

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XX.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1853.

Getting high—The Letting tower—A light which never shows—View from the summit—Dinner—Cheap day at the Crystal Palace—The Mineralogical Cabinet—Gold—Mineral wealth—Weapons of war—Naval Architecture—An old rowing race—Life-boat and bucket—The Hulsemann and Marcy Correspondence—The Mud Cabin, or the poor of England.

MY DEAR POST: Did you ever get high? Par-don the question, and do not for a moment, suppose that I design to be inquisitive concerning your relations, past or present, to the Temperance Society; but in a plain up and down sense, speaking perpendicularly—did you ever get high? Were you ever, for instance, to ask a cool question—on the summit of Mont Blanc? Did you ever ascend the loftiest peak of the Andes? Were you ever on the top of Bunker Hill monument—or, did you ever go up the Letting Tower in this goodly city? In this latter-wise I got high myself, only the other day. The "little folks" who accompanied me, and for whose gratification I went, counted the steps, and made them something over 300; but I do not remember the odds. You know that this tall structure rises just north of the Crystal Palace and was built expressly to indulge the towering ambition of the multitudes which the exhibition was expected to draw into its vicinity. I am not posted up, as the phrase is—regarding the income of the tower; but I greatly fear that it has been much less than its Babylonian builders anticipated. The lantern upon its summit has certainly never been lighted up with that wonderful Drummond light which was to irradiate the whole city and bay of New York—and thus enable both the city fathers and the moon to economize their feeble light during the shining of the tower lamp. I confess to a great feeling of disappointment in this matter. That wonderful light took my fancy, and I was impatient for the kindling of its rays. But, alas! I have ceased to look for it. They will never raise it now. If they only had the extraordinary Fresnel light, now exhibited in the Crystal Palace, at the summit of their tower, it would be a sight worth seeing from the harbor or the surrounding shores of the river and the bay.

The view from the top of the Letting tower is fine enough, certainly, to compensate any one who climbs thither. It embraces a vast extent of landscape and water view of great beauty—and lacking indeed only the mountainous feature to make it unsurpassable. The eye ranges over all the suburbs of the metropolis, and if the day is clear, takes in, without telescopic aid, the graceful outline of High Bridge—upon which the Croton aqueduct crosses the Harlem River, in its compulsory passage to the city. Along the line of the Hudson—the American Rhine—it compasses the palisade rocks for many miles of their range, while upon the east river side it scans the beautiful and picturesque villages of Long Island, and the remote waters of the sound. The sea-ward view, has a vast and curious foreground of metropolis—a forest of buildings with steeples for its lofty pines, and swelling domes for the round green crowns of its mighty oaks. It is a strange and motley scene. At your feet a world in visible commotion—with but feeble tokens rising to disturb the serene with which you are atmospheric. The crowds upon the balconies of the palace seem to be children—except that they are to stand and quit—and the cars upon the rail-ways have a surprising resemblance to the larger class of miniature railway cars in Christmas toy-shops.

But I must descend from my elevation, congratulating myself upon the possibility of coming down without any risk of either breaking my neck—metaphorically of course—or of incurring the ridicule of your readers. Very convenient things, indeed, are stairs;—blessings on the man who first invented them! The Letting tower is not the only "speculation" in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace which has turned out to be a "sinking fund." You would be surprised to see how many of the shops and restaurants which spring up like mushrooms in the summer, are now tenantless and closed. The numerous exhibitions of ravenous alligators—mammoth cows, five legged pigs, tame tigers and wild men hold their own with amazing tenacity. I fear that they and their owners must be living up on short allowance; but I suppose that they continue to pick up a good many shillings from some of "our country cousins" who are on their first visit to the metropolis.

On Saturday the Crystal Palace was opened for the first time to visitors at twenty-five cents each, and as you may suppose the attendance was greatly increased. The day was not a very pleasant one, or, in all probability, the throng would have been vastly greater than it was.

I think I have not yet introduced your readers to the Mineralogical Cabinet of the Exhibition. This is a commodious room erected in the angle formed by the South-side of the palace and the machine arcade. It had been arranged under the direction of Prof. Silliman—the younger—and for the scientific visitor possesses a great degree of attraction. The mineral wealth and resources of many countries are here represented—of the wealth, California exhibits the lion's share. There is one case which contains at least a hundred thousand dollars worth of gold—from the mines of the Yankee Chersonesus. There is one lump, or nugget, which will weigh, I should fancy, twenty pounds—but the most imposing masses are in the shape of ingots, with the stamp of the U. S. Mint upon their yellow faces. The minerals are well displayed, and plainly labelled—very conspicuous among them is an Emerald from New Grenada. It is as large as a pigeon's egg and one of the finest probably in the world. The German collection of minerals is exceedingly valuable. England has contributed not a little to the interest of the cabinet by some magnificent fossils and ammonites of the latter relics of the old world. Austria sends various fine specimens. I noticed some apparently eighteen inches in diameter. The varieties of valuable ores from all parts of the American continent, and particularly from our own ample territory form no inconsiderable part of the display. Inside the cabinet are innumerable specimens of gold and silver and copper and lead; while outside are enormous masses of coal and granite and marble—all the product of our own mines. The catalogue of this beautiful

and admirable collection is expected to appear in a few days. The revised edition of the general catalogue is now in press—and its appearance is looked for with much interest.

I have not yet attempted, I believe, to give your readers any account of the four great divisions of the Crystal Palace—but have confined my observations to the objects of the nave and additional buildings. I remember, however, that I did invite them in one letter to the inspection of the interior Court, occupied by classes 2, 3 and 4 in the United States. Classes 5 and 6 were glanced at in the machine arcade. Class 7, comprehending civil Engineering and Architecture, presents no great feature to challenge special notice, unless, it may be, a model of an elevated railway for Broadway—the same one to which I referred at some length in an early letter of this series. Class 8 embraces naval architecture, and all sorts of military appliances, and affords material for much observation, though my glance thereat will be a very hasty one. In one Court there are collected government cannon, muskets, rifles, swords, &c.; a brilliant and formidable array of deadly weapons, which the selfishness and wickedness of human nature have rendered an essential part of national policy. Notwithstanding the diffusion of knowledge and of Christianity, the time has not yet come "when the nations shall not learn war any more."

There also are models of all sorts of vessels for navigating rivers and seas—from the pilot-boat of friendly office, to the Mammoth steamship, which, in these days, almost unites the old world and the new world. There are various new and most ingenious modifications of the old idea of repeating or multiplying fire arms—Colt's, Porter's and half a dozen others, contending for the palm of superiority. It is curious to turn from these beautiful and surprising weapons, to the collection of arms from the tower of London, and there to find guns, of very rude construction, but involving the very principle which characterizes these modern devices. "Surely," we say as we look at the rusty old weapons with changeable barrels—"there is nothing new under the sun."

Among the naval appliances in this class, I noticed a Life Boat and Bucket combined. It is convenient in either capacity on board ship, and when thrown into the sea is capable of supporting two persons. Such an invention as this is of the first importance and must speedily be adopted by all ships and steamboats.

I have not time or space to describe all the novelties which this class presents. There are new wheels for propelling boats—new engines for steering them—new methods of caulking and rigging them—and a score of other new contrivances, illustrative of the restless ingenuity of the human mind—and of the greatness of the interests of navigation.

I shall have too much to say of class 9, devoted to Agricultural interests, to begin at the end of a letter. So I will reserve it for next week, and hereafter pursue my observations through all the successive classes of the great Exhibition.

In the political world, the correspondence of Ministers Hulsemann and Marcy, has raised some thing of a breeze—though the former is so completely hidden in the dust which has been kicked up to it, to use an expressive piece of slang—he is "no star." A lazier attempt to justify an arrogant and illiberal government in an unwarrantable interference with international rights, has certainly never illustrated the "shadows" of diplomacy—than the letter of the Austrian official.

In book-land there are various novelties without much more than ordinary interest. I am reading a book, not very poetically styled "The Mud Cabin"—just published by Appletons. It is a picture drawn and colored with the most absolute freedom. I may say with the largest license, of the poverty of England. With a terrible apprehension that it may be all too true, I confess to a continual feeling of revolt at the dark and dismal picture—so utterly in contrast it is with all the familiar and cherished ideas—inseparable from my thoughts of happy England and especially of her rural delights, which Mr. ISHAM annihilates with a pen truthful and uncompromising hand. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as a picture of social ills and shame in the South, is completely thrown into the background by "the Mud Cabin" upon the fair and fertile fields of "merry England." It is impossible to conceive of degradation such as that which is there pointed out. I shall refer to the book again perhaps in a critical mood. It is necessary now that I come to a somewhat abrupt close and subscribe myself

Yours hastily,
COSMOS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

Messrs. Editors: If at first sight our glorious commonwealth resembles more a colony than an homogeneous body of people, it cannot be doubted that the Anglo-American race already bears features of a very peculiar kind, which might be properly termed a national stamp. I shall not enumerate any of these, but merely remark that proportionally as the original genius of the Americans enlarges the sphere of our action, knowledge and importance, it also develops to the extreme, our strange aspirations for the marvellous, and our implicit faith in the veracity, learning and might of the million's pretended organs.

We boast of our keenness, and sneer at our people's credulity. A live Yankee is, in our opinion, the very personification of human shrewdness, and a true Southern the standard of discriminating wit; yet, nowhere else will we find enlightened communities, which, as a mass, can be so easily deluded, depressed or carried away by enthusiasm or dejection, mirth or sadness, at "sixteen lines for one dollar."

An unmerciful scraper, a horse songstress or a stuffed mermaid, will attract, in large cities, as well as in villages, crowds of individuals, who often stake their last quarter on the faith of a puff, boldly decorated with the most dazzling array of dashes, commas and exclamation points; and who invariably return home, convinced that they have heard the greatest "fiddler in the world," the sweetest voice "in the world," and seen a genuine wonder "of the world." In the meantime, a Vieuxtemps, a Gungle or an Albini, will have to send forth truly melodious sounds to an empty house, just be-

cause these real artists are unwilling to be puffed up in newspapers of all sizes, and handbills of all colors, by the side of the Mustang Liniment or Jew David's Hebrew Plaster.

Nor is it on the stage only that these unaccountable starts of fancy lead astray our good hearted countrymen. We can trace them in the glowing reviews of unread or misunderstood books; in the announcement of wonderful cures accomplished by infallible Bread Pills; in the notice of lectures, said to have been delivered before a fashionable and thronged audience, when there were probably no other hearers in the room, but the eloquent lecturer, a policeman and the sleepy reporter.

These candid remarks are not exaggerated, and, as for one, I confess to have often fallen the victim of my enthusiastic "Weekly." But, pray, Messrs. Editors, how could I possibly resist? Its leaders are so witty, so learned and so modest; its dispatches "in advance" both of the mail and time, so well set off; its reports of the concerts, circuses, shows and menageries, so impartial and so flowery; its reviews of newly issued periodicals and magazines, so erudite, so profound, so original and yet so simple! No, indeed, I could not; neither could you. The most experienced eye can never detect in its unsophisticated columns a single idle assertion, nor the least "reckless statement." You may read it safely; it will not "throw your mind" into positions calculated to confound all proper perception of historical truth. I confess that it sometimes employs terms in an "extravagantly fanciful sense," and often "sports with language," but it is always in such ambiguous sentences, flanked with so many antitheses, that you can hardly detect the real hue of its meaning. However, it is only when my impartial "Weekly" thinks it of high import to its reputation for candor and scholarship to revise the palmed taste of its readers, by a few well touched off criticisms, that it is truly great. The keen cuts are then irresistible, and after it has once more enlarged upon the scientific assertions which Colfax heard John Smith and Billy Patterson repeat so often, he majestically condescends not to carp at the whole article—and the reader feels thankful for it. As for its puns and jeux de mots—why they are heralded, copied and imitated from one end of the Union to the other, and keep public attention alive all the year round. I tell you, gentlemen, it is a very great "Weekly."

Strange to say, it is not every one who thinks so. It was a matter of great astonishment to me, when I heard a friend of mine finding fault, some time last week, with that scientific periodical. It seems that in a moment of hatred for the readers of a certain magazine, he dared to publish a sort of essay on some unknown character of ancient times. Eager to make a show, and still more to avoid all reckless historical statements, he laboriously dived into the archives and dusty folios of our libraries; and when perfectly sure that in point of fact and chronology, his article was unquestionable, he gave it "to the world." Few read it, one liked it, except one, perhaps through kindness for his author, who, after all, is a pretty clever fellow.

My friend was very anxious to have his lucubrations criticized. "I write neither for fame nor money," said he, "and I would deem it a great favor if any of my well-wishers would only point out to me the numberless mistakes they cannot but detect." His wishes were at last gratified. A country paper of very great fame and literary influence within the limits of its own peninsula, freely, and for the advancement of human knowledge, undertook the job.

I do not remember having seen an author so completely disappointed. "Could you believe," remarked he to me, with all the signs of an unwholesome astonishment, "that my censor instead of carping at some of the numerous defects of my essay, has just selected the only unquestionable point?—his historical statements; why, sir, it is its only merit! If that great and infallible critic had only condescended to point out the place where I was reckless, brought authorities to prove that my assertions were unfounded, and named the looks where the contrary is shown, he might have rendered a great service both to myself and the classical world—for I gathered all the facts set forth, from authors of heretofore unimpeached veracity."

Here, however, I was unable to restrain myself, and asked him how in the world he could have the effrontery to pick his Plutarch, his Dio, his Bayle, against my learned "Weekly." I immediately saw the effect of my remark; he was unable to answer it, and therefore yielded the point. Yet, there was another censure, on the subject of which I found him unmanageable. "I tell you, Philo," continued my astonished friend, "I tell you that Bacon is not the inventor of the inductive method, and that it is wrong to say that Aristotle taught an arbitrary system of philosophy. No scholar, no man who has read, only read, the works of the Stagyrte, can possibly doubt that the whole of his method rests upon induction. His very syllogism is reared upon induction: 'On the one hand, I verily believe that induction is the foundation; on the other, syllogism springs from induction,' says the great Pyripaetic in the sixth Book of his Morals."

"But pray, what do you care for bare assertions on my part? A mere statement from any one, on a historical question, even from your very erudite 'Weekly,' is of no value whatever. I will then give you facts which must prove and convince."

I raised my eyes to heaven, and prepared myself for a dry dissertation. I knew that my friend was fond of showing his learning—especially when supported by his worthless classics. But he could not shake my conviction. My "Weekly" is, and always will be, my authority against the world!

"That we owe to the inductive philosophy all the strides made in the path of progress, is plain enough," said he, as he came back from the library, carrying the heavy burden of a worn-out folio; "but you have no reason whatever to ascribe to Bacon the merit of having invented or substituted the laws of the inductive method. To advance such an extravagant fallacy is a 'remarkable disregard of the rival claims of these two celebrities.' Sir, the method of induction has been in all ways existed, but it always was taught almost in the very words of the *Novum Organum*. Aristotle, in his First Analytics, established his doctrine by trains of reasoning; and as reasoning must proceed from certain first principles, as the Rev. William Whewell justly observes, it remains to know whence these first principles obtained. Now, Philo, hear the Stagyrte: 'They are the result of

experience, says he, and are obtained by induction. * * * * * The way of reasoning is the same in philosophy, and in any art or science: we must collect the facts (Ta Hyparchonta) and the things to which the facts happen, and must have as large a supply of these as possible, and then we must examine them according to the terms of syllogisms.' Aristotle then proceeds to show from his Problems, treatises on "Colors," on "Sound" and his Natural History, that he has omitted none of the facts and properties which belong to the subject. In the "Later Analytics," he not only says "that it is impossible to have universal theoretical propositions except by induction," but he most emphatically asserts in the "Topics," that "the inductive method of reasoning is the clearest, the most convincing, being the most easily apprehended by sense, and therefore in common use."

"You hear me, Philo? First Book, 30th paragraph of Analyt. Prior. First Book, para. 18 of Analyt. Post. Moral. Book VI, chap. 3. Topica. Book, 1 ch., X. No., my dear friend, the 'via vera sed intentia' of Bacon, though so often repeated by himself and the partial votaries of his creed, does not entitle him to the extravagantly fanciful praises lavished on him by the vulgar and your 'Weekly.' If the great Verulam really, 'substituted the inductive philosophy for that arbitrary system which has descended from the Grecian sage,' how is it that we owe the greatest number of modern inventions to Italy, where the Baconian philosophy has not been even yet introduced?

Moreover, long before the publication of the *Novum Organum*, Leonardo declared, almost in the same words, "that the phenomena of nature ought to be solved by a rigid investigation of facts," and as a practical example, he suggested the very theory of Geology so successfully advocated nowadays. The Copernican system, the Telescope and the discoveries of Galileo, although based upon the inductive method, did not spring out of the "*Organum*" or "*Experimentum Crucis*," either. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; Paracelsus re-established the principles of the science of Chemistry; Agricola commenced Mineralogy; Gutenberg invented printing; Columbus and Vasco de Gama discovered a new world, before Bacon's works were even known to his contemporaries.

"Now, Philo, allow me to tell you that my object in refuting the 'reckless statement' of your learned 'Weekly,' is not to disparage Bacon, and hold up Aristotle as an infallible philosopher. No, I admire both, but I cannot possibly give to Caesar what belongs to Brutus."

"Philo, you are young, let me offer you good advice. It will never do to oppose common places, generalities and idle assertions to FACTS; and before boldly taxing any one with 'recklessness' and 'extravagance,' you must always have your mind pretty well stored with logical reasons and conclusive proofs; else, people will say of you what Bishop Berkeley was wont to remark of the 'Weeklies' of his time. 'Many an empty head is shaken at Plato and Aristotle, that never comprehended their doctrines.'"

HORRIBLE PHENOMENON.

It is not generally known, says the Charleston Courier, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea-side. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of a Mr. Goffard; in 1808, a Miss J. M. Chase was placed in it; and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of the Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were found much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, not again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819 a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situation—that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move, it) was cemented by masons, and though the floor was of sand there were no marks of footsteps or water. Again the vault was opened in 1819. Lord Combermere was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with the heads down, and others up. "What could have occasioned this phenomenon? In no other vault in the island had this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault? These were the questions asked by a Barbadoes Journal at the time; and no one could afford a solution.

The matter gradually died away, until the present year, when, on the 16th of Feb. the vault was again opened, and all the coffins were again thrown about as confusedly as before. A strict investigation took place, and no cause could be discovered. Was it, after all, that the sudden bursting forth of noxious gas from one of the coffins could have produced this phenomenon? If so, it is against all former experience. The vault has been hermetically sealed again—when to be re-opened we cannot tell.

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some years ago, at Ilauton, in Suffolk. It is stated that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault was properly closed, when again, another of the family dying, they were again found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it) was found on the fourth step which led down to the vault; and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this.

LOSS OF AN ARM.—When Nelson visited the Royal Naval Hospital, at Yarmouth, after the battle of Copenhagen, he went round the wards, stopped at every bed, and to every man said something kind and cheering. At length, he stopped opposite to a bed on which was lying a sailor who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, when the following short dialogue ensued:—"Lost Jack, what's the matter with you?"—"Lost my right arm, your honor." Nelson paused, looked down at his empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully—"Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, my brave fellow."

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Mr. H. P. DOTTIER is our authorized agent for the States of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TEXAS.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FALLING SPRING, GREENBRIER CO., VA., September 23d, 1853.

REVEREND SENIORS:—You might naturally fear from my long silence, that in my rambles through the rugged mountains of Virginia, I had tumbled over some one of the many "tall cliffs" that "lift their awful forms" to the heavens in this wild and picturesque country, or had fallen headlong into some foaming, mountain torrent, and been dashed to atoms on its rocky bed. Not so, however; for, although I have been climbing the rough mountain sides and leaping the noisy mountain streams, nothing about me has been injurious save the soles of my boots: Thanks to a preserving Providence, I am yet safe, and perhaps a little sounder than I was when I left the "sunny south," seated comfortably, just now, beside a blazing fire, in the only store supported by the section of country around "Falling Spring." Just in front of the store, in a deep ravine, a bold stream of most delicious water gushes from the solid rock, and wends its way to the Greenbrier river, about the half of a mile distant. Hence the name of the little village at this point, comprising a tavern, a store, a blacksmith's shop, and a tailor's shop; and just on the hill stands a little hut, in which, I am informed, an industrious carpenter earns a living by his trade.

Since my arrival at "Falling Spring," I have been living in the woods, which are now literally thronged with wild pigeons on their annual tour of emigration to a more southern clime. As I write, large flocks are bending the trees in front of the door, and I am almost tempted to exchange my pen for a fowling-piece. I am tempted, but I have so long neglected you that I must resist. Pheasants are also abundant on the surrounding hills, while wild ducks and other water fowl are found on the river below. Deer are not as plentiful in this, as in other sections of the country. Speaking of deer reminds me of a recent visit to the residence of a country gentleman, who has a park of eight or ten acres, in which I saw as many of those beautiful animals, basking in the shadows of the trees or walking leisurely over the hills. To gratify my curiosity, my obliging and hospitable friend put his dogs upon their trail. I could see the chase distinctly, and a prettier sight I have rarely ever witnessed. Away went the agile creatures, with heads erect and tails aloft, leaping high into the air, over bushes and rocks and even young trees, with as much ease and gracefulness as the most scientific *dansereuse* would execute the polka. The dogs in hot pursuit and full cry seemed juberly, when compared to the noble game which they pursued, and yet, I am informed, there are many dogs that excel the deer in speed. As I saw the deer leaping, with fearful carelessness, down precipices almost impassable to man, and ascending others with equal facility, I could scarcely conceive it possible to capture them, save by the bullet of the rifleman. But enough of game. I love the mountains, let me talk awhile of them.

From Staunton, I traveled in a private conveyance to Lewisburg, the county-seat of Greenbrier, of which I will say a word presently. Since I left Staunton I have scarcely seen any thing but mountains. There is nothing particularly striking about North Mountain, which I crossed the first day from Staunton, but from the top of the Warm Spring Mountain—how shall I describe the magnificent view that breaks upon the vision from that dizzy eminence? It is grand, sublime, beyond description. It is four miles, by the road, from the eastern base of the Warm Spring Mountain to its summit. Ascending, nothing is to be seen but overhanging trees, of luxuriant foliage, on either side; but upon reaching the top, an involuntary exclamation of wonder and admiration bursts forth from the beholder. To the east, range after range of mountains lie side by side, in beautiful regularity, as far as the eye can reach. Through the intermediate valleys, bold sparkling streams dash rapidly along. Far down below, at the eastern base of the mountain, may be seen the "Bath Alum Springs," a very palace in the wilderness, and to my taste, the loveliest of the many lovely spots in the mountains. At the western base lies the "Warm Springs," no less imposing in locality, if less striking in point of architectural beauty. The whole scene is one of surpassing grandeur, and as the eye dwells upon it, the mind naturally rises "through nature up to nature's God." "How wonderful are thy works, O, God!" "All thy works do praise thee."

I neglected to state that along the North Mountain, workmen are now engaged in the construction of the western extension of the Virginia Central Railroad. What a sight it will be to the "natives," when the iron horse first comes snorting over these mountain heights!

In the further progress of my journey to Lewisburg I crossed two spurs of the Alleghany Mountains. The water-courses in the mountains are characterized by impetuosity and obliquity. In ascending the Alleghany I crossed the same foaming little stream about a dozen times. As I said before I love the mountains, and I feel somewhat loth to leave them for the sand-flats of the "Old North State." I even feel loth to cease writing about them, but I must hurry on to Lewisburg, where I have been tarrying for the last two weeks. It is quite a pleasant and thriving little village of one thousand inhabitants, lying nine miles west of the famous "White Sulphur Springs."

The "Blue Sulphur Springs," ones in high repute, but now frequented by but few, is about twelve miles south-west of Lewisburg. There are two newspapers published in Lewisburg—the *Evening* and the *Chronicle*—both of which have doubtless made their appearance at the Post office by this time. Mr. Wheeler, the present editor of the *Evening*, was formerly the publisher of the "Southern Literary Gazette," Charleston, South Carolina.

Greenbrier is one of the finest grazing countries in the State. But little attention is paid to the cultivation of the earth by the farmers generally. The Cattle are now selling at most exorbitant prices, and the farmers of Greenbrier are doubtless reaping a rich reward from their grazing lands. I doubt whether there are finer cattle to be found any where, than those raised in this county.

Permit me, my dear friends, to ramble a few weeks longer in this wild country, before I return to my Post. The leaves are beginning to fall from the trees, the winds are blowing cold and the fires feel remarkably comfortable, and I may soon be driven by stress of weather to seek a more temperate latitude. Till then, believe me, Yours in the mountains, J. W. WHELER.

AN APPARITION.

[SEE "POPULAR DELUSIONS" IN ANOTHER COLUMN.] "Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou com'st in such a questionable shape, That I will speak to thee."—*Hamlet.*

In the literary, as in the physical heavens, an eccentric luminary occasionally appears, shedding its rays on the trembling inhabitants of this lower sphere. We were recently observing the new comet, as it moved through the western horizon toward the perihelion, and had the temerity to indulge in a dis-paraging remark upon its planetary character. The "spectre of the skies" did not turn a single degree out of its appointed path, to notice our presumption. It behaved with becoming dignity, thinking no doubt that the editors of a "country Weekly" were unworthy to round a point at such an immeasurable distance below it; that their opinions could have no possible influence upon its destiny. About the same time somewhat similar apparition arrested the attention of the readers of the University Magazine, and called the hardihood to speak with equal freedom of its pretensions, presence, and of its literary merits. Emboldened by the impunity we had enjoyed before, we thought it too rashly, to criticize, in a few brief sentences, the brilliancy of its light and the density of its tail, and have laid the misfortune to incur its terrible displeasure. The baleful influence of that malignant star, had been poured out most unmercifully upon this "country Weekly," and we tremble in apprehension of pestilence and war.

The article to which we alluded was entitled "The Writings of Democracy," and was professedly an "Introduction." It was the unimpeachable authority of the latter that particularly impressed itself on our minds at the time. We wonder now at our own fatuation in attempting to estimate it. It was indeed indeed to assault, single-handed and alone, a great authority entrenched behind such a formidable lance of books. Such an array of learned professors had seldom been seen in an American periodical. The catalogue of a great library seemed to have been designated in order to overwhelm the reader with awe. The President and professors of the University doubtless stood amazed at the sudden appearance of such a prodigy of erudition, and had their imaginations haunted for several nights thereafter with the ghost of forgotten worthies. No wonder that the editors of a poor "country Weekly" should tremble at the consequences of their own temerity.

A writer in the last number of the Magazine, who signs himself "Philo-Gilbert," but exhibits in his vindictive tone of his article so much *amour propre*, wounded vanity, and resentment, that we are constrained to believe him identical with "Gilbert" himself, has made the general character of this paper the object of a bitter satire, the motive for which is apparent, and the specifications so inappreciable, that we do not intend to compliment him by a formal retraction. We turn away in the spirit of forgiveness from his harmless efforts to inspire his readers with contempt for the "Post," to pay our good-humored aduersion more to his formidable "Introduction." Had he felt the contempt which he labors to express, he would more probably have passed by our little notice in silence.

In regard to that notice, we have only to say that we regularly acknowledge the receipt of the papers of periodicals with which we exchange, for the purpose of calling public attention to their merits. We have always taken special pleasure in welcoming the University Magazine in this manner, and only adverted to the defects of the article to which we refer, that our general commendation of its (the Magazine's) character might not seem too indiscriminate. We disclaim any disposition to wound or injure the writer, for we knew not who he was, and could therefore have no motive to excite his personal resentment.

From the statement of "Philo-Gilbert" we may learn that one of our criticisms happened to relate to "the only unquestionable point" in his article. It seems that this great author has appeared before the world in the condition the reverse of that of Achilles in the Trojan War. He is invulnerable in only one point, and, strange to say, our random shaft took effect precisely there! And it appears to us equally strange that a wound, inflicted upon the only part that was susceptible of a wound, should be sufficient to dismember the whole man!

When we read the statement that "Bacon or rather Aristotle," gave to Newton "the laws of the inductive philosophy," we did not discover anything very "unquestionable" in the form in which it was made, but rather inferred that it remained an *unsettled question* in the writer's own mind, to which of those "worthies" was chiefly due the wonderful revelation of the great English Astronomer. He seemed on the whole, however, to incline to the claims of the Stagyrte, and, although no profound Grecian ourselves, we dared to make a passing remark upon the obscurity in which his language involved the subject. The article of "Philo-Gilbert" leaves us no room to doubt that in the enumeration of "worthies" found in the "Introduction," Lord Bacon, the great inaugurator of modern philosophy, was mentioned in no slight way, *designedly*, and that "Gilbert" was disposed to dis-parage his paramount claims to the veneration of mankind. "How is it," he asks, "that we owe the greatest number of modern inventions to Italy, where the Baconian philosophy has not been even yet introduced?" Now we believe that English writers generally agree to characterize this "Baconian Philosophy" as pre-eminently inductive, and we understand "Philo-Gilbert" to maintain that it was not Bacon but Aristotle who roused the human mind from its long torpor, and put Newton and the other great modern investigators of physical nature in the path of usefulness and glory. We beg leave to say that whilst the "inductive method" of reasoning was noticed by Aristotle, the "inductive philosophy," to the spirit and example of which all the great inventions and discoveries of modern Europe, Italy included, are due, was just as notoriously introduced by Bacon, as a new era in military attain-