

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XVIII.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19, 1853.

Letter writing not always a pleasure—its drawbacks—Old Bull's Concerts—Slovakosch—A little Nightingale—The Fall Opera Season—Julien's last week—The approaching Fair of the American Institute—The Fresnel Light House at the Crystal Palace.

MY DEAR POST: Much of the vaunted pleasure of letter writing is certainly destroyed, when it becomes an imperative duty, instead of a voluntary employment, and I can testify that the day for my correspondence with you, comes sometimes without being welcome. It finds me, perhaps, with an aching head, or with weary limbs; or, it may be, in the very midst of absorbing and unavoidable engagements. I confess to being occasionally tempted to omit the letter for just one week, and sometimes try to think—at the sacrifice, though it be of my vanity—that the readers of the Post will be really glad to miss it occasionally, in its wonted corner. Give me credit, however, for having faithfully resisted all such allures to a neglect of duty, and for having tried every week to make up such a budget as might afford some gratification to your readers.

There is, certainly, no lack of material in this great metropolis, for the letter writer to employ in his periodical dispatches. Something new happens every day, and our city press contrives to fill immense sheets every morning and evening with matter of some sort. Believe me, however, when I say that, notwithstanding all this, I am sometimes much embarrassed when I sit down to write—to know what to choose as my theme. There are, it is true, a legion of them. The Crystal Palace is still open; but have I not written about that half a score of times already? Julien still wields his baton at the opposite end of the city—but are not your readers weary of the mention of it? There are a thousand other topics, but they are all minor ones in the esteem of the public. Let me glance at some of them however. I had the pleasure, very recently, of attending one of Old Bull's delightful concerts, which, notwithstanding it was given upon a night famous for attractions in divers quarters, thronged Niblo's Saloon with auditors. Entertainment was conducted by MAFFIEUR STRAKOSKI, one of the most amiable gentlemen, as he certainly is one of the most talented pianists, of the times.

The Ball and Strakosch upon their respective instruments, and the little PATRI, with her exquisite vocalization, constituted the whole and the sufficient charm of the evening. It is late in the day to applaud the performances of either of the two instrumentalists, and yet I never hear them, without doing so most heartily with my hands, and why should I not allow my pen the same privilege? But the little ADELINA PATRI, is not so famous, and perhaps some of your readers may like to hear a little about her. She is a sister of Madame Strakoska, and certainly not over thirteen years of age—perhaps even younger—with a voice of wonderful sweetness—capacity and cultivation. She has a petite and beautiful figure, and her little face is ever beaming with happiness as she stands before the admiring multitudes. She sang upon the occasion to which I allude, some of the finest music of Ernani and Sonnambina, and also the wonderful "Echo Song" of Jenny Lind—and in every case she acquitted herself to my amazement. Her intonation is full and rich—her verbal enunciation precise—and her feeling in the rendering of the various pieces, apparently as genuine and earnest as those of the most famous prima donna. It was indeed a treat of no common kind, to hear that child pouring out, like a bird, and with just a little effort—a tide of gushing and charming song. The Echo Song especially, was exquisitely given—her little laugh even more musical—though less extraordinary—than that of the "Nightingale" herself; and the cadences managed with a wonderful degree of skill. It is impossible to predict what her future will be; but there is certainly nothing painful in her wonderful precocity. She appears and sings with all the simplicity of childhood. Why may she not become a second JESSY LIND—as yet an unknown phenomenon?

Appropos of music. The opera season begins to-night with Steffanone in Ernani, if I mistake not. A brilliant corps has been organized, and success is scarcely doubtful. I may say, before dismissing music—I heartily wish I could dismiss that everlasting hand organ beneath my window—which all the day-long plays one of two tunes as the overture to the performances of a learned bear. I may say, that this is announced as "the last week of Julien." If there is no reprieve the musical world here will be disconsolate next week, for the National Quadrilles at Castle Garden have become a necessary of life with multitudes. If he continues his grand concerts, he must, however, move up town, for Castle Garden is to be opened with the coming in of "brown October," by the American Institute, whose "Annual Fair" is not to be extinguished by our glorious Crystal Palace. I am heartily glad of this—for it shows the vitality of our industry, and its great resources. The Crystal Palace has necessarily excluded hundreds from its jubilee, and these will gather in force at Castle Garden. The spirit of emulation is awake, and I do not question that there will be such a fair as the American Institute has never before held.

At the Crystal Palace a new feature is noticeable—especially at night. It is a magnificent double light, erected in the South nave. It is intended for the light house on Cape Hatteras, and is exhibited here by the courtesy of the Bureau of Light Houses of the United States Treasury Department. The light is known as the Fresnel light, from the name of its inventor. It is of French origin, and the one under notice was manufactured for our government by Lepoutin, of Paris. It consists of an immense lamp, placed within a cylinder, and beneath a dome, composed of immense prisms of crystal—of which there are seven or eight hundred in number. Immediately opposite the lamp, on each section of prisms there is a large lens—from which, when the eye of the spectator is upon a line with it, an intense and almost blinding light is flashed. The cylinder and dome revolve by clock work, and hence the light is composed of a rapid succession of these dazzling flashes. It can be seen fifty or sixty miles at sea, and will greatly diminish the terrors of the stormy head-land of Hatteras to

the sailor. In the day time the prismatic action upon the light makes the whole lantern a confused mass of broken rainbows.

The Picture Gallery is one of the most popular haunts of the visitors to the Crystal Palace. I think I have told you already that it extends completely over the Machine Arcade—having a length of between four and five hundred feet. It is lighted by sky windows on each side, and at night by two rows of gas lights—nearly one thousand in number. The catalogue—an advance copy of which is before me—embraces six hundred and fifty titles, of which more than one-sixth are examples of the Dutch schools. Sixty-five are from the Academy of Arts at Dusseldorf, and more than this number from other parts of the German confederation. France contributes nearly a hundred pictures, and the Italian States nearly as many. There are fifty from England and Ireland, and about thirty from Belgium. Austria and Switzerland have a few works on the walls, and there are perhaps forty from American artists. Very few, however, of our painters have sent any thing to the Gallery, a fact which it is easier to deplore than to explain. I have paid several visits to the Gallery and have found many meritorious works among the somewhat fewer than seven hundred which hang upon the walls. I cannot say that the collection as a unit is one of extraordinary excellence. There are not a few unmitigated duds, and still more of second and third rate merit—and this, in spite of the absolute exclusion of a great many works, which were sent in to the Gallery, but found utterly inadmissible. There are, however, some truly admirable pictures in the gallery, and a dozen such would atone for as many scores of indifferent works. If this be admitted, the collection must be pronounced a good one—the best which New York has enjoyed, but worthy still of much admiration. I will not now particularize the attractions of the Gallery—reserving the task for another occasion. In the absence of a catalogue of the paintings, it is amusing to witness the embarrassment of many of the visitors as they pass about with perplexed looks, and enquiry in their restless airs. This woful disquietude will be relieved to-morrow by the appearance of the official guide to the Gallery.

I have derived a vast amount of amusement during my recent leisure moments in reading the memoirs of Lorenzo Benoni, a new book from the press of Redfi Id. of this city. Nothing like it has appeared these many days—so fresh, so piquant, so picturesque, and so genial. It is the story, to be very brief, of an Italian republican—a refugee from the Lombardy martyrdoms of two decades ago; and the work is full of a reformer's zeal and enthusiasm, while it illustrates also the inefficiency, in a practical view, of Italian reform. From beginning to end, the book is consummately artistic; and its picturesque views of Italian life and manners are as fascinating as the veriest fictions of the romance. I have a vivid recollection of the delight with which I read an Italian book, (some dozen years ago), the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini; and although Benoni is a very different man, I cannot help putting the two together, perhaps because they were both such charming egotists! Read Benoni, my dear Post, and tell all your readers that it is the most fascinating piece of semi-fiction which has appeared within the century; that they may participate of your delight in its perusal.

There will now very speedily appear from the press of Mr. Redfield, a revised edition of Mr. Simms' admirable novel "The Yemassee"—to be immediately followed by "The Partisan." The author has entirely re-written the first of these stories, and it will issue in its new dress with all the charm of novelty. A complete and uniform series of Mr. Simms' works is a desideratum, and Mr. Redfield will deserve the thanks of American readers, if he supplies it—for since the death of Cooper—Mr. Simms stands at the head of the American novelists.

What extraordinary facilities for collecting a library the present time affords. This is my frequent thought as I notice the announcements of the most popular and classic works in "new and cheap editions." Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are now reprinting the Pickering Edition of the British Poets at seventy-five cents a volume! Goldsmith and Gray have already appeared in complete "Aldine" dress. Nor is this—as some suppose—a feature of the book world—peculiar to the United States. The English publishers are out-doing our own in cheap and beautiful editions. Mr. Bohn of London, publishes several series of the best books in all departments of Literature and Science. His Standard Library embraces History, Biography, Theology, Poetry and Fiction. The volumes are of uniform size—about 500 pages duodecimo—and can be obtained for less than a dollar! His Scientific, Antiquarian, and Illustrated Libraries, and his Extra Volumes, are all series of the most delightful and precious lore which our Literature contains, and are but little more expensive. Messrs. BARNES, BROTHER & Co., the conductors of the great semi-annual Trade Sales of books—are the agents here of Mr. Bohn, and all who are making up a library should certainly consult their catalogue of Mr. Bohn's numerous publications.

I have noticed that my recent letters intrude too far upon a second column of your paper, but it seems impossible to keep them within more reasonable limits. I send them to you as they are; substitute them, if you will, to Procrustean measure, without fear of offending.

Yours faithfully, COSMOS.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.)

THE CIRCEUS BOY.

BY VIATOR.

Sometime during the Autumn of '51, the writer left his home (Richmond, Va.) to visit some relatives residing in the Capital of the Old North State. He had proceeded as far on his journey as Petersburg, and just as the cars were about leaving that place, a well clad, intelligent looking boy, apparently about eleven or twelve years of age, conducted by two individuals from the Bollingbroke Hotel, me up and applied for a free passage.

The attendants of the youthful traveller, who seconded and urged with a good deal of pertinacity his somewhat singular request, seemed to feel more than an ordinary degree of interest in their little

protege. They stated that the lad had been connected with a strolling company of circus actors, but by some accident had become separated from them at Richmond, and hearing they had taken that route, he had walked over from the latter city, a distance of 22 miles, without food or money, in order to join the troupe.

The conductor of the train being not at the moment in place, the case was presented to a sort of sub-conductor or baggage agent, who consented that under the circumstances the boy might go on; so at the sound of the bell, and the well known "all aboard," not being encumbered with any baggage he sprang upon the platform, and as we moved off, waved an adieu to his friends outside.

We had proceeded but a short distance when it became obvious that the young protege would not long remain a stranger to us. The wheels of the engine had hardly made a dozen revolutions before he commenced a series of gymnastics well calculated to attract the notice and excite the admiration of his fellow travellers. One of his feats was to pace as rapidly as the movement of the train would permit from one end of the car to the other, leaping as he passed along with that lightning-like expression into the faces of the passengers.

This movement of course did not long escape the observation of the conductor, who, meeting him for the first time on his transit from one car to the other, enquired where he was going. This interrogatory led to a statement substantially the same as had been made by the two persons who brought him to the depot at Petersburg. "And where, my young friend," asked the captain, "do your parents live?" The boy replied that his parents were dead. "Your friends," again enquired the conductor, "where are they?" "I have no friends sir; I am alone." "But have you no money to pay your passage?" The boy replied in the negative—adding, the other gentleman (referring to the baggage master) had told him he might ride for nothing.

This dialogue of course was not lost upon the other passengers. The unusual sprightliness of the boy's manner, the wild and sometimes unnatural expression of his eye, his youthful ease and confidence had attracted the notice of all; but this introduction to his singular history greatly increased our interest in him.

It must be observed, (to be faithful in the description) that during the conversation with the captain the boy manifested no sign of fear or anxiety; no embarrassment. There was to be seen in him none of that timidity which would naturally have been looked for in one of such tender years. His self-possession, his nonchalance, was truly remarkable. He had the assurance, the confidence of a man, and without much of the appearance at least of the artlessness characteristic of a child. I must confess my own sympathies were greatly excited on hearing the statements of the little wanderer, a child without father or mother, without friend, without a home! Truly indeed, thought I, here is an object for pity and sympathy.

After what had passed with the Captain, who, by the way, was not, I thought, altogether satisfied with his passport, I called the unfortunate child to me, determined to learn something more of his history. My first impulse naturally was to find out who the strange boy was; the parentage of one whose life hiderto had evidently been by no means an uneventful one; and on enquiring I elicited the following facts: He stated that his name was William Thomas Cox, and that his parents, who died when he was too young to recollect them, had lived in Frederickburg, Va., and at their death left him in care of an old lady of the town, with whom he staid some years, but not liking his native place, and being naturally of a roving disposition, he ran off and went aboard a schooner plying between Norfolk and one of the Northern ports, on which he served a while in the capacity of cook or scullion. But the Captain not being pleased, as he said, with his cooking, which indeed was not to be wondered at, discharged him, and he quit the sea-faring life to try the more stirring scenes of a pilgrimage on land. After leaving the vessel, he wandered about in various places, both in his own and other States, his acquaintance with the localities and geography of the country fully corroborating this statement, and finally had gotten to Richmond, and joined a circus company, which having left him, he had followed it to Petersburg, where our acquaintance with him commenced.

My interest in the boy increased as he told his singular story, and I at once formed the resolution of doing something to reclaim him if possible. I began by endeavoring to hold out to his youthful mind some idea that might have the tendency to direct his thoughts from the captivating, yet dangerous influences of the circus, and I asked him if he would not like to go back with me to Richmond, and go to a school where he would be taken care of and instructed, so that he might grow up to be a good and useful man.

The proposition at first seemed to please him. He replied he thought he would like to go to school; that he had been to school once in Frederickburg and learned to read; but suddenly starting up as if some new idea had occurred to him, and glancing wildly around, he exclaimed, "I must go to that circus—I must. There is a man there I want to see. He gives me fine clothes and money."

At this juncture several of the passengers proposed that a purse should be raised for him, on condition that he would return to Richmond. The suggestion was approved of by all, and in a few minutes a purse containing several dollars was placed in my hands. Supposing that we had at last touched the boy on the right nerve, and should now certainly succeed in accomplishing our purpose, we soon discovered that we were mistaken, for as the cars approached the village where the circus riders were said to have stopped, his restlessness returned, and a change began to come over the spirit of his dream. Soon he forgot school, money and every thing but the circus; and boldly expressed his determination to carry out his own plans.

It must be remarked that up to this time the conductor, as well as the passengers, had treated William with the utmost kindness. He had employed the mildest means to induce him to abandon his object, but finding that these measures were unavailing, that official announced his determination, which was warmly seconded by all, to prevent his leaving us at Warrenton. He said he thought it his duty to take the boy on to Raleigh, and send

him back on the return train next day.

This remark unfortunately was made within the boy's hearing, and was by no means lost on him, for very soon after the threat was made it was discovered that he had leaped from the platform and made his escape. The intelligence soon reached the ears of the conductor, who immediately gave a signal for the train to stop, and several of the hands were sent out to bring back the little fugitive. After a fruitless search they returned without any tidings of him.

Longer delay being inconsistent, even with the arrangement to extend the search farther, the bell sounded, and we were on our way again, leaving the homeless, though not friendless boy to grope his way alone through the dark forest—not, I thought, disturbed by any boyish fears, for he seemed to have little of that element in his nature; but I fancied that he already saw in imagination the tents of his former companions, and wild with excitement, pressed on as the sound of distant music or the jests of the clown fell upon his ear. I fancied him already dressed in his spangled frock and borne rapidly on his swift courier through the mazes of the enchanted ring. In the meantime we diligently pursued our journey, it being before the days of improvement on this road, and on reaching Raleigh and meeting with my friends, I told them my story, but never expected to see the circus boy again.

One Sabbath morning, nearly six months after the incident above related, the writer returning from church, observed two individuals on the street in earnest conversation with a rather badly dressed, ill looking youth, who appeared from his excited manner to have received some affront from the other two. This being no very uncommon occurrence, even for the Sabbath, I should most probably have passed them without further notice, had not my ear been shocked by a rather strong expression, amounting to an oath, which appeared to have been uttered by the smallest of the trio.

On a nearer approach, whilst I felt sure that the voice was a familiar one, that I had heard it somewhere before, I must confess I was not a little surprised to find that the young swearer and Sabbath breaker was my old acquaintance, the circus boy! It was the same boy indeed, but the poor fellow seemed to have undergone a sad change since our first meeting. His clothes, or at least a part of them, appeared to be the same that he wore when I last saw him, though they had by no means improved by the long and hard service. He wore a pale and careworn expression, and the marks of exposure and disease were clearly discernible.

Accosting him in a kind and gentle manner, though taking occasion to administer a reproof for his profanation of the Sabbath, I asked him if he knew me. He seemed at first to manifest no sign of recognition, but after a moment's reflection said: "Yes, I know you now," and stated where and the circumstances under which we had met. Then, as an apology for the oath, he said, "those men have been trying to quiz me, and make me angry." Pitying the poor boy, and seeing that he was faint and weary, I asked him if he would go home with me. He replied in the affirmative, adding that he was very hungry and tired walking.

As we walked along I gathered from him the following account of his adventures after we parted. He said that the circus riders had pitched their tents in the immediate neighborhood of the place where he jumped from the cars, and that he found them that night. Being badly treated, (as we assured him he would be) his apprenticeship was of short duration, and leaving the troupe, (no doubt as unexpectedly to them as his exit from the cars had been to us) he went to Raleigh, where he spent some days; thence to Fayetteville, Wilmington and most of the principal towns in the State. Leaving North Carolina he went back to Frederickburg, (his native place), but finding it not more agreeable than in former days, he visited Baltimore, Norfolk, Portsmouth and some of the country seats in lower Virginia. In Baltimore, (and this fact was told me by an acquaintance connected with the Richmond and Frederickburg Railroad Company) he fell under the notice of the mayor of the city, who kindly took him into his family, kept him some days, and offered to send him to school. But soon growing tired of the hospitality of the worthy mayor, he ran off, and came to Richmond, where he had been wandering about several days.

Having by this time reached home and introduced my young adventurer to the several members of the family, it was soon remarked that although he had lost some of his former spirit, he still displayed his natural characteristics in a decided degree. In a few minutes he appeared to feel entirely at home; indeed, so much so, that his ease of manner was rather an occasion of censure than of commendation. Making allowances, however, for this undue freedom—the natural consequence of travel and intercourse with the world, dinner being announced, we invited him to take a seat with the family at table, where, as might have been expected, he waived many of the restraints of etiquette. His dinner, which was a moderate one, he was soon relieved by a fit of vomiting, and his illness being no longer a matter to be concealed, a physician (Dr. P.) was sent for, who promptly responded to the call.

The Doctor found in his patient, he said, an old acquaintance, William having paid him a visit the very first night after his arrival in the city. He stated further, that he had provided sleeping conveniences for him in his own room, and invited him to stay all night; but his hospitality was only half way accepted, the youth having absconded before the next morning.

The usual remedies being administered, our patient soon recovered sufficiently to leave the house, and he was not slow in taking advantage of the liberty afforded him of going out. Indeed, but a small portion of his time was spent in the house. When quiet at all, his talent for drawing would display itself in sketching different kinds of figures, animals, ships, &c. But his chief amusement was the performing in a miniature circus, which he got up for his own, and the amusement of the children of the neighborhood, performing the parts of rider and clown with equal versatility.

Feeling that my second meeting with the lad was quite providential, I conferred with Dr. P. and other gentlemen, as to the best course to be pursued in regard to him. A suitable home and an

education were of course the first things to be secured. Dr. P. presented and warmly urged his case before the Board of Visitors of the Male Orphan Asylum, but without success; the charter of that institution requiring that the parents of boys entering the school should have been residents of the city.

This scheme having failed, efforts were again made by benevolent ladies and gentlemen of the city, to procure for the boy some employment that would interest and keep him steady—especially to the untiring efforts of Dr. P. and Mrs. S., the writer bears grateful testimony; but it soon became obvious that for work he had no particular fondness and his spirit would not brook restraint. Finally, as a last resort, our young hero was taken to the Lancasterian School, then under the supervision of a gentleman eminently fitted for the management of youth, who kindly took him, and promised to use his utmost endeavors to interest him and secure his attendance at the school.

But I was again disappointed, for on the same afternoon, I received a note from the worthy teacher, stating that my protege had left him at noon, and had not returned. Fearing, no doubt, the restraint and discipline of school, he left the city, nor have any tidings of him been heard of since that day.

The writer has given a simple, though very imperfect sketch, of one of the most singular specimens of humanity that it has ever been his fortune to meet with. That there must have been some physical or mental derangement in this strange boy's organization, there can be little doubt. His conduct was so unusual, that on the journey to Raleigh, suspicious as to his sanity were even then excited; and an intelligent physician, who saw him afterwards in Richmond, immediately gave it as his opinion that he was deranged.

A gentleman in Fredericksburg, who was applied to for some information in regard to him, replied that the lad was well known in that town; that he was wild, but not vicious, and that an extraordinary and uncontrollable restlessness seemed to be his prominent characteristic. "The boy would do well," he wrote, "if any means could be devised to 'fix' him in one place."

As to his fate since leaving Richmond, nothing certain is known, but it is sincerely to be hoped that he has had the good fortune to fall among those whose efforts to "fix" and reclaim him have proved more successful than those of his friends in Richmond.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTER.

FROM A DEAF-MUTE TO A FRIEND IN THIS CITY, ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER. FABIUS, ONONDAGA CO., NEW-YORK, 1 Aug. 29th 1853.

To C. M. G.—Sir:—I now comply with your request to give you the information of my mother's name and age, the time of her birth and death. My mother's name was RUTH BENTON HILLS, born on the 24th of August 1804, and died on the 11th of this month, and would have been 49 years of age, had she not taken her final repose on the 24th of this month. A tranquil summer day was fading away into a cloudless, serene and beautiful evening, and the rays of the setting sun shone cheerfully upon the bed where my mother was dying. She lingered in her mortal frame until about half past four in the morning and then tranquilly sank into that sleep which knows no waking.

Gazing upon her children who were weeping by her bedside, she said "I would not feel bad. Do not weep for me; I am going home to my God," and she would have said more, were it not for her person so exhausted and weary. As she has gone to sleep in her grave with the congregated dust of her relatives and friends, I would not wish her back a sin in this miserable world, for she had suffered much under the pressure of a painful disease during eight months. Now her sufferings are over and her weary soul, passing through the river of death, has reached the heavenly shore where no farewell tear is shed. The funeral services took place the next day after her death, at 2 o'clock; the verse, preached by the minister, was selected by my mother before her death. It was Isaiah XLII, 23, "Who among you will give ear to this? Who will hearken and hear for the time to come? Those who have lost what worlds cannot supply, can give the sympathetic tear and sigh. Though friendship can impart a soothing balm, Heaven alone can heal the mourner's heart. She left a husband and six children, four of whom are educated, graduates of the New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the rest are gifted with hearing and speech, and her loss is deeply lamented by all the members of her earthly home and by many who are well acquainted with her.

May we be prepared before the sun of our life will set behind the horizon of time to rise in the morning of glory. There will we sing the songs of Moses and the Lamb.

Yours, Res. ectfully, L. E. H.

WRITING AND CIRCULATING GOOD BOOKS.

In the first ages of Christianity, as well as in the present, there were evil books and good books. The evil ones were made a bonfire by the early disciples, and the good ones were read, as the Apostle enjoins, when he says, "give attendance to reading." The authors of evil books are doing mischief as long as their works continue to be read, though not so long as themselves will be suffering for them in another world. The authors of good books are doing good long after they have ceased from their labours. This is true not only of a book, but even of a tract, or the simplest and smallest books. Much as Mrs. Hannah More did for the benefit of mankind by her larger works, as by the books she wrote for the education of the Princess Charlotte, it is doubtful whether her simple, cheap Repository tracts for the poor, which have never been surpassed, did not effect more good at the time, and have not ever since, than all her other more labored compositions.

Dr. Watts wrote sermons, and versified the Psalms for the use of the great congregation, but none so struck the mind of a Samuel Johnson as his Hymns for Infant Minds. And who can tell the good which these and his simple Catechisms have done? Was it a foolish saying of one who prophesied that the day would come when it would be considered a higher honor to be the author of the "Dairyman's Daughter," than to have written the Iliad or Eneid!

Such being the case, who, having the ability to excuse themselves for not endeavoring to do only one tract, for the rich or poor, when the times are always needed? Let all our talents take care how they bury even their one talent in the earth. But what is the use of books, unless they be put in circulation? It is sad to think how many good ones have been written, and have been comparatively useless, only because they were not placed within the reach of those who would read them if they had them.—L. E. H.

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FEMALE TEACHERS.

WHILE many parts of our country are suffering with the subject of "Woman's Rights," we should occupy the attention of our lady readers with a more important subject of "Woman's Duties." There can be no more effectual means of self-education, than by a strict observance of the influence of the female character is made, when directed to the great objects of wisdom, nature to their particular sphere. They may cause, and degrade them selves, when they noisy arena of public affairs, and extend their undue influence for the acquisition of political and ecclesiastical power. They would not more so, were they to devote more time to their own time and talents to the proper training of the mind, and less to public efforts to increase their influence, and gain an unbecoming notoriety.

To woman especially belongs the duty and privilege of forming the character of man. From infancy, he is placed in her hand, to be reared, disciplined, and educated; and it is impossible to estimate the extent of her power over his future destiny. The statesman, the philosopher, and the hero, have to deal with the nature and habits of men, after they have been completely formed, and it is not until after they have been formed, that they are brought to bear upon the character and welfare of society. To woman especially belongs the duty and privilege of forming the character of man. From infancy, he is placed in her hand, to be reared, disciplined, and educated; and it is impossible to estimate the extent of her power over his future destiny. The statesman, the philosopher, and the hero, have to deal with the nature and habits of men, after they have been completely formed, and it is not until after they have been formed, that they are brought to bear upon the character and welfare of society.

We wish to call the attention of our lady readers, particularly, to the noble field of usefulness, which is opened out for them by Providence. We regret that improper public displays have yet called away from them the energies and talents of a disengaged woman. Their fault does not lie in inadequate preparation, but in a want of self-exposure to the sneers and hisses of the assemblies. They are too prone, on the one hand, to maintain an excessive reserve, and on the other, to let the light that should shine from their hearts, be extinguished by the selfishness of domestic retirement. They confine them entirely too much within doors, impairing their physical health, and their sphere which they ought to occupy with a noble and beneficent activity.

The occupation of a teacher is one which is too generally avoided. It is one which requires delicacy and self-respect, and through which the beneficent society more effectively than in any other employment suitable to their sex. By doing for themselves in their duties, they can become members of society, and openly, yet modestly, to mankind the inestimable value of their preparation for the various and important social state. The great want of the South is a competent body of teachers to instruct the children of the people. The reluctance of well qualified young girls in such pursuits is the most formidable impediment we experience in our efforts to educate the masses, and a vast field of usefulness is thus left unoccupied, which southern ladies might supply with becoming piety, and fill with the fruits of their own sacred culture. Leaving their own sphere, they could take their part of the public service, exhibit a noble patriotism, and contribute as much to the progress of their country, as all the politicians put together.

There is too much false pride in both sections of the South, which deters them from embracing the opportunities of usefulness. Young men are too engaged in teaching, almost always aspire to things above the reach of the great majority who may need their services. They are apt to neglect the common English school as beneath their dignity, themselves degraded by their professional duties, and can invest it with some lofty, pretentious, and unavailing. Schools of a humble grade, are abandoned to incompetent men, or to the few who are willing to stoop so low. It is an unfortunate impression, that teaching small and poor elementary branches of education, is beneath the dignity of gentlemen and ladies. It is, on the contrary, far above the qualifications of many who are called to a higher sphere, and we would urge upon the ladies of the South, who desire to acquire independence, and to serve their country, to look upon it in its true light, and to themselves heartily to its elevated pursuits. The honors and responsibilities of a teacher are not to be known. But the very difficulties which present themselves to form those talents which they are so very trying to the strength and patience of the woman who enter it; but these considerations should not deter those whom duty calls to an honorable and useful vocation. They should rather nerve and inspire them to overcome them. It is a path of danger and difficulty, but it is a path of duty and of heaven's less blessings in its way, and leads to successful satisfaction at last.

The South has a great work to do, to overtake the other States in the education of the people. Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Mining, Railroads cannot alone make us great and powerful. Education and intelligence have made New England what she is—have built her cities, roads and canals, and whitened every sea with her commerce.