR boy Dick wants to know what is meant by the question he has seen in the arithmetic.—How many rods make one acre? He says that when he went to school, the master had only one rod, but that used to make a good many acres!

"GUILTY or not guilty?" said a Judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor pleases. It's not for the like of me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

A SAILOR observing a tailor at work, whose waistcoat was patched over with an endless variety of different pieces of cloth, cried out to his mate. "Look, ye Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of cabbage before grow on one stump?"

An Irish orator, speaking of an opponent's love of praise, described him as so vain in that respect, "that he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his grave."

Hope is vry fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us by assuring us of recompensing the delay by great bounty.

All excesses are ill; but drunkenness is the worst sort. It spoils health, dismounts mind and unman men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, imprudent, dangerous and mad.

Never marry until you can face the music of the butcher, grocer dressmaker, and thirty-eight cousins, and several babies.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Southern Weekly Post.

EDITED BY CALVIN H. WILEY, WILLIAM B. COOKE, LYTTELTON WADDELL, JR.

RALEIGH, JULY 16, 1853.

Terms—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in Advance. CLUB PRICES: Three Copies, \$5—full price, \$6; Eight Copies, 12 " " " " 16; Ten Copies, 15 " " " " 20; Twenty Copies, 25 " " " " 40. (Payment in all cases in advance.)

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All articles of a Literary character may be addressed to the Editors of the Southern Weekly Post, Raleigh, N. C. Business letters, notices, advertisements, remittances, &c., &c., should be addressed to W. D. Cooke. Postmasters are authorized to act as Agents for the Southern Weekly Post. WILLIAM D. COOKE, PROPRIETOR.

V. B. PALMER, the American newspaper agent, is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rates required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. Mr. H. P. DOTY is our authorized agent for the States of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TEXAS.

COLLEGES.

It is a cheering evidence of the prosperity of our country, of the progress of our people in taste and intelligence, that institutions of learning of various kinds are rapidly multiplying on every hand, and are fostered with a zeal worthy of all commendation. It is obvious to those who take sufficient interest in these subjects to observe the changes going forward in society, that education of an elevated character is more and more appreciated, and that the youth of our country are beginning to manifest a more general ambition to distinguish themselves by their acquirements, as well as to perceive, more distinctly than they formerly did, the influences of mental cultivation in all the various spheres of active life. It is now felt and acknowledged that, in the long run, the educated man possesses an advantage over the ignorant, in every conflict of interest and enterprise, which native talent could never acquire from any other source. He is furnished with the means of usefulness and distinction, from the great store-house of knowledge, without which the most commanding genius generally struggles in vain against the difficulties of the world.

We are a little apprehensive that, in some respects, this increasing enthusiasm for education may go too far. It cannot be carried to extremes in the right direction, but there is some danger that the spirit of rivalry may lead to a degree of pretension on the part of literary institutions, when, injudiciously multiplied, which must prove very disastrous to the general cause. We cannot have too many schools, but it is easy to perceive that the relative number of colleges to inferior institutions, may be increased to an improper extent, and that the standard of learning may be thereby lowered instead of being elevated. There is a strong disposition manifested everywhere to invest our schools with a sort of charm derived from fanciful names and extravagant pretensions. Institutions which in England or Germany would be considered simply preparatory to their colleges and universities, are, in many parts of our country, advertised with long, high-sounding titles, and clothed with powers to pronounce the education of the students completed, when in point of fact, it has just commenced. The number of such schools is already very great and is constantly on the increase. Two or three professors, a small library, and a cheap apparatus are provided, and immediately the village, where the school is located, begins to boast of its college, and the boys or girls of the neighborhood rejoice in expectation of graduating in a few years with college honors. Now we have no sort of objection to such institutions themselves, but only to the numerous misapprehensions they create at home and abroad; to the impression produced upon the minds of the young and uninformed, leading them to believe that a short course of study, pursued there, will acquire for them a liberal education, and to the impression made upon foreigners that our standard of learning is far below that of the more flourishing nations of the old world. It is calculated to injure the character of American scholarship, and to render the diplomas, so liberally dispensed throughout this country, objects of contempt in the eyes of the foreign student.

The great majority of our colleges are about on a par with what the Germans call their gymnasias, which are the high schools, the feeders of their great universities. The German student never thinks of completing his education in such an institution. It is in those vast universities alone, that the power resides of conferring upon him the degrees and honors which are the recognized evidences of a finished education. In them, the most profound scholars and the most accomplished lecturers of the known world, are constantly engaged in imparting instruction, upon the vast circle of the sciences, and the various departments of literature and philosophy, to young men who have already acquired in the gymnasias an education that would entitle the American student to university honors. It requires but little observation of these facts to convince us that the fault of our institutions is not their number, but in the limited range they afford to the student, and the low standard of learning with which they seek to satisfy him.

One of the principal causes of this unfortunate multiplication of small colleges, is the prevailing spirit of denominational jealousy. The various Protestant sects have adopted the policy of the Catholics, and established all over the land institutions of this character under their own control, and as the requisite number of well qualified professors could not be obtained for so many establishments, in which one professor is generally expected to teach in several different departments, the consequence has necessarily been a sacrifice of learning on the altar of sectarian zeal, and an injury to the

cause which it will require many future years to repair. There are now more than thirty States in the Union, and the number will probably reach fifty in less than ten years. One large, comprehensive university, with power to confer degrees, capable of sufficing on an average for each of these States, and even then, the number of professorships would be difficultly supplied with incumbents having European qualifications. Forty universities, with an average of twenty learned professors, each filling a distinct chair, would certainly answer the wants of our country. The means at our command, if concentrated upon these, instead of being squandered upon several hundreds of comparatively insignificant institutions, would furnish them with libraries, apparatus, and museums amply sufficient for every purpose, and adequate to the demands created by the times. How much more elevated would be the standard of education in this country, than it is under our present system, must be obvious to every intelligent mind.

We have been drawn into this train of reflection by the perusal of a recent work on Germany. The great universities of Berlin, Göttingen, Leipzig, Bonn, Halle, and others of world-wide celebrity, have excited our admiration, and caused us to boast of our own country may some day be able to boast of similar institutions. We are, it is true, still in our infancy as a nation, and cannot expect such magnificent seats of learning to grow up in a day; but we can at least aim at the object, if we may not attain to it, and ought in justice to the American character to lay our foundations broad and enduring, on a scale proportioned to our expectations in the future, and trusting to time for the elevation and perfection of the edifice, should at least endeavor to prevent the manner in which now carries the American student to the way to Germany, to finish and complete the studies which are but partially entered upon, when he is graduated at home.

FRIENDLY CORRESPONDENCE.

The communication of our amiable and constant friend "P. F. R.," contained in our last, was as gentle in its tone, so gentle and flattering in its terms, that it might plausibly be attributed to some heavenly-minded herald of the cross. Of course, we cannot find it in our hearts to permit anything like vituperation for an article addressed to us in such a meek and angelic spirit.

It will be recollected by those who read our article on the school question, that we complained that the ministers and members of a particular religious denomination, made up for the most part of foreigners, were engaged in unjustifiable wars upon our American State institutions. The names of the Post are already familiar with the manner in which they attempted to out-vote the friends of the common schools at the polls, in Detroit and Cincinnati. When therefore, "P. F. R." undertook to justify the assailants in our columns, we contemplated only the attitude of mutual hostility presented by the friends of our institutions, on the one hand, and the Catholic party, on the other, and had no idea, and still have none, of discussing a new issue between Catholicism and Protestantism. That party have taken their position against non-schools, as "infidel and godless" institutions, and we hold it to be incumbent on them to show the grounds of their claim to have their peculiar dogmas taught in our non-sectarian schools, or to receive a separate portion of the common fund to be used for sectarian purposes. They are bound to show that the system of education which they advocate, as so much better than our own, will promote the great end contemplated by the State; viz: the general diffusion of knowledge among the people; and thereby qualify them for the private and responsibilities of self-government. It is obvious, therefore, that if trees are to be judged of by their fruits, and different systems of education of their effects, we were perfectly fair in calling upon the mouth piece of the assailing party in this State for satisfactory evidence that their favorite mode of education have produced results equally favorable with ours to the interests of the masses of the people. It was a method of defence necessarily suggested by the nature of the controversy. We are not surprised, however, that "P. F. R." has sensitively shunned an investigation so fatal to his cause, or that he now contends, with a readiness very becoming in one who imputes moral enormities to his antagonist, that "from the dissimilarity of circumstances, no just comparison could be instituted with any European Catholic country. Was causes that dissimilarity? Nothing but the schools, and other free institutions which are the glory of our country. We have carefully examined from them the blighting influence of priestly control, whilst in almost every Catholic country, that control is sanctioned by their despotic governments, and constitutes the strongest bulwark of their detestable tyranny. But we did not limit our response to a European parallel; we gave the range of all those republican States of Mexico, Central America, and South America, which differ from our country chiefly in this very particular, that their people are educated under ecclesiastical direction, which is not the case with us. To see once more the illustration drawn from Church usage, we have brought our antagonist up to the bar of the INQUISITION, and, in spite of its sternness, he still holds out, because he finds it still more terrible to reply.

Instead of meeting the issue in regard to the statistics of education in Catholic countries, "P. F. R." calls lustily for the previous question. But the glad enough to get back to that subject. But the main question is not what he has stated it to be, for we have never denied the right of Catholics to participate fully (in the benefits of an education arising from taxation.) The question is—shall the State establish such a system of education supported by taxation, as shall embrace among the branches taught in the schools, the peculiar doctrines of the Catholic Church. We say there is no justice in such a provision, unless the same favor is shown to other denominations. And if teachers were required to teach the peculiarities of all the different churches, it needs very little argument to demonstrate, that such a system of common schools would be a mockery and a failure. But the alternative branch of the main question, we have likewise shown to be a most mischievous proposition, viz: that a part of the common fund shall be handed over to the Catholic Church to be spent in the support of their

schools. We have been drawn into this train of reflection by the per