

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER LXXXII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1855.

European news—Retirement of Lord John Russell—Probable change in the British Ministry—The Crimean Expedition—British Blunders—Negotiations against—A remarkable winter—Great descent of the mercury—Zero and below—Exploits of the cold—More snow—Another Carnival—The humours of sleighing—Fanny Fern again in the field—A ruthless exhibition—A genuine look by a genuine author—Dallas Cases Memoirs of Napoleon—Bohn's January issues—A new and striking book in Ecclesiastical Controversy.

MY DEAR POST.—The latest foreign intelligence, (by the steamer Atlantic, which reached this port on Thursday the 8th inst.) is full of interest. The principal item is the abandonment of the present coalition ministry of Great Britain, by Lord John Russell. He has resigned his office and his retirement is regarded as the prelude to the dissolution of that heterogeneous cabinet, which has contrived, within one short year, to cover its administration with scarcely less than shame and disgrace in the operations against Russia. Lord John Russell has not been, for some time, upon any thing like cordial terms with his colleagues. Their measures did not meet his approbation and he has more than once earnestly protested against them. Now that the conduct of the war is about to be made a subject of special and minute parliamentary enquiry he wisely retires. I say wisely—for the cabinet will certainly not come out of the inquiry with honor. The terrible mismanagement of affairs in the Crimea and of the British operations in the war generally, is a fearful charge against the government and the people of England will not be slow to see that it is brought home to the responsible parties.

It appears to me, very evident from the connected reports of the siege of Sevastopol, that the entire British army would probably have suffered destructive defeat, if not annihilation, but for the support, and I may say protection, of their French allies. This is a mortifying thought to those who regard the glory of the British arms as preeminent—but mortifying as it may be, it is true. The disasters which have befallen the British troops in the Crimea, and by which nearly three fourths of its vast numbers have been rendered hors de combat, are the immediate consequences of wretched mismanagement—of fatal and inexcusable mistakes on the part of the powers in control. The heart sickens at the bare recital of the ravages of disease and death among the gallant Englishmen who went to the Crimea to cover themselves and their country's flag with glory—not to die of hunger or to perish from exposure in an inglorious and miserable inaction. I have no heart to write of the melancholy condition of the English soldiery before Sevastopol. Poor fellows! they have all the bravery and daring which in the British soldier is proverbial—but they have yielded to an enemy whom they never expected to meet—and that enemy is the improvidence of the Government, which sent them out to protect its honor and glorify its hitherto conquering banners! It is said, that there are now scarcely fifteen thousand British bayonets in a state of efficiency before Sevastopol! Fifteen thousand out of sixty thousand! Three out of four conquered, not by Russian valor, but by British neglect! It is said that the Emperor of Russia, cheered by the misfortunes of the British troops, has become bolder and is preparing for aggressive operations—if indeed he has not already commenced them. There are rumors of a battle before Sevastopol, on the 25th instant, in which the Russians were victorious. These rumors, however, are probably false, as direct authentic advices from Balaklava received the previous day said that nothing new had occurred.

It is almost too late to hope that the fearful blunders of the British ministry will be atoned for by a new administration. Still, with Lord John Russell, as Premier, and Palmerston as Minister of War, (a not impossible conjunction in a new cabinet) there would be some ground to expect the reparation of the errors of the Aberdeen coalition. Surely, England will not be satisfied to bear the shame and dishonor which must rest upon her military fame, if Lord Raglan and his Staff should be the sole remnant of her splendid army in the Crimea—and it would not take six months to reduce it to that, at the same fearful rate of ruin which has been going on for the past six months.—Who would have dared, six months ago, to predict such a sad fate to that brilliant expedition which England sent out for the capture of Sevastopol! May the GOD of battles defend!

Negotiations are again the order of the day and the talk is of peace. But will Russia make concessions now—with an exhausted British army upon her own territory—which she would not make when she had reason to apprehend formidable aggressions from the allied armies! I cannot suppose it possible. It seems to me that any peace, patched up now, would be essentially worse than the status ante bellum itself.

This winter is likely to be memorable for its exceedingly cold weather. Since I wrote last we have had such a fall of the mercury as is not within the memory of most of our population—though "the oldest inhabitant" very provokingly points us back to 1811, (I believe this is the date), when there occurred what is still called "the cold Saturday"—and our weather, scries confirm his statement, that then the weather was even a little colder than it has been here this week. Perhaps it was—but they cannot, after all, boast of as long-continued low temperature as we can. In some parts of Vermont and New Hampshire the quicksilver went down so low that the only wonder is that it ever got up again. Having taken forty-four steps downward, (at West Randolph for example), why did it not go to the bottom at once and have done with it! Hereabouts, it got as low as 12 degrees below zero—or as Mrs. Partridge is reported to have said, "twelve daggers below zero." That is a good idea, by the way, of the intensity of the cold. Tuesday night was cruellest still. It played all manner of wicked pranks in our houses. It stopped the current of the Croton in the pipes—causing them, here and there, to burst into kitchens and basements were converted into ponds. It froze

the water in the gas-metres and so, in a very summary, (or rather I should say wintry manner),—

"And so—put out the lights."

The gas went out suddenly in parlor and hall—in churches and stores—anywhere and everywhere if the metre was not protected from the cold, or filled with alcohol in lieu of water.

On Wednesday and Thursday the snow fell with little intermission—and now it is deep upon the ground and the sleighing is most excellent. Another snow carnival is being held in our streets, and the fun is not a whit the less boisterous, for its repetition. I cannot imagine why it is that a good snow fall should quicken the wits of our omnibus drivers, but so it is. Generally morose, or at least taciturn, upon the boxes of their omnibuses, they no sooner mount the sleigh box and get four in hand, than they grow garrulous, and withal full of humor.

"Ride up ma'am—first coach up and you won't have a better offer ma'am," said a Jehu yesterday as he saw a female standing at the corner by which he was dashing. "Plenty of room, ladies—room in the sleigh and room in the gentlemen's arms—don't wait for the next sleigh, that's fuller than mine." "Look out there, Sam Fleming, and don't let that lady run over your sleigh." This is said by one coachman to another, the latter driving eight in hand, attached to a vehicle as big as a canal boat in front of which a timid female is striving to get across Broadway! At night, almost every sleigh has an amateur musician on board—whose solos on the come d'astain (anglicized) horn! "make night hideous."

What a rumpus Fanny Fern has managed to kick up in our midst to be sure! (Pardon my mode of expression, but consider its appropriateness to the subject I pray you.) Scarcely has "Ruth Hall" begun to be forgotten as a topic of town-talk, when a large book-publishing house announces "The Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern." The book is now being printed and bound by thousands, and already is it on the way to remote places, in advance of its publication for the city trade. I have looked into it, and I find that Fanny's origin and history are told in pretty plain terms. The romance and the embellishments of "Ruth Hall" are rather ruthlessly used up, and "the other side" of the question is displayed to the reader. It is not known to me at least, nor to the public, who is the writer of this book, but it is evidently somebody who knows Fanny "through and through." It did not require this book, however, to satisfy the public that however "gifted" Fanny Fern is, she is not possessed of enough womanly grace and delicacy to save her name from common notoriety. Long & Brother are the publishers of the new book, and they will find Fanny a source of profit to them, whatever she is to her family.

It is refreshing to turn from the mushroom books which a perverted taste generates in this day, to one by a genuine author, a man whose name is linked to the history of his country and his age. Such a man is Washington Irving, and his admirers all over the world will welcome a new volume from his pen, just published by Messrs. Putnam & Co. It is entitled "Washington Irving's Reminiscences, or a History of the Times." Like all of Irving's books, it is characterized by a refined taste and genial humor. There is no diminution of the charm which binds the reader to the pages of the "Sketch-Book." Redfield has recently published a handsome library edition in four duodecimo volumes, of the Count De Les Cases, "Memoirs of Napoleon." The volumes are embellished with numerous portraits and other engravings. The Count De Les Cases, was the daily companion of the renowned hero during a period of eighteen months. He says "Admiration made me follow him without knowing him, and when I did know him, love alone would have fixed me forever near his person." With his unequalled opportunities and with this ungrudging devotion to Napoleon, the count undertook to give us his personal memoirs. They are, of course, full of extraordinary interest, and it is needless to say that they constituted the most magnificent eulogy ever pronounced upon the character of the great French Emperor.

The January issues of Bohn's popular volumes indicate the purpose of that indefatigable publisher, to increase,—if that is possible,—the excellence of the different series. To the Intelligencer Library, there is a rare addition in "The Hand-Book of Proverbs," a very thick 12mo, in which are collected the proverbs of all nations. There is no other work of the kind so complete as this, which really leaves nothing to be desired for the bibliophile to desire upon the subject. In the classical lives there is the first volume of the great work on Natural History by the younger Pliny, of which there is, besides this, only one English translation extant—that of Holland—of the Elizabethan age. The value and the comprehensiveness of Pliny's work entitle it to a new English dress and to that modern annotation and illustration without which it is almost a dead letter to the general reader of this period. This new edition is translated chiefly by H. T. Riley, Esq., of Cambridge University, who completed the labor begun by the late Dr. Bostock, to whose hands the publisher had entrusted it. It is certainly done in a most faithful and scholarly manner, and the great Roman naturalist has found at once an appropriate translator and a judicious editor, so that we may fairly consider him as Pliny Redivivus. To the standard library, and well does the series deserve this name!—there is an addition of first-rate excellence in the "Life of Richard Coeur de Lion, King of England by G. P. R. James." It is a new edition in two volumes. Of the merits of Mr. James' historical works it would be superfluous to say anything. They are everywhere recognized as British classics, and these memoirs of the lion-hearted King, are not a whit inferior in interest and brilliancy to his Louis XIV, previously incorporated into this series. The Histories of Charlemagne and of Edward the Black Prince, by the same admirable writer, will, it is to be hoped, be issued in uniform style with the volumes I am now noticing. To a more limited circle of readers the Ecclesiastical History of Saxonen, and that also of Philostorgius, included together in a single volume of the Ecclesiastical Library, will be exceedingly welcome—the former embracing a period of over a century, from 324 to 440 (B.

C.) and the latter an epitome of Church History, from the rise of Arianism to the year B. C. 425. The work of Philostorgius itself is lost, but we have here an epitome compiled by Photius, the patriarch of Constantinople.

Besides these additions to the regular libraries, there is also one of Bohn's Extra Volumes, in which the Boccaccio of Decameron is contained, in a form and at a price which will make it altogether the most popular English edition of this extraordinary work now extant. I am not surprised to learn from Messrs. Bangs, Bro. & Co. the American agents of Mr. Bohn that his books are constantly appreciating in this country. The demand for many of them is exceedingly large. Their cheapness and excellence defy competition.

At the risk of making this letter a long one, I must mention a remarkable volume just published by Messrs. Graves & Marks of Nashville, Tenn., and by Sheldon, Lamport & Co. of this city. It is called "The Great Iron Wheel, or Republicanism Backwards and Christianity Reversed." It is from the pen of the Rev. J. R. Graves of Tennessee, and is an exposition and review of the great system of Methodism, by an avowed, but apparently frank and sincere opponent. It contains what a backwoodsman would call "some hard ticks" against this popular religious organization, which the author regards as a vast "clerical despotism" and a system of absolute Jesuitism. Without endorsing his opinions, I may venture to say that the book must create no small sensation among the numerous orders of the clergy of the Methodist church. It will doubtless call into requisition their best talent to refute its charges and its conclusions. The volume is "illustrated" by some very original and curious engravings, themselves curiosities of art as well as of ecclesiasticism.

Pardon me for falling into the old fault of Yours at length, COSMOS.

For the Southern Weekly Post, WHICH SHOULD HAVE THE PREFERENCE OF EDUCATION, THE MALE OR THE FEMALE?

Delivered before the Liberty Lyceum.

BY T. B.

This is a question of the utmost practical importance. It involves the interest, the prosperity and the happiness of posterity through all coming time. It merits the profound investigation of the good, the wise, and philanthropic of every clime, and of every nation. There is not a soul that treats the face of the earth, whose destiny is not more or less influenced by the light in which this question is viewed. The sun, in his diurnal revolution, looks not down upon the people whose interest is not affected by its decision.

It is a question of the greatest magnitude, and should be of the most universal concern. We believe that the true interest, and greatness, and prosperity, and happiness of all nations and countries, and neighborhoods, will be found to progress pari passu with the proper development of the female mind and character.

Then, oh! for the overwhelming eloquence of a Demosthenes, and the soul convincing arguments of a Webster or a Clay, to plead with becoming dignity and success, the merits of our cause. We rarely concede the high importance of both sexes being educated; but if one or the other must be neglected, ever let it be the male. Man is strong, and with his nerve of iron and force of brass, he may force his way through the world, though he may have but little vantage ground. But woman is delicate, modest, and feeble nerve, and physically weak. In vain does she raise her feeble arm against the Herculean strength of man. Man reigns by the physical strength of his arm; but woman must reign by love, sweetness and persuasion.

Then, as woman is the weaker vessel, we infer that it will require no profound reasoning nor lofty strains of eloquence, to convince the multitude that she should be fortified with education. A good domestic and good school or intellectual education will give her confidence and ability, strength and decision of character, and place her nearer upon an equality with her counterpart, man.

Pope has said, that woman has no character; but if this be true it is because they have no education. Where there has been no discipline, no training of the mind to enable it to think and reason correctly what kind of character can be expected. The reasoning faculties are feeble for want of exercise, and where there is no knowledge there can be no judgment. Woman should be educated because she is more dependent than the other sex, and this dependence is not owing to any fault of her own.

If the customs of society did not forbid it, the feebleness and delicacy of her physical constitution must forever deter her from engaging in many pursuits to which man can resort for a subsistence. For her to plow the fields of her neighbor, or to mow his meadows, would be highly derogatory to her character. Woman's character is of the highest importance, but it is easily blighted, and when once lost it is lost forever, she never can reclaim it. But education will not only strengthen character, but it will enable her to pursue honorable avocations, and to serve her country in various capacities. She may teach school, than which there is not a more useful or honorable occupation, or she may become a clerk in some business, and in many other ways she may obtain a livelihood and render her education available.

It has been said, that upon man devolves the transaction of all important business, and that therefore woman needs but little education. Now it must be admitted, that at first thought, and upon a superficial view of the subject, this argument seems to carry some weight in it; but it is abundantly more specious than real. It is true that women are sometimes so situated that they never have any great demands made upon them for vast stores of knowledge, profound learning, or consummate skill in business. The wife and the daughters of the millionaire, or of the wealthy merchant who realizes his thousands every month, may live at ease and revel in luxury and splendor, utterly unconscious of the necessity of either education or ability. The gale of prosperity has wafted them steadily on, has loaded their table with things far-fetched, and every dainty that the most fastidious appetite could crave; and perhaps clothed their bodies in

the richest fabrics of the old world. But, alas! how precarious is their situation. What guarantee have they that their fortune shall be permanent! To-morrow adverse winds may blow and bury their vast wealth in the bottom of the ocean. Those proud daughters, who but yesterday rioted in luxury and boasted of their immense wealth, are now the poorest of the poor. They are not only destitute of the means of subsistence, but they are likewise destitute of the ability to earn a subsistence. But even that parents could have a guarantee that they should themselves remain in independence, it would still be wrong and extremely unphilosophical in them, to neglect the education of their daughters, because the world is full of fortune seekers, and base young men, who glory in the destruction of female character.

They should be educated to enable them to discriminate between the wise and deserving, and the base and worthless among men. Though a parent may be rich and independent, he cannot reasonably expect all his daughters, if he have many, long to remain so. Some of them, he must expect, will marry men, who from mistreatment or inability will soon dissipate their substance. Then, as some one or more of the daughters are expected to be dependent upon their own resources, and as no parent can foresee which one or ones these are to be, then all should be educated and qualified if need be for business.

From the nature of the case, woman's control over her situation in life, is comparatively limited. Man's fortune is, in a great measure in his own hands. But not so with woman; her fortune is in the hands of another. Therefore woman must be educated in order to give her vantage ground.

But the grand arguments upon which we rely for the success of our cause, is to be drawn from the influence which woman exerts upon the character of man. Man's character is greatly modified by the bent it takes from the influences which surround it during infancy, childhood and youth.

The magic influence of an educated, intelligent sister has seldom been duly appreciated. Many youths and young men are inclined to court bad company, to intemperance, to disreputable conduct, and a thousand other errors. Imagine the effect produced upon a young man, when returning from some scene of dissipation or debauchery, by an intelligent and lovely sister throwing her arms around his neck, bathing his brow with her tears, and with that eloquence peculiar to her sex, dissuading him from his disreputable course. Thousands of young men, no doubt, of high intellectual attainments, and of great moral worth, who might have figured in the most polished circles of society, or have shone as bright constellations in the political firmament of their adored country, have been irretrievably lost for the want of an educated sister.

Nor is the influence of the wife to be overlooked. Her influence for good or for evil is immense and altogether irresistible. What a desideratum then that she be properly educated, that she may know her duty, and be disposed to perform it. Who but the wife is it that makes home the seat of delight and happiness, or a scene of confusion and disgust. A virtuous well educated wife is to a man, wisdom and courage, and strength, and hope, and endurance. But an ignorant contentious, boisterous, brawling one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair.

While woman smiles, man delights in arduous toil. With cheerfulness he goes forth to meet the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lauded to the utmost degree of endurance. But if that genius who presides over home, makes it the shade of order and peace and happiness, his spirits recover their equanimity and composure, and with renewed energy and alacrity, he again goes forth to be exposed to perpetual collisions, irritations, and disappointments. Know then that woman ministers at the very fountain head of life and happiness, and power. In the language of another, her radiant spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her more delicate moral insensibility is the omnipotent, unseen power, which is ever at work to purify and refine society.

How much of a man's success, happiness and respectability, depends upon the education of his wife. His moral principles, his benevolence, and patriotism, also, are, in a good degree, in her hands.—Under the considerations how important it appears that woman should be educated. We mean, truly educated; not merely bespattered with Greek and Latin, but made acquainted with the useful sciences, the constitution of man, and domestic duties.

But it is in the capacity of mother, that woman exercises her prime influence in determining the destinies of the world. The mother has more influence in fixing the future character of man, than all other causes combined. An intelligent, industrious, virtuous mother is worth more to a man than all the school teachers in the land.

Woman is man's first and most important and most affectionate teacher. And will it be denied that the temporal and eternal interests of mankind depend more upon her education than upon any other circumstance. First impressions are deepest and most effectual. It is the mother that instills into the infant bosom of her son, his first and most enduring lessons. And is it not evident to all, that they are lessons of wisdom or folly, according as the mother is educated for her sphere of duty. As a mother, woman holds in her plastic hand, the power which is to govern the destinies of the world in all coming time. She has the management of each rising generation at the very period when mind and character are developed; and it is the impress which she gives them at that plastic age, more than anything else which determines their future character. If she instill into their infant souls lessons of virtue and goodness, both by precept and example, and at the same time imbue their young minds with a love of letters, it is more than probable that they will make wise and good men; that they will one day be an honor to herself and a blessing to their country. The lessons she teaches are never forgotten, and the prayers that are uttered around her knees will recur to them through every period of their lives.

It is natural for us to copy the example and heed the precepts of those whom we love. And how can a child fail to love its mother! The first we know of life is, that we are guarded with

unremitting care and love. The cradle in which we are rocked has been prepared for us by the hand of disinterested affection. The first tones that salute our ears are those of unutterable love. The affections are exercised long anterior to the development of the reasoning faculties. Then shall we not expect that the son will love his mother, and if he love her will he not heed her precepts, and imitate her example; and if he does that, will not his notions, his habits, and his character be modified by the training she gives him? Then is not the position of the mother one of fearful responsibility! And how shall she be able to appreciate her exalted position, or to discharge the vast duties which devolve upon her, unless she be educated!—That sentiment which views female education as a matter of secondary consideration, looks not to the unbounded range of futurity, it is bounded by the narrow limits of the present.

Men should not be so selfish as to live and provide for their own personal and individual interest alone. Nor should their fore-sight and anxiety stop at the interest of their immediate descendants, but it should extend to posterity. Now when men take this, the proper view of the subject, they will try to educate their daughters.

Our competitors may ask, is not the education of the father equally important to the rising generation with that of the mother. We answer no; the father is less with the children; his example is not so constantly before their eyes, nor does he have so fair an opportunity of teaching by precept.

Man's task is arduous; he must plow his fields, or wield his hammer, or wind the labyrinths of trade, or defy the waves of the ocean, or seclude himself in the retirement of his study. Consequently nearly all the management of the children rests upon the mother; and if she be ignorant and unqualified for the discharge of these vast responsibilities, what hopes can we cherish for the rising generation?

But woman claims the preference of education, not only because the interests of society and posterity require it, but likewise because her own interest and happiness require it. We have already shown, that if she be in dependent circumstances her education will enable her to engage in profitable pursuits. And if she be not dependent, it will enable her to educate her children, and when domestic cares and ill health bar her from the pleasures of general society, it will be a source of enjoyment and of profitable entertainment. While clouds lower, and cold and storm pierce and rage without, and she is confined to the limits of her own little habitation, she can hold converse with distant lands, or she may gaze upon the wonders of antiquity. The building of Babel, the walls of Babylon, the Pyramids of Egypt, the relics of Hercules and Pompeii, and a thousand others come forward for contemplation, and to excite her wonder and admiration.

Gentlemen of the Liberty Lyceum, that sentiment which has so long consigned woman to ignorance, superstition and degradation, is wrong, radically wrong, and we confidently hope that it will never again find an advocate upon this floor.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

The University Magazine for February has appeared in good time, and with an unusually attractive table of contents. We have read the entire No., through from beginning to end, and that is more than we can always say.—The gentle, wise, and scholarly leading article is a gem of the first water that will adorn the whole year's volume. The Editors may felicitate themselves upon this contribution, for well we wot that such a practiced polished pen doth not many times in a year descend to illumine the pages of a College Magazine.—And yet, why not? Are those tender and beautiful thoughts the less admirable for being there? Does the value of a gem depend on its setting? Are not we the faithful subscribers to that Magazine "fit audience tho' few?" and worthy to hear from the lips of our masters some of their treasured words of wisdom other where than within the walls of the Academe? Verily if the sages who give a name and distinction to those venerable groves, would but condescend somewhat often to change their gold into small coin and give it currency through the pages of their University Magazine, what benefits would not accrue to that afflicted, much-enduring Journal, and to its long suffering readers.

The "Doctrine of the Tongue" is the thoughtful meditation of a calm observant spirit. The truth and beauty of the doctrines are set to music in the flowing cadences of fitly chosen words. It is a Psalm that may be conched with ever growing pleasure and benefit. With what a tender grace are our follies touched, the secret springs of our likes and dislikes set forth—and through and over it all there is diffused, we hardly know how, a plaintive air, most fitting when treating of our own and our brother's frailties and needs, like the transparent veil thrown over a statue, or the soft haze of an autumn day.

The three next following articles are all good, much above the usual order of College reflections, and deserve to be read. The sketch of the Waldenses is well and concisely done.—There is something tangible about these pieces—some evidence of thought and preparation, to stimulate which among the young men, was one of the legitimate in the remaining articles which make up this No. What are these "Wavelets of Memory" that have been dribbling upon our defenceless heads for six months or more.—"Lightly lie the golden tresses, and softly swim the blue eyes in their liquid heaven."—Sweetly sweet, is it not? It is well there should be such an amount of *littleness* in them: "little blue brow," "little soul," "little wings," "little blue eyes," "little grave." Let us be thankful that we get the dose homoeopathically.

The Editorial Table is sensible and well considered, and contains an idea or two worth expanding. A series of lectures delivered every winter or spring at the University would be a popular and beneficial measure; we wonder that it has not been suggested before. Besides the advantage to the students, an able Lecturer would attract visitors from abroad, add fresh interest to College curriculum, and diffuse a general spirit of intelligence and inquiry, sadly needed in our social circles. People will go to hear a popular lecturer who would learn in no other

way. Therefore we say by all means let the Lecturer be abroad in our State. We are getting a little too old and to be amused any longer with Ventriloquists and Magicians. Let us pay our fifty cents, children and servants half price, for something better worth our money. Let us have Lectures, curtain and other.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

I am induced to say a word upon the very numerous employments open to females in France, which are not open to them at home. The books of nine-tenths of the retail shops in Paris are kept by women. I do not remember a cafe or estaminet in the city the counter of which is not presided at by a woman. The box-offices of all the theatres are tended by women—not only those of the evening, but those open during the day for the sale of reserved places. The box-keepers and audience-seekers are women. And not only do women act as sellers in such establishments, as are naturally fitted to them, but even in groceries, hardware stores, woodyards, fruit stores, butcheries, &c., &c. In all these places the book-keeper is a woman, fenced in and separated from the rest by a framework of glass.

The ticket-sellers at the railroad stations are principally women. I had the pleasure of purchasing a seat daily of a good looking person of about 24 years. From appearances, I should say she was engaged to the conductor of the 4 o'clock train. Women even guard the stations and some of the less frequented crossings. Women cry the rate of exchange, every afternoon, after Bourse hours; and more numbers of the *Presse* and the *Mousquetaire* are disposed of by women than by men. I never yet saw a newsboy in France. In the porter's lodges of the city there are as many portresses as porters; and a landlord would prefer to take, for this service, a woman without a husband than a man without a wife. In small houses, where one person only is required, that one person is a woman. Omnibus conductors submit their waybills at the transfer offices, to women, for inspection and ratification. Women look you for a seat in the diligence. Women let donkeys for rides at Montmorency, and saddle them too. Women undertake the moving of furniture, agree with you as to price, and you find them quite as responsible as men.

Without multiplying instances, you will see what a number of avenues are open to females here, which in America are closed. At home, nearly all the situations obtainable by them, are either menial or involve subordination. Women are either servants, clerks, operatives, waiters or type-setters. The foreman is rarely a woman, if may be allowed the expression.—Here, however, females hold positions of authority, responsibility and consideration, in the various employments of overseers and book-keepers, and even as heads of establishments. It has not been found that the weakness of the sex causes the empire to be any the less energetically asserted, or obedience to be less promptly rendered.

There are other capacities in which women are employed in France, which I trust and believe would never be accepted by women at home; a brigade of street sweepers contains an equal number of males and females. There are female chiffonniers, and old cloth women. A complete establishment of a fruit or vegetable pedlar, consists of a small cart, a man to shout and sell, and a woman and a dog harnessed into straps, to drag. In the country, women labor in the fields, and thresh and winnow in the barns. I might say that from a motive of pity, I employ an old grand-mother to weed an alley, tend a strawberry bed, and hawthorn grove, in which I take an unnatural interest—considering that they grow on land not my own. American women were not born for such occupations as these; but I think there are many employments yet monopolized by men, to which their labor might be usefully and conveniently diverted.—N. Y. Times.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

CAPTURE OF AN EAGLE.—One day last week says the New Haven Register, of the 15th inst. Mr. H. L. Allen, of North Branford, discovered a couple of large Grey Eagles tearing apart the carcass of a pig, near his premises—and taking his rifle, he succeeded in shooting one of them, which measured seven and a half feet from tip to tip of its wings, and weighing ten pounds.—Knowing that the other would be likely to return, he fixed a rude trap, with the hope of taking it alive; and the next morning had the satisfaction to see his customer in limbo. As he approached the trap, however, the bird, by violent struggles, released itself, and with outstretched wings and open claws and beak, came furiously at Mr. Allen; he caught it by the throat with his left hand, into which it buried one of its talons, and commenced whipping him with its wings, while the other talon gripped around his left arm. After a hard struggle, which he says kept him unusually busy, he dragged the bird home, where he was soon secured. His wings measured seven feet and three quarters, from tip to tip, and he weighs 12 3/4 lbs. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of the American Eagle which has ever been taken. It is seldom one is secured alive.

NO HOPE FOR POLAND.—A well informed writer in the "Life Illustrated," expresses the opinion that the reconstruction of Poland is beyond the reach of human probabilities. He says that Poland is one of the poorest countries on the globe—poorer than Ireland. Twenty-four years have elapsed since the last war in Poland, and yet the wounds inflicted on the peasantry are not yet healed. Should Poland be again visited by the curse of a war which would be far more fierce than the former one, nearly a century would be required for her partial recovery. This is felt by the Polish peasantry whatever may be asserted to the contrary. There exists no sympathetic tie between the mass of the people and the few more pugnacious nobles.

GROGGERIES IN NEW-YORK.—Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, is reported to have said in a recent address.—

There are 7,000 groggeries in this city, 3,000 of them are open upon the Sabbath. There is a dram shop to every 85 of the inhabitants. It costs the city for rum and its fruits, one million dollars annually. Four fifths of the committals and arrests according to the warden's testimony, are from intemperance. There has been an increase of committals from year to year. The year just ended shows fifty thousand.

Southern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE, EDITOR.

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THE BEST POLICY.

Every new development of northern politics tends to confirm the opinion we have long entertained, that general public sentiment, in that quarter of the Union, is decidedly hostile to the rights of the south. The election of Gardner and Wilson in Massachusetts, of Seward and Clark in New York, Trumbull in Illinois and Durkee in Wisconsin, together with the anti-slavery resolutions of the Legislatures of Michigan and Illinois, and the Democratic State Convention in Ohio, all demonstrate, beyond a question, that whatever names the parties may wear, they are more or less pervaded by a spirit at war with the principles of the Federal Constitution, and the integrity of the Union.

In this condition of our national affairs, southern men are anxiously meditating on the best means of saving the country and themselves. It is still urged, on the part of some of our politicians, that we must continue to rely for protection upon the strategical movements of one or another of the great political parties which divide the country. But, leaving out of view the adverse teachings of experience, it may well be doubted whether any party which places itself upon ground satisfactory to the south, can in the nature of things, expect to command even a respectable minority of northern votes. The signs of the times, are calculated to dissipate so delusive a hope. There are also some who insidiously and indirectly hint at the policy of allying the south with the foreigners and Catholics, who are alleged to be less influenced by a fanatical opposition to slavery than any other portion of the northern people. Such a suggestion is not only deeply wounding to the feelings of the members of the different Protestant churches in our section of the Union, but, in our judgment, is quite as erroneous and dangerous as any that could be made. The South is to a greater extent American and Protestant, than any other part of the Union. The great bulk of the foreign and Catholic party lies north of Mason and Dixon's line. An alliance with them would still be an alliance with a northern faction, and that in a decided minority, with less power to support us than any that could be named. Nothing would more embitter the feeling of the northern people against us, and, we may add, nothing would so fully justify that bitterness. The republicans and Protestants of the south, could not form a party coalition with the foreign infidels and Catholics of the North, without a shameful dereliction of their own cherished principles, and a disgraceful confession of their weakness and desperation. The great mass of foreigners who arrive at northern ports from Europe, are either infidel politicians, or slaves of the Romish superstition. The people of our intelligent and polished southern communities are semi-barbarians. We are conservatives; they are radicals. We are republicans; they are the blind followers of a church which has stood godmother to nearly all the despotic governments of modern Europe, and to the Inquisition itself.

What then must be done? We say in the first place that the southern people must take fraternal counsel among themselves. There is no northern, no foreign oracle which they can consult with safety. We must more cultivate a spirit of harmony and concession, and so construct our cause that all southern patriots may embark in it without subjecting themselves to obloquy and contempt. The spirit of southern ultraism must be exercised, and the absurd idea abandoned that slavery is the only one of our institutions for the preservation of which it is worth while to contend. Fire-eating has too long been a fashionable feat among our politicians. Many have seemed inclined to deal with slavery as a matter of imagination, rather than a matter of fact, and have, like the Greeks, invested the object of their adoration and loves with a complete suit of celestial charms. The enamoured Apollo, maddly pursuing the object of his passion,

"Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed, And is by his own oracles misled."

It is important that Southern men should no longer contemplate slavery in this fanciful spirit, but treat it hereafter as a stubborn fact, to be dealt with in a temperate, Christian spirit. Slavery, as it exists among us, is no more a subject of denunciation on the one hand, or extravagant eulogy on the other, than the nose on one's own face. It is there, and cannot be removed without the most serious consequences. Our strongest position, relative to the North, is that whether good or evil, right or wrong, it is ours, constitutionally ours, and that we are determined, with the help of Heaven, to preserve to the last all our constitutional rights in regard to it.

If we may be permitted to reiterate a sentiment which we have often expressed, we would again declare that the Bible and the Constitution are the main pillars of Southern defence. The anti-slavery spirit is essentially anti-Christian. The abolition leaders at the North, have either openly rejected the authority of the Scriptures, or insidiously undermined that authority, by appealing to their own sentiments, as a "higher law" for the government of human action. The best friends of the South in those states, are those who adhere with orthodox tenacity to the plain teachings of the word of God. The Bible sanctions the relation of master and slave, and it is impossible for a man who believes and reveres it, to become a fanatic on that subject. It is obvious therefore that those who advise us to accept of the alliance of the Romish Church, as a means of defence against