

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER LXXXI.

New York, Feb. 4, 1855.

A sudden chase—Flight up the River—Hudson—More Snow—A day's sleighing—Its delights—A Fancy Sketch—A scene on the ice—A Lecture on the Lullabies—Henry Ward Beecher's "Signs—Excursion to Pleasant-Walding of the Ocean—The Turkish Russian Synagogue—A Pamphlet by a Russian Agent in New York—Consistency of the War—"Getting Along"—a new book—Cousin Cicely's "Ups and Downs"—Martin and Johnson's Shakespeare—A new author and her first book.

MY DEAR POST: The sleighing carnival of which I wrote you in my last, was of very brief duration. It went off on Friday in a perfect deluge of "slush." It is impossible to give you an idea of the state of the thoroughfares on Friday evening. I had a "realizing sense," of "I waded about five o'clock across the city to the depot of the Hudson River Railroad, where I took the "express" train up the river. Four hours sufficed to bring me to Hudson (120 miles) where I found myself again in the midst of a deep snow, which had fallen during the day in lieu of the rain which descended in the Metropolis.

The next day I enjoyed sleighing to the top of my bent. Soon after breakfast I sprang into a light cutter, and having adjusted the heavy fur robes around my fair companion and myself, I gave the reins to my horse, and away we flew over the already smooth and well packed snow of the main street of Hudson. Merrily rung the bells with which my steel was grided about—and merrily also rang multitudes of similar bells upon scores of horses which were dashing up and down the street. All that day, with a reasonable recess at dinner time, I was on the road, now dashing through one of the neighboring villages, and anon mounting at a scarcely diminished pace a long hill—from the summit of which I was to look out upon hills and plains and vale and river all wrapped in the snowy robe of Winter, as in a winding sheet. There is something indescribably exhilarating in a sleigh ride—the gentle gliding of the light vehicle—the musical rattle of the silver-tined bells—the sparkle and glitter of the snowy track—the contrast of the glowing warmth within the huge flocked wrappers and the sharp twinges of the keen air without—these and a score of nameless features besides lend an irresistible charm to this species of locomotion. I am writing now of a sober sleigh ride—and not of those intoxicating adventures which one may have in the hey-day of youth—when he sits in the folds of the warm furs by the side of a lovely maiden, and gets so far into dream-land by gazing into the bright eyes of the charmer—as to forget the realities around him and is only recalled to a sense of the earthly by a sudden plunge into a snow bath, and the terrified scream of the maiden as she so, sinks into the soft but chilling arms of the Winter Spirit. But I forbear to touch the chords of memory any more—lest I find myself sighing in sympathy with those tones:

"Oh would I were a boy again!" I was in Albany on Tuesday—and saw the quiet old town in its winter dress. The river is fast locked in the arms of the frost-king not only at Albany—but even down to the Highlands. I crossed the river on the ice in passing to and from the railroad station to the city. In the evening the river presented a most animated scene. Upwards of a hundred men and boys were skating upon the shining ice. Light sleighs were passing across the stream and numerous pedestrians were carefully pecking their way along the smooth but treacherous path—ever and anon their would-be a slip and a fall—then a burst of merry laughter. Then a trunk would go flying over the ice—as an unlucky porter lost his footing—or a cart-boy and his owner would unceremoniously part company from the same cause. It was nearly sunset and the parting rays fell upon the ice—flushing it with a rosy warmth—in striking contrast to its own cold grey tints.

That night I attended another of the winter lectures before the Hudson Lyceum. As before the vast hall (and the hall would be vast any where out of our Metropolis) was crowded. The lecture discussed the Philology of the Lullabies, and was delivered by Professor Upon of Union College. It was a genial and pleasing performance—telling more by its scholar like style and fanciful illustration, than by the oratory of the speaker. It was told that the previous lecture of the course—on Patriotism—by Henry Ward Beecher, was most enthusiastically received—but that its principle points were its impudant and audacious hits at the generally received opinions of the public. Mr. Beecher's popularity as a lecturer—even his sermons are only lectures, arises from the daring manner in which he announces his own ultra opinions, or pulls to pieces the opinions of others!

On Monday next a considerable party of gentlemen—connected with the press and professions—will embark on board the steamer George Law—for Panama. They go as the invited guests of the Isthmus Railroad Company, to be present at the opening of the Railway. It will be an occasion of great interest—the marriage of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—with bonds of iron for a wedding ring!

The Tribune newspaper has aroused some indignation by its scarcely disguised advocacy of the Russian policy and interest in the great war which now shakes Europe to its centre. It claims—in defence—to have only uttered opinions coincident with the London Times—upon the wretched and disgraceful management of the British Government in its operations in the Crimea. There is no doubt I think, that fatal mistake has been committed in that quarter—but this does not justify an American newspaper in taking up the cause of a despot of the worst class—like Nicholas of Russia. Yesterday there appeared from the press of D. Appleton & Co. a pamphlet entitled "A Year of the War"—from the pen of the Count A. DE GUROWSKI—a Russian nobleman residing at present in this city and shrewdly supposed to be an agent in the employ of the Autocrat. I need not say that his brochure throws the odium of the war upon the allied powers—and exhibits Russia as a great and magnificent Empire—seeking to promote a great civilization in Eastern Europe. Of all which I can only claim—"Credat Vulcanus Apella."

Among the communications of this terrible war—for even war and death have their ludicrous associations—is a caricature in the last number of Punch—in illustration of "the four points," so famous in the history of the European negotiation. Russia is represented in the person of the Czar surrounded by England, France, Turkey and Austria each personified by a soldier—thrusting a bayonet into the Autocrat! The inscription below the picture— "THE FOUR POINTS—(AND PLENTY MORE TO FOLLOW!)" Here is another good thing from the same intricate jester, who however (unlike the majority of jesters) always contrives to have points to his jokes.

THE CZAR'S COMPASS.

The Emperor of Russia has accepted the Four Points, has he? We are afraid, indeed, that he is prepared to accept nothing else. East, West, North and South, we apprehend to be the only points which NICHOLAS thinks of accepting—Doesn't he wish he may get them?

Derly, one of the most enterprising of all our publishers, has just issued an interesting work in two volumes entitled "Getting Along." It is a series of illustrations from life—which abound in felicitous description, pure sentiment and attractive incident. It is published anonymously, but there is sufficient internal evidence that it is from a skilful and practiced pen, and we are inclined to think that the accomplished authoress (we are very sure it is from a female hand) will not long be able to maintain her recognition. Through the same publisher we have received a copy of a long and valuable volume entitled "Ups and Downs," by Cousin Cicely. The writer has acquired considerable reputation by her previous writings, and I am inclined to think that this volume will make her more of a favorite than ever. The little lecture that I have been enabled to devote to its pages has sufficed to give me a pleasant impression of the author's good sense, and true feeling in the treatment of her subjects.

Messrs. Martin & Johnson of this city are issuing the parts of their magnificent pictorial edition of Shakespeare with regularity and dispatch. The large steel plates which embody this work are truly fine specimens of art. They contain, for the most part, portraits of the great actors of the day, in their favorite characters. I have already spoken of the exceeding beauty and cheapness of this edition of the immortal dramatist. The price of each part is only twenty-five cents. While the paper and typography are of the finest possible kind.

Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., the great Philadelphia publishers, (indeed I might say the great American publishers, for I know not of a house which equals theirs in the vast extent of its enterprise) have just added to their list a new book destined to make a new sensation. It is a novel by a Southern lady—originally beautiful I am told—and gifted certainly as I can judge from her book. She calls herself "Anne Chambers Bradford"—but this may be a non de plume. Her book is entitled "Nelly Broken," and it reads most fascinatingly. The author has expended too much feeling upon her plot—a fault which she will probably learn to avoid in her future books. Her description of Southern and Western life and character are graphic and natural. She has a genial and beautiful style, and although her hills are far to eclipse two thirds of the female writers who constitute the stars of our literary firmament.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LIFE TIME OF MAN—When the world was created, and all created, and all creatures, assembled to have their life-time appointed the ass first advanced and asked how long he would like to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature, "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wretched existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill that others may eat bread, that while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

THE NEW DOGMA.

It is stated in the London Christian Times, that the late immaculate constitution decree of the Pope is not received with enthusiasm by the Roman Catholics of Germany, "many of whom are thoroughly ashamed of the transaction." "The Romanism of the German States," says that journal, "surrounded by evangelical light, is more enlightened than that of other European countries, and more alive to the result sought by the promoters of the Pontifical decree. The promulgation of this false and abused dogma, at a time when so important events agitate the world, scarcely conceals the insidious design of effecting a revolution in Popery itself. The Pope, surrounded by bishops of his own selection, pronounces certain doctrines to be the Church, in virtue of his own personal infallibility. Such a proceeding is unknown in the previous history of the pretended successors of St. Peter, and is obviously intended to establish a precedent for treating them with an authority perfectly absolute, which no councils or ecclesiastical bodies may question or control.

The same blasphemy is set forth for Christian doctrine by the Pope, to be believed on peril of damnation is not in itself considered of the slightest value to the Protestant world. So far from winning converts, it will awaken unutterable disgust, and drive away many who might otherwise be converted by the fatal snares of the Papacy. It has its importance to the world in the fact that it is the triumph of Popery absolutism, the conclusive settlement of the infallibility and infidelity of the Pope in his capacity, and the unrestrained exercise of his power, and the utterance of his decrees, his will, his law. Bishops, priests, and laymen are his vassals. In Asia, Europe, America, they are to receive his dogmas without question, and to serve him as the Vicegerent of Christ. This is the central idea, and the essential mischief of the transaction. This is what is designed to make Popery among us still more dangerous and more tenacious. For years all things in the Roman Church have been tending to this result. In the days of Bishop Dubois, of this city, the Catholic congregation of St. Louis, in Buffalo, were permitted to vest their church property in the hands of trustees, and even when Bishop Hughes began to put on airs, and to claim the property for himself, they did not feel it necessary to appeal to the Pope's Nuncio at Paris. Events, however, have moved. Bishop Timon sat at the head of the new see of Buffalo, and renews its claim to the property. The trustees resist. The Pope sends over a Nuncio in the person of the infamous Belmi, who sustains the Bishop. The trustees stand by the laws of the State, and dare communicate. It is essential to the State, and to the peace of the world, that the same sense be adhered to, in this case as in Rome. All things emanate from the central will. The case of the St. Louis church illustrates how the "mischiefous principle" is to be carried out. It is to work through the hands of the trustees, and through the vast organization, and every where where it is to be carried out. A bishopric has been set up in the United States, and is an offshoot of the same central mischief. The overflowing arrogance of the Shepherd of the Vatican and the Executive of the Journal will be the inevitable expression of the very absolutism. It is well that the plot is understood. Divine Providence and a free people may be trusted to cover its designs with confusion."—N. Y. Recorder.

THE THREE THAT NEVER PART.

"Mary," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary? It died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree?"

"Well, I don't see as we can love any thing but the tree," said George, "I love the tree, and I love the bird, but I love the tree more, and I love the bird better than any bird, or tree, or flower. O, I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die!"

The day passed. During the school-hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seats they had been gathering, the remembrance of the tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," said George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them, towards his mother, "you may give them all away if you find so much seed of a tree that would never fade, I should like to have a garden. I wonder mother, if there ever was such a garden?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

THE SAD RESULT OF IGNORANCE.

The Detroit Advertiser relates an instance of an ox being killed and a sled broken to pieces by a railroad car, and all because the ox could not understand French. The facts of the case were these. The team, consisting of one English and one French ox, drawing a heavy load of wood and driven by a French driver, was crossing the track when the express train of cars made its appearance. The driver, in great excitement, immediately ordered his oxen to check (the French for "halt.") The French ox understood him, and turning off the track, saved himself from injury; but the English ox, having never studied the language, pressed further on, and was instantly killed. This case should be a warning to farmers to have their oxen properly educated.

Mrs. PARTINGTON GONE SOUTH.—The Charleston (S. C.) Standard, has the following extraordinary announcement:

"Pneumonia.—Mrs. Parker, a most successful teacher of Pneumonia, is now in our city, and intends forming classes in the course of the week, to teach, in a scientific manner, the 'Art of Memory.'"

In our time, the "Art of assisting memory" used to be called "Mnemonics;" but the foregoing may be the "Palmetto" version.

IDIOLS MADE TO ORDER.—The following is said to be a literal translation of a Chinese advertisement:—"I will execute to order idols

PROTESTANT PRIVILEGE OF INVESTIGATING FOR HIMSELF.

We condemn Protestant fanatics as much as any one for their unjustifiable interference with our peculiar institution, but in the name of all fairness, "let us be just and fear not," in pointing out with equal fidelity the dangerous designs of foreign jesuits against the principles that lie at the foundation of our free institutions. The charge is not that the Church of Rome is unfavorable to slavery, but that she is, wherever she appears unguessed, the enemy of political and religious liberty. The Greek Church of the Czar, and the Mahom tan Church of the Sultan, support our "peculiar institution" in the same way.

THE TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

If we are not very much mistaken in regard to the tone of the following extract from a late article in the New York "Citizen," a prominent organ of the Foreign Party, it indicates a malignant and dangerous spirit which may yet involve a portion of our confederacy in the horrors of a war of literal "extermination." It refers to the disbanding, by the Governor of Massachusetts, of a number of military companies that State, composed entirely of foreigners, and urges that class of the population to a course of insubordination and an attitude of defiance against the American people, calculated to excite the latter to acts of violence and blood.

All good citizens and patriots must deplore the spirit of mutual hostility which such threats must necessarily engender, and efforts should everywhere be made to prevent the occurrence of a collision between the parties which might lead to the most calamitous and fatal consequences. We would, if we had a voice to reach the ears of our countrymen, invoke the magnanimity of a great people to temper their spirit and regulate their power—persuading them by all the considerations that can control the passions of a free and generous nation, to exercise both patience and forbearance towards a party which so arrogantly and insolently provokes its own destruction.

But what is of more importance still, submit to no brand of inferiority, no shadow of disparagement, at the hands of these natives. You are their equal by law, you are their equals every day. Disbandment of a military company is a direct imputation of inferiority; and we are happy to find that Mr. Butler, Lowell, refuses to brook the outrage. He declines to transmit the order of disbandment to his captain, invites a court martial and appeals to the law for there is still an appeal to the law. And the Shields' Artillery of Boston have taken like action in the case. If, however, the first decision be against them and against Col. Butler, and if the military companies of foreign birth are actually disbanded, and if there be purchased forthwith independent companies before there are three as numerous as the disbanded ones; there are no Arms acts here; and let every "foreigner" be drilled and trained, and have his arms always ready. For you may be very sure, having some experience in that matter, that those who begin by disarming you, mean to do you a mischief.

Be careful not to trundle in the smallest particular to American prejudices. Yield not a single jot of your own; for you have as good a right to your prejudices as they. Do not, by any means, suffer Gardner's Bible to be thrust down your throats. Do not abandon your post, or to down your functions, as citizens or as soldiers, but after resort to the last and highest tribunal of law upon you, keep the peace, attempt no "demonstrations," discourage drunkenness, and stand to your arms.

It is hardly to be conceived that the madness of fiction and the insolence of race will proceed to such a length as to disarm independent companies, or private men. If they do, then the Constitution is at an end—the allegiance you have sworn to this "Republic" is annulled.

We stand to God thoughtfully and just Americans would be thoughtful in time. They are strong, they are confident, they are bold, they are proud and flushed with national glory and property; doubtless they will, if they will, do great and glorious wrongs to a race that has never wronged them; but seriously, earnestly we assure them, the naturalized citizens will not submit. This senseless feud must be terminated, there must be peace; peace or else a war of extermination. We are here on American ground, either citizens or as enemies.

"AMERICANIZED!"

THE AMERICAN ORGAN OF THE KNOW NOTINGS at Wash. D. C., says, "We are pleased to inform our readers that North Carolina is becoming rapidly 'Americanized.'" We can assure the "Organ" that the Old North State was "Americanized" as early as the American Revolution, and prior to the date of our national birth. Long before the patriots of other States were quite ripe for the change, her people declared themselves independent of a foreign domination and influence, in the celebrated Declaration of Independence, and boldly announced the noble resolution that neither the British king nor the British people should rule them any longer. The "Organ" meant no harm, we feel confident, by its mode of expression; but it is important that it should be borne in mind that we are a free Protestant people, steadfastly attached to the great cardinal doctrines of both religions a d political liberty, and that if at any time we should be found divided on such questions, it will be the work of demagogues who undertake for party purposes to divide those under their influence.

There are, we know, some few at work endeavoring to change the sentiments of an immense majority of the people of this State in regard to the pernicious doctrines imported among us from Europe. They are earnestly contending that there is no danger to our institutions from foreign socialism and agrarianism, on the one hand, or from foreign priestcraft and absolutism on the other. But, would for it, this effort to foreignize and Romanize North Carolina, will prove as hard a task as the stopping of Sisyphus, and must result in terrible unpopularity up in its authors. Undertake to convince the Protestant population of North Carolina that French and German infidelity, and Italian and Irish Romanism, are eminently favorable to free institutions! What folly! what absurdity! What ignorance of the character of our people appears in such presumption! No, Mr. Organ, our citizens do not need to be "Americanized." They are already Americans—

What they need is a host of faithful defenders of the truth, whose exertions shall counteract the effect of "Boris now being made to FOREIGNIZE and ROMANIZE them.

PRESIDENTY OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

We learn from several western papers, that the Rev. Dr. LACY, pastor of the Presbyterian church in this city, has been unanimously elected by the Board of Trustees, President of Davidson College. Dr. Lacy's many accomplishments would render him a most valuable acquisition to that institution, but it is hoped that the appointment will not be sufficient to induce him to abandon his present post. He could not do so without a rupture of many sacred ties.

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We find following in the Star's report of the proceedings of the Commons:

H. use met at 7 P. M. February 2nd, 1855. A message was received from the Senate, informing that branch attending the bill incorporating the Denton, Lawyers and D. Gs. The House adjourned.

"Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers and D. Gs." This is truly a singular slaps for a legislature to assume. We wonder if the House will have been taxed as members of the learned professions? Or will the House degrade those professions by such an action? If the former, and the tax was laid to be laid on the income of the profession, we wish the revenue officers in London for their escape from the duty of laying the same.

ELEVATION OF WAYSVILLE.

It is interesting to find that Waysville, a town in Haywood county in the State of North Carolina, is the seat of the Western Extension of the Northern Pacific Railroad. We hope the people of the favored village will ever seek to preserve its elevated position as a corresponding geographical position.

THE BEYOND OF RELIGION.

THE BEYOND OF RELIGION.—The AVENUE RESULT, PRESIDENTIAL RESULTS OF THE ARRIVAL OF PUNISHING THE EXHIBITION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL BELIEF, OR OF BEING BELIEVED BY FELLOW CREATURES, AND THE DELIVERANCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Exactly! Exactly! This sentence, designed for all other objects, is a complete failure of the Church for the benefit of which it was written.

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PUBLISHERS OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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SCHOOLFELLOW FOR THE MONTH.

RECEIVED, and presents to the youthful reader...

Southern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE, EDITOR.

JAMES A. WADDELL, M. D., EDITOR.

RALEIGH, FEB. 10, 1855.

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JESUITICAL.

WE find in the Standard the following extract from the Washington Union, and as the editor of the latter paper seems to invite an answer from Southern men, we venture upon a few words of reply.

"Let our southern fellow-citizens of all parties ask themselves a few home questions, and let all fair-minded and honest men in the Northern States search their own minds for answers to these interrogatories:—

Have the Catholics ever assailed the constitution of the United States? Have the Catholics—priests or laymen—ever let or encouraged a war upon the institutions of the South? Have Catholic organizations denounced our war with other nations—even with Catholic Mexico? Have the Catholics made temperance a political question, and sought, by means of sumptuary laws, to regulate the notions of social or religious duty? "Let us be just and fear not." The Catholic Church is not our church, nor is it that of any who are near and dear to us. But no such offences as those referred to can be laid at its door.

We have seen for some time a disposition in certain quarters to make the impression on the "outhern people" that the Catholic Church is more friendly to our section of the Union than the Protestant Churches. The quotations contained in the foregoing extract manifest an insidious and Jesuitical design to effect the same object. If they mean anything in the world, they mean this, that the decline of Protestantism and the increase of Catholicism in the South, would conduce to the preservation of our institutions. In the name of the Protestant Churches of the South, we repel the insidious insinuation. We deny the inference attempted to be established by these professors of Protestantism, so unfavorable to the Protestant cause. But to the questions:

We reply in the negative to each of these questions, and would ask the Union to complete its comparison by naming openly the Protestant bodies which have been in guilty of the great wrongs to the Southern people. The Roman Church is too cunning to bring herself directly into collision with the American people on any of these points. Does not this fact alone show that she adapts her policy to her geographical position—that in Austria she supports absolutism, in France revolution, in Ireland, in Haiti, in Senegal, and in Mexico, Santa Anna? Does it not show that her principles are as changeable as the chameleon's hues, and that what she announces as true under one Pope may be denounced as false under another? Does it not show that the Bible and the Constitution are the two great barriers in this country to the progress of fanaticism, and that whilst she never sanctions d the political doctrines of the latter, she claims the right authority, to interpret the former, and lawfully limits the study of its tenets by the people? Does it not show that in making war upon religious liberty all over the world, she is pursuing a course directly calculated to destroy political liberty also, and that she thus aims to make the slavery of the human mind a universal "institution"? The Union dares not, cannot not fairly meet these questions. The Church of Rome is the advocate of slavery—not of African slavery here, but of human subjugation and submission everywhere, and the evidence is patent to every American reader who enjoys the

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