

Southern Weekly Post.

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NORTHERN LITERATURE.

The popular literature of a country is, generally speaking, a pretty fair index of the tendency of the popular mind. As "straws show how the wind blows," the fugitive publications "got up for the season," give us a very accurate idea of the direction of popular sentiment in those communities where they are devoured with avidity.

There are, undoubtedly, thousands of persons in the Northern States, of highly cultivated minds and refined and elevated tastes, who despise these popular follies, and in their quiet retirement, draw their intellectual entertainment from a higher source. But these are not the people.

The recognized leaders of the Northern mind, in philosophical literature, are as questionable as those who have carried the day in other departments. There is Emerson, who spends his time, like Carlyle, in dressing up common-places or absurdities in quaint and uncouth jargon, and makes his countrymen believe that he is original and profound.

What then shall we think of Northern literature? Is it a thing to be perpetually puffed in our newspapers, and absorbed into the minds of the rising generation? Is it not a false, delusive, corrupting influence, which threatens to sap the foundations of those institutions which we most fondly cherish?

Whatever is good and sound in Northern literature, we are ever ready to commend. Men of science, great jurists, theologians, historians, and poets, have already contributed largely, from that quarter, to the fame and welfare of our country. Let such productions be cherished; but it is important that we should be cautious how we permit the common popular literature of the North to spread its unwholesome influence, like a miasm, over the country, poisoning the public mind with its insidious breath.

THE CAROLINA CULTIVATOR.—We invite the attention of our readers to the Prospectus of this paper, which will be found elsewhere in our columns. The Second Number is now out, and the public will have an opportunity of judging of its merits. The type is new and beautiful, and we think the whole aspect of its execution will be such as to justify the expectations of its friends.

"THE LITTLE GIANT."—We would call the attention of farmers to the advertisement of Messrs. Robbin & Bibb in this paper. We understand that Mr. James M. Towles, of this city, is authorized to grant county rights for the sale of this little wonder of the age, and that he keeps them for sale at "Farmers Hall" where they may be seen and tested. Strangers visiting the city will do well to call and see them.

THE STRENGTH OF WOMAN.

We think it is Sophocles, the celebrated Greek dramatist, who puts into the mouth of a female character the beautiful sentiment, "As the ivy to the oak, so will I cling to thee." Nothing within the range of imagination could more felicitously express our idea of the relationship which the Creator has established between the sexes of our species. Man is the sturdy oak, endowed with majesty, strength, and vigor, to endure the toils and resist the violence of life. Woman is the more delicate and slender ivy, which attains its noblest elevation by twining itself affectionately around its natural protector, and proclaims its independence; to leave its tendrils unsupported on the air, and its leaves to be torn away by every breeze!

The image of their glorious maker shows, Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severity and pure. Hence it is authority in men; though both Not equal, as their sex not equal seem; For contemplation he, and valor formed; For softness she, and sweet attractive grace; He for God only, she for God in him!"

THE CRIMEA.

As soon as the severity of winter shall have disappeared, we may look for the occurrence of important events in the Crimea. A number of circumstances are conspiring together in that quarter in favor of the allies, and although we cannot sympathize in their selfish policy, we shall not be sorry to see the ambition of Russia crippled by a signal triumph on their part. The circumstances to which we refer, are the following: At last, amidst the ravages of disease and death, among the allied troops, has passed the climax and were on the decline. Their condition, though deplorable, was evidently improving, in consequence of the arrival of the long expected accommodations from home. Reinforcements were daily adding to their numerical strength, and the convalescing were returning, or about to return, to the scene of operations. It is probable that by this time the French Emperor arrives, a force of not less than a hundred and thirty, or forty thousand men, will have been accumulated on the peninsula. The defeat of the Russians by that part of this force commanded by Omer Pacha, at Eupatoria, must render the relief of Sebastopol perilous and difficult, if not impossible. The presence of Louis Napoleon, owing to the prestige of his name, is calculated to infuse a new spirit of heroic enterprise into the French troops, and the mismanagement of the English army has already kindled in the ranks a strong desire to atone for its misfortunes by brilliant feats of arms. Add to all this, the depressing effect of the death of Nicholas upon the garrison of Sebastopol, and the whole Russian army, and we have before us a concurrence of circumstances which nothing but a great blunder can prevent from eventuating in the success of the allied forces.

Louis Napoleon has already won for himself a high reputation for courage, boldness, science and skill. He is said to be master of his elucidation. If he can be prudent field, as well as daring; if he inherits, in extent, the peculiar intuition and the power of combination of his celebrated uncle; considering the decided superiority of this French and English, individually, over the Russian soldier, it would be strange indeed, if he should be compelled to relinquish the expedition against Sebastopol, and to retire from the contest. Such, we hope, may not be the case. The British are our next of kin, and we would feel some little chagrin at their defeat. We have proved ourselves equal to them in the field and on the wave, and do not desire to see the glory of our own achievements eclipsed by the triumph of Russian barbarians over the British army.

NEGRO KILLED.—We understand that a negro man, a deaf-mute, was overtaken on the North Carolina Railroad, on Monday last, by the down train, near Auburn in this county, and unfortunately killed. He was a blacksmith by trade, belonging to Lewis Poole, dec'd. A jury of inquest attributes his death to the carelessness of the engineer.

BEAR IN MIND.—On to-morrow, the 1st of April, the new postage law goes into operation, which requires all ordinary letters to be prepaid at the office where they are deposited. Letters for which you forget to pay will not reach their destination.

Their present occupants will retire into less expensive quarters on the first of May, and many of these better class houses will either remain untenanted, or be let at very considerably lower rates than heretofore. While I am speaking of houses, I may as well mention a curious fact. The gas, chandeliers and burners in nearly all the leased houses are not the property of the landlord but of the tenant, and are classed not with the legal fixtures, but with the movables of the house. If I lease a house for a term of years, and after I have taken possession put into it croton water and gas-pipes, grates, range, &c., I cannot move any of these at the end of my lease. They become "appurtenances of the hereditament," but the appendages of gas-pipes, chandeliers, brackets, &c., are mine, to be removed at my pleasure. I will add a few words more of rented houses in New York. There are extensive blocks of what are called tenement houses, or more commonly even barracks, on which each floor contains one or more suits of rooms, for a whole family. Here the poorer classes dwell, a dozen or twenty families in a single house. In these quarters, when there is a procession, or better still a riot, you may see a multitude of heads protruded from every window, in every story, of every house in one of these blocks. They swarm with human beings, or creatures in the human guise, for verily many of them seem to have little that is human about them, except the form.

Excuse the long homily upon houses and their tenants, which grew up incidentally and quite unpremeditated. Congratulate yourself also, my dear Post, and nineteen-twentieths of your readers, that you and they do not have to spend days in the gusty, dusty month of March, in what we New Yorkers, dolorously call "house hunting!" Our sympathies were excited yesterday for our South Carolina friends, by the telegraphic announcement of a new storm in Columbia and other places! Here such an event would be tolerable and scarcely out of season, but there, the snow flakes must be in most striking and ungenial contrast to the warm flush of the spring roses, and to the delicate tints of the peach blossom! Here we have no roses and no peach-blossoms to make such a contrast, but in the beautiful gardens of Columbia, (of which I think I discussed to you a twelvemonth since) a snow fall must be sadly out of place.

The belief gains ground that Baker, the murderer of Bill Poole, is on board the "Isabella Jewett." The only ground for the growing conviction is the non-discovery of the ruffian in these torrene regions. Many wishes follow the "Greep Shot," (which is a clipper brig and not a steamer) as I thoughtlessly made her out in my last in her eager pursuit of the murderer, who will certainly be most disagreeably surprised, if when he lands upon "the isle of the singing bird," he shall find himself "nabbed" by policemen whose faces will be only too familiar to him!

You know, I suppose, that one of our City Councilmen—Kerrigan by name—was among the parties arrested as accessory to the flight of Baker. After lying for several days in prison, he was yesterday admitted to bail on the sum of \$5000, half the amount previously demanded. The Councilman was arrested as a surety for his liberty. The councilman got off quite too cheaply! Irving, one of those concerned in the murder, was recently bailed for \$10,000, but an order has been issued for his arrest, and the grand jury have found a true bill against him and seven others for the murder of Poole. We are rid of one pest, in the death of Poole, by unjust means, and it will be a public benefit, if we may soon be rid of seven others by lawful means, in the conviction of his cowardly assassins to the strong coils of Sir Sing, if happily they escape the merited noose of the hangman!

Among the new books of the week is "The Castle Builders" from the press of Appleton & Co., and by the popular author of "The Hair of Redcliffe," and the still more admired and later novel entitled "Heart's Ease." It may not be generally known to your readers that the name of this author is Miss Charlotte Yonge. She is an English lady of even more reputation at home than she enjoys in this land. The present book, however, is too intensely Anglo-Romanesque in its theology to please general readers and especially the evangelical class. It has much of the power and tenderness perhaps of "Hartsease," but it is over-seasoned with high-churchism—in this respect out-selling Miss Sewell herself!

Redfield has published a very delightful little volume from the pen of Richard Chenevix French, B. D., the distinguished author of "The Study of Words" and "Lessons in Proverbs." The new book is a second series of the author's charming and scholarly Lectures on Words.—It is suggestively entitled "English Post and Present," and it is a genuine outpouring of the learned author's love and admiration of his noble "mother tongue" to a more intimate knowledge of the origin, capacities, dignities and dangers of which it is designed to conduct the reader. No one who loves our grand vernacular can fail to find pleasure and advantage in its perusal and study.

Messrs Parry and McMillan (the worthy and enterprising successors to A. Hart of Philadelphia) are making frequent and valuable issues of new books. Among their latest is a handsome volume of 500 pages entitled "Mornings with Jesus." It contains a series of devotional readings for every day in the year, carefully prepared from notes taken in short hand of sermons preached by Mr. Jay, during a period of a quarter of a century. John Foster, himself a theological and ministerial giant, called Mr. Jay "the Prince of Preachers," and those readers who know best his characteristics, of striking originality, beautiful perspicacity, evangelical fervor and practical excellence will most cordially agree with this distinguishing title.—Those who possess Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises" will be most eager to procure this valuable addition to the sacred treasures they embrace, and readers not acquainted with the vigorous tenderness, felicity and fullness of his style would do well to let this new volume be their happy introduction to them.

But I must not extend this letter, and will therefore subscribe myself as I have done many times before— Your faithful COSMOS.

For the Southern Weekly Post. AN ESSAY.

BY T. B.

Which deserves the greater applause, Christopher Columbus for discovering America, or George Washington for defending it?

In awarding merit or applause for deeds performed, we generally look to the motives which we suppose impelled the person to the performance of those deeds. The same act may be good or bad, deserving of applause or censure, according to the motives which led to it.

We know not, to a certainty, what were the motives which led Christopher Columbus to launch his frail bark upon the stormy waves of the unknown ocean, and to persevere, amidst difficulties, trials and disappointments, in his indefatigable efforts to discover a new continent. We cannot easily suppose him to have been prompted by an elevated motive; perhaps no higher than a love of fame, of self-aggrandizement, or of pecuniary emolument; and either of these are base, low, and grovelling in their nature.

That Columbus was a man of indomitable energy, of consummate judgment, and of a never-failing perseverance, we shall not pretend to deny; but what were the ends in view? They were not the good of mankind; nor did his discoveries result in any thing which tended to ameliorate the condition of man. Prior to the discoveries of Columbus, America was to all Europe as though it were not. They were in blissful ignorance of its existence. For fifty old centuries the sun, in his diurnal revolution, had looked down upon the unbroken forests of America as they existed in primeval simplicity and beauty. Ever since the creation, the pure crystal streams of this continent, had, with perpetual motion, rolled their silver currents in unending succession, down towards their mother ocean. The vegetable world rooted in a fertile soil, and cheered by a genial climate, luxuriated in all the beauty and richness of wild exuberance. The animal kingdom pampered upon the spontaneous productions of a fertile soil, and stimulated by genial showers and tropical climes, sported upon unnumbered hills. From time immemorial, perhaps, the red man had roamed over the forests and hills, chased the wild deer, waded the limpid streams, smoked the calumet of peace, and lived the happiest of the happy.

But Columbus came, and soon, very soon the beauty of this terrestrial paradise was marred. These Elysian fields were transformed into the thoroughfares of a pandemonium. Where the red man, unmolested, lately reigned sole monarch of the continent, the Indian and the white man now met in deadly hostility; the musket, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife, are brought into requisition, and soon the land is drenched and slippery with human blood.—The red man has the best right to the land, but the European is the strongest, consequently a war of extermination is commenced upon the former, so that the race of the red man, who once reigned here in unimpeded right and uninterrupted happiness, has long since well-nigh ceased to exist. These are some of the consequences of Columbus' acts. What injustice to the aborigines, compared as a sequence to the discoveries of Columbus! The red man massacred upon, or banished from, his native land. The European usurps the prerogative of succeeding to his place. Colonies from the old world are unjustly planted upon the rightful territory of the natives. What scenes of misery ensue! The red man slaughtered and exterminated on the camp of the oppressor, vied with dire calamities; hunger pinches, wild beasts menace, consumptions waste, cold pierces, pestilence destroys, per-cution rages, and a tyrannical mother country oppresses. The great genius of Columbus was misdirected, and suffering and misery followed as a consequence. Will any one say that the European colonies were prosperous and happy prior to the Revolution? Many of them had fled from persecution in a mother land. They came here and persecuted each other, and, in addition, they were tormented by a tyrannical government; and they suffered deprivation, danger and fear, from the natives, the wild beasts and the climate. Thus, we see, all has been usurpation, extermination, oppression, bloodshed, slaughter, anarchy and confusion.

But then Great Washington arose and set an example for the world! His character and his example are unique in the history of man. The pure patriot, the christian statesman, the upright general and the mighty conqueror were all happily and harmoniously blended together in the unit Washington.

The motives which actuated him in the defence of his country, were of the purest and most noble character; unalloyed patriotism, true philanthropy, an unviolate love of justice and mercy. Who can fail to applaud the man of unswerving character, who was actuated by such lofty and sublime motives? Tyranny reigned, and the colonies were pressed down by the weight of unjust taxes. But the deliverer arose in his might, and by his Herculean efforts, and by the influence of his unparalleled character, he rallied around him the master-spirits of the land. He staid the hand of oppression, and rolled back the tide of destruction to its own native source. He became the deliverer of the oppressed, and the father of a new and more glorious and happy nation than ever before adorned the face of this planet.

George Washington richly deserves the highest applause ever bestowed upon mortal man. "Tis true, the world has often produced as good christians, as great heroes, as able generals, as wise statesmen, and it may be, as pure patriots; but then, Washington combined all these in his own individual character, which no man ever did. Hence we infer that Washington was the most perfect model of true greatness, the world ever produced. And we likewise infer that no other man could have led our country so triumphantly through the bloody scenes of the revolution. We had other able-generals, but no one else but what was deficient in some essential trait. One lacked patriotism, another was deficient in skill, a third was a traitor, a fourth was an undevout man, &c., &c.; but Washington possessed all these essentials. It seems as though the Great Moral Governor of the universe had raised him up for the special office which he filled. A pure and upright leader, influenced by no base or sinister motive; one

that could not be bribed by all the gold of England, or of Ophir itself, nor flattered by crying sycophants, nor seduced by the luresments of a throne—was the great desideratum of the colonies. Such was George Washington. He was one of the few that are disposed to "do justly and love mercy." He did nothing for revenge. He was a pure patriot, and he fought for the rights and the good of his country alone. Liberty and the rights of his country were the great incentives to action. No love of glory, or fame, or pecuniary emolument could tempt him to trespass upon the rights of others, or to shed unnecessarily the blood of the innocent, or of the aggressor. His conduct towards Major Andre, who was convicted as a spy and sentenced to death, exhibits in a strong light, his justice and magnanimity. His indignant resentment of the proposition that was made for the establishment of a monarchical government, and for him to assume the title and authority of king, proves incontrovertibly that he was not seeking self-aggrandizement. His refusing to receive from government any reward for his services, shows beyond controversy, that he was not in pursuit of pecuniary gain. In short, his whole career taken together, leaves us only one alternative, that of supposing that he was actuated by a pure, unalloyed, patriotic love of liberty, and the rights and happiness of man. Did any other mortal man ever deserve so great applause? Was any other man ever actuated by such pure, boy and sublime motives? In vain we scan the pages of history. He has no parallel. His character is unique in the history of man. Antiquity can boast of its great law-givers, of its immortal heroes, its patriots, and its republican institutions, but the name of Washington and of American liberty towers aloft, and overshadows them all. Humble as he was, but that he was vain, luxurious, and effeminate. Philip pushed his conquests, notwithstanding the thundering eloquence of Demosthenes was hurled against him, but he disregarded the maxims of justice. Alexander conquered a world, but left it worse than he found it. That Leonidas was brave, the straits of Thermopylae and the bleached bones of his twenty thousand victims will abundantly testify, but he was not just and merciful. Themistocles was a great general, but not just and truly patriotic. Arisides was just, but deficient in other respects. Julius Cæsar was a successful general, and a mighty conqueror, but he was ambitious, unjust, and sometimes unmerciful. Pompey the Great, together with all others had his faults. And as we turn the pages of modern history, we find many brilliant names have, from time to time, be-paused the political firmament of the world; but only one, only a solitary one is without a blemish: the name of George Washington, all radiant with beauty and lustre, stands solitary and alone, the glory and admiration of a nation redeemed from slavery and oppression; a cynosure or beacon light, to guide the patriots of other lands in their efforts to demolish monarchy, and to rear the standard of liberty and, repudiation upon the ruins thereof.

The name of Washington is endeared to every American; yea, to every lover of liberty. It is a name which is revered, and which is held in the highest esteem. It is a name which is self-luminous, and gathers additional brightness with the advance of time. Old oppression had waxed strong. The nations of Europe, of Africa, and of Asia, had long bowed beneath his iron rule. He had even winged his flight across the ocean, and irreverently dared to clasp his fetters upon the lord-of-American soil. But the defender of liberty arose, and banished the huge monster from our shores, and so severely was the shock felt in the old world, that eastern monarchs and oriental potentates have from that day to this, continued to quake, while their thrones have been tottering beneath them.

Napoleon Bonaparte, was perhaps the most powerful general of modern times. He professed republican principles, and by his Herculean efforts, he shook the old world from centre to circumference. All the crowned heads of Europe were banded against him. The contest was awful, but for a long time doubtful. So invincible was Napoleon, that his name became a by-word and terror to the monarchies of the old world. A certain man of those days said, "if the cocked hat of Napoleon were placed upon a stake, it would drive all Europe to arms, from one extremity to the other." And so superior were his principles to the principles of those who were banded against him, that Sir Robert Hall is reported to have said, upon hearing of his defeat at the battle of Waterloo, "he felt as though the clock of the world had gone back six ages." But the contest was an unequal one, and the most powerful and superhuman efforts to sustain it, yet victory finally perched upon the banners of the allies. Napoleon was doubtless influenced by the example of Washington, and as a commander, he was his equal, perhaps his superior, but in other respects he was vastly his inferior. How vastly is the world Washington's debtor!

WARRENTON FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION. Mr. Editor.—Having had an opportunity for the last few weeks of becoming acquainted with the advantages of this Seminary, I have thought it might be a kindness to those who have daughters to educate, to speak of it in your columns. The institution is pleasantly located in Warrenton and is under the care of Messrs Graves and Wilcox, assisted by experienced and skilful instructors, in its various departments. It is their aim to give thorough instruction in all that belongs to a good female education. While common English studies are not neglected, the higher branches, such as the Ancient and Modern languages—the higher mathematics, mental and moral Philosophy and the natural exercises are faithfully taught. The latter are illustrated by a well selected and elegant apparatus. Much attention is also given to music, painting, and other ornamental branches. I have rarely ever seen pupils more interested in music than the seventy or eighty who are pursuing it here.

While this Seminary is not at all sectarian in the moral and religious character of the young ladies receives careful attention; parents themselves could hardly have a more lively regard for the true welfare of their daughters than do the instructors here for every pupil. Advice and encouragement are mingled with judicious restraint, so that the members of the Seminary may be contented, and happy, while securing a christian education. Believing that this testimony is due to the excellent Principals of this Seminary, and hoping that it may subserve the cause of education in this vicinity I am, Yours respectfully, VIATOR. Warrenton, N. C. March 26, 1855.

MADAME SONTAG.—A letter from Count Rosal, the husband of Madame Sontag, is published in the London Musical World, in which he says: "I am waiting for the arrival at Hamburg of my dear mortal remains, in order to go there and meet them. I shall then accompany them to their last resting place, in the Convent of Maria Jbali, near Dresden, where her sister is a nun, and where, in consequence, the holy prayers of those who loved her most will not be wanting. I am having a small chapel built there with two tombs, and after satisfying this wish of my heart, I will return to my family."

Once again his fearful frown O'erwaves the constant clamor; And his mighty mace comes down Like Thor's thunder-hammer." In the first place I must inform him that my name has never "appeared in print" in this discussion, and that he shows an extremely limited acquaintance with the rules of Etiquette in

using the expression, either as a taunt, or a threat, while he himself remains "inco." He need not fear those three little stars; they are no new constellation boding war, pestilence and famine, or even destruction to the I. G.'s; if it will please him any better I shall now use four stars. The "false step" to which I alluded, and I intend no person on those engaged in it, was in admitting into the company persons who were under no obligation to support it; permitting them to elect officers, &c., and make laws for us, and then as might have happened many would not have held themselves bound permanently to the company. The consequences of this step were readily foreseen and foretold, and as we have said, so the end was.—The meeting did not break up in a row so far as I know, but never having been engaged in a proceeding of that kind, I am unable to define it. And then as for "disappointed ambition" several of the present members of the O. C. G.'s gave up their offices and expected to do so when that meeting was dissolved. "Ego" speaks of our "hard terms"; they are precisely the same we adopted for ourselves, and we purposely deferred electing our officers, except the Captain, since a responsible head was necessary for our existence, until we heard from them; the places were kept open for them, and all they had to do was to step in and fill them. Where is the hardship?

I am very willing the I. G.'s should have all the glory so egotistically claimed for them; I say not a word against their praiseworthy efforts; but their champions ought to recollect that a struggle it was for a long time to get men to join any company; how thin the first meetings were attended; how much dissatisfaction was manifested; that the largest proportion of those who bore the brunt of the struggle are now in the ranks of the O. C. G., and that that fatal word "sine die," which some of the I. G. have such a holy horror of does not imply an absolute dissolution any more than the adjournment of Congress implies that never again is that dignified and learned body to lay their learned heads together. All that has been said about the "in-pending" of any body of citizens and their "being looked down on," is all gas and gunpowder, or worse. None in this enlightened age believes in the absolute independence of any man or set of men; all such idle fancies fled long ago, before the light of Christianity and Science; these dreams would well become the wild enthusiasts of the Red Republic or the visionary empirics of S. Cialism. Now nobody believes such specious fallacies any more than any one imagines that the O. C. G.'s entertain enmity against their fellow soldiers. I would refer my friend the Mechanic to the ingenious apoloque which Agrippa, a Patrician of Rome, delivered to the revolted Commons; they had left the "seven hills City" never to return; they would not be deemed to ever by the insolent Patricians, who were "a little more favored with the good things of earth;" who had all the offices and all the money, and did none of the work. This celebrated fable details how the hands and legs entered into a conspiracy not to support the body in its idleness; and how they all fared worse and worse until at last they were starved into submission. If he thinks the allusion too remote I refer him to the passage where the Apostle says: "We are all members, one of another," and I am certain he has read that.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I have done. Nothing said by these two worthy champions can ever induce me to appear before the public again; the O. C. G.'s are organized and hereafter must defend their name and character by deeds not words, by principles not men. Nothing hereafter in this connection shall disturb my equanimity, or cause me to break my solemn resolve. I hope I part on good terms with the two writers, as I have neither said nor written anything personal, but I may be permitted, in bidding them a lasting farewell to express the hope that their eminent and efficient services will be recognized by their corps, and that "Ego" may be made the Rhetorician and "Mechanic" the Historian to record and perpetuate the heroic deeds of the Independent Guards.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Southern Weekly Post. A FRIEND.

BY JESSE C.

Commend me to a friend, who comes, When I am sad and lone, And makes the anguish of my heart The sufferings of his own.

Who coldly shuns the glittering throng, At pleasure's gay levee, But comes to gild a sombre hour, And gives his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er, And when the task is done, He freely gives me all I ask, A sigh for every one.

He cannot wear a smiling brow, When mine is touched with gloom, But like the violet seeks to cheer The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart, Which, like the pine on high, Uplifts the same unvarying brow, To every change of sky.

Whose friendship does not fade away! When winter tempests blow, But like the winters ivy crown, Looks greener through the snow.

Oh, such a friend he is in truth, What'er his lot may be, A rainbow on the storm of life, An anchor on the sea.

Wake Forest College, March 26, 1855.

For the Southern Weekly Post. SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN FAIRY.

Suggested by reading Tupper's "Song of the Alpine Elf."

My home is near the mountain's top, I wander by its side, And e'er when lovely vesper comes, On gentle Zephyrus ride.

And when the western crimson clouds, Flock round the sun's bright face, I watch them from the mountain's peak, Or some convenient place.

At night, I rove with great delight, Along some glittering stream, And see the little fish-es play, By Cynthia's silver beam.

But when the raging storm comes on, And howling wild winds rave, I glide away with le, le, le, To seek my mountain cave.

MALVINA DONALD. Mount Pleasant, Duplin Co.

COMMUNICATIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LXXXVIII. NEW YORK, March, 24, 1855.

Delay of the Atlantic—Eager Expectation—In Nicholas Dead?—A period of suspense—The Steamship Natchez—An open House—Bills on House—The rationale of Running—Fishes and Mollusks—Treatment House on "Deception"—Human Swarms—Cruelty in the South—Sept. 24, 1855.

My DEAR POST:—We are looking anxiously for the arrival of the Atlantic, now in her fourteenth day from Liverpool. Her news will settle the public mind upon the matter of the Czar's death, which many persist in regarding as a fable. Firmly believing it myself, I am solicitous only to learn the effect already produced by it upon the belligerent powers in Europe, and the probable results hereafter to ensue. The affairs of the war, sufficiently complicated before, one would suppose, may be involved in a still greater perplexity by the death of Nicholas, or the event may prove, on the other hand, the sword in the hand of Alexander, to cut the Gordian knot of diplomacy. The present is a moment of suspense with all our quidnuncs, and if the Atlantic should make as long a passage as her consort, the Pacific did, the public mind would get into a pretty state of ferment before her arrival. The Pacific, by the way, is undergoing repairs, and her place in the line is occupied temporarily by the noble steamship Nashville of the Charleston line. She sailed on Wednesday, under the command of her own captain, the well-known and popular BERRY, who is just such a favourite on the Charleston route as West is on the Atlantic. While I am writing about steamships and navigation, it is natural enough to think of our magnificent river, which is now clear of ice and once more the current of busy trade and travel. Flotillas of barges laden with the produce of the West come down daily, and return laden with manufactured goods of all descriptions, to be dispersed by canals and railroads, and lakes to all parts of the great West.

As I traverse the various streets in the upper part of the city, I notice, from day to day, an unusual number of bills on houses. Your readers may not understand what I mean by this, and I will, therefore, explain. When a house or store is to be sold, or be let, a hand-bill to that effect is posted upon the premises, with directions how, and where to find the agent, through whom negotiations are to be made. May-day is the beginning of the lease year, and the day upon which one-half the population vacates dwelling-houses and stores to find other quarters. The unusual number of bills to which I allude, therefore, indicates that there are more houses without tenants, either actually or prospectively, than is customary. This is to be explained by the fact that the hard times and the high prices of provisions of all kinds, induce many families who have been keeping house to break up and go into boarding-houses, or perhaps to find a home in some of the convenient suburbs of the metropolis. I think I have told you in a previous letter, that the annual rent of a comfortable house in a respectable region, for a family of five or six persons, besides the domestics, is not less than five hundred dollars, and the best quality of the small houses will command as much as a thousand dollars. There are very few houses to be let at such moderate rates as five or six hundred dollars. Three-fourths of the bills are upon houses which last year were freely let at twice these sums, and they are now offered at a reduction of twenty per cent. per annum.