POETRY. ORIGINAL

For the Southern Weekly Post. YE SONS OF OLD GUILFORD! A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Ye sons of old Guilford to duty arise And shake off your tremor and dread. A new day is dawning—see light streaks the skies, The clouds are now breaking o'er head, And fly with the breeze of the morn far away To roll themselves up in their nest; While each trembling star, with a less'ning ray, Is sinking in day to its rest.

Awake, in the centre, the east, and the west, And let us to country prove true, By resolving in heart, we'll never take rest Till we've done all freemen should do: And ye, who are leaders, go marshal the host, And form them in battle array; And in God put your trust and then make your boast, You'll conquer or die in the fray.

For th' land of our fathers it must be redeemed-The land of our kindred and home, Till no other spot on this earth can be deemed A brighter, to which we may roam. And when we have made it just what it should be-A garden to bloom all around With beauty and life-a fit home for the free-We'll rest at that goal when t' is found!

Greensbero', N. C., April, 1853.

For the Southern Weekly Post. THE SEA OF DEATH.

There is a sea, whose narrow tide The known and unknown worlds divide-There is a sea whose depths profound, The fathomed line can never sound.

No sun is there with genial light, No stars bestud the veil of night, But sun and moon forever sleep, And darkness rests upon the deep.

No noise is there, no murmuring sound Of waves that from the rock's rebound; But silence reigns along the shore, The deep dark waters heave no more.

O'er its bosom no sighing breeze Moans in passing symphonies; But all is silent, dark and still, The mighty vapors damp and chill.

JULIAN.

For the Southern Weekly Post. ST. HELENA.

How many pleasing associations cluster around that sea-girt isle. The immortal Judson and the terrible Napoleon have been detained at different times and under different circumstances on thy lonely shore. At one time it served as the prisoncell of the greatest man the world has ever seen. It was selected as the fittest spot to cage that scourge of Europe. After having seen kings bow at the foot of a throne of his own establishingafter having reached the heights of fame's proud temple-after having blazed like a comet before the eyes of men-after having become the idol of his impulsive countrymen and the centre of admiration-his great soul was fated to quit its casement of clay on a barren' isle, far off from friends and from his beloved native land. Picture him there as he stands with folded arms and listen with mute attention to the sound of the billows as they dash and foam at his very feet-what must be his feelings? No doubt but that before his mind's eyes nass in review the thousands be muce aid, butainanded. His eyes flash fire as he sees the mighty mass move with one accord to overwhelm the foe-his form becomes more erect as he hears the thunder of his artillery-he moves with a prouder step nows for victory has once more perched upon his standard and wreathed his brow with fresher laurels. Why starts he now? His reverie is past and the delusion ended. The stern reality

of his situation comes over him and the proud

warrior, bowed down with grief, weeps tears of

sorrow over the wreck of his lofty hopes. How plainly does this incident in the history of Bonaparte, show forth the mutability of all human greatness and all human grandeur. Fortune, fickle goddess, once smiled kindly upon him, vet deserted him, when the star of his glory was about to set forever. On the fatal field of Waterloo his hopes of success vanished forever and the last spark of that mighty revolution, which shook the foundations of the time-honored institutions of Europe, was extinguished in a sea of blood. He did not long survive the subversion of his power; but as the caged eagle, who no longer soars heavenward in all his former glory and majesty, he pined away and died. Though his regal sway over France was over and his grand triumphal march was ended with his defeat at Waterloo, yet the setting of his glorious sun, like that of the golden god of day, was truly sublime and shed a halo of imperishable glory over France-went as the latter lights up with its reflected beams the nocturnal sky. It seemed as if Nature designed to herald his exit out of this world and his entrance into eternity with one of her most terrific storms; for the night in which his great soul winged its flight from earth was an awful one. The vivid flashes of lightning that leaped athwart the murky billows served as his funeral torches and the pealing thunders that boomed incessantly across the ocean, were the requiems sung o'er his departing

A TRAP TO CATCH A POLAR BEAR.

The natives of the polar regions have a most ingenious method of trapping bears. A thick and strong plece of whale-bone, about four inches broad, and two feet long, is bent double. While in this state; some pieces of blubber are wrapped around it, and the contrivance placed in the open air, where a low temperature renders it hard and compact; it is now ready for use. The natives, being armed with bows and arrows, and taking the frozen mass with them, depart in quest of their prey, and, as soon as the animal is seen, one of them deliberately discharges an arrow as it. The bear, feeling the insult, pursues the party, now in full retreat; but, meeting with the frozen blubber,' dropped expressly for it, swallows the lump. The chase, the exercise of running, and natural heat of the inside, soon cause the dissolution of the blubber. The whalebone, thus freed from incumbrance, springs back to its old position, and makes such havoc with the intestines, that the beast discontinues the chase and soon dies.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT .- We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been - what his civilization ? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christtian love is upon it -not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity-not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy, beautiful parts, to the gospel.-Sir A Park.

A QUESTION OF TASTE.—An exchange asks the question :- Which would you rather kiss, the Pope's toe or Mrs. Harriet Beecher S-towe?

THE MALTESE have aproverb that a person who is never in love is sure to be fat.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

There some persons who proverbially "never get ahead in the world." If they are born rich they mange to become poor, and if they begin poor they have a knack of always remaining so. In the race for fortune or fame, they are continually being passed by others, less favored by circumstances original ly, or less endowed by nature. Yet they never admit that their want of success is the fault of themselves. They attribute it to their hard luck. to the roguery of men they have confided in, or to the improper organization of society; but never to their own indolence, folly, or deficiency of brains. To believe them, no beings were ever so unfortunate. A constant subject of irritation to them is the uccess of their neigbors. In their judgment, nobody prospers through merit. If an old schoolfellow becomes a man of mark, they express their wonder that one, who was such a stupid boy, has humbugged the world so completely. If an acquaintance moves into a fine house, or sets up a carriage, they whisper everywhere " that a fool and his money are soon parted." In short they can no more forgive others for rising than they can rise themselves.

Yet such persons invariably owe their want of success to some radical defect in their own characters. In one man it is indolence, in another lack of shewdness, in a third, it is some other vice of education or, inherita ce. Frequently, failure in life is to be traced to a mistaken calling. A man, who might have been a good farmer, happens to be born of ambitious parents, who think, erroneously, that it is honorable to have their son a doctor; accordingly, he is sent to college, learns Latin, attends lectures, gets a diploma, and then settles down to kill people till his incapacity is found out, when he starves. Or a lad is forced, by equally ill-judging parents, to become a merchant, when he should have been left to become a lawyer, or an engineer, instead of an artist, or a farmer, intead of a mechanic. In short, there is no end to the mistakes which are made, by ignorant or foolish parents, in starting their children in life; and the worst of these sort of errors is, that they are the least easy of remedy, because a business once adopted, is is not easily laid aside. To spend years at college, in a store, or at the plane, and find at twenty one that the vocation is a wrong one is disheartening to all but men of the hardiest stamp. The discovery plunges even minds of ordinary strength often into despair. It shipwrecks the feeble invariably, and, as it were, in sight of the port they are leaving.

But the great bulk of those who fail in life are ruined by their own demerits. Not that industry, energy, and capacity always command an immediate return; the best men have to encounter. But, in the long I will give control to his faculties through life? run, enterprise, economy, knowledge of business, assiduity, and an honest policy, will carry the day. A man with these sterling qualities is like cork; he may be submerged for awhile, but he cannot be kept down. Just in proportion, in which he enjoys these attributes, will also be the completeness of his success. If he joins to them unusual fitness for his pursuit, his triumph will be both earlier and prouder: for in every business there are opportunities which a sagacious mind of this sort will see; and to detect these turns in the tide, which "lead on to fortune," requires talent peculiar to the particular i rofession rather than that which is universal. So true is this, that, while all know "geniuses" who never succeed, no one knows a man with a speical faculty. and in position to exercise it, who fails in life; while all can point to those who have risen without general ability, no one can point to those who have thus risen, unless they were adents at their trade, It would seem to require no talent to make candles' yet a rich tallowchangler, it he has earned his wealth, is never a dunce. An ordinary tailor stitches all his life; a great tailor "cuts his way" to opulence: And vice versa a fool, if bred to a profession, sinks into a pauper.

Abrave man will never give up, however much fortune, for a while, goes against him. A hopeful man will never even be disheartened. A generous man will never envy his more successful neighbor. Finally, a wise man will wait patiently for his turn, sure that it will come some time, and determined, when it happens, to be wide awake, so that he may avail himself of it. "Life is too short to waste its moments in deploring bad luck," said a shrewed thinker, "we must go after success, since it will not come to us, and we have no time to spare."--Phila.

A FINE ART.

We said a few words, in a late number about the neglect of homely household arts in the education of girls. We find, in an Edinburg paper, something further and better on the same subject, to which we invite the attention of mothers and

"To parch-how vulgar is the term? Yet it s an operation requiring far more skill than does. the making a new garment, and when well executed, may save the purchase of many a costly one; the most expensive robe may by accident, be torn, or spotted, the first day of its wear; the piece inserted in lieu of the damaged one is a patch. If a figured material, the pattern has to be exactly matched; in all cases the insertion must be made without pucker, and the kind of seam to be such as, though strong, will be least apparent; the corners must be turned with neatness. Is not this an art which requires teaching ?

So of darning, much instruction is necessary as to the number of threads to be left by the needle according to the kind of fabric; then there is the kind of thread or varn most suitable, which requires experience to determine; where an article is coarse, the chief attention is directed to expedition, but a costly article of embroidery on muslin can only be well darned with ravelings of a similar muslin; such particulars do not come to the girl by inspiration, they must be taught, or left to be acquired by dearly bought experience.

The third mode of repair is well understood and, practiced by our continental neighbors, though rarely in this country. The stocking stitch is neither more difficult nor tedious than the darns vet how many pairs of stockings are lost for the want of knowing it when a hole happens to be

above the shoe ? Practice in lace stitches is still more desirable. particularly for repairing lace of the more costly descriptions. The deficiency of a single loop, when lace is sent to be washed, often becomes a large hole during the operation, and thus the beauty of the lace is destroyed. Indeed lace when duly mended, on the appearance of even the smallest crack, with very little trouble, may be made to last twice or thrice the time of its duration. So the shawl stitch is never taught in this country, though by employing it with ravelings itself, the most costly cashmere can be repaired without a possi-

bility of discovering the inserted part. Proficiency in such useful works might well merit as much approbation as is now bestowed upon crotchet and other fancy works, and might be considered as equally desirable qualifications in a tradesman's governess as music.

In populous places it might well answer to establish schools where the art of mending apparel should be the chief object of instruction; a month or two in it might be sufficient for the damsel who is already a good plain needle worker. It must further be observed, that without a practical knowledge of needle-work, no young lady can tell whether her servant has or has not done a reasonable quantity of it in a given time; and if this be true as to the plain sewing, it is still more essential in regard to the mending of all kinds.,'

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.

HINTS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator, under the caption of "Amusement for Rainy Days," nakes the following capital suggestions to mothers who have restless boys, and don't know what to do with them, or how to manage them:

"There! there! Tommy, throw that shingle in the fire! you litter the whole house with your whittling. Did ever mother find such annoyance?" Yes, fretful, unskilled mother; every son worth raising will litter the house with his chips on a rainy day, or do something worse, unless you find some proper outlet for his artistic tastes. For, believe me, this is the first whisper of a spirit that is just beginning to covet the power of recreation. His first efforts will of necessity be rude, and so will his latest ones, unless he is taught how to imitate the perfect forms which nature so cunningly moulds.

"There, Tommy, you do wrong to litter thefloor, but come with me, and we will have a nice time whittling. Get you a little block of red cedar wood, sharpen your jack-knife, and we will do something that your mother will admire. There, spread that old newspaper in the corner, and sit quietly while we look at this little cluster of acorbs with a single dry oak leaf. What a beautiful bracket that would make to put over the parlor mantel-piece, if you

"Well. I think you can in a few weeks. I wish ou could see some of the carving of birds and wers, and fruits, and even laces, that I saw at Chatsworth, the famous seat of the Duke of Devonshire, in England. But you must begin, and see first if you can imitate a single acorn. First, cut out a little square block, longer by one-half than the acorn, because you will want a little stern. Now take off the corners and begin to shape it. Look out and imitate that little cup. There-that is

"Carefully there -- smooth the nut nicely. Be patient-no perfect work can be dashed off in a

morning. Now take up your paper of chips and burn them; put your blocks of cedar away carefully, and then go find your mother. She will give sit for half an hour longer looking at the little cluster of acorns and the dry leaf to see how you can imitate the whole out of a block of cedar.

"Now, weary mother, is not your care lessoned peare's conception except by Forrest. And is not each hour thus spent a discipline that

"We will pursue this further in our next, for it in that line of Watts-

'For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'

"Untrained impulses are often troublesome things to weary mothers, and the stronger the imill we begin to train it to some purpose."

A thoughtful friend clips from a newspaper the following, and sends it to us. It is always good to think of the better home :- " Nothing makes the selves. fireside so cheerful as a blessed hope beyond it .--Even when you sit most lovingly there though the daily task is completely done, and the infant in the cradle is fast asleep -triongeh this is Saturday night, and to movow is the day of rest-though the embes are bright, and from its fat and poppling burnain in you coal, the jet of gas flames up like a silver cimetar-and though within your little chamber all is peace, and warmth, and snug repose, the roaring gusts and rattling drops remind you that it still is winter in the world. And when that withering leaf tapped, and fluttered on the window, mother, why was it that your cheek grew pale, and something glistened in your eye? You thought it perhaps might come from the churchvard syea more, and it sounded like a messenger from little Helen's grave. It said, 'Father and mother, think

"Yes, dreary were the homes of earth, were it not for the home in Heaven. But see to it, that vourselves be the Savior's followers, and then to you He says, 'Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house there are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you.' And when you come to love that Savior rightly, you will love one another better, more truly and more tenderly.".

A SISTER'S L VE.

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish he with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so noble and worthy, learn to apprecicate her sweet influence as portrayed in the

He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eyes, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not much to be wondered at if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of man-

"That man has grown up among affectionate " And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's riper years, and the heart of him who has grown old in chilly contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of a sister's voice—and he will turn from the purpose which a warped and false phitosophy-had

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be here are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family get into a passion, and narried, he sent these lines to the wedded pair :

Love one another, pray oft together, and see, You never both together angry be. If one speak fire, tother with water come; Is one provoked ? be 'tother soft and dumb.

Nothing is more nauseous than apparent self sufficiency. For it shows the company two things a high opinion of yourself, and that you have their breath smell sweet. Sickness ensues. omparatively, a mean opinion of them.

CLEAN table cloths lock fully rs well as dirty ones, especially in hotels and boarding houses. SMITH says he has seen a rope walk.

HOW THE BUSHMEN OBTAIN OSTRICHES .- A favorite made adopted by the wild bushmen for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a welldirected poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length: they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milk juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow barely exceeds three feet in length-its string is of twisted sinews. When a bushmen finds an ostrich's nest he ensconces himself ip it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized

It is stated by some wiseacre that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces, that of a woman eight. As age increases a man's heart grows could carve a fine imitation out of some of these heavier, and a woman's lighter after thirty. Some wirls lose theirs at sixteen.

> A gentleman somewhat deficient in grammatical attainments, advertises in the Herald for a lost canary bird, belonging to a Mr. Morgan without any

[WRITTEN FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.] THE POST-SCRIPT PAPERS

BY THE V4CAR OF WAKE.

FORREST AND OTHELLO.

Did you ever see Forrest in Othello? If not, you "That looks well now. Almost a perfect copy cannot in all your reading of tragedy, from Æschyof the acorn, is it not? Well, that will do for one lus down to Bulwer, appreciate to its full extent, the mighty depth and breadth, and height and width of passion. Passion in torture; passion in you a kiss, and tell you that you may put your love; love in its agonizing struggle between life acorn on the table in one of the shells. You will and death. We have often seen Othello personated, and by many different stars of the drama, but we never saw it filled to what we thought Shakes-

by training that love of the beautiful in your son? It is said that Othello is the only play of Shakespeare that Forrest excells in; and that he is only perfectly at home in "The wept of the Wish-tonwish," "Spartacus," "Jack Cade," and other pieces seems to us that there is great force as well as truth | written expressly for him; but to our humble comprehension he is grand and unapproachable in Othello. In this play, we saw him draw round after round of applause from a Philadelphia audience, that had been accustomed time after time, to see him in this and the other most popular of his pulse the more will its restless yearnings trouble us "roles." His gesture, his countenance, his voice, amphasis and all, in that part of the great play in which he simply has to say "the handkerchief, the handkerchief," constitute a play and study in them-

> But when he gets to that acme of pathos, doubt, despair and jealousy inwoven with the changing hues of each, where he says to Iago :-

Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago."

he is complete master of the conception, and melts your admiration down from the coldness of i s expansion into wonder at him as an artist, into sympathy with him over some supposed actual domestic affliction, fretting and worrying, chafing and dissiriting his noble nature.

In the Chamber Scene, where Othello soliloquizes, before the murder of Desilemona, the folowing words we remember were given with very pathetic and thrilling effect by Forrest:

----When I have plucked thy rose, I cannot give it vital growth again, It needs must wither :- I'll smell it on the tree.

Oh baimy breath that doth almost persuade Justice to break her sword! One more, one more Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, And love thee after. One more and this the last; So sweet was ne'er so fatal."

A GREAT MISTAKE.

How ad a blunder a man of distinction can at times make, is demonstrated in an editorial written recently by N. P. Willis, from his retreat upon the Hudson, called " Idlewilde."

He is in raptures about the romantic beauties and picturesque romance of "Idlewilde;" and in reference to the peculiarities of the place, says in regard to a species of evergreen that abounds in his

"Live but near a sheltered fir-grove--where the sun draws the perfume from the resinous bark and the air is unreached by the wind-and, though a delicate invalid, you may pass half your January noons

Such a "fir grove" has Willis at his Hudson sanctum, composed mostly of what we in the mountains of North Carolina call "Spruce Pine," and what they call at the North "Hemlock."sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation | Now listen at Willis in a note which is appended to his idle, wild editorial :-

"Finding the air of my hemlock groves particularly soothing and agreeable, I have looked up a corroborative analysis of its qualities in a scientific work. Brande's Encyclopædia thus defines the properties of the tree :- "HEMLOCK .-- A common umbelliferous plant of a peculiar odour, and possessed of narcotic powers. * * * Hemlock is a powerful sedative and often serviceable as a substitute for, or an accompaniment to, opium. In allaying moroid irritability of the system, attended by any local or general excess of reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the vascular action, as in certain stages of phthisis, in the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

coughs that are apt to hang about patients who have suffered from pulmonic inflammation, hemlock is often preferable to opium."

In this Willis has confounded the hemlock tree kept in turmoil where there is no tolerance of each with the plant of the same name. The tree which other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek he calls a "fir-tree," and then "hemlock," has no submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away family relationship to the plant described by Brande wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon as of a "peculiar odour and possessed of narcotic the hand irons and apply fire to it, it will go out; powers." They are about as much alike as Pygput on another stick, and they burn; add half malion to a grasshopper. The hemlock that grows a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. around Idlewild, and which is really a beautiful evergreen, putting a cincture of Spring over the breast of winter, is the kind of tree they procure the is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly get bark from at the North to use in tanning what they ashamed, and repent. But oppose temper to call the "red" or "hemlock sole leather." The temper; pile on the fuel; draw others into the hemlock meant by Brande, is a noxious umbellifscrape, and let one harsh word be followed by an- erous plant, growing in very rich land, usually upother, and there will soon be a blaze which will on the margins of creeks and rivers in a piedmontenwrap them all in its lurid splendors. The ver- ane country. In botany the poisonous plant is erable Philip Henry understord this well, and called "umbelliferous"—but that technical science when his son Matthew, the commentator, was does not call the hemlock tree umbelliferous.

The hemlock plant has been used as a medicinal substitute for opium. The tree of the same name has never in any of its parts, from the root to the apex, been used as such. Willis had surely been using opium, or he never would have committed such an error. Either this, or he is but an indifferent student in botany.

The hemlock plant is often taken for another one of a very similar growth and appearance, which the which are extremely disagreeable. That you have rustic inhabitants of the country chew to make

Willis is egregiously at fault in his hemlock discussion, and as Idlewild no doubt affords a good opportunity to study the science dignified by the talents and labours of Linnaeus, we should advice him to pursue the same with some attention before he next consults " Brande"

Southern Weekly Post

WILLIAM D. COOKE, CALVIN H. WILEY, LYTTELTON WADDELL, JR.

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ORTHOGRAPHY.

Most heartily do we unite with those who regret that old Dr. Noah Webster ever undertook to improve the spelling of the English language. That he succeeded in improving it, we do not question; the chains and prolong the servinde of it. but that very success is the ground of our com- race in this country, but it has evidently as plaint. The improved system is popular in one a powerful and increasing sympathy, and place, and the unimproved in another, and thus a Britain, for the oppressed in every land, a diversity in the form of those symbols which are impossible to conceal from the enlightensi common to so many millions speaking the same sciences of the honest portion of the British tongge, has been introduced by the will of one lie, the fact that involuntary labor of a individual, without any adequate reason, and with grinding character is daily multiplying its ve results decidedly detrimental to the cause of litera- on the boasted free soil of England. Take ture. We take it for granted that a confusion in involuntary servitude! Suffering is a'comthe signs of our ideas must be followed by some untary, and wherever the state of society's was confusion of our ideas themselves. It is at least to compel a portion of the population to easy. very probable that the difference of taste in regard scanty subsistence by hard labor for twenty to orthography, manifested now between English out of twenty-four, there we can confident and American writers, will silently but effectually clare that slavery exists, in the most deextend itself to questions of more obvious impor- form, and tyranny maintains its most and tance, and result in a schism of that literary com- sway. Such, says the Times, is the dreat munion which forms the common bond of so many | ternative between which and a life of infant of

authority of Noah Webster is rapidly acquiring a fabrication of the elegant robes in which the general recognition on this said of the Atlantic. peers of the Duckess of Sutherland as were American publishers are gradually yielding to his tire themselves for the gayeties of the fish in claims, and our newspaper writers, who exercise so season. much influence all over the country in forming | The monster address, signed by six has and directing public sentiment, are coming with thousand women, has shaken in its recoil, the in singular unanimity to the same practical determi- foundations of British s ciety. Men have be nation. It is impossible, therefore, for a few stub- to think of the enormous iniquity lying at born dissenters, such as are heard here and there own doors, and the best minds of England area protesting with violent energy against these inno- ployed in solving the great problem of its removation vations, to stay the tide of circumstances and ar- How to reform without revolution, how to rest the progress of change. We are abandoning the resple without depressing the aristocraci-English orthography, just as we have abandoned that is the question of questions, which the other English habits, and in a few years the man statesmanship has yet to determine. who persists in spelling according to Walker, will find himself as singular and as ridiculous as the old servants who are occasionally seen wearing the This somewhat celebrated priest and p east off breeches and shoe buckles of a generation one of the chief actors in the last Roman rethat has passed away. To resist the changes of tion, has been delivering a series of lectures society under such circumstances is useless and countrymen in New York for some weeks as absurd. If we can endure the yearly modifications which full reports have been published in the of our dress which are so often introduced for the pers of that city. He appears to be an worse, we can surely submit to a few alterations of and eccentric character, a bold and fearless our language without murmuring; especially if ment of the papacy, and an eloquent adv those alterations are in themselves improvements Italian regeneration. Many of his opinions which commend themselves to reason and good cially on religious subjects, appear to us to

sent has selected as the point of attack, but it is dence of enlightened states manship altoge that in which we are most ready to defend the prising in an Italian, and especially an innovations of our learned countryman. We are priest. What his moving motives are, we not prepared to vindicate all his views on the sub- do not pretend to know, and we would the ject of orthog aphy. There are some changes in- be careful not to endorse his character; troduced into his system which we consider not glow of patriotic devotion to the best interonly unwarranted, but absolutely inconsistent with his country manifested in his lectures, is we the principles upon which other and more justifi- lated to interest Americans in his behalf able innovations have been founded. For exam- feared at one time that he would be lionized ple, we think he is rational when he says the travagance by those New York gentlemes French are consistent in writing metre, theatre, generally seem so anxious to dance attendance barometre, and thermometre, all according to the on every distinguished foreigner who lands Greek, in which t precedes the r; but he is rather our shores; but his independence is likely vinconsistent in maintaining that because we write him of that misfortune. barometer, which was coined simultaneously in England and in France immediately from the Greek by scientific men, and in which, therefore, the English were less correct than their neighbors, the pigs," the boast and pride of the county that, therefore, we should also write meter and Wayne! We hope they are still cracking numbers. theater in order that our errors should be uniform. thriftily as ever on their master's premises, If Dr. Webster was sufficiently independent of the fer at present to the historian who has recor great body of modern English authorities to main- their merits, and immortalized their names. tain that they are wrong in writing centre, metre, it seems, has been cracking nuts too-nuts and theutre, we think his boldness would have up from the columns of the Post; and for been more properly exercised in an effort to con- them troublesome to the teeth, he resolve form the orthography of all such words derived "crackers," obviously from the Greek and Latin, to those unalterable originals. On this principle-the very kernels of those nuts. We judge so from the principle indeed upon which many of his other that the "crackers" were thrown at our der reforms are based-the English language might, heads as soon as they were tasted. We supp with general consent, be not only simplified, but by this time the New Era has received so fixed in many of its points to an unvarying stan- supply, and we hope the kernels will be tried

In spite of Dr. Webster's labors, we think we can observe a pretty general determination in this country to reject this innovation in the spelling of such words as metre and theatre. Our reason and taste are alike averse to a change which would require us to write these words incorrectly, merely the West. At Cincinnati, a paper was real because a large number of similar words have the Horticultural Society by the Secretary, in the

But with these and a few other inconsiderable investigations thus far made, appears to be reexceptions, we are compelled in justice to acknow- unsatisfactory. Professor Locke suggests at the compelled in justice to acknowledge the general soundness of those criticisms malcular origin, from the fact that the yellow with which the great American lexicographer has ter contains silex; but there seems to be urged his reforms. He has succeeded, to a great foundation for this opinion. Others regard extent, in reducing the laws of orthography to a the pollen of the cypress, which abounds so simple, intelligible code, which must commend it- in the Mississippi river. The question is self to the judgment of the student, whatever may one, and we would be glad to see it carefully be his preferences or prejudices.

It is very desiral le that this acquiescence is system, now become so general, should be universal. The fluctuations of language are to be remembered among the serious evils that fect society. They embarrass the progress of impede the march of science, impair the at of literature, and obstruct the intercourse of tions. It is impossible to prevent their occurrent but literary men should endeavor, as far as we ble, to give permanency to language, as a national of far more importance than either simplicity le uty. Whilst, therefore, we regret these is vations of Dr. Webster, because they have no tled our orthography, we must advocate a adoption as a means of future uniformity

THE LONDON TIMES This influential paper deserves the thanks of

true philanthropists, on both sides of the water. its fidelity in rebuking the hypocrisy of its collection mental cotemporaries. Whilst, the Duckes Sutherland and the many high-born dames have united with her in circulating the monsies. dress to the women of America, are playing upon Mrs. Stowe and other American abolities their elegant hysterics for "the poor oppress children of Africa," the Tames has been earness sands of the sewing girls of London, whose toil sufferings are endured for their benefit and the ure. The details of their wretchedness, as at ed in the columns of the Times, are shocking vond anything that even Mrs. Stowe has dan invent in the pages of her libelous fiction, andkindle universal indignation against that facble aristocracy of the British metropolis, in a

tering to whose frivolous vanities these me

are endured. The publication of "Uncle Tom's Calinresult, as we hope, in the end in some good real sufferers among men. It may indeed sands of the young women of London ar-But the truth is now quite apparent, that the pelled to choose ;--and that toil is endured

GAVAZZI.

too much upon the rationalistic or German -We know that this is the very point which dis- but as a politician we discover in his views

KERNELS.

No allusion to the owner of the "twenty fire"

There must have been some pungency in equal promptitude.

YELLOW RAIN.

THIS phenomenon, which has been freque

observed during the present season in this and vicinity, has excited a good deal of attest its nature was examined; but the result of at