and the horse will experience immediate relief."

In lancing the gum, for a coming tooth, it is much better to nick the gum at the side, rather than upon the edge above the advancing tooth. This is now practised with young children, by most physicians. Any one troubled with a tender and swollen instep can comprehend the rationale of this. If he cuts his boot upon the point of pressure, he finds the foot puffing up more and more; but when he makes a few incisions on either side of the boot, near the sole, the pressure ceases and his instep is at once relieved. —*Journal of Agriculture.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

DE CHANDLERIC.

Poor Chandler, late returning home
From pious pilgrimage to Rome,
Where he among his country's foes
Had kissed the cross on papal toes,
Atoning for each past offence
By sacrifice of common sense,
And, penitent for freedom, gave
The homage of a new-made slave,
Adventured to define the scope
Of power belonging to the Pope,
And sought to vindicate his friends
From evil and despotic ends.
Too soon in his novitiate
The speech began, or eke too late;
For lo! the Church by wincing shows
Her champion trod upon her toes.
Those sacred toes which Chandler's lips
Had touched with reverential tips
Recoiled, and the old pontiff groaned
To hear *prerogative* disowned.
Methinks I hear him Chandler chide
For teaching what should be denied,
And urge the "right divine" of Cephas
To rule the nations—*fas et nefas.*
Chandler before his hoary Mentor
Stands thus a poor rebuked *dissenter,*
For holding *less* abject opinions
Than others of the pontiff's minions.
Unable even to agree
With his *infallibility,*
And choking in attempt to swallow
What councils and traditions hallow.
Believing *transubstantiation,*
Against his sight and his sensation;
Believing every wax *bambino*
Blessed by the hands of *Pio Nino,*
With "winking virgins," and the flood
Of old saint January's blood,
And visions seen in every quarter,
And miracles of "holy water,"
Why should his *faith* begin to stumble?
Why should his *pride* begin to grumble,
At that for which true papists live—
The Pope's supreme *prerogative?*
Why, after having made a tender
Of conscience, and a full surrender
Of all one's rights worth having, shew
Such care to save the *residue?*
Why, with one's hand and soul in chains,
To prove his freedom take such pains?
Why, dressed in papal livery,
For "rights reserved" a stickler be,
And talk against the papal throne
As if your tongue were still your own?
Return to Tiber's bank, poor slave,
And be in Rome but half so brave,
Full soon you'll taste, for all your zeal,
Beneath your "holy father's" *heel,*
A *bitter* plenitude of woes
To match the *sweetness* of his *toes.*
There, prisoner for long years to be,
Locked in with *Peter's* fatal key,
You may by sad experience find
Some reason for a change of mind,
And learn the real rights of freedom
By feeling deeply how you need 'em.

W.

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER LXXXIII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1855.

A modern deluge—Looking for a ferry-boat—A day for the cold water party—A new liquor bill in the N. Y. Assembly—A steam fire engine—Flour-burning—The poor and their relief—A lecture by Hon. Sam Houston—A new daily paper—Later news from Europe—The British Cabinet—Volunteer Cabinet Makers—The spirit of the British people—Operations on the Crimea—The Russian New Year's Day—A grand night Sortie—The origin of Evil—The solution found in Swedenborg's Theology—The Tribune or South Carolina Fossils—Household Words—The Illustrated Magazine of Art.

MY DEAR POST: If Noah's Ark could have been moored in our City Hall Park last Wednesday afternoon, I am inclined to think there would soon have been *no spare berths* in it, so greatly did "the flood prevail." Early on that day, the rain began to fall, and it poured down until nearly sunset. The snow and ice in the gutters of the streets effectually closed the drains and there was no outlet for the accumulating waters—which soon converted the streets into canals, and the hollow places into ponds. The crossing of Broadway is considered quite a feat at any time in business hours—but his was a pitiable case who had to accomplish it on Wednesday, unless indeed he was provided with india rubber boots and overalls—in which *case* he might without great discomfort wade across the thoroughfare literally *breasting* the waters which encompassed it. You would have forgotten your own exposure to the 'melting perils' if you could have seen some diminutive pedestrian—halting upon the curbstone, and contemplating with undisguised terror the angry tide which rushed between him and the other side of the way—now trying the depth with his cane and anon looking around him wistfully as if for "a boat—a boat—to cross the ferry." Not a few such bewildered individuals might have been seen, though to tell the truth almost every unfortunate pedestrian of that day was too intently occupied with his own footing to pay much gratuitous attention to that of others.

It was a day to satisfy the most rapacious demands of the cold-water folks. They *alone* exalted in its universal and unmitigated *wetness*—and *they* only as they contemplated it from some comfortable parlour window—with their dry feet saucily elevated upon a chair or the window-ledge!

Speaking of the cold-water folks, I am reminded to chronicle the introduction into the New York State Legislative assembly of a new prohibitory bill as a substitute for the one before that body. It is cunningly devised to betray, if possible, the friends of the original bill into its support as more likely to succeed. If they are caught napping and vote for it, they may give us a partially restraining law—but they will disappoint the wishes and wills of their constituents, who demand a *Prohibitory* Law and nothing less than this. If however we cannot have the latter—I shall be glad to see a law passed which prohibits the sale of liquors in less quantities than five gallons, and forbids drinking on the premises where it is sold and which imposes fixed fines for drunkenness and forfeits upon illegal traffickers in the "liquid fire" as some one has graphically called alcholic drinks. "Half a loaf is better than *no* bread"—but we *must* have the whole loaf sooner or later.

A little stir is produced in the city this morning by the trial of a *steam* fire engine which is announced to be made in the presence of a large number of invited persons—connected with the public departments. The performances of this engine in Philadelphia were mentioned by the press of that city, as being very remarkable. It promises to turn out to be the true and genuine "fire annihalator." Our *b'hoys* are so fond of showing off their machines that there is great danger—should the *steam* fire engine be introduced into our metropolitan fire department—that they would set the city on fire—just for the exciting chance of *putting it out* again.

Apropos of fires. As if to mock the multitudes of starving people in this city nearly *four thousand* barrels of flour were burned up in a Pearl street ware-house on Thursday night.—This is really a grievous calamity in a time of partial famine and wide spread destitution. The cry of the famishing for relief is still ringing in our ears—and notwithstanding the generous streams of bounty which have flowed out of public and of private fountains—there is a vast aggregate of unsupplied want and unmitigated misery in our midst. The severe and protracted cold of the present month has aggravated the sufferings of the poor—and although the winter is more than two-thirds gone, *new* measures for their relief are imperatively called for.

On Monday night the Hon. Sam. Houston of Texas, is to deliver a Lecture before the New England Young Men's Association. There is no sort of doubt that there will be a tremendous rush to hear this remarkable man—whose acknowledged excellencies—as well as his eccentricities—are a passport to popular favour wherever he goes.

A new daily paper is said to have made its bow to the public of this great city this morning, but I have not yet encountered a copy of it—having kept out of the way of the newsboys. If it exists and *continues to do so* until next Saturday, I will give you some account of it. It is said to be of the "Know Nothing" school however—a bad school for a newspaper—whatever it may be for a politician.

We have later news from Europe—per the mails brought by the Asia—but as it is three days old it will be rather stale in my letter. Of course there are innumerable speculations as to the character and materials of the new British Cabinet. Our daily papers are all first rate *Cabinet*-makers (in their own estimation.) and they are quite willing to work at this trade for pretty Queen Victoria as well as for plain Frank Pierce. It is doubtful if any one of their cabinets will suit the Queen and so I will not stop to describe them. England wants a warlike ministry beyond all doubt. The new premier—be it Palmerston, or Clarendon, or Lord John Russell, or be it whoever it may—must be for 'war to the hilt' to meet the aroused temper of the 'British lion'—for I take it that the *people* is the *lion* after all! The faults of the retired cabinet must be atoned for, the national honour vindicated and the *Russians* essentially whipped. Nothing less than this will now appease John Bull.

The reports from the Crimea are interesting as they embrace the improved condition of the British army, and the steady progress of the allies in their operations against Sebastopol. The new treaty with Sardinia throws fifteen thousand more soldiers upon the besieging side—that is—will do so, when they get it to the Crimea. for these fifteen thousand men. England is to lend Sardinia one or two millions of pounds sterling, at three per cent. interest, and England and France together are to guarantee her protection during the war.

The Russians kept a grand festival in the beleagured city upon the eve of their New Year's day, which fell upon the 13th of January. They illuminated the public buildings and kindled bon fires upon the heights over the Chernaga. At midnight all the Chapel bells of the city were set to chiming and ringing, and there were unmistakable signs of a general commotion.—The allies did not look upon these demonstrations without suspicion of something beneath it, and they were not unprepared for a grand sortie, which was made from the Russian lines soon after midnight. It is described at some length in the London Times, and must have been quite a lively affair. It was met with superior spirit however, on the part of the allies, who drove the assailants back into their batteries, and even followed them there. It is said that the troops declared they could have taken Sebastopol that night had they been encouraged, or even permitted to do so. Russian Sorties are now the *night* in the Crimea. This appears to be the standing entertainment of the season—something like an oft repeated farce at Burton's or Wallack's.

When the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher published his remarkable book, entitled, "*The Conflict of Ages,*" he may have flattered himself that he had set the question of the origin of evil for ever at rest, in his theory of the demoniacal preexistence of man. But, alas! it is one of those ugly questions that won't stay settled. It is no sooner pinned down by some doughty moral philosopher, or by some confident theologian, than it springs up again like the little pith harlequins with quicksilver or lead in their heels!—The latest *oracle* on this vexed subject is a treatise by Mr. Henry James, which is contained in a volume just issued by Messrs. Appleton & Co. of this city. Mr. James, I believe, belongs to no school of theology, but has somewhat distinguished himself by metaphysical enquiries. He has prepared this book in the form of a letter to the author of "*The Conflict of Ages,*" a pretty long letter it is too, as the book contains 348 duodecimo pages. I have not had time to read Mr. James' volume which, however, I will certainly seek an early opportunity to do. A brief extract from his preface will serve in the mean time to give those of your readers, who may feel any interest in this discussion, a clue to the nature and source of its author's theory, and which may also help them to form an opinion of its probable weight of authority in the case. I quote his words:

"The key of the enigma I only found in the theology of Swedenborg. I made in the interval one or two publications, incidentally vindicating the truth so far as I apprehend it. But my apprehension was extremely partial and infirm; and I have no difficulty whatever in acknowledging these books to have been little more than a hearty outcry against established and insensate error, and a prophecy of advancing knowledge. I hope my reader will find fulfilled in this little volume, all and more than all, the promise his indulgent eye may have detected in the former ones."

The *Tribune* of yesterday finds an occasion to vent its habitual spleen against *South Carolina* in noticing the fossils of that State. It says:

"This apparition of a scientific work in a region hitherto not proverbial for science should be handsomely acknowledged. But it strikes us that it is incomplete, and does no sort of justice to the Fossilology of that region. Another superb work is needed, namely: on the Political and Social Fossils of South Carolina and we dare say, it would be much more interesting than Agassiz or Tuomey ever manufactured."

I notice this fling at your sister State not to notice the keen wit of the *Tribune* editor in his discovery of *new* and extraordinary fossils in So. Carolina, but simply to say that he is evidently ignorant of what that State has done in the way of contributions to Natural Science. I cannot give a catalogue of her numerous books, but I can assert confidently that they are so numerous from the pens of Backman, Holbrook, Tuomey, Gibbes and others, as to convert the Tribune's solitary *spectre* into a host of substantial monuments to the scientific genius and industry of her sons. The *Tribune* should be careful what it sneers at for its own credit, if not for common justice.

Let me commend to your readers, as a periodical of unquestionable excellence and interest for the family circle, the monthly re-issue of "*Household Words*, a periodical conducted by Charles Dickens." Mr. J. A. Dix, of 10, Park Place, is the re-publisher of it, and he supplies a perfect reprint in excellent style for $3 a year. "Household Words" deserves the name it bears, for it is unequalled in variety, freshness and charm by any miscellany of either hemisphere. Many of the choisest gems of current literature are first displayed in its attractive pages. Mr. Dix is also the republisher of that beautiful and popular miscellany, "The Illustrated Magazine of Art," a work full of finely executed wood engravings illustrative of nearly every department of popular knowledge. It is printed at $3 a year, or together with "Household Words," for $5. I have no hesitancy in saying that it would be a judicious investment of that sum.

COSMOS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1855.

The President's Levee—Presentation of two of his Backwoods Constituency—Amusing Dialogue.

The President's levee to-night was not so crowded as usual. It is getting to be an old story, and better sights than Gen. Pierce and his household are afforded to the visitors of Washington elsewhere. A ball was given to-night by Col. Freeman, of this place, which drew off from the President's levee a majority of the beauty of Washington, as well as its distinguished men. One incident, however, that was the main point of the evening, was the reception by the President of two tall, giant-like Kentuckians, who called to pay their respects, in a democratic way, to the common servant of the people. In the crowd that passed Marshal Hoover, who took the names of each, and introduced them to the President, was our two friends, just from the backwoods, as their independent swagger and homespun garb suggested. Their camp blankets were wrapped around their shoulders, their cowhide boots were the tallest of their kind, and their large brawney hands about the size of a small sized bear skin, indicated that these men had seen something of the world. On they came, staring first at the chandiliers, then at the mirrors, now at the pretty women, and at last they broke the silence with "Where is Frank Pierce?" Our friends had been so much occupied in looking at the sights that they had not observed the way of introducing those who had preceded them, and that the Marshal took the name of each as he came along and presented him to the President. This familiar call for Frank startled the people a little, and the Marshal, stepping up to our democrats of the West, made his most polite bow, with "Please give me your card, sir?" The pioneers eyed the Marshal from head to foot, and evidently satisfied that his was not the phiz they had seen in the picture books, with a voice that indicated a good pair of lungs replied, "Whar is Frank Pierce? Don't he live here?"

Marshal—"Yes, gentlemen; but I should like to have your cards." (The name is sometimes given on cards.)

Strangers—"Our what?"

Marshal—"Your cards, sir."

Strangers—"What do you mean by that? I want to see the President of these ere United States, I don't know nothing about your card. You must be mistaking me for some other man, or something."

Marshal—"No, no, gentlemen; I want your names. What are your names?" Very polite and affable.

Strangers—(Suspecting that the cards were some stolen property, and they were suspected)—"None of your darned business what our names are. Old feller, if you are trying to fool us any, you'd better jest hold up rite off."

(The audience now groaned with laughter, the Marshal looked confused, and the visiters from the land of Boon flashed fire from their eyes, taking it for granted that the whole company were trying to have a little fun at their expense.)

Marshal—More than usually polite and trying to calm the troubled waters if possible—"Gentlemen I want to know your names to present you to the President."

Strangers—Savage and fierce—"What do you mean by talking about presenting us to the President—we are no injuns come to gin ourselves away—we only want to see him. He can be looked at, can't he? What is he afraid on?"

Roars of laughter in the company.

Marshal—Confused and polite—"I want your names to introduce you gentlemen."

Stranger—Still impressed with the idea that the Marshal was poking fun at them—"Can't we introduce ourselves, I should like to know—who asked you to introduce us—what's your name, old feller? (Growing terrible.) See here, we came here to see Frank Pierce. I have been a downright democrat these twenty-four years, (giving emphasis, bar-room fashion, with a smack of his heavy fist in his left hand.) My name is Isaac Smith, and I haint ashamed of it anywhere.

Marshal—This was a happy moment for the Marshal, who had no anxiety to hear Mr. Smith give his political biography—"Yes, Mr. Smith, allow me to present you to the President, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith—"So, you are coming to your senses are you? Why, this was all I wanted all the time. Why didn't you say this was Frank Pierce? We never 'sociated together. Was'nt to be expected I should know him." [Walking up to the President as familiarly as if he had skinned deer with him in the Western forests.] "Hello! Mr. P-e-e-r-s, me, and my friend war here in this town for a day or two, and we thought we'd step up and see you, and maybe you'd be glad we called."

Mr. President, very affable and smiling—Glad to see you, gentlemen—very glad to see you."

Mr. Smith, reassured by the President's affability, and slapping him upon the shoulder, with a blow that made the President writhe again—"Well now, that's right, old boy. I told my friend you'd be glad to see us. I know'd you would. This is John Jackson—lives near me, out in Old Kentuck. He's a good democrat, though he haint no relation to the Gineral."

President, extending his hand to Mr. Jackson—"How are you, Mr. Jackson? I hope you are well, sir."

Mr. Jackson—"Hearty, sir, hearty." [Bowing very profoundly.]

Mr. Smith—"You mustn't stand on cerimony with us, Mr. President. We are real genuine, down right, out and out democrats. I hate these putten on airs—(looking hard at Marshal Hoover.) You got a nice sung place here to live in. Must cost a heap to fit up this place"—(looking at the gilt chairs and scraping the velvet carpets.)

Mr. President—"Comfortable enough, sir. Rather costly furniture."

Smith—"I guess that's so." (The crowd now comes pushing forward, and the pioneers take the hint that they had better move on. So, bound to have a parting grip, Mr. Smith, stretching out his immense palm, that was almost a blanket to the President, "Well, President, give us your hand; good bye, (giving a squeeze that brings the tingling to the President's toes.) Take care of yourself; I've allers been a democrat and my father afore me; but I never seen a President afore. You got any word to send to anybody out in Kentucky, to any friends or relashins. We'r going out soon, and would take any leetle message or carry a bundle for you in our chist."

Mr. President—"I am obliged to you gentlemen. I have nothing to communicate. Good evening, sir; good evening."

Messrs. Smith and Jackson—"Good night. If we stay here longer than we expect we will call in again; but we don't want you to put yourself out of your way on our account. Good night Mr. Pierce."

The President thanked his visiters, and they pushed on for the East room, the observed of all observers. During their interview with the President and Marshal Hoover, a roar of laughter went up from all who witnessed it. No doubt they will long remember their visit to the White House, and their getting a sight of a living President.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

PHOSPHORUS.—It is now just two hundred years since phosphorus was first obtained by Brand, of Hamburg. So wonderful was the discovery then considered, that Kraft, an eminent philosopher of the day, gave Brand three hundred dollars for the secret of its preparation. Kraft then traveled, and visited nearly all the courts of Europe, exhibiting phosphorous to kings and nobles. In appearance, phosphorus resembles bees-wax; but it is more transparent, approaching to the color of amber. Its name which is derived from the Greek, signifies "light bearer," and is indicative of its most distinguishing quality, being self-luminous. Phosphorus, when exposed to the air, shines like a star, giving out a beautiful lambent greenish light. Phosphorus dissolves in warm sweet oil. If this phosphorised oil be rubbed over the face in the dark, the features assume a ghastly appearance, and the experimentalist looks like a veritable living Will-o'-the-wisp. The origin of phosphorus is the most remarkable thing concerning it. Every other substance with which we are acquainted can be traced either to the earth or air; but phosphorus seems to be of animal origin. Of all the animals, man contains the most; and of the various parts of the body the brain yields by analysis more phosphorus than any other. This fact is of no little moment. Every thought has perhaps a phosphoric source. It is certain that the most intellectual beings contain the most phosphorus. It generally happens that when a singular discovery is made, many years elapse before any application of it is made to the welfare and happiness of man. This remark applies to phosphorus. It is only the other day that it was sold at five shillings an ounce; now it is so cheap that the penniless portion of our population hawk it about in the form of matches. But what a noble, life, light, and fire-giving office does it fill. For commercial purposes—match-making—phosphorus is extracted from burnt bones. The demand for it is now so great that many tons are annually prepared. When Kraft traveled, he had not more than half an ounce "to set before the king."

PRISONER BON COSSAWKE.

The following is an extract from a letter received by a lady in England from her husband in the Crimea: "I cannot refrain letting you know the narrow escape I had the other night of being taken prisoner by the Cossacks, as I was returning from Balaklava with about ten pounds' worth of goods for the officers of the company. But, dear Sally, a good stout heart foiled them for this time. I must thank God for his protection, and for endowing me with such presence of mind. Balaklava is about seven or eight miles from Sebastopol, and as I was coming about half-way, being mounted on our captain's pony, with six haversacks full of tea, sugar, wine, and several other articles, I had my fusil slung across my back, as every man must be armed here, even if he wanted to go to the rear.

So I was coming along, thinking of—but you need not ask what, as you might know it was about yourself and Neil, and poor little Jack—a horseman rides up to me and lays hold of my fusil by the butt, and very quietly was going to take it off my shoulder, when I asked him in plain English what he was going to do, but not a word could I understand from him but 'prisonere bon Cossawke,' as he pronounced it. I thought at first he was a Frenchman, until he mentioned Sebastopol, but it was time I looked out for myself, so as I was handing him my musket as quiet as possible, he thought, the foolish fellow forgot that I had a bayonet at my other side, so as I handed him the fusil with one hand, I gave him the bayonet with the other, but most unexpectedly though, for I drove it to the socket into his body, and very quickly upset him, and and rode away with his horse and long lance. I soon mounted his horse, which eased my poor beast. All that I was sorry for was that I left him my bayonet."

A THRILLING INCIDENNT.

The first settlers in Maine found, besides its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep-pen or pig sty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf; and often, on a cold winter evening did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, bloody-thisty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the early history of Biddeford. A man who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H——, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance, from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work. One day after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started home. Just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves. Without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep! 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replaced the leaves, and concealed himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result. After waiting there a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces, and devoured him on the spot. When they had finished their comrade they wheeled around and plunged into the forest, and disappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation had the wolf found him, and covered him with leaves until he could bring his comrades to the feast, but himself furnished the repast.—*Biddeford Journal.*

SAILOR JACK AND THE RUSSIANS.

The following is an extract from a letter of a soldier, dated Sebastopol, Dec. 27: "Now, as I have a 'fair sheet of paper,' and a spare hour, I will endeavor to answer you with an account of things that have occurred, and parts that I omitted in my last hurried scribble, which I am afraid you would scarcely be able to decipher. Well, as I hardly know what to begin with, I will write down whatever comes into my head first; and if it affords you any amusement, I will consider myself amply repaid. I will begin with Sailor Jack, who is a private in my (F) troop, 4th Dragoon Guards, and one of the most amusing lads that ever reefed a topsail on the sea, or drew a sword on land. He combines the most remarkable courage with inexhaustible good humor, and often, when we have been sitting in our tents drenched to the skin, have his drolleries made the place resound with glee, and our sides ache with laughter.

On the 25th of October, Jack was about four files from me in the ranks, and just when we had wheeled into line, on Jack bolted, and the rest of us with him; but in consequence of the crowds of Russians, we had very little space for the use of our swords. Well, Jack—who has a salve for every sore—finding that he could not get using his sword for a time, makes up to a huge Russian lancer, who very politely "presented" Jack with a pistol bullet, which he as politely "refused," by bowing to the pummel of his saddle, and receiving the ball on the hilt of his sword. Fair play, mate, shouts Jack, and putting spurs to his horse, closed with the Russian, who was making off as fast as he could; and Jack, afraid of losing his prey, clasped the Russian with his left arm round the neck—or, as boxers say, put his head in chancery—and battered his face to a jelly with his sword-hilt; then, throwing him down, Jack went into the midst of them again, and I saw no more of him, as I was carried away among the retiring Russians, and had enough to do to make my way out from amongst them.

LORD RAGLAN.—The personal appearance of Lord Raglan is thus described:

"On our return from the batteries, I called at the head-quarters with a friend who had business with the commander-in-chief. Lord Raglan was promenading the back piazza of his mansion. He is a fat, good-natured-looking old gentleman, rather tall. In many respects his personal appearance reminded me of our General Winfield Scott, though he is not, by any means, of such giant stature as the hero of Lundy's Lane.

"Our reception was cordial, and his Lordship must be called polite as well as courageous. You know that he lost an arm at Waterloo, while serving under the Duke of Wellington. He is said to have remarked at the battle of Inkermann, when the French troops came to his aid, at a time of great necessity, "The French owed me an arm, and they have paid their debt."

The Misses Warner, one of whom is so wel known as the authoress of "The Wide, Wide World," and the other as the writer of "Dollars and Cent," have each a new novel in press.

Southern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,
JAMES A. WADDELL, M. D. } EDITORS.

RALEIGH, FEB. 24, 1855.

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THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

The recurrence of our national festival, the birth-day of Washington, suggests to us, once more, the duty and importance of cherishing his memory. All other great men have been classified by the historian, and have shared their glory with formidable rivals. Homer does not stand alone in the world of letters, nor Alexander in that of arms. The fame of Demosthenes and Cicero has been partially eclipsed by the eloquence of Chatham and of Henry, and the names of Socrates and Aristotle have become comparatively dim in the superior light of Bacon and Franklin. But even the genius of Plutarch must have failed to find a parallel for him who stands alone in the annals of the world, a miracle of Providence, a well proportioned character, in whom the virtues and faculties that constitute true greatness are imperceptibly blended.

We do not propose to indulge in extravagant eulogy, or to maintain that either a holy purity of soul, or a gigantic development of intellect, were characteristic of the Father of his country. Our imagination invests him with no supernatural powers of mind or celestial elevation of sentiment. But we contend that no historical personage, of human origin, has ever appeared in our world, in whom the various gifts of nature, and the various acquirements of education and habit, more beautifully and symmetrically harmonized. He stands alone, like some pure model of Grecian art, and criticism may be fairly challenged to point out a defective or exaggerated feature. He had his faults and his errors, it is true; but in the shadow of our own conscious imperfections they become invisible, whilst the general effect of his character excites universal admiration in the light of his own glorious career.

There has always been a disposition among men to testify their veneration for illustrious benefactors, by the erection of monumental structures inscribed with their names. The name of Washington bids fair to be thus transmitted to future ages in many parts of our country. But, to our taste, the most interesting design yet proposed, is that of purchasing for his native State, the noble old homestead of Mount Vernon, where his domestic life was spent and where his remains repose. The Washington family, with commendable jealousy, have uniformly refused to part with this venerated spot, in spite of the powerful temptations to which they have been subjected, and have very recently declined the proposition of the patriotic ladies of Virginia, who had instituted a subscription for the purpose. They have, however, consented to dispose of the property to the Federal or State government, in order to secure its preservation from private hands, and it is now understood that the subscription will go on among the ladies of the Union with the view of vesting the title in the State of Virginia. In its possession, Mount Vernon will be kept as an enduring memorial of him with whose glorious career it is historically associated, and whose precious bones rest upon its soil. An appeal has lately been made to North Carolina men, for aid towards the erection of a monument in Independence Square, Philadelphia. We venture to make another appeal to the *ladies* of this State, that they unite with their sisters of Virginia in this noble enterprise, and contribute their dollar each, for its speedy consummation. That the object will soon be effected, we have no doubt. To participate in the effort, however, must be an honor which every patriotic lady will covet. The names of the contributors will be recorded and carefully preserved, and an opportunity is thus offered to young gentlemen of gallantry, to write the names which they sometimes inscribe so fondly on rocks and trees upon a tablet, where they will be less likely to be effaced by time.

We hope that the indifference manifested for some years in regard to the celebration of Washington's birth-day, will after a while give way before a general revival of truly patriotic sentiment. It has become customary in many places to exhibit popular enthusiasm on other occasions, and for other men, whilst the name of Washington, around which no mere partizan associations can cluster, is left unhonored by the crowd. But this must eventually pass away. Men may continue to venerate St. Patrick and St. Andrew, and carouse over the nativity of Jackson, Clay, Calhoun and Webster, but we very much mistake the signs of the times, if the day is not approaching when he who embodied in his personal character and achievements, the spirit of Americanism, as it was in its purest days, will be remembered with a far more profound and general sentiment of respect and gratitude.

THE EGYPTIAN DOURRA.—Bayard Taylor thus describes this interesting article: "The appearance is very much like broom corn, but instead of a long, loose panicle of red seeds, is topped by a compact cone of grains, smaller than that of maize, but resembling them in form and taste. The stalks are from ten to fifteen feet high, and the heads frequently contain as much substance as two ears of maize. It is planted in close rows, and when ripe is cut by the hand with a short sickle, after which the heads are taken off and threshed separately.—The grain is fed to horses, donkeys and fowls, and in upper Egypt is used almost universally for bread. It is, of course, very imperfectly ground, and unbolted, and the bread is coarse and dark, though nourishing. In the middle and Southern States of America, this grain would thrive well, and might be introduced with advantage.

A MACULATE MISCONCEPTION.—Some persons seem to imagine that we are afraid in this country, of the Pope's *temporal* authority. The *distinct* temporal power of that monarch, is exercised over that little Italian principality, called the "States of the Church," and none but an ignoramus would ever suppose there was any danger to the United States from the Pope in *that* capacity. But his Holiness claims, as the vicar of Christ, to have supreme *spiritual* jurisdiction over the whole world, and it is by this pretended spiritual authority that he claims to control *all human affairs.* By it in 1835 he declared the acts of the government of Portugal *null and void.* By it, in 1852, he issued a bull against the republic of New Grenada, denouncing *its* acts also, as "*null and void.*" By it he decides for his spiritual subjects what is *true* and what is *untrue,* what is *right* and what is *wrong,* and they have renounced all right to judge in such matters for themselves. By it, if he chose, to decide that it was their duty in this country to support a particular party, they would be bound to obey, because he is in their view vicar of Christ, and carries the keys of kingdom of heaven. Is there no danger in this to republican institutions? We do misrepresent the Romish priesthood, when we say that such is the stand that they have boldly taken in the United States; for their organs openly avow it, and no authoritative denial of it has yet been published. The hierarchy are as dumb on this subject as the sepulchre, which would not be the case if their papers placed the church in a *false* position before the public.—Within a few weeks, since the beginning of the present year, the "Catholic Miscellany" at Charleston, S. C., has twice repeated the obnoxious doctrine, which we here give once more in its own words—"*The Pope has, jure divino, plenitude of power over kings, as well as their subjects, and this is a doctrine of faith to be held under penalty of everlasting damnation.*" The quotation is taken from the "Watchman and Observer" of Richmond. There it is then, unquestionably avowed, that by "divine right" the Pope is master of mankind, and that the civil rulers of the world are subject to his *unlimited* control! For what else can "plenitude" mean? And as the subjects of *kingly* governments are claimed as his slaves, the same principle must imply a similar claim over the people of a free republic like ours. Otherwise, the bull against *New Grenada* was founded in other pretensions.

COLONIZATION.—The Rev. R. R. GURLEY, of Washington city, General Agent of the American Colonization Society, visited Raleigh last week, and spent several days among our citizens, endeavoring to revive their interest in the noble cause in which he has long been so eminently useful. We heard a very interesting address from him on that subject on Sunday afternoon, at the Presbyterian Church, and were pleased to see a large audience in attendance. On Monday afternoon a meeting of the friends of the cause was held at the Lecture Room of the same church, at which G. W. Mordecai, Esq., presided, and Seaton Gales, Esq. acted as Secretary, and preliminary steps were taken to reorganize the North Carolina Colonization Society. The meeting adjourned to convene again this afternoon, (Saturday,) at four oclock, in the same place, when the names of all the permanent officers will be announced.—Mr. Gurley left on Tuesday morning, very much encouraged by the results of his visit. May he live long to serve so noble a cause with the eloquence and devotedness for which he is distinguished.

☞ We committed one or two errors last week in referring to acts passed by the Legislature, owing to the confusion incident to an adjournment. Among others we stated that the annual appropriation to the State Agricultural Society amounted to $2,500. We have since discovered that the sum was reduced to $1,500.

☞ A young Princess lately born at Naples, has been christened by her sponsors IMMACULATA CONCEPTINA. They might have properly added JESUITICA PURGATORIA ABSOLUTINEA INQUISITIANA TRANSUBSTANTINA MENDACIA PRODIGIOSA!

LITERARY NOTICES.

WE received one day last week, the March number of that always interesting Magazine, the NATIONAL, and have found much entertainment and instruction in its pages. We think it our duty, however, to qualify the praise we have so often conscientiously bestowed upon this periodical, by some expression of our opinion in regard to the editorial article, headed "A Model Character," which relates to the life and merits of the English philanthropist, BUXTON. For the first time within our observation, the editor has, in this article, given way to the popular feeling prevailing around him, and employed the National Magazine as a vehicle for the propagation of that abominable heresy, the doctrine that slavery is a sin, *per se.*

The article in question is by no means characterized by a degree of force or point calculated to provoke the Southern reader into controversy, though the illiberality with which it denounces the newspaper press of the United States, would justify at least a dignified rebuke. Following in the footsteps of Bishop Potter, the writer exclaims in a tone of apparent contempt, "Who looks to the *newspapers* for *opinions* now a-days? We look to them for *news,* but their moral authority has been dead long ago"! He then proceeds to give the moral authority of the 'National Magazine,' on the subject of slavery, as if the mere fact that it is published in *monthly* numbers, instead of weekly or daily, could exempt it, in the judgment of sensible men, from its own sweeping condemnation. Seldom have we ever seen a more ridiculous assumption of superiority, founded upon similar premises.

But leaving the *newspaper* press to be compared with the periodical press of the National Magazine, by an intelligent public, we proceed to extract the following very erroneous and absurd paragraph, which we select from a number of similar passages occurring in the same article:

"We believe that these merely incidental arguments of the question, exaggerated on both sides,