

ORIGINAL POETRY.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

BY J. H. L. HUNTER.

The man who loves a rosy cheek
Within this world of sorrow;
Will find it, to his regret
"Twill wither on the morrow:
And should he place his heart upon
A star-lit eye of fire,
Soon will time its brightness quench
And cause it to expire.

But lofty, noble, virtuous minds
Withstand the shock of ages;
And leave mementoes of their worth
Upon our history's pages.
And generous thoughts and holy love
And calm and pure desires,
Will kindle in the hearts of all
Hope's never dying fires.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XIX.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1853.

Brevity—Death of New-Horticultural festival—The weather—How to bestow it—Children in the Crystal Palace—The character of the Exhibition—Philadelphia recent—Results of the Fair—Prof. Silliman's Tour in Europe—Dr. Chalmers' Correspondence.

MR DEAR POST: I do not intend to inflict upon your readers a long letter this week, and perhaps for the first time, since I and they have been "acquainted" I may have to close with an apology for the brevity of my periodical dispatch. The budget of news for the past seven days would be speedily exhausted. Literally nothing has transpired to frighten our planet, or at least this portion of it, out of its propriety since last I had the happiness of addressing you.

A pleasurable feature of the week was the anniversary of the New Horticultural Society, with its wondrous display of flowers—the poetry of the earth, as stars are said to be the poetry of the skies—and of fruits, which perhaps, by a poetical license, we may call the prose of the earth, or by any name which shall indicate the more substantial and satisfactory nature. I cannot tell you who exhibited the finest Dahlia, or who produced the best pair—not of dahlias, but *per se*—for I was unable to attend the pleasant festival of the gardeners.

The weather, has changed since I wrote to you last—and the piping notes of Autumn are becoming familiar to our ears. Instead of gatherings upon the balconies and doorsteps of the houses during the twilight—there are gatherings about the first fires of the season. You may hear, in the back parlour, the cheerful remark—"Well! I must say that a coal fire is a very pleasant thing," though a fortnight ago the man who uttered it would have been counted crazy. Circumstances do indeed alter cases. Happy now is that household, where the cellar is well stocked with the shining boards of carbon; and with the equally important piles of dry kindling wood;—for of what use is coal if you cannot make it burn! It is quite a different thing, my dear Post, to kindle a coal fire from that of igniting a stack of wood! When it is once fairly lighted, however, it burns in a manner to do the eyes good. How it glows and brightens! how it radiates its warmth into every corner of the room, mellowing the bright tints of the tapestry, flashing in the gilding and crystal of the chandelier, softening the lights and relieving the shadows of your favourite picture, and giving to the whole apartment an atmosphere of comfort and coziness which it never could wear in the dog-days, or in the dog-nights either.

I prefer the city, in the winter and the country in the summer. When the cold winds whistle around the farm-house, and the air is full of the whirling leaves—all brown and serene—the charm of the country is departed; and cannot be renewed, however bright the fire burns within the dwelling. In the city, upon the contrary—the winter aspect is delightful to me, for every thing is suggestive of the comfort within its walls. As the season advances into mid-winter, our home hours will multiply. The dinner, hitherto served at six, will be on the table at five; and the shutters will be closed and the gas burning brightly even at that hour. A long evening will follow—and unless extraordinary temptations take us abroad, it will be passed at home with books, or chess, or music, or it may be all happily combined.

There is a dark side to the picture of a city winter—would there were not! The poor rejoice not in the approach of winter, and of these there are, and must be, thousands in such a city as New York. They are the victims, it may be, of misfortune—of imprudence—of dissipation—of vice—but from whatever cause, they are objects of our pity, and I involuntarily say, as I think of their empty cellars, their cold hearth-stones, their destitution of food and clothing—"God help the poor!"

It seems strange that with the vast and well organized charities of this great city, there should yet be such an amount of want as there certainly does exist. Beggars infest our streets, and increase as surely as the population does. Would not that legislation be wise which should forbid all street mendicancy, and provide amply for the relief of the destitute at various points accessible to all? I am satisfied that if the private charities now indiscriminately bestowed, were to flow into some general reservoir for judicious distribution, they would alleviate two times the amount of suffering they now do. The bestowment of money upon street beggars is almost invariably an evil, for it is expended immediately at the dram shop, or if given to children too young yet to be drunkards, it is taken home to minister to the depraved appetites of a drunken father, or it may be—revolving as the thought is—a besotted mother! If there were established in this city a Bureau of charity, with sub-offices where the stranger could bestow his gift, assured that it would relieve actual want, and that worthily, such a bureau would receive from liberal hands enough to clothe all the naked and feed all the hungry in the city, even though the benefactions of the public were not a whit increased. But I am occupying too much space with this subject.

I have not had much leisure since I wrote last to devote to the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

An interesting feature of the attendance during the past week has been the introduction every day of five thousand children from the public schools. They are admitted gratuitously, in accordance with a provision in the grant, to the Association, of the land which the Palace stands on. This visitation is to continue during the present week, as there are about fifty thousand children connected with the public schools of this city. The little visitors make good use of their privilege, that is, they crowd as much fun and frolic into their half-day's holiday as they possibly can. Entering the Palace in an orderly manner, two and two, they are no sooner within and set at liberty by their teachers, than they disperse in all directions and run through the nave and courts and galleries of the building much as if they were playing "follow my leader" on the playground! The crowds of children, added to the multitudes of adult visitors which the fine weather has brought out, almost filled the Palace. I should think that there must have been seventy-five thousand persons within the building during the six days of last week.

The character of the exposition is no longer doubtful. Even the ill-natured, are compelled to grant that it is satisfactory, while the unprejudiced are free to declare that it surpasses their highest anticipations. It is a somewhat singular fact, but one which I am justified in declaring, that no portion of the country has been so faithful and unjust to the exhibition as Pennsylvania, and particularly Philadelphia. The papers in the "City of brotherly love" have breathed anything but a brotherly spirit towards the Crystal Palace—and are not magnanimous enough even now to do it justice. There is however another count in the indictment—and it is this: A very large proportion of the Philadelphia applicants for space have failed to occupy that which was apportioned to them. Were they afraid, at the last moment, to compete with their neighbors—or have they kept back from a still more unjustifiable cause—a desire to discredit the enterprise? If the latter supposition be true, they have signally failed—having discarded only themselves, and to some extent, their city.

Yes, my dear Post, the Crystal Palace is a great success. I do not know that it will put money into the purses of its stockholders—but it will infuse energy into the industrial ranks of our country—stimulating them to greater effort for future excellence in every branch of human labour. Our artisans have seen what Europe does, and where she excels them; and believe me, they will not long remain behind in the race. This great exhibition will give us more exquisite labours from American looms—brighter examples of art from American artists, and improved processes and results of mechanism in all the industrial arts. A debt of honor is due to the founders and executors of this international exhibition—and to those who have frowned upon it, whether from narrow-mindedness or more sordid motives, the public owe a meed of indignation, which I hope will be usefully bestowed upon them!

Let me turn, for a few moments, to my book table, and see what there is to challenge notice in this letter. A brace of volumes from the press of Putnam & Co., record the observations and experiences of the elder SILLIMAN—the distinguished physicist and accomplished scholar—during a twelve months' recent tour in Europe. They are full of varied interest—notwithstanding the fact that "every body knows all about Europe now-a-days." These volumes are the appropriate complement of Mr. Lyell's travels in the United States—with the advantage to the former that they possess more genuineness of spirit than was characteristic of the observations of the English geologist. Prof. Silliman was in Europe forty eight years ago, and his book might be called, not inappropriately, "Europe now and then"—for he delights to give us the contrasts which he cannot help seeing at every step of his progress. He has expended so much care upon his book both topographically and intellectually, that it will certainly become one of the few classics of European travel by Americans.

The Harpers have just published, among other excellent books, a volume of the "CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. CHALMERS"—edited by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna. Nothing that came from the pen of that great man will be without permanent value, and his correspondence is particularly full of the riches with which his mind and heart were stored.

Let me here make my best bow to your readers before by my continued gossip, I render my intimation of brevity, in the beginning of this letter—not only pointless but ridiculous—which would be unbecoming in one so grave as yours ever.

COSMOS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.]

SPEECH OF HON. A. W. VENABLE.

Before the two Societies of Wake Forest College, delivered Wednesday, June 8th, 1853. Raleigh: A. M. Gorham, Printer. Spirit of the Age Office.

We are not much accustomed to read Anniversary Addresses, and still less to eulogize them, for they have become almost as jejune and hackneyed as fourth of July orations. Their authors, in place of taking a useful and practical subject, and enforcing it with all that benignity, earnestness, and generous self-forgetfulness which should characterize the monuments of the departed to the immature mind, too frequently yield to the temptation of dealing in glittering common places, titillating the popular ear, and reaping a harvest of praise on these interesting occasions, from a pleased, and therefore, generous auditory. If this be not so, why is it that so many of them are condemned for pointless, obscure and general declamation? We have read many that were both subjectless and objectless, or if any were discoverable, the one was *self*, and the other its glorification. Such authors are very far from doing what Archbishop Whately, with admirable propriety and condensation of expression, terms "taking the restricted view of a subject." As Commencement Addresses form a large part of our literature, and one of the distinctive features of our nationality, (for they are almost unknown in Europe, on account of their fewness and the constitution of their Universities and Colleges,) they acquire an import which makes it desirable that they be excellent in matter and style.

The address whose title stands at the head of this critical notice, though not perhaps, coming up

to this high standard in all respects, is so replete with the garnered wisdom of experience and learning, so embellished with the beauties of expression, and diversified with appropriate and beautiful figures, that it is worthy of recommendation and general circulation. We know no way in which so much pleasure and profit could be imparted to American Students, at the same expense, as would be incurred by presenting each of them with a copy of this excellent address.

Elaborate criticism does not fall within the jurisdiction of a more critical notice, but we cannot forego the opportunity to commend the following parallel, which the able author draws between the genial feeling and generosity of the man of genius, and the selfishness and petty tyranny of the mediocre. He has made of it a mirror, in which these two characters may read their distinctive features.

We know that it appears almost ungrateful to find faults in so generous an offering on the shrine of letters, but as the "critic's eye" may be denied us, if we "pass all imperfections by," we inform our young readers that we think we see in some parts the want of strict logical connexion and that rhetorical smoothness and harmony, without which an unbroken continuity of thought is impossible.

Wake Forest College.

EXTRACT FROM MR. VENABLE'S ADDRESS.

"Of all the calamities which befall an age, the reign of mediocrity is the most deplorable. When mere dullness is in the ascendency there is hope of improvement. The dim eye may be reached and excited by the light, and enquiry may be awakened without the disturbing influence of suspicion. Dullness makes but few pretensions, and is satisfied with power. But mediocrity in attainments and intellectual gifts, having acquired power and influence, instinctively dreads comparison. It is avaricious of the esteem of the world, and is insensible to generous emotions. Under such control, orators give place to demagogues and ruffians; and statesmen are substituted by crafty intrigues. This is the necessary result of the reign of mediocrity in literature, science, art and statesmanship. Never rising high, of course it fixes its standard low. Conscious of the want of intellectual acumen, it is suspicious of those who are supposed to possess it. Limited in mental resources, it is niggardly in the communication of thoughts. Deficient in wisdom, it substitutes in its place the counterfeit currency. Afraid of frank and candid counsel, it seeks for it in instead of advisers. Feeling incapacity to control individual talent and attainments, reliance is placed upon party organization to resist the power of superior genius. Under this gloomy reign, mind slumbers, merit pines, and should talent make an unobtrusive assault upon the drowsy host, a victory over prejudice or a castigation of faulty teachers to permanent lesson. Small advantages, allures, and small points in policy absorb, and rules adopted without comprehending the philosophy which suggested them, are looked to exercise the spirit of disorder. Boldness of thought and independence of action are proscribed and denounced, and the tyranny of little men sustained for a season. Mediocrity and ignorance having obtained power, a war upon all that is elevated and liberal, is waged to the knife. Nor does science, art, taste or literature fare any better under this authority. Ignorance regards learning as a species of necromancy, or at best a useless accomplishment, and considers the elegancies of cultivated taste too expensive a necessity. The wisdom of the past and the experience of the present are regarded only as rubbish, except so far as it subserves the organization of party, or answers the ends of some political pillar. What does mediocrity care for the beauties of style or the sweet harmony of poetry? Of what use to it is the accumulated wisdom of ages? Fearing nothing so much as superiority, trembling at rivalry, and moved by the instinct of self-preservation, it hastens to inspire dread by smothering and destroying all that indicates the existence of the one or the other. "Necesse est multos vincat quem vult vincere." With the instinct of the Tyrant, it seeks safety in proscription, and security in the destruction of those whom jealousy distrusts or envy hates.

Mediocrity in authority rarely reasons, because incapable of high mental effort; hence, it substitutes apothegms and sayings, for reasons and principles, uses the names of virtues for the reality, and cabalistic terms for the wisdom of statesmanship—perceives greater evil in the disregard of party tactics than in the commission of actual wrong. For this reason it is eminently proscriptive, and unless some strong rebellion exposes its weakness and subverts its authority, the weight of its leaden sceptre would increase until the triumph of stupidity, more fatal than the incursion of barbarians, would overwhelm and overturn all that wisdom had discovered or experience fived. A dark age would supervene, and the spirit of men depressed by the tyranny of inferior minds, would take refuge under any strong arm which promised deliverance from such ignominious rule. But another and a more beneficent influence succeeds—a brighter reign where power legitimately belongs, and where success and distinction are secured and bestowed—the reign of genius, which is always generous. Talent develops, and mind expands under its dominion, and the competition which it produces, only illustrates by brilliant achievement, the high position which intellect may attain. Like the spring bursting from the mountain side, it has no distrust of the richness of the source, and leaps in shining cascades, or flows in transparent beauty beside a kindred stream; and the spirit of men depressed by the tyranny of inferior minds, would take refuge under any strong arm which promised deliverance from such ignominious rule. But another and a more beneficent influence succeeds—a brighter reign where power legitimately belongs, and where success and distinction are secured and bestowed—the reign of genius, which is always generous. Talent develops, and mind expands under its dominion, and the competition which it produces, only illustrates by brilliant achievement, the high position which intellect may attain. Like the spring bursting from the mountain side, it has no distrust of the richness of the source, and leaps in shining cascades, or flows in transparent beauty beside a kindred stream; and the spirit of men depressed by the tyranny of inferior minds, would take refuge under any strong arm which promised deliverance from such ignominious rule.

Genius collects jewels only to refresh the eyes of all by their light—accumulates treasures only to supply the wants of mind—gathers flowers to embellish by their beauty, and delight by their fragrance—smiles with pleasure upon every opening bud, expanding it by culture, and cherishing it by attention. Jealousy expresses in the salubrious atmosphere which surrounds it, and envy perishes for want of food. The scarcely fledged wing is sustained by its hand and taught to soar, and the timid, but gifted, stimulated to high adventure. Genius takes no pleasure in grovelling intrigues, has no sympathy with selfish enterprises, is not interested in the conflicts of little men, and has no tolerance for the ascendancy of trickery over merit. Genius tolerates freedom of enquiry, and rejoices in independence of thought—conscious of creative power, it delights in the high creations of others—possessing a common interest in the treasures of knowledge, it glories in every accumulation, without pausing to think who brought it to the common store—regarding the whole world of science, knowledge, eloquence, poetry and art, as one great field for kindred minds to enter and possess. It owns no right in any to appropriate, but to enjoy—not to exclude those who would enter, but to invite all to come. As the sparkling gem or the lovely flower can as easily delight a thousand eyes as one by its light or its beauty, so the creations of genius and of taste dispense their refreshing influences to the generations of mankind. The volumes of learning which have been given to the world, the history, poetry, and elegant literature, the temples, statues, and the canvass glowing with mimic life, are all the trophies of generous, prolific genius, which seeks for fair renown by doing justice to those who have gone before, and begins the pursuit by pro-

* Do not fear making whom so many fear.

claiming their praises. It catches the dying cadence of the song where it pauses, only to recreate and swell its melody, and vary and prolong its notes. With a kind and truthful hand it records the glories of its predecessors, or the marble which covers the dust—it holds communion with the great departed in the works which they have left as a legacy to the world, and brings bright minds of ages past into the family circle. These are the offices, the powers, the associations, and the triumphs of genius. It is here that you may come that you may be wiser, brighter and better. Here anthems of praise can employ every voice, and still retain the harmony. In this concentration of light, the roads to success and distinction are so clearly indicated that none can mistake them."

[WRITTEN FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.]

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—I request that the interest which I take in your excellent and useful paper may exempt me from the imputation of officiousness, when I suggest to you the giving of additional interest, beauty and usefulness to it, by occasionally giving short articles on Architecture, with accompanying illustrations from "Downing's Cottage Architecture," and similar works. There are periods in the history of every State, when the people seem to have a contagious spirit of building. Something of this kind I think is now discernible in North Carolina. It is admitted that there are few things in which we are more deficient than in Architecture. The State is covered with huge squares and parallelograms of painted weatherboards, which might have been built up into sightly and comfortable dwellings for one half of what they originally cost. It is needless to speak of the superior pleasures of traveling in a State covered with neat buildings, since comfort, health and even morality are so much promoted by them. Verb. Sat. Very respectfully,
WM. H. OWEN.

THE VINTAGE.

There have long existed plessing, and in some sort poetical, associations connected with the task of securing for human use the fruits of the earth; and to no species of crop do these picturesque associations apply with greater force than to the ingathering of the ancient harvest of the vine. From time immemorial, the season has typified epochs of plenty and fruitful heartiness—of good fare and of good will. The ancient types and figures descriptive of the vintage are still literally true. The march of agricultural improvement seems never to have set foot amid the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the East, so it is with the modern children of men. The graded ox still bears home the high-pressed grape-tub, and the feet of the trailer are still red in the purple juice. The scene is full of beauty, and of tender and even sacred associations. The songs of the vintagers frequently chorused from one part of the field to the other, ring blithely into the bright summer air, pealing above the rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted hither and thither. All the green jungle is alive with the moving figures of men and women, stooping among the vines or bearing pails and basketsful of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the rough vintage carts, groaning and creaking as they stagger along beneath their weight of purple tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and both sexes, and the careless variety of costumes, add additional features of picturesqueness to the scene. The white-haired old man labors with shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away. Quiet broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling elf-locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive-brown—black, flashing eyes—and hands and feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume and appearance supply the vintage with its pleasant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy questions, and more saucy retorts—of what, in fact, in the humble and unpoetic, but expressive vernacular, is called "chaff"—is kept up with a vigor which seldom flags, except now and then, when the butt-end of a song, or the twanging close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and procures for the *moroseca* a lusty *encore*. Meantime, the master wine-grower moves observantly from rank to rank. No neglected bush of fruit escapes his watchful eye. No careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent. He turns up the clusters to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

The reader will easily conceive that it is on the smaller properties, where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for household use, that the vintage partakes most of the festive nature. In the large and first class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is, as much as possible, made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintage of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbor helps neighbor to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labor merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighborly feeling, as in consideration of franc and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them, hard or rotten, going slapdash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small check upon the general state of careless jollity. Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage the joyous songs and chorusses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

Yet discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, and full of the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—the half-naked, stalwart men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay red-

and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolic, and the gray headed old men tottering cheerfully a down the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality.

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WORK vs. AGITATION.

Human Society has been very aptly compared to a bee-hive. It has its drones, its workers, and its occasional swarms. The similitude, however, fails when we consider that "swarming" is done among men generally by a distinct class, who are chosen to occupy what would seem to be to agitate and to found the rest of mankind. The relative numbers of these three classes of men are different in different places. In some countries, as Turkey, the drones have a decided preponderance. In others, such as England and Germany, we find the workers in the ascendency—half is the great majority of the intelligent classes are heartily engaged in physical or intellectual labor on the great highway of life, too prudent and practical for the pursuit of visionary good, and too energetic and spirited to indulge in an indolent repose. But there are some parts of the world where a very large portion of the people seem to entertain an equal aversion for profitable toil and the monotony of idleness. They live on agitation. They swarm like bees on particular occasions, with an activity altogether disproportionate to the results that follow. In certain sections of the United States the swarms have become periodical, and their operations are conducted with systematic madness. They are growing in importance, and must form an interesting and instructive feature in our future history.

For many years past, our own State has not distinguished herself for activity of any kind. We observe with pleasure, however, that new life begins to show itself among her people, and feel encouraged to hope that hereafter she will progress in the path of improvement with a commendable zeal. We would therefore humbly warn our readers that this progress must be retarded, rather than advanced, by excessive agitation. It is chiefly by a well directed energy in the use of the ordinary means at our command, that society or individuals are apt to succeed in their efforts to attain prosperity and distinction. It is a practical question of much moment whether the reviving spirit of enterprise in North Carolina shall expend itself in wild and theoretical schemes, or pursue the more ordinary channels of useful labor and persevering exertion. Upon our present choice depends much of our future improvement. Looking to the example of more prosperous states, our eyes are apt to be arrested by those remarkable social phenomena which are continually recurring there, and to overlook the more reasonable and noiseless operations of the machinery to which their progress is due; and hence we often attribute the wealth and power of those States to circumstances which have nothing to do with their improvement, but which actually interfere with it. It is not, to be more explicit, the agitation on the surface of New England society that constitutes its strength. It is her enlightenment, her morality, her self equality, and the working habits of her people that have made her the wonder and admiration of the world. The fanaticism displayed by many of her people, and the fondness for trick and humbug that has been generally attributed to them, are the effects of redundant vigor misapplied, and by no means the principal elements of her power. There cannot be too much energy and enterprise manifested by our people, if they would undertake the leading States of the Union. But it must be energy of a substantial and steady character—it must be energetic directed to those objects with a true and persevering recognition among the elements of social prosperity. These cannot be successfully maintained without labor. If we are to become a great, populous, and powerful Commonwealth, we will have to work for the distinction—to work hard, physically and intellectually, in the great laboratory where all lasting fortunes are made. We must neither be drones nor agitators, if we wish to contribute to the public good. These two classes are so many burdensome encumbrances, subtracting upon the undeserved bounty of the community. Their multiplication in the bosom of society is a misfortune and a disease, and ought to be repressed by every influence that can be contrived.

There are a thousand well known channels in which a patriotic public spirit can easily flow. Whenever there is a tendency to improve our agriculture, to extend our commerce, to increase our manufactures, or to develop the mineral wealth that lies so abundantly beneath the soil, is worthy of encouragement and cultivation. The education of the people, and their moral improvement, the promotion of literature, science, and the useful arts in our midst—all these are worthy of an increased interest and of greater perseverance of effort on the part of our citizens. Let us imitate our northern friends in the promotion of these and similar objects, and at the same time shun the errors they have so often committed in the exuberance of their visionary zeal.

In fine, let the number of our workers multiply as rapidly as possible. They are the true patriots, the true friends of humanity after all, who apply their shoulders to the wheel and roll forward the car of improvement with a steady progress. The noisy agitation can only arouse a temporary excitement, which necessarily succeeded by subsequent apathy. When we teach by example, the influence we exert is healthful and lasting, and therefore infinitely to be preferred.

THE NEW COACH.

A splendid new passenger coach constructed by Mr. J. R. Harrison of this city has just been put upon the track of the Raleigh & Gaston road, and is really an object of novel interest to our citizens. Mr. Harrison deserves great credit for the equally elegant and substantial style in which he has turned out his job, and the President of the Company also deserves the thanks of the community for his considerate preference of home manufactures.

FLUCTUATIONS OF FAME.

The rapidly with which literary reputations are won and lost at the present day is truly amazing. Within the last few years a large number of names have risen suddenly to notice, have been triumphantly displayed to make way for more at the same time. Some will doubtless reappear to shine with steady light, and perhaps be destined in permanent orbits, whilst many are pronounced from view never to return. We hardly need mention now of Tennyson, Tupper, De Quincy, Melville, and a number of similar aspirants for posthumous and immortal fame. Amongst and a different galaxy of modern gnomes is taken by Alexander and Jane Eyre, and Alexander Smith, on the one hand, and on the other, with Mitchell, Mrs. Stowe, and Read, and the like on the other, have within the past year been enjoying in a peculiar manner the season of success. Mrs. Stowe has just published her new novel, and for Alexander Smith we are indebted to his rays by the meretriciousness of her work for fame! How uncertain are its triumphs and how precarious its decision!

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

We learn from the *Vindicator* of Station No. 1, Dr. E. C. FISHER, formerly of this place, and now of Richmond, has been appointed Superintendent of the North Carolina Lunatic Asylum. Dr. Fisher was in this city a few days ago, and we learn he has been confidentially from himself, but the announcement of the *Vindicator* enables us to refer to his proper place. We do not know that Dr. F. has definitely accepted of this temporary appointment, but since we know he has done so, we have known him for many years, and we cheerfully testify to his worth. He has an excellent and much experience in regard to the treatment of the insane obtained from actual residence for some length of time in the Western Asylum of Virginia. Should he accept the situation, he will reside in Raleigh, as the provision requiring residence at the Asylum has been repealed.

The communication of Prof. Owen refers to a very important objection, which we are glad he has so happily, though briefly, pointed out. As the proprietor of the Post is absent, we can say nothing as to the practicality of adopting his suggestion, but have no question of its utility.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.
The apprehensions of a general war in Europe growing out of the difficulty between Russia and Turkey appear to be gradually subsiding, and a public mind on that continent is returning to its ordinary state of tranquility. The czar having ordered the Pruth according to his threat, seemed to enforce his claims by the permanent occupation of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. The diplomacy of England, France, and Austria, however, succeeded in inducing him to withdraw his forces. This movement was not effected without having yielded to the influence of its selfish interests to a great extent conceded to Russia in the terms of the final adjustment has not been reached, but it is a course impossible for Turkey to contend alone against the Colossus of the North.

The way in which the matter has been managed quite amusing to the distant observer. It resembles one of the artifices so frequently employed by Russia in the field, of rescuing his heroes who in peril the intervention of a cloud. The diplomatic dispatch agents in the service of the respective governments contrived to get up as great a number of contradictory reports as possible, and thus induced the czar in a complete fog, behind which poor Russia Turkey was compelled to back out from her position—whilst Russia apparently retreats in her evacuating the provinces. It has been generally, not creditably feared.

The hopes, the fears, the expectations of the world have thus been disappointed for a time, and all old provoking uncertainty broods darkly over the nations of the old world. Hungary and Italy seem to a little longer before the day of their deliverance. Russia must bide her time, and embrace the opportunity to make herself mistress of the Danube. Louis Napoleon must postpone his operations on the Rhine, and content himself with negotiating his book of fate.

But the day of doubt will not be long, impossible that so many elements of discord should exist that now crushes Europe to the earth, and leaves itself the seeds of its own dissolution. The guiding of the claim will finally move forward, and the people will certainly be like an avalanche, drive their oppressors from the land they are being cursed with their presence.

RAILWAYS IN FRANCE.

A recent correspondent of the New York *Vindicator* writing from France, makes the remark that a revolution has occurred in France by railroads, and that the people of the United States by a more direct treaty with our own almost daily roads of the continent. It is also interesting, because it shows the railroad system can be managed with a sacrifice of human life. We suppose that travel in France is less than with us, and that they are said to be considerably wider. The doubt a much larger number of passengers always in attendance upon the great railroads than the despotic character of the government is to exercise a far more violent and ungodly than is possible in this country. It is not why the several companies may not be consolidated and increase the number of their stations and sentinels, so as to accomplish to a great extent the same result. No expense ought to be spared to left untried to diminish the awful amount of slaughter which our railways are constantly causing. The lives of our citizens, the character of our country, and a first-class economy, all are early and effectual reform.

THE DEAF & DUMB AND THE END.

We would again call the attention of our readers to a distance to these two classes, for who-ed the State has made so liberal a provision. It is strange, but true, that there are many people in business who are still ignorant of the fact, and a still more so, unless the more enlightened citizens near them take sufficient interest in the subject to form them of it. Our country population is so full of the wealth and power of those States to circumstances which have nothing to do with their improvement, but which actually interfere with it. It is not, to be more explicit, the agitation on the surface of New England society that constitutes its strength. It is her enlightenment, her morality, her self equality, and the working habits of her people that have made her the wonder and admiration of the world. The fanaticism displayed by many of her people, and the fondness for trick and humbug that has been generally attributed to them, are the effects of redundant vigor misapplied, and by no means the principal elements of her power. There cannot be too much energy and enterprise manifested by our people, if they would undertake the leading States of the Union. But it must be energy of a substantial and steady character—it must be energetic directed to those objects with a true and persevering recognition among the elements of social prosperity. These cannot be successfully maintained without labor. If we are to become a great, populous, and powerful Commonwealth, we will have to work for the distinction—to work hard, physically and intellectually, in the great laboratory where all lasting fortunes are made. We must neither be drones nor agitators, if we wish to contribute to the public good. These two classes are so many burdensome encumbrances, subtracting upon the undeserved bounty of the community. Their multiplication in the bosom of society is a misfortune and a disease, and ought to be repressed by every influence that can be contrived.

FLUCTUATIONS OF FAME.

The rapidly with which literary reputations are won and lost at the present day is truly amazing. Within the last few years a large number of names have risen suddenly to notice, have been triumphantly displayed to make way for more at the same time. Some will doubtless reappear to shine with steady light, and perhaps be destined in permanent orbits, whilst many are pronounced from view never to return. We hardly need mention now of Tennyson, Tupper, De Quincy, Melville, and a number of similar aspirants for posthumous and immortal fame. Amongst and a different galaxy of modern gnomes is taken by Alexander and Jane Eyre, and Alexander Smith, on the one hand, and on the other, with Mitchell, Mrs. Stowe, and Read, and the like on the other, have within the past year been enjoying in a peculiar manner the season of success. Mrs. Stowe has just published her new novel, and for Alexander Smith we are indebted to his rays by the meretriciousness of her work for fame! How uncertain are its triumphs and how precarious its decision!

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