

and my mantua maker is overstocked with work. Can you spare a few hours on Saturday to help me with it?

I stammered out some answer, and went home, only partly relieved of my distress. But on that evening Saturday, after I had finished her robe, she stepped to her closet, and bringing from thence a snowy white fabric, laid it in my hands.

I ought not to take your time without some recompense, especially just now, when it is so valuable to you, said she sweetly. Perhaps you can make this useful in some way, next week.

I could have burst into tears, and fallen on her neck, my heart swelled so high with joy and gratitude that in the world? cried Virginia. "But how came you here! and why did you never tell me all this before?"

One question at a time. I came here to fit myself for teaching at the South—where I hope you will some day find me a situation near yourself—whose earnings I must appropriate to the education of my brother, the youngest of the thirteen, who are now scattered far and wide over the world. Our father is no more.

But, Virginia, I did not tell this story for my own sake. I only meant to show you that I had a right to know how much a little money can accomplish. I have seen the day when five dollars would have seemed to me a fortune; and when it would have bought for me more happiness, more solid benefit, than will, perhaps the five thousand—which your father expects to spend on his European tour next year—bring to him and you. I know more than one to whom it would be a fortune now. I know, too, how little Nelly Grey is struggling between sensitive health and poverty. I know how others among us—I could name them to you—are ruining health and eye-sight, and sinking into despondency, for want of what a few dollars would bring them. They will not complain; and therein lies the nobility of their struggles. If they are sustained at the sinking point, they, and such as they, will make the standard women, wives, and mothers, of our age. They are not only here—they are scattered over our Northern country. Heaven help them! Now, Virginia, this Christmas bounty is by an own unrequited disposal. Will gold thimbles and portemonnies weigh against the happiness—perhaps of a life-time; which you can now, in a delicate way, confer upon a few of these struggling sisters?

Only tell me who, Marion? said Virginia, lifting her swimming eyes. I never dreamed before what it was to be poor—and a school-girl.

Christmas dawned brightly one some hearts. Who will win a like blessing? O sisters! there are more wants in the world than the want of food and raiment to claim our charity. No fictitious story of school-girl struggles can rival the hundred histories of like trials in real life, to whom I have listened. Let education spread her arms yet more widely and freely in our blessed land, especially to gather in the daughters, who thus shall indeed prove "piled corners-stones" in the temple of our liberties.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WOLF STORY.

About forty years ago, when I was a little boy of seven years, my father lived in the province of Canada, when the country was new, and the wolves were very numerous. My father had bought a new farm, cleared up some of the land, and planted some corn on the new ground which had just been cleared, some distance from the house. Inside of the field a large quantity of rails had been split, which my father wanted to draw to another place, a distance of more than a quarter of a mile. It was in the middle of the summer, the cattle were running in the woods, and the man who was drawing the rails with the oxen and sled, over the leavethrough the woods, got me to watch the gap of the fence, to keep the cattle out of the growing corn. While the man was gone with the load of rails, I sat down by a large stump on the side of the fence toward the woods. It had got to be about the middle of the afternoon, and the sun shone warmly and beautifully into the side of the woods where I was sitting partly in the shade. I had nearly fallen asleep, when I thought I heard something walking near me in the leaves; it was not that of cattle, cracking the brush under their hoofs, but it was a soft cautious, creeping step. I immediately thought of some wild beast, and sprung upon my feet; on turning myself around, to see what I could discover, I perceived, a little more than a rod from me, a very large wolf close beside the log which had been felled from the very stump where I was standing. The wolf was looking directly at me, and had evidently been watching me, and endeavoring to spring upon me before I could discover him; but the sly fellow had not quite succeeded. I was nearly half a mile from home, and most of the way was through the woods, and the man drawing the rails was nearly as far off; I knew that an attempt to run would only be an evidence of cowardice to the sagacious prowler, and would not enable me to escape the murderous cruelty of the famishing wolf; but I found deliverance and safety in the following extraordinary manner: A few days before, my father had brought home for the children two or three small primers, one of which he gave to me. It contained an account of a Hottentot and a lion, in which the Hottentot was pursued by the lion until it was nearly dark, and the lion was nearly upon him. The man perceived that his escape by running was impossible, so he turned and faced the lion until the bear turned and ran back. Remembering this, I thought that if I looked the wolf steadily in the eye, I should be safe. I stood, and placed my hands upon the stump that was before me, and fixed a steady, piercing

gaze upon the fierce flashing eyes of my antagonist; and there we stood. The wolf, however, soon sprung upon the log, with his head toward me, advancing several slow steps; but I believed that if I did not turn my eye from his I would be safe! yet the struggle was an awful one. For half an hour we stood face to face and eye to eye, with only about six feet to separate us. The bright sun shone in upon us, with its dazzling light on the one side, and the dark, dense, deep wilderness upon the other side. I saw no living object but my deadly foe, and heard no sound but the faint and distant reverberations of the oxman's careless voice. But now this kept growing louder and louder; and at last I heard the driver turn around, after unloading his rails. My heart beat violently, and a prayer to God trembled on my lips, but my eye was fixed, and the wild beast remained motionless. At last my deliverance came. I was set free, and the wolf was shot! I can never be grateful enough to my Almighty preserver for shielding me on that day from so great a peril.

A MISSISSIPPI FIGHT.

"Can it be possible that this handsome looking man is the far-famed Col. Bowie?" whispered Mr. A., in my ear. "It is so," I replied, and before I could utter a word, he had seized me by the collar, and as soon as we were conversing together, "I have not seen you for some time," said my friend, at length.

"I am just returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains," said Bowie. "Really, Mr. M., I wish you had been along with us. We had several fights with the Indians, and in one of them I received a bullet in the arm. Unfortunately for my friends, the gamblers, it is nearly healed, and a terrible look passed over his face. "Our party had a most desperate fight with a party of Indians, near Coons Hollow—there were twelve on one—but we beat them off."

"At this moment a loud shout caused us to turn our heads: almost immediately the cry of 'A man stabbed!' reached our ears. Soon the crowd opened, and the gambler came forth. His hands were covered with blood, and in the right hand he bore a huge knife, dripping with blood. Suddenly he turned, wiped his knife on the coat of a man who stood near him, and burst into a loud laugh.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed Col. B. On hearing this, the gambler thrust the knife into its sheath and approached us. "Merely a man stabbed—that's all," he said, "Any of you gentlemen wish to play cards?" "I never play cards with strangers," said Col. Bowie.

"Why not?" asked the gambler. "Because, for all I know to the contrary, the person with whom I am playing may be a gambler," was the instant reply. On hearing this a crowd collected around us. "Do you mean to insult me?" "Insult you?" said Bowie, surveying the other with a look of contempt—"I insult no man, sir!" "Because you are too much of a coward to do so," said the gambler, sneeringly. "Is this gentleman your friend?"

"A new friend, sir," replied Bowie. "Well, I understand in a few minutes ago," said the gambler. "Is this true?" asked Bowie, turning to Mr. M.—"Mr. M.—" replied in the affirmative. "What is your name?" asked Bowie. "My name is McMullen," replied the gambler. "Ha!" exclaimed Bowie, with a look of delight; "are you any relation to the duelist that slew Joe Wingo, a year ago?"

"Yes, it was I that slew him," replied the gambler. A terrible look passed over Bowie's face. "Ho!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you do not know that Wingo was my cousin."

"I don't care who he was," returned the gambler. "If you wish, I will serve you in the same way."

"Perhaps," continued Bowie, a strange smile creeping over his features, "perhaps you do not know that I swore to avenge his death?"

"Then step out this way, and fight me like a man," said the gambler. "Grant me one moment," said Bowie; "perhaps you do not know that my name is Colonel James Bowie!"

On hearing this dreaded name, the gambler staggered back, and gazing Bowie vacantly in the face, he drew his hand across his eyes. "Bowie! Bowie!" he murmured faintly. "Aye! James Bowie!" returned the other. "Come, come, you wanted to fight me two minutes ago—I now comply with your request. I am the challenged party, and, therefore, I choose the weapons and the place. Our meeting will take place here, and our arms shall be the Bowie-knife."

"Have it as you wish," said the gambler, as he threw off his coat. Bowie placed his hand behind the back of his neck, and drew forth a large Bowie-knife. Placing it between his teeth, he threw off his coat and dropted up his shirt sleeves.

"I am ready," he said in a clear, ringing tone. "So am I," exclaimed the gambler. Three cheers for Bowie; were given by the crowd. Bowie smiled, while the gambler bit his lips with rage.

"Make room here," said Bowie; "I can't fight without a clear field. Come, Mr. McMullen, are you ready?" "Yes!" cried the gambler.

Bowie raised his knife high above his head, and sprang upon him. Both struggled for an instant, and then fell to the floor. They rolled over the deck, the crowd making way for them, until they reached the railing. Suddenly, a stream of blood flowed from the gambler's right arm, and he uttered a cry of pain. Still, however, he did not release his hold. Again they rolled over, and again Bowie plunged his knife into his arm. Suddenly each released his hold of the other, and sprang to his feet. With the quickness of lightning the gambler changed his knife from his right hand to his left, and sprang toward Bowie. Bowie met him half-way, and drawing back his arm, he plunged his knife into his body; the gambler held up his hands, dropped his knife, and staggered back. Bowie followed him step by step, still plunging his knife into his body. At the fifth blow the gambler fell dead. "It is over," I said, drawing a long breath.

"Gentlemen," said Bowie, placing his right foot upon the gambler's breast, and half extending his right hand, "this man insulted me, and I slew him. If any one wishes to avenge his death, let him step out."

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LXXVII.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1855.

Rain or Snow.—The record of rain—Starting news from Europe—Report of the death of Nicholas, the Russian Czar—Credibility of the rumor—The new Emperor, Alexander the Second—His probable policy—A curious mistake—The murder of Bill Poole—His flight—Parade—Grave shot—A legislative frolic—An important Missionary Convention—Agnes Strickland's Life of Mary Stuart—Mr. Pomeroy's travels in Europe and the East—A Long Look Ahead—Israel Putnam—An Inaugural Address—Pictures at the National Academy's Exhibition.

MY DEAR POST:—We are favored, to-day, with a rain falling upon about three inches of snow, which surprised us during the night. You may imagine the condition of our streets, and the crowded state of our omnibuses and railroad cars. There is an angry torrent in every gutter which finds vent at all, and where there is not a torrent there is a treacherous lake, which spreads from curbstones to curbstones, and was the luckless figure who is betrayed into the attempt to ford it without having his legs encased in india-rubber boots.

I said nothing about the affairs of Europe in my last letter, and behold how my forbearance is rewarded on the startling intelligence, which I have to comment upon in this letter! It is probable that every one of your readers, and mine, well know, before this letter meets their eye, that the Emperor of Russia is dead. They will know, at least, that this is the accredited report brought by the Africa. The timid—and especially some of those who were "taken in and done for" by the Sevastopol hoax—are slow of belief in this new and startling event. But it would seem, from all the circumstances in which this report has reached us, that there is no ground at all for their incredulity. It comes in no questionable shape and by no questionable medium. Besides, it was not altogether unexpected. We had learned beforehand, that the Emperor was sick—alarmingly sick with influenza—and it was not an unlikely thing that his illness would prove fatal to him amid the great excitement of his mind consequent upon the circumstances in which he was placed. He died, it is said, of an apoplectic stroke, and yet the report speaks of his dying farewells to his family. The apparent incongruity of this leads some to question the rumor. I can easily suppose that the influenza had brought him to death's door—and in that condition he would, of course, take formal leave of his family and attendants and, that having done this, the fatal blow was something in the nature of an apoplectic stroke. At all events—I believe that Nicholas of Russia is no more. He has laid down the imperial sceptre, put aside the purple of authority, and bowed his haughty neck to a greater than himself—the autocrat, DEATH!

It is almost impossible to form any satisfactory opinion as to the effect this sudden event may have upon the warlike business world, and upon the destinies of Europe. The new Czar, Alexander the Second, is now about thirty-seven years of age and is said to be a man of good intellectual capacities, but of more amiability than sternness of will. It is not probable, however, that he is so deficient in energy as not to arise with the emergency to something like the position in which he is placed. It has been said that the new Emperor was opposed to the policy of his father and of the Grand Duke Constantine, his younger brother—a man more like his father, perhaps, than Alexander. But even if this were true, I do not think it improbable that he will suddenly alter the policy of the recent administration. Respect to the memory of his great father would, perhaps, make him deliberate in any changes in the Magisterial staff. They will take place naturally enough—but hardly of a sudden. This, however, is speculative only. Meanwhile, many anticipate a total invasion of the present state of affairs—with fresh diplomacy and a speedy adjustment of the difficulties. To this, however, England would scarcely submit in the present dishonored condition of her army, if indeed that be not itself the unhappy reason why she must succumb to the circumstances and accept a peace which she failed to conquer! The king of Prussia is the uncle of Alexander, and this may induce a new coalition—which may give new aspects to the strife. Time alone can disclose the facts—but I am not inclined to think that the war will be speedily terminated. Mediations may arise and diplomacy make new exertions but beyond them all, there seems to me, a long prospective of sanguinary and fatal strife.

Quite a number of daily papers of this city have displayed their ignorance of Russian affairs by proclaiming Prince CONSTANTINE, the young brother of the Grand Duke, Emperor in the stead of his father. This error is certainly amusing enough in those who are so fond of ridiculing the ignorance which English and French journalists display concerning our national affairs. No little excitement prevails here, touching the flight and concealment of Baker—the murderer of Bill Poole. At first, it was the current belief that the criminal had sailed in an American brig for the Canary Isles. Then it was reported that he had quitted the brig in the harbor and landed in New Jersey—and so universal became the conviction that he was concealed somewhere along shore that the determination to pursue the brig by a swift steamer was abandoned. Now the popular vane of feeling has shifted again, and Baker is on his voyage to the isles of the singing bird.

The "Grave Shot"—significant name—is to go in pursuit of the fugitive. This is a steamer owned by Mr. George Law, who takes the responsibility of sending her out on this quest, manned and amply provisioned. Besides a sufficient crew, she will carry a police force to arrest and take care of the fugitive—if they can find him! My own opinion is, that Baker is still in the country, which his character—no less than his crime—disgraces. If he has gone, the probability is, that the "Grave Shot" will overtake the brig—which is an ordinary vessel bearing the name of Isabella Jewett—and pound for Patmos, without any intermediate port.

Success attend the efforts, at home or abroad, to catch the scoundrel and bring him to condign justice! Our city has been honored (?) by a visit from the Legislature who came upon the usual plea of inspecting the prisons at Blackwell's Island—but in reality enjoy a great annual frolic—Our excellent Governor Clark did not allow himself to be seduced from his post of duty by the flattering invitation of "the Ten Governors." A large number of our law-makers did come, however, and had a grand Bacchanalian spree, on Tuesday last, in which some of them proved, beyond a doubt, their admirable qualifications for a place in some of the State houses on Blackwell's Island rather than for a seat in the State House at Albany. When will these disgraceful and unworthy freaks of the New York Legislature come to an end?

During the week there has been an exciting session of the Board of Managers of the American Baptist Missionary Union—called for specific purposes, and of great moment to the cause of Foreign Missions. The great point which seems to be the pivot upon which all the others turn, is the relation of the missionaries in the foreign field to the Board of Managers, and of course, to the Executive body of the whole American Union. From all the reports which have been received, it appears that there has been a deficiency in the energy and authority of the Executive arm, of which the Missionaries, who, after all their self-sacrificing piety, are but men at last have taken advantage, and have, at length, become somewhat impatient of any wholesome discipline—turbulent we should call them in any other cause!—and have thus put the usefulness and perhaps the very existence of the great Society in jeopardy. As the result of five days' deliberation, important measures have been resolved upon which re-clothe the Executive arm with power, and rebuked, though in affectionate words, the insubordination of the subjects of its discipline. There have been some powerful revelations of human infirmity among the missionaries in India—but it was impossible to listen to the whole proceedings of this great Missionary Council and not feel that it is GOD'S cause and that men of God are concerned in its advancement. The American Baptists have certainly performed, under God, a glorious work in Burma—and the end is not yet.

I have before me several books, the recent issues of New York publishers, and I will devote a little space to a record of the impressions which a hasty examination of them has left upon my mind. Messrs. Harper & Brothers—rapidly gathering about them their old and gigantic engines—have issued, this week, the fifth volume of Miss Agnes Strickland's Queens of Scotland. It contains the Life of Mary Stuart—which is unquestionably the most remarkable and fascinating biography which has ever proceeded from the pen of its accomplished author. Travels in Europe and the East, is the title of another work just issued by the same publishers, in two handsome 12 mo. volumes.—They contain a narrative by Rev. Samuel J. Prime, (one of the editors of the New York Commonwealth) of his travels in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine and Egypt. It is by no means an attractive and appetizing bill of fare for hungry readers, where, I ask, will you find one among the multitudinous books of travel? Mr. Prime is, if you will excuse the pun, a prime traveler.—He had his eyes about him wherever he went, and did not depend upon Guide Books for his impressions—nor has he re-shined the observations of any of those who went before him.—The consequence is that his books are fresh, and since he combines a cultivated taste and a well informed mind with a keen and watchful eye, it is not at all surprising that his narrative is felicitous and charming. The reader will find it so beyond a question; nor will he grow weary, as is too often the case, long before the vast journey is accomplished. The book is not professional, but contains the author's views of men and things from a stand point, which every intelligent reader may occupy in common with him. The numerous beautifully executed wood engravings which illustrate the text, are a charming addition to the merits of these delightful and instructive volumes, which I take a most cordial pleasure in commending to the reader.

"A Long Look Ahead, or The First Stroke and the Last," is a new book from the press of Derby. It is written by A. S. Roe, the accomplished author of two other books which found a large circle of gratified readers. Their titles were "James Montjoy," and "To Love and to Live." They were both delightful stories, eminently calculated to impress the young mind with lessons of wisdom and virtue. Of equal, if not superior merit, is this later and longer story, in which the reader will find much to admire and nothing to condemn, so far as its moral tone is concerned. Israel Putnam—Fifty Years of Exile, is a republication from the pages of Putnam's Magazine. It is a story of our revolutionary history, in which Paul Jones plays a conspicuous part. Coming from the well-known and admired pen of Herman Melville, of delicious Type-memory, it will find a very large number of new readers in its present form. Mr. Sage, a well-known bookseller of Rochester in this State, has just published, in a neat form, the Inaugural Address of President Anderson of the University of Rochester. The theme of the address is, "The end and Means of a Liberal Education." It is a beautiful and valuable contribution to the great cause of Education, and abounds equally in profound thought and felicitous illustrations. It should be read carefully by every teacher and by every earnest student in our land—and no one who thus reads it will fail to gather from its pages precious lessons of wisdom.

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The bad weather of the week has somewhat hindered the public attendance upon the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.—There are two saloons—both of which are filled with pictures—the majority of them confessedly worthy of the public admiration. There are no historical subjects of any importance in the collection, an omission which fairly indicates that we have no great historical painters among us. In landscape the works of Durand, Crop-

sey, Church, Kensett, Richards, Casilear and Gifford attract the attention of all visitors and are estimated variously according to the taste and the connoisseur. I must say however, that I regard the Mount Washington of Cropsey as the great success of the exhibition—it is such an amazing advance upon any previous work of this able artist—while the truly exquisite work of Durand only rival his usual excellence. The same remark is also true of the other landscapists. There are a great many portraits in the exhibition, and some of them very admirable. Baker and Hicks, are the prices in this department. Several of the beautiful pictures embraced in the collection of Rev. Dr. Magoon, which I mentioned in a former letter, are displayed in the exhibition of the Academy, and very justly elicit the praise of all intelligent visitors. I shall take occasion, hereafter, to notice the pictures of this season, when frequent visits have familiarized me with their excellencies or defects.

Mem.—It is the middle of March, but we have not yet found it advisable to lay aside our winter wrappings—I suppose the woods are putting on their spring livery in your whereabouts. Accept thereupon, my dear Post, the sincere congratulations of Yours anticipatively,

For the Southern Weekly Post. Messrs. Editors:—The last No. of your valuable paper contained an anonymous communication, evidently written by some one who desired to see his name in public print. His endeavor to explain the cause of the organization of two companies, appears to me rather one-sided. It is well known, when the Oak City Guards met for the purpose of electing their officers, that so great was the desire to be an officer, that could not be elected; hence, a dissatisfaction arose among a disappointed few, and, consequently, the meeting "broke up in a row."—That, probably, was the false step. It was then generally understood that no Military Company could be gotten up in this city. To the surprise of many, some patriotic mechanic issued a short notice, calling a meeting, at Town Hall, for the purpose of getting up a company, to be composed "exclusively" of mechanics. And, to their credit, be it said, they succeeded. When, lo! the patriotic spirit, which had once been extinguished, in toto, flamed up anew, in the bosoms of the disappointed few, and, on a second attempt, re-organized. Hence, the existence of the two companies.

"Independent Guards," you have taken a step which demands the admiration of your fellow citizens—a step which you should have taken years ago,—for, alas, heretofore, the poor, honest, hard-working mechanic, was looked upon, in many instances, by those a little more favored with the good things of earth, with a cold sneer of contempt, because, and, truly, for no other reason than that of being a mechanic. I am truly glad the day has dawned, and that you have realized the position in which you stood, and sincerely hope you may manfully sustain the position you have now taken. Let the good citizens of Raleigh see, especially her fair daughters, that they have a Company of which they may well be proud—a Company composed of the bone and sinew of the land—a Company of MECHANICS;—and as such, may deserve their smiles and encouragement.

Respectfully yours, A MECHANIC. March, 1855.

For the Southern Weekly Post. THE SCOTCH TORIES. I am pleased to see in Dr. Caruthers work that he defends these men. The epithet "tory" is applied to them, and always with scorn. Simply because they were Tories, we are accustomed to look upon them with hatred, without asking why they acted the part they did? Those of them who had not sworn allegiance to King George, but were in number, probably deserved all they have received; those who had, I contend were justifiable in the course they pursued. An interesting volume could be written in their defence, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of their descendants, that a some able man will yet write it. I hope that a few observations, suggested by reading Dr. Caruthers work, and some made by himself, will not be deemed inappropriate.

It is a question of grave importance whether under any circumstances a man is justifiable in breaking his oath. If it is ever justifiable it is only in extreme cases,—when his own life, or the lives of others depend upon it. This was not the case with the Scots; they stood an equal chance of losing their lives on either side, and if they remained neutral they could not be faithful to King George. So taking the course which conscience pointed them, they made valid their oaths.

The Scotch are a truth-loving people; they have always exercised a strict adherence to it. They could not break their oaths without some compensations of conscience; and thus the sin would have been greater, on the principle that if a man steals a pin, believing that it is theft, the sin is as great as if he had stolen a fortune. Could they have been sincere that their oaths were not binding, then the case would have been different.

Love of truth seems peculiarly characteristic of the Scotch. Only four cases of perjury, say Dr. Caruthers, occurred in a whole century in the high court of Edinburgh. Their oaths are like their loved presbyterianism,—first at heart and last at hazard.

They are also lovers of the bible, and I have seen it suggested, perhaps justly, that they believed from the principles therein inculcated that a monarchical government is best. If so, they would have proven traitors to their own opinions if they had taken up arms against their King. They showed from their bravery that they were sincere,—that they were not Tories because they thought it the stronger side. The spirit of Bruce and Wallace still survived. They proved themselves to be brave on every occasion; they were ever ready to face death; they never retired ingloriously; they were first in battle and last on the field; they acted nobly under all circumstances, and we would call them noble men, yes! patriots, but for one slight cause, they happened to be on the wrong side.

It is contended that "allegiance and protection are in their nature reciprocal, and the one of right should be refused when the other is withdrawn." Protection was withdrawn, but then it is strange how that would render oaths unavailing. It was understood when the Scots swore allegiance to King George that he was to protect them, but then when he withdrew protection, were their oaths no longer binding? Was there any such provision? Did they not swear that they would remain faithful and loyal subjects? If I am under the protection of a man, and swear that I will be faithful to him, does it follow when that protection is withdrawn that my oath is not still binding? I take the oath for an indefinite time, and must abide the consequences. But I contend that protection was only withdrawn from the rebellious subjects. The Scots had not rebelled, and of course, protection—such as it was—was still offered to them.

Another important consideration is, the circumstances under which they came here. They were just out of war, and had fled from oppression. They thought to be under King George's eye was liberty enough. They were enjoying happiness on the Cape Fear, Lumber, and Pee Dee rivers amidst greater blessings than they had ever before realized. So they, of course, could not see the wrongs inflicted by the King as perceptibly as the other colonies. They were not in the habit of thinking they ever had enjoyed, and it is natural, when the revolution came, that they should first consult their own interests.

And now, if their oaths were not binding, we can only consider them as deluded, and sympathize with their misconstruction of their own welfare. They did not know the full meaning of the word "liberty," they regarded it as an empty name,—some tantalizing object that feeble man was struggling after, but never would attain. Thus, I say again, they acted honorably, and honored by their graves.

Visit them now, and a more hospitable and liberty-loving people you never saw. They have become naturalized and now appreciate our institutions. And were oppression now offered to us, they would be first to resist. Taking down the rusty swords of their fathers, not like them to trust liberty, but to preserve and perpetuate it, they would be first in the field,—and exhibiting a bravery only peculiar to the Highland Clans, they would fight while liberty had a votary or oppression a foe. R. R.

THE FETE AT PARIS ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—The fete given by the Americans in Paris, on the 22d of February, is said to have been truly a magnificent affair, and was attended by about 600 persons, of whom nearly 400 were Americans. We select the following particulars from a letter in the New York Tribune:—In all the grand assemblies (leaving out the official reunion at the Tuilleries) which have taken place in Paris since the season commenced, this one collected the largest proportion of the diplomatic corps, of the cabinet, and of the high officials of the government. Every lady in Paris, from that of Queen Victoria down to the most insignificant, was represented by portion or all of its members; the cabinet was nearly complete; a considerable number of officers of the Emperor's household, and of other high in power, were present, while the demands from the different foreign embassies for invitations for distinguished countrymen were more numerous than the committee felt warranted in supplying. A considerable number of distinguished civilians were also present. In fact, this fete was the great social event of the season, and was the accomplishment of all who were present. George Mason, Consul McRae and the Hon. R. M. McLane, were on the committee of management; among those present were the widow of George Washington Lafayette, and three granddaughters of the illustrious friend and companion in arms of Washington, Lord Egin and lady, and M. Guizot, the great Statesman.

The ball was brilliant, and was remarkable on account of the elegance and costliness of the toilettes and the beauty of the ladies. The room was decorated with the portraits of Washington, Lafayette, Franklin and Pierce. The decorations alone cost 1,200 francs. One of the most remarkable features of the ball, and a subject of general remark on the part of foreigners, was the great beauty of the American ladies, the costumes of their carriage, and the taste and immense cost of their toilettes. Among the ladies were the following:—Mrs. and the Misses Mason; Mrs. Ridgway, who carried lace for 30,000 francs, and diamonds for 100,000; Mrs. Lesser, of Norfolk, also covered with lace and diamonds; Mrs. Commodore Stewart; Mrs. Platt and sister, Miss Ella Kirby, of Cincinnati; Mrs. and Miss Corby, of Virginia; the Countess Charles de Boigne, an American lady, sister of the Hon. Robert M. McLane's wife; Paris; the Baroness de Corvey, an American lady from New Orleans; Mrs. Missy, wife of the artist; Mr. W. H. Babbitt; Mrs. Dr. George, of Baltimore; Mrs. J. Kennedy Smyth, of Alabama.

The amusements continued till 4 o'clock in the morning, and every one retired delighted and astonished with the success which attended the fete.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—It is said that accidents will sometimes occur in the best regulated printing offices, and so mistakes will happen with the best of printers, especially if they have to decipher the hieroglyphics of such a writer as the editor of the Patriot. We have often amused ourselves in reading these typographical errors in some of our best editorials. Not long since, we stated that our friend, MARTIN, of Augusta, had thrown up his Foreign Mission, and accepted, in lieu of it, the heart and hand of a lovely young lady in Georgia. Instead of "lovely," our printers made us say "lively." Last week we wrote a review of Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," and we were translated "Magnolia." This would be a new work, and some of our contemporaries might enquire for it at the book stores, as the student did for "Modern Antiquities." But, generally these mistakes are of little consequence, and if noticed at all, the reader can correct them. We have not, therefore, thought it necessary to point them out. The mistake of last week was the most natural one imaginable for the printers to make; for we make all of our a's, o's, and not unfrequently our o's are a's. We remember, not many years ago, a motion for a non-suit was moved against us by our friend, General Thompson, for writing the name "Ligon" in our declaration, "Ligon." Judge Evans was presiding, and refused the motion on the ground that the hieroglyphic answered as well for one name as the other. If we had written as well for one name as the other, we should have gone out of court with an important suit, at the expense of our client. So it is, sometimes, an advantage to write a bad hand. It is said of Napoleon that he designedly wrote an illegible hand, in order to conceal his bad orthography. That is another very considerable advantage to some persons. But, unfortunately, they who spell badly, most generally write a very legible and

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