Here closes this humble effort. If it prove beneficial to the grower of tobacco, the author will feel happy, and rejoice that therein he finds his highest reward.

November 24, 1853.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Southern Weekly Post. THE DYING SOLDIER ON THE FIELD OF GUILFORD.

BY D. MCNEILL.

'Twas early spring, soft breezes fann'd the hills. And birds sang sweetly from each pendent bough, While thaw ing ice made brisk the rippling rills. And more impetuous in their headlong flow. The soft blue sky bent lovingly above. With tender sadness gazing from on high.

The zenhyrs whisper'd sorrowing notes of love, In soothing accents as they flitted by. Sweet incense floated on the passing breeze, And nature's face was smiling and serene, Save where the smoke of battle 'mong the trees. Made dim the brightness of the charming scene.

The fife's shrill notes-the dium's defiant sound. Where heroes bravely to the contest rushed. The cannons roar-the armee that echoed round. O'er Guilford's field-the storm of death was hush'd. Where soldiers struggled, clashing steel to steel. Where gallant heroes-their battallions led, Where sweeping volleys, answered peal on peal, Lay bleeding masses, wounded, and the dead. A youth beside the brook that murmured by. Wounded and aleeding, on his musket lay, Watching the stream, by which he wish'd to die. Washing his life tide silently away.

That lovely stream ! on which morn's rays were shed. And sparkled brightly on the flowing tide. Had lost its crystal, smothered with the dead Rolled sluggish onward, to deep crimson died The warrior's life was ebbing to a close. His limbs were feeble, fainter still his breath, He knew full well that he would soon repose, In the lone grave, the silent house of death. From out his bosom, he a lock withdrew. Which had long nestled there, a treasure dear,

And held it out before his waning view. Until his eye-lash moistened with a tear Her, whose fair ringlet now was in his hand. Was his in promise, and would be his own. When freedom's flag should wave above the land. No longer under despot frowns to groan. Back, back his thoughts to happy moments past. To the gav Yadkin, near his true love's home He lived again those hours, too sweet to last, When on its banks they did together roam. The tow'ring forests and the swelling hills.

Rose proudly up, before the hero's sight, \$

He heard the murmur of descending rills.

Whose soothing music gave his heart delight. The sun whose chariot swift approaching even. Now met his gaze, he marked its ranid flight. As rolling down the golden streets of heavin, And sighed to reach that blissful world of light. Upon his lip, a smile of hope there rested, A lingering smile, a peaceful, calm serene. That Britton's yoke, of every charm divested, Would break before the lion-hearted Green. The smile of pride grew brighter as in feeling

He knew his life's blood but refreshed a tree, That would ere long, o'er tyrants humbly kindling, Wave its broad plames and bid the world be free. When Carolina, where the tree was cherished. When drooping lowly from the want of care, Would proudly stand, while thrones and kingdoms

And struggling despots sunk into despair. When o'er this land where shouted tyrant legions, The stars and stripes, his country's flag would wave, And when the freemen o'er these smiling regions Would proudly cherish every hero's gram. The birds that warbled in the groves around. The little brooklet gently murmuring near, Commingling sweetly in symphonious sound, Fainter and fainter tell upon his ear. The evening sun grew paler in the sky, And gloomy darkness hover'd in the west. Yet all was lovely to his glazing eye. And seemed to beckon to eternal rest,

His glowing mind, ere the frail cord was riv'n, Recalled the smile that for a moment stray'd. Sweet thoughts of Lome, of his beloved, of heaven, And of his country until death delay'd. Normal College, 1855.

The song which follows appeared in this paper few weeks ago. The reply, from the Staunton Spectato was appended by a relation of the writer:

THE MOUNTAINEER'S SONG Removed from the land of my birth, No azure-robed mountains in view, I deem it the fairest of earth, And still the fond image renew, No time the sweet sentiment chills : I feel it; wherever I roam. That I am a child of the hills. And cherish the thought of my home.

The eagle may stoop from his nest To grapple his prey on the plain; The magnet of love in his breast Draws him back to his eyrie again. I too, in this preference share : Still proving the strength of the tie. I soar to my dear native air, Or think of it lost with a sigh.

My fortune it never may be Again in that Eden to stray: The tide of life's troublesome sea May bear me vet further away But oh! from fond memory's eye Those mountains can never depart. And their love-printed image shall lie Still fresh on the leaves of my heart,

From the Staunton Spectator. REPLY. The mountains have heard your sad song And sing in return, come again: While echo chimes loudly and long,

Again, to the hills, come again, No echoes enliven the ear, In the regions of wearisome plane; The drum-head of hills gives the cheer, As reveille rolls, come again,

The eagle majestic that flies, Aloft o'er the storm and the rain, Screams out as he pierces the skies Come back, to the hills come again.

But mountain's and eagle and dove May woo and entice you in vain; Then heed the allurements of love Which whisper, to home come again.

# COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE. LETTER LXXVIII.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1855. Fig-Physical and mental-The prospect-Mud-Ditto in Philadelphia-The Baltic's news-The great French loan - The British army decapitated by the - "Times." -The probable cost of Sevastopol-The want of work and its wees-Unjust murmurs-God help the poor-The Ice on the Hudson-New Bookz-The Chevalier Wykoff a

My DEAR POST,-The weather is so gloomy and dispiriting that I positively shrink from the duty of letter writing this morning, and could wish your readers were not expecting any thing at my hands in your next week's issue. To say that I am "blue" would not convey a just impression of my mental complexion-which could not possibly assume a hue half so bright as that tint-I am rather gray-grisly gray-I ke the overwhelming, all surrounding, inter-penetrating and omni permeating fog which just now afflicts us with its too palpable presence. It cuts off the tops of our church-steeples -extinguishes the upper windows of our houses-lends a dreamy in listinciness to the figures upon the clocks at the City Hall and Tiffany's, and terminates all prospects with a wet blanket, so that we realize the mournful plaint of Hoodand discover in all the city-

"No distance looking blue!"

aginable-of the precise consistence of batter- | ment. and over-shoes deep in every street. At the Broadway crossings there is an army of street steamers between Liverpool and this port, has sweepers who manage now and then by dint of made the arrival of Mr. Bohn's publications less vigorous brooming to make the flagstones visi- frequent than usual. The Atlantic, however, ble, but who cover you, at the same time, with brought a half a dezen volumes which I can do splotches of the filthy compound and then per- little more than mention in this letter. The tenaciously thrust their little red hands into seventh and eighth volumes of Southey's Life your face, with looks and language alike en- and Works of William Cowper-complete the treating you for a penny! Even our new broom, series, which is a most valuable contribution to Mr. Mayor Wood, cannot keep the streets clean standard English iterature. The eight volumes in such indescribable weather as that which we embrace all that was contained in the original are now enduring. Nothing but a flooding rain sixteen of the first London edition, and embelfrom heaven can cleanse us from the all pervad- lished with fifty beautiful steel engravings .-

can testify from personal observation, since I dollar a volume, being embraced in the standard was there only yesterday and had to do s me instead of the illustrated Library. smart jumping to avoid the sloughs which ideas rapidly assimilating to my subject. My ink also seems to be growing muldy and thick and I must utterly renounce the theme.

The Baltic arrived on Thursday night, but cline to dispute their claims to canonization! brought no starding intelligence from the shores of the Old World. The principal item is the new and magnificent French loan of five hundred millions of francs !- to carry on the slow siege of Sevastopol! The London Times scourg es, with unsparing lash, the inefficiency of Lord Raglan in the Crimea-and declares that the British army there is a body without a head! There is every probability, I should think, that the British Commander-in-chief will derive only disgrace in this memorable siege. The opinion is now almost universal, among the wice in war like matters, that Sevastopol will soon be carried by storm but at a fearful expense of human flife. The vast accumulation of defences and troops in and around the city by the Russians, will make it impossible for the allies to capture the city without dreadful loss. It will cost ten thousand men to the abies-say the letter writers-whereas if the place had been stormed three months ago it might have been carried at one-third of this exp-naiture of life! And perhaps, after all, the city may not fall before the besie ers! They may be compelled to retire in disgrace. What a blow would this be to the military pride of England and France-a blow which would humble them not only in the eyes of the haughty Czar, but of the whole civilized

For my own part I believe that the crisis is at hand--perhaps already past-and that we shall very speedily hear news that will wake us up from the lethargy into which we have been rocked by the long continued lullaby of "No-

may not be easily controlled. What the em- void. He inquires of the Kapel meister the reanot conceive. The truth of the matter is, they boy labors under a very severe attack of the are reaping the fruits of their own imprudence croup; the trombones are parading, having foras well as of the extravagance of employers. - gotten to ask for leave of absence for this day : Had they been prudent in the recent period of the drummer has sprained his arm; the harpi-t abundant work and high wages, they might all will not attend the rehearsal, because he needs have had something laid up in store for just time to practice his part,' etc., etc. Notwithsuch an evigency as the present, but they were standing, the reheared begin-; the parts are as reckless and as fast as any class of people, read through most unsatisfactorily, twice as slow and they must expect to pay for it. They have as the au hor intended. Nothing is worse to no right to be ourrageously clamorous. While him than this-slackening of tempo. By degrees I respect and pity their real wants, I utterly his feelings get the advantage over him; his condemn their turbulent spirit of complaint a- heated blood overcomes his temper; he hurries gainst employers, who are sharing in a common the movement, until he returns forcibly to the calamity. Besides, there is no need for a man, original tempo of the place. Then the embroglio or a woman, or a child, to starve in all this vast commences; a tremendous cacophony tears both city. Public benevolence has made ample pro- heart and ears, so as to make a halt necessary, vision against such a catastrophe, and the cases and to necessitate a return to the slower motion. which occur are rare exceptions to the rule-ca- Long periods must be practiced by fragments, ses which unhappily escaped the eye and ear with previously, with a different orchestra, had of pity. GOD is helping the poor, moreover, been run through at a free and rapid pace. This by abating the usual rigour of the season. We is not all; apart from this looseness of motion, have had no cold weather since the new year fearful discords arise from certain parts of the began. The ton of coal supplied by our charit- wind department. The author must trace them. able corporation or some of our benevolent or- Trumpets, play alone! What's the matter with ganizations to the needy family is not melting you? You must sound a third, and you give a away as fast as it would if the temperature of chord of the second. The second trumpet in C December had continued. So mild is the weath- has a D; sound D; very wel! The first has a er that the river is likely to be freed from its C, which should sound F. Emit C. Fie! horicy fetters in mid winter. I was up at Hudson ror! you give a B b. in the early part of the week, and although I crossed the river upon the ice-it was evidently growing weak and below the Highlands indeed, there was only floating ice to be seen. Since then it must have given way at Hudson; and we are likely to have a navigable river in January.

But I cannot write a long letter this week, and will turn at once to my book table, upon which several volumes have accumulated during the week. Last in the order of their publication but first in the popular regard at this moment, (which is seldom, however, a just criterion of the li erary or m stal merit of a book) is an impudent work from the pen of the notorious Chevalier Wykoff. It is entitled "My Courtship and its Consequences," and purports to give a full and pursuit of a wife-Lilies and Violets-A fresh batch of unvarnished account of the author's adventures in Italy in his pursuit of Miss Gamble, to whom he claimed to have been betroched. Our modern "Cœ'eb's in search of a wife," makes out a tale of tribulation, an challenges the sympathy of the public. Whatever degree of vicious amusement the reader may find in the Chevaier's memoirs, I will be bound he will discover in them not a single grain of good taste or good morals-and with this negative verdict I will dismiss the book to its destiny-which is unquestionably to minister for a little season to the prurient fancy of the public and then to sink into an utter oblivion of demerit.

A book of a different class, from the same enterprising publisher, Derby of this city, is prettily entitled " Lilies and Violets, or the true graces of maidenhood." This is a tasteful compilation (by the hand of a lady who calls herself Rosalie Bell) of passages in prose and versefrom the authors of various lands. These have chiefly relation to girlhood and its graces and The fog is thick enough to be cut and yet "cut are generally very graceful and pleasing. It is and run" where you will you cannot escape it! a choice book for the home circle, unfolding as But besides the fog we are afflicted with intol- it does upon every page, some pure and sweet erable mud-the blackest and foulest mud im- blossom of intellectual, moral, or religious senti-

The withdrawal of several of the Cunard Notwithstanding this charming picto ial feature Nor is it a whit better in Philadelphia, as I the edition is published at the low price of one

A third volume of the complete works of De stretch along the gutters of that proverbially For, contains the very amusing 'auto-biograclearly city. But enough of mud. I find my phy of Moll Flanders," and the no less remarkable work- " The History of the Devil" -both of which are placed by the verdict of the world among the English classics-whoever may in-

The Cyropædia of Xmophon, to which is added " The Hellenics of Grecian History," form another volume of the Classical Library.

The second volume of the historical works of Philo Judavs, (the famous cotemporary of Josephust belongs to the Ecclesiastical Library. It is translated from the original Greek by C. D. Yonge, Esq , and is remarkable for its philosophical sparit, and also for its great comprehensiveness of seope.

These volumes, together with all the three hundred others of Mr. Bohn's invaluable libraries, are imported and supplied by Messrs. Bangs, Brother & Co, of this ci y.

In the hope of better times and better weath-

Yours faithfully,

#### MISCELLANEOUS. THE TROUBLES AND VEXATIONS OF A COMPOSER

Bentloz, in his work, Voyage Musical en Allemagne, describing the vexacions to which he was submitted when he went to Germany i. order to produce his works before the public of that country, gives us the following tableau, which elucidates the brilliant and picture-que qualities of his style, as well as the originality of his eccentric disposition :

"The composer," says he, "who will attempt, as I did, to g , through the world to produce his works, to what toils, to what ungrateful and unrelenting trials must be not submit! Does one ever fancy the tortures which await him, even thing important from the Crimea." Let us have at rehearsals? First, he has to undergo the cold look of the performers, very little charmed to be, The murmurs of the vast body of unemploy- for his sake, unexpectedly recalled from their ed labourers in this city and the adjacent city of daily avocations, and 'o be compelled to un-Brooklyn have swelled of late into something wonted studies. 'What the --- does this fellike an angry roar of discontent and have be- low want? Why, rather, does he not stay at come a little ominous of mischief. I sincerely home? No wi ha and g this, every one seathope that we shall be spared the pain and himself at his stand. But at the first g'ance the shame of riots—but there is a pestilent spirit in author casts at the ensemble of the orchestra, he the mob which will need judicious restraint and instantly discovers in it many an inau-picious played workmen are to gain by their restless son of this. The first clarionet is sick; the spirit and their turbulent demonstrations I can hauthov's wife is confined; the first violoncello's

"'No sr; I play what is written,' "I say no; you are a whole step lower."

"'Sir, I am sure I sound C.' " · Come, what pitch is your trumpet?"

" 'Ha! so is it. Here is the mistake. should take the F trumpet.

"Ah! it is true; excuse me, sir. I read the direction wrongly."

" Again! What's this, yonder noise, Mr. " 'Sir, I have a fortissimo.'

use wooden sticks, while you ought to employ differ from each other as does white from black. ". We do not know such a thing here,"

sticks with round heads? We know here but one sort of drum sticks."

times too loud. Why did not the violins take man has ommitted to place them on the stands.

We shall procure some to-morrow, etc., etc.

and compact mass moves boldly. After so many place, and in that manner? clamations of delight and amazement, storing at part of the Inquisition. Besides, it is contrathe foreign master, on whom they had loked ry to the use of common tombs, to bury the before as upon a fool and a barbar an. He now dead by carrying them through a door at the would be glad to seek for some relief from it. side, for the mouth of the sepulchre is always The poor wretch must now exercise still greater at the top. And, again, it has never been the care and attention. He must return to the room custom in Italy to bury the dead, singly, in before the concert to superintend the arrange- quick-lime; but, in time of plague, the dead ment of the stands; to look at the orchestra bodies have been usually laid in a grave until parts, in order to assure himself that they are in it was sufficiently full, and then quick-lime has good order. He must carefully review the or chestra with a red pencil in hand, and mark ou on every part of the wind instruments the differ- infected corpses. This custom was continued, ent keys and crooks, in terms used in Germany, instead of those employed in France. For instance, in the place of the terms: en ut, en re. en re, bemol, en fa dieze; to write down the e: has to transcribe for the hautboy a solo intended for the English horn, because the latter is no

possessed of their respective parts. "But the public already throng at the door; it be not rather the history of a fact. the clerk strikes the time of the performances. Extenuated, exhausted both by bodily and mental exertions, the composer reaches the leading stand, hardly able to stand on his legs; uncertain, extinguished, disgusted, until the moment when the plaudits of the audience, the spirits of the performers, and the love for his work, transform him suddenly into a sort o electric machine, from which invisible but real burning irradiations detach themselves. Then the performance begins! Ha! it is then, I confe-s, that the composer, leading his work, lives a life unknown to the instrumentalist virtuosi. With what frantic joy he clings to the pleasure of hearing his orchestra! How he presses, embraces, and hugs the immense and unruly instrument! A manifold attention seizes upon him; his eyes sees every thing; with a wink up and down, left and right, he marshals the entil's of the vocal and instrumental parts. A motion of his right arms command a mass of chords to break out, which burst far away like harmonious projectiles; and the next moment, in the organpoints, all this motion started by him stops sud dealy; he chains the attention of all. At his command all arms stand mot onless, all mou ha breathleses. He lis ens for a minute to the silence; and anew be opens the gate to the overpowered hurricane."

used it the orchestra, and because the performer

would himself hesitate in tran-posing into an-

other key. He has to drill separately choristers

and singers; if, peradventure, they are not wel

### Father Gavazzi on the Inquisition.

hellish establishment when he went in 1849, Dominican Friars; and that the Perfect of gives in reply the following interesting answer: the Inquisition at Rome is the Pope in person.

My DEAR SIR :- In answering your ques tions concerning the palace of the Inquisition at Rome, I should say that I can only give a few superficial and imperfect notes. So short was the time that it remained open to the publie; so great the crowd of persons that pressed to catch a sight of it, and so intense the horror inspired by that accursed place, that I could not obtain a more exact and particular impres-

were destroyed at the time of the first French ing to watch the miserable creatures work .invasion, and because such instruments were Standing in rows, the men pass the shot from not used afterwards by the modern Inquisition. the flat to the beach with a lazy air, which is on-I did, however, find, in one of the prisons of ly disturbed when an unusually big fellow turn the second court, a furnace, and the remains of up for transmission. Then the groans, the rola woman's dress. I shall never be able to be- lug of eyes, the convulsive struggles, the grunts lieve that that furnace was used for the living, which pass like electric shocks from man to man if not being in such a place, or of such a kind, with the 68-pound shot or 18-inch morter, are as to be of service to them. Every thing, on really astonishing, but at last the globe of metal the contrary, combines to persuade me that it seems to acquire heat, and is dropped in the was made use of for horrible deaths, and to mud like a hot potato by a suffering Mus Ilman. consume the remains of the victims of Inquisi- They are really weak and wretched, not natutiorial executions. Another object of horror I rally, but owing to sickness and bad living. found between the great hall of judgment, and | As to the town itself, words cannot describe the luxurious apartment of the Chief Jailer its filth, its horrors, its hospitals, its burials, its

presides over this diabolical establishment This was a deep trap, a shaft opening into the vaults under the Inquisition. As soon as the so-called criminal had confessed his offense, the second keeper, who is always a Dominican "'No, sir; it is a mezzo forte. Bes'des, you Friar, sent him to the Father Commissary to receive a relaxation of his punishment. With those furnished with a round head. Those sticks hope of pardon, the confessed culprit would go toward the spartment of the Holy Inquisitor; but in the act of setting foot at its entrance, replies the Kapel-meister. 'What do you call the trap opened, and the world of the living heard no more of him. I examined some of the earth in the pit below this trap: it was "'Tuis I had anticipated; wherefore I brought compost of common earth, rottenness, ashes, some from Paris with me; take a pair of them, and human hair, fetid to the smell, and horriwhich I have placed yonder there on the table. ble to the sight and to the thought of the be-Now, are we ready? Heavens! this is twenty holder.

But where popular fury reached its highest pitch, was in the vaults of Saint Pius V. I am ". We have none at present; the orchestra auxious that you should note well that this Pope was canonized by the Roman Church especially for his zeal against heretics. I will "After three or four hours' julling and draw- now describe to you the manner how, and the lng about most unharmonically, not a single place where those vicars of Jesus Christ hanpiece can be made intelligible; every thing is dled the living members of Jesus Christ, and broken, false, cold, insipid, noisy, discordant. show you how they proceeded for their healing. hideous. We must let sixty or eighty musicians You descend into the vaults by very narrow withdraw under such an impression, wearied and stairs. A narrow corrider leads you to the dissatisfied; saving everywhere that they know several cells, which, for smallness and for that significe; that this is a hellish stench, are a hundred times more horrible than and choatic music, and such was never before the dens of lions and tigers in the Colosseum. attempted. The next an improvement is scarce- Wandering in this labyrinth of most fearful ly discoverable; it is only on the third trial that prisons, that may be called "graves for the livit manifests itself. Then only the wretched com- ing." I came to a cell full of skeletons withposer commences to breathe; then only the out skulls buried in lime; and the skulls, dewell-conceived harmonies become clearer, and tached from the bodies, had been collected in a the different mythms extricate themselves. The hamper by the first visitors. Whose were those melodies now weep, now smile; the connected skeletons? and why were they buried in that

uncertainities and stammerings, the orchestra | I have heard some Popish Ecclesiastics, trygrows, steps, speaks, becomes a man! Under- ing to defend the Inquisition from the charge standing inspires with confidence the supefied of having condemned its victims to a secret musicians. The author asks for a fourth trial, death, say that the palace of the Inquisition which his interpreters, who after all, are the best was built on a burial-ground belonging, uncientpeople in the world, accede to heartily. This /y, to a hospital for pilgrims, and that the skeletime, fiat lux! Look out for the unances! You tons found were none other than those of pilfear no more, do you? No, gives us the genu'n grims who had died in that hospital. But evemovement, via! and I ght suddenly sparkles, rything contradicts this Papistical defense. art manifests itself, though: glitters, the work is Suppose that there had been a cemetery there. understood! And lo! the orchestra rises, cheer | it could not have had subterranean galleries ing and greeting the composer. The Kapel- and c. lls, laid out with so great regularity; and meister congratulates him; and the curious ones even if there had been such, -against all probwho, when the success was doubtful, were luck ability,-the remains of bodies would have been in the corners of the room, now stop upon removed on laying the foundations of the palthe stage to interchange with the musician ex- ace, to leave space free for the subterranean been laid over them to prevent pestilential ex halations by hastening the decomposition of the some years ago, in the cemeteries of Naples,

and especially in the daily burial of the poor. Therefore, the skeletons found in the Inquisition of Rome, could not belong to persons in C, in D, in Des, in Fis. This is not al; he who had died a natural death in a hospital; nor could any one, under such a supposition, ex plain the mystery of all the body being buried in lime, with exception of the head. It remains then, beyond doubt, that that subterranean vault contained the victims of one of the many secret martyrdoms of the butcherly Tribunal The following is the most probable opinion, if

The condemned were immersed in a bath of slacked lime, gradually filled up to their necks The lime, by little and little, enclosed the suf ferers, or walled them up all alive. The torment was extreme, but slow. As the lime rose higher and higher, the respiration of the victims became more and more painful, because more difficult. So that what with the suffocation of the smoke, and the anguish of a compressed breathing, they died in a manner most horrible and desperate. Some fime after their death, the heads would naturally separate. from the bodies, and roll away into the hollows left by the shrinking of the lime. Any other explanation of the fact that may be attempted, will be found improbable and unnatural.

You may make any use of these notes of mine, in your publication, that you please, since I can warrant their truth. I wish that writers, speaking of this infamous Tribunal of the Inquisition, would derive their information from pure history, unmingled with romance; for so many and so great are the historical

atrocities of the Inquisition, that they would be than suffice to arouse the destestation of a thousand worlds. I know that the Popish im poster-priests go about saying that the Inquisi tion was never an ecclesiastical Tribunal, but a luic. But you will have shown the contrary in your work, and may also add, in order quite to unmask those lying preachers, that the palace Father Gavazzi, having been questioned by of the Inquisition at Rome, is under the shadow a friend in Canada as to the Inquisition at of the palace of the Vatican; that the keepers Rome and how the valorious Padre found the of the Inquisition at Rome are, to this day. I have the honor to be

Your affectionate servant, ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

From the Correspondence of the London Times. DREADFUL CONDITI N OF THE TURKS AT BALAKLAVA.

The Turks are employed in making a roadactually making a road at last! Its course wi be from the town, past headquarters, up to No. 5 Battery. They are also employed in handing I found no instruments of torture; for they on shore and piling shot and shell. It is amus-

(Prime Custode,) the Dominican Friar who dead and dying Turks, its crowded lanes, its Company of the Company of the Last of the Company o

noisome sheds, its beastly purlieus, or its decay. Ail the pictures ever drawn of plague and pestilence, from the work of the inspired writer who chronicled the woes of infidel Egypt down to the narratives of Boccaccio, De Foe, or Moltke, fall short of individual "bits" of disease and death which any one may see in Talf a dozen places during half an hour's walk in Balaklaya. In spite of all our efforts, the dying Turks have male of every lane and street a cloace, and the forms of human suffering which meet the eve at every turn, and once were wont to shock u-. have now male us callous, and have ceased even to attract passing attention.

Raise up the piece of matting or coarse rug which hangs across the doorway of some miserable house, from within which you hear wailings and cries of pain and prayers to the Prophet. and you will see in one spot and in one instant a mass of accumulated wors that will serve you with nightmares for a lifetime. The dead laid out as they died, are lying side by side with the living, and the latter present a specta le beyond position in various re-pectable spirits as and all imagination. The commonest necessaries of as in s me of a less reputable character, to as in a hospital are wanting; there is not the least both the policy and the picciple of public on attention paid to decency or cleanliness—the ca ion. On the one hand, the lighted Reals stench is appalling—the foetid air can barely Catholic conte..ds that schools condar ed and struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save thro' the authority of the civil government in a the chinks in the walls and roofs, and, for all I United States, are "infidel and go ress schale can observe, these men die without the least ef- because his religious do trines, as per une fort being made to save them. There they lie his own church, are carefully excluded in just as they were let gently down on the ground them; and though not sublicly a k oxless by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought because he finds the light of secular than a them on their backs from the camp with the and of the English Bible incompatible with the grea'est tenderness, but who were not allowed blind submission which his superstition lead to to remain with them. The sick appear to be On the other hand, certain Protestant the time tended by the sick, and the dying by the dy- of ject to the same system, on the ground rate

#### A PEEP INTO SEBASTOPOL.

writing from the camp on the 7th, thus de Governe las they are by opposite motivisches scribes the appearance of the town of Schasto- two assailing parties evidently occupy common pol, and the condition of the Russian de ences. ground, and are engaged in a most unhanted

important stil, the defences are four times principle up a which that policy is lased, strong r and more v gorous than the first day A e ibe a ely formed conviction that a syswe of ened fire. I know this statement may term of general ducation is a duty and a necesmake my letters unpopular with a certain set, sity of every republican State, whose assistators who will see nothing but victories and causes are dependent for their preservation upon the for gratulation in all we do, but nevertheless, it intelligence and virtue of the people, require is only the truth, and I am confident that time us to project against and repel, so for as we are will sind cate my a sertions even in the eyes of able, these att mpts to descredit and destroyour

To satisfy myself on this point beyond all Fast, as to the principle of education by the possibility of doubt. I yesterday determined to State. We understand it to be defined that the visit the "oveus," our most advanced picquet State has a right, or any old gation testing uppost, within two hundred yards of the Russian on it, to provide for the general education of the batteries, and close overlooking the town and chi dren of the people. This function is claim. harbor. It is perfectly easy to approach this ed on either hand as a davinery be but d prely speaking, ceased firing for some time.

The real damage inflicted on the town of Sethe dockyard laborers, and the Tuck'sh parts of the town outside the wal's, are nearly destroyed, f llows that the whole business of education was that is laid almost level with the earth. This ever intended to be committed to their hards quarter appears to be the only dirty and wretca- A bare statement makes it evident then hears ed part of Sebastopol, something of the same of realing, writing, and evphering, and the d. here and there marked with shot, but most un-

which our fire, as against a government builds to the hands of the various denominations in the every part, an i most of its roof destroyed.

enty of the houses nearest the walls but b youd are opposed to the general increase of intellimost of them are detached, and all are white as light to the people under their inducace, a more snow, and instantly show shot marks. The obvious objection, than the madequary of others splendid structure which we call the "Parthe- to the great work of educating the preses.--

The streets which I cou'd see, and which, of course, were those nearest our batteries, were good order. In these were numerous bodies of office claimed for it by its champions. It is its troops lounging about unconcernedly, with their cumbent of course upon the Church test on that mu ket- piled upon the pathways. Many ci- she has the actual power to perform this duty, vilians passed to and fro, and now and then an before she undertakes, or her advocates for her, ammuni on wagon; but I saw no trace of either to deny the right of the State to do the same women or children, or other vehicles of the or- thing. dinary description.

impossible to gain at once a near and extensive that the people may delegate this, as we as v.ew. As far as I can judge, from traversing other powers to their representatives in the n arly two-hords of the allied lines the enemy's | S ate. It is assumed by others to be an oxic-

abbutis and rows of stockades and chevanz de our institions. In pu ely religious ma tees, we refrise. From this fact alone it is evident that c gnize the sanctity of minis erial control as decithey are guarding against, and, therefore, fear dealy as any one; but we cannot admit that he

and batteries which I saw thrown up all round this important function, and he alone has the the city, did, indeed, astonish me. Every space right to transfer it to others. Where parents from the circular earth-work and Martello tower, choose to confide the education of their (the latter now a mere pile of rubbish,) round to the sea near Cape Constantine, is one long objection to such a transfer on the score of abline of redoubts and batteries. Malta, Gibral- so ute right; and for the same reas m, we come tar, or the lines of Chatham—all in one—would tend that the same parents, in their capacity of entrenchments covered with infantry, pits, and scriptural restriction—of confiding this office of banks, stockades and masses of cannon. I have State. It is a popular right recognized by the seen many of what are called first class fortress- spirit of our fundamental laws, and again t

LAWYER TURNED CARPENTER.—The lawyer who "filed a bi-l, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, raised a haul, got up a case, framed an indicament, empanelled a jury, put them in a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, chiseled a client, and bored a whole court,"-all in one day-has since "laid down the law" and turned curpenter.

WAR WITH THE INDIANS APPREHENDED .-- Washington, Jan. 17.-Gen. Scott apprehends a troublesome and protacted war with the Indians in the West. There are symptoms of large combinations of the Sioux, who seem to be impressed with the ides that they can hold our army at bay.

Southern Weckly Post WILLIAM D. COOKE.

JAMES A. WADDELL, M. D. EDITOR. RALEIGH, JAN. 20, 1855

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EDUJATION BY THE STATE Ir is with much pain that we observe.

the State connot properly is culcate as y to gate tru'h; which belongs exclusive y to the thath and that secular instruction is worse than and The correspondent of the Morning Herald less when dissociated from religious document alliance with each o her in offensive has the Sebastopol is not in ruins, and what is more against the piley of commin schools and the

common school system.

rogative of the christian Church, We cosider structed to it, and both sides have, comparative- this an unwarranted and dangerene assumption; for although the christian ministry hate been expressly charged with the important saley of bistopol amounts to this: all the buts used by teaching all nations the doctrines and make inculcated by their divine Head, it by non-case par ments of literature, history, and passa ques ionably, as de ence-, they are still unit - which the apostolical commission has using directly to do. It is a dangerous doc rine, he-One large barrack inside the walls against cause of practically recognized, it must through ing, has been p ricularly directed, is ried ed in | United S at sin power for egil as will as for go'd, which night treve light rejudain to The same is the case with about sixty or sevithe safety of our country. Sime denominations this nothing has been done. Had any of the gence, and will donly characteristic their children in price pal mansions more to the centre of the the school of bigotry and superstinot. No is town been injured, it would be easily seen, as the unwillingness of some that e es to impartnon "-the Government House-and, indeed, When therefore it is solenal, a se tell that of-19-20ths of the Luddings, show no trace of inbelonging in no degree to the State a doctrine is propon de cagainst which a strong presompton ali in a most enviable state of cleanliness and Courch either will not, or cannot descharge the

Of the earth works around Sebastopol, it is no argument, of more than superficial mini-Against this right of the State, we have seen more difficult to speak with accuracy. So nu- wged by any writer. Elucation is, primaring merous are these defences that of them it is quite a right of the individual citizen, and we control batteries appeared generally in good working siastica power, derived from Heaven, and not ir in the consent of the pe ple. Such author-The whole of the enemy's butter es are now ty however cannot be sesta ned by the scriptures. protected by a d ep ditch in from with regular and is altogether inconsistent with the prinof an assault. But it is principally of the north authority of the church is paramount to that of the jamily, in the matter of secular education. The The tremendous excent of the new redoubts parent is the divinely appointed depositary of to persons appointed by the church, we have no citizens, have the right-limited by no special es, but the present aspect of Sebastopol might which no fair construction of the scriptures can be ad inced.

In another number, we propose to say a few words in regard to the policy of sustaining a jud'eious system of Common Schools in every Sta e of the Union.

CUBA.-It will be sen in our news columns, that the hope heretofore entertained by some, that the Spanish government would consent to sed Cuba, has been completely bla-ted. The Spanish Ministry, Cortes, and People are united in their opposition.

ILLNESS OF MR. MASON.—The Hon. John Y. Mason, our minister to France, is lying dang rously ill at Paris, from an strack of paralysis.