

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER X.

New York, July 18th, 1853.

The advantages of having three pairs of eyes—Inauguration of the Crystal Palace—Scene in the Building—Steel-clad Warriors—The Prayer—The Anthem—The Speeches—The Chorus—State of the Exhibition—Division of the Space—Description of the Interior—The Great Dome—Colossal Statue of Washington on horseback—Group of the Amazon—A fountain of Perfumes—American Woods—A Centrifugal Fountain—Putnam's Printing Presses—Words of Advice and Caution—The Destruction of the Empire.

MY DEAR POST.—You are fortunate in the possession of three pairs of eyes, for so you can occasionally send one of them abroad to see what is going on in the great world. I did not chance to encounter the glance of the stray pair in the Crystal Palace on Thursday last, but still I knew it was there—keeping a sharp lookout for the novelties and pleasures of the grand inauguration festival, which was then and there celebrated. I am sincerely thankful that the Crystal Palace is open—for now the thousand letter-writers of this city—and I among them—will have an inexhaustible theme!

The long-looked for event transpired, as I have said, on the 14th inst. Incredible as it must appear to any one who saw the interior of the Palace within, and the scene wore a holiday aspect. Gay banners floated from the dome and towers of the building—the flags of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium and Holland—and higher than them all, the "stars and stripes" of our own glorious country.

I shall be very brief in my account of the inauguration ceremonies—for I remember that I got very tired before they were well over. The tide set towards the Palace at eight o'clock, and when I arrived there, about noon, it seemed as if the entire population of the city had congregated in the vicinity of its various grand entrance ways. With some difficulty I succeeded in effecting my way into the blue section of the Palace, which was so thronged that the only remaining seats were the gallery stairs.

It was past two o'clock when the President of the United States entered the building and took his seat upon the dais which had been built for the occasion. The scene at this moment was exceedingly novel and brilliant. Several thousand people were crowded into an area almost spanned by the vast dome of the Edifice. From the galleries upon every side, were rained down the bright glances of thousands of eager eyes. The air was tremulous with the plaudits of a thousand hands, and with the thunderous hurrahs of the multitude. I gazed with deep interest upon the scene below me, (for I had mounted to a gallery,) and I saw the chief ruler of a mighty people sitting, (not upon a throne,) and surrounded by the representatives of many foreign powers, assembled to witness and sanction the opening of a grand temple of INDUSTRY, and let me add, of Peace also; for I feel assured that when the nations enter into the strife of the spindle and the hammer, they will proportionally forget the strife of the cannon and the sword!

Casting my eyes upwards for a moment I observed standing out, as it were, from the opposite gallery, the figure of a mail-clad warrior. There he stood armed cap-a-pie in steel, and presently I discovered that there were other mailed men at opposite points, all seeming to look grimly down upon the peaceful host below. I was not long in perceiving the spirit of the riddle. These steel-girt men are truly types of the Past. They have come from the grim old tower of London, commissioned by the fair and beloved Queen of England's realm, to point the contrast of the times. We thank her warmly for the moral, and should not fail to thank God also for the occasion and fitness of the same. But I am digressing.

The ceremonies were begun with a prayer by the Rev. Bishop Watson, who read it with considerable fervor, from an ornamental MS. before him. I will not carp at the worthy prelate's manner—though I must say that I should have listened with much greater interest to an extemporaneous prayer—however much less rhetorical and elaborate.

The New York Sacred Harmonic Society then sang an appropriate hymn, to the favorite melody of *Old Hundred*, and as the waves of sound from choir and orchestra mingled with the deep diapason of the organ, swelled up and rolled like a vast tide through the aisles of the Palace, I felt the power of music, and at that moment, could have wept with the depth of my emotion.

The two speakers of the occasion were the two Presidents—of the Crystal Palace Association and of the United States, respectively. I name them in the order of their rising. Mr. SEDGWICK made an elegant demonstration of his reasonable pride in the scene and the occasion—well-learned the Chief Magistrate of the country to the halls of iron and crystal, and called upon him to proclaim his approval of the efforts he and his associates had made to magnify the genius of American industry. The President of the United States obeyed the call, and frankly, warmly, but very briefly, uttered the words which served as it were to put the national stamp upon the enterprise. Hearty and repeated cheers followed his speech—the enthusiastic and kindling strains of the *Hallelujah Chorus* pealed from the great choir, and so the work was done! The rest of the afternoon passed quickly away to the thousands who longed to inspect the works and objects, already in their hands, for the great Exhibition. The music of *Dostworth's* and of the National Bands, alternately gave wings to the homes—end of the participation in the opening ceremonies, went away possessing a new and strange experience of pleasure and satisfaction.

The Crystal Palace is now regularly open to the public—every day at 10 o'clock—and, notwithstanding its lack of completeness, there is vastly more to be seen than can be inspected in a single day. Several thousand visited it upon Friday and Saturday, and I am told that to-day the crowd is still greater. Meanwhile, the work of opening and arranging goods goes on with great rapidity day and night. The United States department is in the most advanced condition, and Great Britain, perhaps, is in the least. The whole first floor of the Palace—embracing an area of nearly 160,000 square feet—is divided into four great divisions by the intersecting naves. These are designated respectively A, B, C, and D. A is occupied by the United States; B by Great Britain; C by France, Germany and Belgium; and D by Austria, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, British Colonies, &c. The galleries contain over 90,000 square feet, and are appropriated generally to the countries which occupy the space beneath them.—The whole space below is subdivided into Courts, each twenty-seven feet square. These courts are enclosed by walls of wood—affording a vast quantity of wall space for the display of all goods that may be hung. The grand passages of the Palace, which form a Greek cross, are three hundred and sixty feet long and forty-one feet wide. At all that I have named—home—themselves one of the greatest wonders of the age—Crystal Palace. It is a hundred feet in diameter and its crown one hundred and twenty-three above the floor. It is beautifully decorated in four, as are all the ceilings of the building—

The whole effect of the interior is exceedingly novel and pleasing. The iron columns of which there are, above and below, three hundred and sixty, are in shape slender and graceful and painted of buff color with bright ornaments—present little obstruction to the eye as if glances over the vast area enclosed within the walls of enamelled glass.

I scarcely know where to begin in my observations for the benefit of your readers, and indeed I shall probably be very discursive—since for weeks to come new objects in all parts of the building will oblige me to visit many times every part of the building. The centre of the octagon is occupied by a colossal equestrian statue of Washington, cast in plaster in imitation of bronze. It is the work of the Baron Marochetti and naturally attracts the gaze of the visitor before any thing else. As a work of art it is not so unquestionably entitled to the distinction of its grand position, as it is by virtue of its subject. I would not, however, detract from its very high degree of merit—and I am quite sure that it will make a memorable impression upon every beholder. The eye cannot long be chained by it, however, for just beyond it (supposing that you are looking at the face of Washington) is the great work of Kneass, the Berlinse sculptor. It is a group in bronze, representing an Amazon woman on horseback attacked by a tiger. The action of the group is wonderful beyond my power of description. The tiger has fastened itself upon the breast of the horse, which is rearing in mingled pain and terror. The Amazon thrown back from her natural position, and seemingly transfixed with consternation, is yet preparing to slay the dreadful foe, and gaze at the resurrection and power gleaming in her eye, that the sequel of the story is just as plain to the eye of the spectator as if it rested upon the lifeless body of the fierce and savage assailant. This great work would, of itself, repay any lover of the arts, for a visit to the Crystal Palace, even though he came all the way from the bosom of the "Old North State." The origin of all this famous group adorns the entrance of the museum at Berlin. The present copy is cast in zinc, and the zinc is then galvanized with copper so as closely to resemble bronze. Copies are now numerous. To the left of the Amazon group stands a statue of Daniel Webster, by Carew, of which I will offer you my opinion hereafter. Beyond this is a canopy of wood and tinsel, erected for the display of all descriptions of perfumery and toilet articles. In the centre is a showy fountain of cut glass, which is continually, during the exhibition hours, throwing up jets of *cologne*—making the surrounding atmosphere redolent of sweet perfumes. This temple of odours was erected by PHALON, the well-known perfumer and hair dresser of the St. Nicholas Hotel. Beyond this again (I am now going up the eastern nave) is a frame containing nearly two hundred specimens of the native woods of America—cut transversely from the blocks. Beyond this is the great fountain of the Palace. It is not a jet, but a sheet of water forced over the broad lips of a vast horn. The effect is very beautiful, and is produced by means of a hydraulic machine, known as Gwynne's centrifugal pump. A few steps on you come to the printing presses of Messrs. Putnam & Co.—where the power of steam is incessantly moving a system of levers and wheels and cogs and fingers to produce the printed sheets of the *Official Catalogue*, and the "Illustrated Record" of the Great Exhibition. These presses and their appliances extend back into the machine Arcade, a region scarcely yet defined, except to the apprehension of the builders. I wish indeed, it were even now finished, for upon the long colonades of the machine room, and the long picture galleries above it, the expectations of thousands are centering for much of the interest of the exhibition.

I do not feel any courage, at this moment, to venture upon another name of the Palace. Indeed, the names of the only one in which objects have yet attained much "fame." The white steatites of Italy gleam all around you, but they are only temporarily placed, and it is my design to convey to your readers, as well as I can, an impression of objects in their real and permanent position and relations in the building. I shall resume my descriptions in my next letter, and probably devote the greater portion of my correspondence to the Crystal Palace for some weeks to come.

A word to your readers as to the time of visiting New York. Supposing them to be at liberty to choose their own time, let me advise them to select the month of August, and not to be in a hurry to leave home until the idea is past. The Exhibition will not attain its acme of interest under a month, and although there is enough now to bewilder any one—the effect of rare objects is impaired by vast blank spaces and by unfinished preparations all around.

When your readers get to New York, let them not forget the fact that they are exposed to innumerable impositions, in-doors and out-of-doors.—I do not mean that they shall make themselves unhappy over what is inevitable, but simply that they shall be on the lookout, and suspect the *kindness* which is particularly obtrusive and gratuitous.

I have barely room left to allude to the new catastrophe upon the Hudson River. The destruction of the steamboat *Empire*, with the loss of several lives and great injury to numerous persons, has occurred at a most unhappy moment for the interests of the People's Line of Steamboats, by the temptations of the Hudson River by daylight, or by moonlight either, will hardly be great enough, I imagine, to counteract the apprehension of peril which the passenger must now make the voyage of the river.

It only needs now a terrible collision upon the Hudson River Railway, to depopulate Saratoga for the Summer, or at least for a few days.

Your's faithfully,

COSMOS.

"WHO IS WASHINGTON?"—The London Daily News lately states that an old English newspaper "Who is George Washington?" Replying to his own query, the journal states that "George is an obscure leader of militiamen, who meddles with matters that are above his comprehension, and whose obscure life will be 'rounded' by the galleys if he continues his treasonable practices, and 'provokes his betters too far.' Further, the public is requested to decide his character by the station of his associates, one of whom is spoken of as a "dirty printer's man, named Benjamin Franklin!"

COOL COURAGE.—At Albany, N. Y., last week, a team of horses ran off with a wagon in which a little child was left alone. A young lady saw the danger, and in an instant, throwing her hat and shawl on the side walk, she made a spring at the tail of the wagon, caught it firmly, the momentum of the wagon jerking her inside of the box. She immediately clasped the child in her arms, and seizing a favorable moment, sprang to the ground, without injury either to herself or to the little fondling. Such a woman deserves a husband and baby of her own.

Our punning friend, whose *bon mots* we have before recorded for the public amusement, let off a very brilliant thing at a recent race near Richmond, which should not be lost. The favorite horse was named Red Eye, and our friend was advising a gentleman to take no bets against him, as the issue of the contest was already certain. "How so?" asked the gentleman. "Because, sir," replied the punster, "I do certain est you certain redder redder post!"—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

SOMEWHAT SINGULAR.—It is said there is not many of "the old folks at home." The great portion of them have gone to Old Point and Hampton.

ANNIE, THE MISCHIEVOUS.

I've a sweet little pet—she is up with the lark, And at eve she'll creep in the valleys are dark; And she chatters and dandles the blessed day long, Now laughing in gladness—now singing a song.

She never is silent the whole summer day; She is off on the green with the blossoms to play; Now seeking a buttercup—seeking a rose, Or laughing aloud at the little blue blows.

She never is still now at some merry play, You'll smile as you watch her in spite of yourself; You may chide her in vain for those eyes full of fun, Are smiling in mirth at thine mischief she's done.

And whatever you do—that some thing without doubt; She'll know as a cat, and she'll be a beauty to boot; And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot see.

She dances and sings and has many sweet airs, And to infant accomplishments, adding her prayers; I have told every thing that the darling can do, For 'twas only last summer her years numbered two.

She's the picture of health, and a southern-born thing, Just as ready to weep as she's ready to sing, And I fain would be foe to the lip that hath smiled At this wee bit of song of the dear little child.

MELODIA.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

THERE is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the sun does not set, than the abtells us he had no conception of the effect produced, before his arrival at Stockholm, five hundred miles distant from Guttenburg. He arrived in the morning, and, in the afternoon, went to see some friends. He had not taken notes of time, and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sun-down. The way the sun rises, and the sun passes round the earth to the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travelers go there to see it. A steambot goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. When the sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. This way the people there know that it is midnight, is—they see the sun rise. The chances in these high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterward, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends; and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day? He could not say; but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The doctor did not know how they learned the time, but they had; and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into the habit of late rising. The doctor was surprised to see the people in Stockholm, he looked at his watch, and found it was five o'clock; but there were no persons in the street. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing, probably, to the climate.

THE BEGINNING OF USEFUL MEN.—The late Samuel Appleton of Boston, one of the most eminent and wealthy merchants of that city was, sixty years ago, a country school teacher, at New Ipswich, from which place he went forth with a certificate from the pastor of the village that he was "a person who supported a good moral character, and was possessed of abilities sufficient to instruct a school, in reading, writing, orthography, English grammar, and arithmetic." A centennial celebration of the settlement of New Ipswich, in 1850, Mr. Appleton sent \$5,000 to the literary institutions of New Hampshire, the Academy of Ipswich in particular, to enable that institution to assume its former standing, and extend its future usefulness. The Boston Transcript says: "Although he leaves an estate valued at a million of dollars, yet had he been disposed to devote all his powers to the acquisition of wealth, he could easily have reached his fortune. But those who knew him well, will agree in opinion that he took greater pleasure in dispending his bounty than he did in the accumulation of his fortune. Well and proper it is that our citizen should unite in a testimonial of respect to-day in honor of the memory of the upright and honest man."

MELANCHOLY AND STRANGE.—We are once more reminded of the terrible killing in April, near our city, by the following brief but melancholy statements. It will be remembered that in the list of the dead were recorded a man, woman, and two lads about eleven and fifteen years of age, and they were buried with being recognized, with no friend to follow them to the grave, and no inscription to be written above them but the sad one, "unknown." It will be remembered also, that an infant, very sadly dressed, taken from the ruins of a building, and nursed by one of our most respectable families. A cow was also on board the train which might belong to one family and all long and faithful exertions such as have been made for the case. The investigation has also elicited the following sad fact; that another young man who was killed, about seventeen years of age, as supposed to be Mr. Misner, from a card found in his pocket with this name upon it, was also one of the sons. The name of the family was Kellogg. They were whither two older sons had already gone, leaving behind a daughter who had already been here, have reclaimed their infant sister, assisted the graves of their parents and their brothers. This is the saddest tale of all connected with this memorable and heart-rending catastrophe, which will live in some families, through mortal man's generation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

VERY SENSIBLE.—It was remarked by an intelligent old farmer, "I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man; for the one or the other I am compelled to."

SOMEWHAT SINGULAR.—It is said there is not many of "the old folks at home." The great portion of them have gone to Old Point and Hampton.

ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

A late collection of epitaphs published in England, contains among others, the following:

On a Linedropper. Cottons, and cambrics, all adieu, And muslins, too, farewell; Plain, striped, and figured, old and new, Three-quarters, yard or ell; By nail and yard I've measur'd ye, As customers inclined; The church yard now has measur'd me, And nails my coffin bind.

From Cunewallon Churchyard, Cornwall. (It may be read either backward or forwards.) Shall we all die? We shall die all, All die shall we, Die all we shall.

Others are explicit in point of pedigree—as, for instance, the following, with its opening chorus of thanksgiving—

From Broom Churchyard. God be praised! Here is Mr. DUDLEY, senior, And JANE his wife, also, Who, whilst living, was his superior; But see what death can do. Two of his sons a. b. he here, One Walter, 'Ocher Joe; They all went in the year 1510 below.

The above, however, are hardly so absurd as the histories of Cornwall—

Father and Mother and I Lies buried here, as under; Father and Mother lies buried here, And I lies buried yonder.

In Mrs. Greenwood's epitaph, as transcribed by Mr. Judson the best pair of lines is left out—these being: My grief for this good woman is so sore That I can really only write four lines more.

In St. Germain's, in the Isle of Man, the following very singular epitaph is yet to be seen, in Latin, over the tomb of Dr. Samuel Rutter, formerly prebendary of Litchfield, and afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man:

In this house which I have borrowed from my brethren, the worms, Die I SAMUEL, by Divine permission, Bishop of this island. Stop, reader; behold, and smile at THE PALACE OF A BISHOP! who died May 30, 1653.

AMATEUR FOWL BREEDER.

The Editor of the Lynn Bay State has been buying fancy eggs of some one in Boston, at a big figure, which did not turn out what he expected, and so he concludes that the hen fencer is a great humbug? Saved him right; he bought what was said to be Cochon Chien eggs, and after waiting patiently four weeks, he found six ducks in his hatching coop one morning. So much for his foresightfulness.

That isn't half so bad as the case of one of his neighbors, who paid a round price for half a dozen choice eggs, queer looking speckled eggs, that he felt certain would produce rare chickens, and which he was very cautious in setting under his best hen. At the end of a fortnight he was startled at the breakfast table, to hear his favorite hen screaming "bloody murder from within the coop!" He rushed to the rescue, raised the box lid, and found the hen on the nest, but in a frightful perturbation—straggling, yelping and cackling most viciously.

He spoke to her kindly and softly; he would fain appease and quiet her, for there was great danger, lest in her excitement and struggles she should destroy the favorite eggs, those rare eggs, which had cost him so much money and trouble. But soft words were in vain. His "best hen" continued to scream, and he raised her from the nest to look at the cause of her trouble more critically. His astonishment was instantaneous, but immense; and his surprise found vent in the brief but expressive exclamation—"Turtles by Thunder!"

Such was the fact. She, poor innocent poultry fancier, was the victim of misplaced confidence. The party who sold him the eggs had sold the buyer slockingly! And instead of a brood of pure Cochon Chien's, he found that his favorite hen had hatched half a dozen of pure Mud Turtles, all of which upon breaking from the shell, seized the flesh of the poor fowl, and had well nigh destroyed her life, before they could be choked off! He has given up the chicken business, and has since gone into the dwarf pig culture.

WEDDING DIVINATION.—Being lately present on the occasion of a wedding at a town in the East Riding of Yorkshire, I was witness to the following custom, which seems to take rank as a genuine scrap of folk lore. On the bride alighting from her carriage, at her father's door, a plate covered with morsels of bridecake was flung from a window of the second story upon the heads of the crowd congregated in the street below, and the divination, I was told, consists in observing the fate which attends the morsel. If it reaches the ground without being broken, the union is a most unfavorable one; if, on the other hand, the morsel is shattered to pieces, (and the more the better) the auspices are looked upon as most happy.—*Notes and Queries.*

Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris. "I will engage" said one to the other, "to give the man before me a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do. The stranger turned round and looked astonished. "I beg your pardon," said the kicker, "I took you for the Duke de la Tremouille."

The Duke was very handsome—the man very plain; he was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.

FLORAL CURIOSITY.—M. Delhommeau, a gardener at Le Mans, France, has at the present moment a rose tree in bloom, which is the admiration of all amateurs. It is a hybrid, and bears a flower of a bluish lilac color, a tinge which has never before been obtained. The flowers produced are most abundant, very strong and regular, and measure nearly four inches in diameter. It has flowered this year for the first time.

Every body knows that Barnum advertises. He always did—and attributes his success in life mainly to that important fact. The following may be an advertisement, or it may be intended as a burlesque. It will pass for either: The Bearded Lady with her whiskers dark, Is seen each day at Barnum's, near the park; Barnum exhibits, with his usual taste, His only hump that is not barefaced.

The Woolsack *Patriot* editor makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick! "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick-yard—that hen is not for sale."

Southern Weekly Post.

EDITED BY WILLIAM D. COOKE, LYTTLETON WADDELL, JR.

RALEIGH, JULY 30, 1853.

Terms—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in Advance. CLUB PRICES: Three Copies, ..... \$6.00; Eight Copies, ..... \$12.00; Ten Copies, ..... \$15.00; Twenty Copies, ..... \$30.00. (Payment in all cases in advance.) Where a club of eight, ten or twenty copies is sent, the person making up the club will be entitled to a copy extra.

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Advertisements should in all cases be marked with the number of insertions desired, and subscriptions at the rate required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. Mr. H. P. DODD is our authorized agent for the States of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TENNESSEE.

IMPENDING WAR.

ALL eyes are now turning with anxious expectation to the dark cloud lowering over eastern Europe, and awaiting with awful suspense the actual commencement of the bloody conflict. The first bolt has already fallen. The emperor Nicholas, steadily pursuing the policy so openly and boldly adopted in his numerous manifestoes, has taken military possession of the Turkish provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, protesting all the time that his designs are peaceful, but in fact commencing a war of aggression upon the Ottoman empire, which will, in all probability, end in its dismemberment.

There is a great deal of speculation on the part of the press, both here and in Europe, as to the probable effect of this movement upon the peace of the world. It is astonishing to see how far many suppose Russia may proceed in her violation of the territorial rights of the Porte, without actually furnishing a *casus belli*. To us, nothing appears more absurd than to admit the right of one power to seize the provinces of another. If this does not justify war, we know not what can. It is the most aggravated act of national violence to attack the integrity of a neighboring empire. It strikes not only at the honor, but at the existence of the nation. And such is the nature of the present invasion, by Russia, of the Danubian provinces of Turkey, it is not merely a cause of war, but war itself, and would, in this country, suffice to call out promptly the whole military force of the confederacy.

It will be observed that England and France, and even Austria, are assuming very threatening attitudes towards Russia, and taking both diplomatic and military measures to preserve their own commercial interests in the East. There seems to be a general impression prevalent that a *tabula disarrestata* regard to the safety of Turkey, and other exposed countries, has prompted this interference. Nothing could be more inconsistent with the recent policy of these powers.—Austria has just returned from the conquest of heroic Hungary, and the suppression of the rising spirit of independence in Lombardy. She is even now menacing the eastern borders of Switzerland. France still continues her unwelcome and insolent presence in Italy, and keeps an eye upon Belgium, watching for the first opportunity to extend her empire to the Rhine. How absurd is it, then, to imagine that two such rapacious empires, so utterly regardless of principle and political honesty, and so merciless towards weaker nations around them, can be governed by a sense of justice or respect for the rights of mankind, in their present opposition to Russian aggression!—And England, that great joint-stock company, without shame and without a soul,—some people are so irrational as to suppose that it is her devotion to free principles, and her dread of the growth of despotism in Europe, that lead her to assume so bold an attitude in the presence of that vast power. Pshaw! It is selfishness, pure selfishness, that animates all her present policy. Where was her zeal for the rights of nations, when Poland was carved up in convenient slices to satisfy the appetite of her rapacious neighbors? Where was her noble regard for liberty and free institutions, when Hungary lay bleeding and crushed under the feet of the Colossus? And if we turn to her own possessions, we may well ask, where is her sense of justice, when poor Ireland supplicates in vain for relief from the oppression of military and ecclesiastical dominion? We have no idea that anything but a jealousy of Russian encroachment, a desire to maintain her communications with the East, has influenced Great Britain to take her present course.

We do not pretend to prophecy, but we entertain a suspicion that France and England have lustful eyes fixed quite as intently upon Turkey as Russia herself. It answers the purpose of public policy very well to make a great show of opposition to Russian aggression, but there is a very different species of policy, carefully veiled from the eyes of mankind, which looks to self-advancement as the great end of war and diplomacy. It will not surprise us to see such a turn given to the present conflict as shall finally satisfy all the parties, but the Sultan himself, by surrendering the Danubian provinces to Russia, and placing Syria and Egypt under the protection of France and England, respectively. The crisis may be distant, but must certainly come, when the ill-sorted elements of the Turkish empire will fall apart, only to be organized anew under a dominion entirely different from that to which they are now subject, and the intelligent observer of recent events cannot doubt that the powers of Western Europe will share largely in the plunder of the rich provinces to be derived from the struggle.

The sympathies of mankind are with the Sultan in the present difficulty, notwithstanding his faith, and the rude and primitive character of his government. The young monarch who now occupies the Ottoman throne, has signified his reign by a liberal and enlightened administration, and by the introduction of many salutary reforms, established a character which has justly secured for him the respect and good will of all who have observed his course. The emperor Nicholas could not have chosen a more unfavorable time for his own game, to bully the Porte into acquiescence with his demands. He may be able to accomplish his purposes by means of his immense resources, but it will be at the expense of much of that sorry reputation which his previous misdoings have left him. Long dreaded and distrusted by the world, he will soon become the object of its hate, and be followed to the grave by the execrations of millions who detest his tyranny and abhor his character.

There is said to be an editor in North Carolina, with seven bullets in his body, received in duels and street encounters. Some one suggests that his paper be called the "Bulletin," and as the editor is a "bullet-headed" matter, it should be set. —*Sunday Times.*

It is not either of us. Can any body tell who it is? The Wilmington (N. C.) Journal says that the crop in the lower part of Eastern North Carolina never more promising, and an abundant harvest will probably be secured. The rain has greatly revived the corn, and in most cases the crop will be an average one.

We look with profound interest for the result from Europe. There is a deep game going on in diplomatic circles, and the next throw will probably settle the question of peace or war among the Powers.

ACCIDENTS.

Some philosophers have doubted whether a dentist can take place. We think if they had had our day, and read the newspapers, they would have been quite so skeptical. They would, at least, have been compelled to face down an immense multitude of facts, furnished fresh from the slaughter, every day, by the railroad and steam lines that intersect our country and dissect our people with such marvelous rapidity. The London Press some months since, directed all its pungent attacks against the railroads leading from London, and up the various companies to public rebuke, with a degree of severity of which paper is so scarce a master. The per centage of deaths on the railroads was very alarmingly high about that time, but we think our own companies might at present claim a much higher dividend. Our steamboats, in mortality and horror, by wholesale slaughter, while we are comparing our country with England and others, perhaps it would be as well to compare the results of our traveling industry, and produce the great Exhibition the most approved and reliable methods in vogue among us, for the construction of boilers and draw-bridges, so as to destroy the greatest amount of life in the shortest time.

The same very alarming sign in the public sentiment, at the North especially, which has led to the passage of the laws which have been so liberally assented to as the best means of preventing the awful sacrifice of life, the people satisfy themselves with denouncing the carelessness of agents, and attacking the same thoroughness, rush over the draw-bridges, and boast of the velocity with which they are conveyed from point to point. Hundreds of heading passengers every day stake their lives upon the vigilance of two or three unknown individuals who are employed on the lines, and then hold the slightest oversight. What infatuation! The French are accused of remarkable recklessness of life, but the Americans are beginning to manifest just as extraordinary a degree of blind devotion to pleasure and money, and they ought not to blame the poor agents and engineers for accidents against which they make no provision.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

The Russian Czar having proclaimed a crusade against the Turks in defence of the Greek Orthodox religion, it is natural to suppose that the Greek or Eastern Church, separated from the Latin or Western Church, about the middle of the eleventh century. The schism was owing, in part, to differences of doctrine, and partly to the jealousy and ambition of rival and conflicting authorities, the rivalry of the church having for a long time been indulged in mutual abuse and excommunication. The Greek religion prevailed all over the Russian empire, in Greece, Turkey, Syria and Egypt. The Czar claims a certain degree of ecclesiastical authority over the professors of his faith in Turkey, by virtue of a concession made some time since by the Sultan, recently revoked at the instance of France. His pretensions are resisted by the higher clergy, but supported by the masses of the people, and here lies much of the danger foreboded by his recent pronouncements. The Sultan seems resolved to maintain his ground, and keep the iron hand of Nicholas over his dominions.

The Greek Church, whilst it rejects some of the grosser innovations imputed to the Catholics of the West, has sunk by degrees into a degree of superstition and corruption of which the latter would be ashamed. The clergy are altogether inferior to those of the Roman Catholic Church, in morals and intelligence, and the people are degraded below the level of the Turks themselves. A blind, fanatical zeal for their religion is the only evidence manifested by them, and in this respect they are as rude and ferocious as the crusaders. The apostate by the Czar to this powerful sentiment, that of Peter the Hermit, may arouse a frenzy in that part of Christendom, as disastrous as that excited by his eloquence, and put a machinery in motion which neither Nicholas nor the rest of Europe can possibly restrain, which is waged, really or nominally, in the name of religion, is most to be dreaded, because the worst passions of our nature are apt to be indulged, with the greatest license, under the sanction of Heaven. We hope the horrible statistics of the crusades may never be repeated.

THE DEAF AND DUMB, AND THE BLIND.

The next session of our State Institution for the education of these unfortunate classes, will commence on the first of September, and we take this opportunity to remind parents and guardians, and the humanity of North Carolina, of the advantages and benefits to be expected from it. Many seem to be still ignorant of the existence of this Institution, or of its nature, and unless some exertion is made by persons acquainted with its objects and character, to awaken their sympathy and interest in regard to it, they will continue to overlook it. Those who desire to exercise themselves in a good work, have therefore an opportunity to serve the cause of humanity and render to the State a benefit, the remembrance of which may console them hereafter. The parents of blind children are especially unwilling or reluctant to part with them, and the influence of an enlightened friend will frequently be necessary to induce them to do so. We hope this suggestion may induce some of our benevolent hearts, and prompt them to some effort to promote a cause so much appreciated in all other civilized and christian countries.

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA. In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent, and for the benefit of the public generally, we will state that the above-mentioned work, embracing the Lectures of Dr. Hawks, Gov. Swain and Hon. William A. Graham, together with a preliminary sketch of the "Battle of Alamance," will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks. The printing has been executed, and the books are now at the bindery.

We anticipate an extensive sale of this valuable work. It is emphatically a North Carolina book, and ought to be in the library of every citizen of "Old North State," whether at home or abroad. Information will be given as to the price, &c., as soon as the work is completed.

There is said to be an editor in North Carolina, with seven bullets in his body, received in duels and street encounters. Some one suggests that his paper be called the "Bulletin," and as the editor is a "bullet-headed" matter, it should be set. —*Sunday Times.*

It is not either of us. Can any body tell who it is? The Wilmington (N. C.) Journal says that the crop in the lower part of Eastern North Carolina never more promising, and an abundant harvest will probably be secured. The rain has greatly revived the corn, and in most cases the crop will be an average one.