

CONTRIBUTIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LATERIAL XXI.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1853.

A Visit to the Country—Hudson Scenery—A rapid Journey by rail; A dream disturbed; A well conducted railway; Recreation; Continued Review of the Crystal Palace—Agricultural Department—Reaping Machines—Dairy Doings—Modern Beehives—Dainty Oz boxes; Scientific Department—The Fresnel Light—Instruments of the Coast Survey—Telegraphs—Barlow's Planetarium—A splendid Air Pump—Globe for the use of the Blind.

MY DEAR POST:—Just at the time when the last stragglers are returning to the city from their summer excursions and sojournings, and when to be absent is as unfashionable as it is to be here in August, have I, regardless of the dicta of the Conventional Queen, enjoyed a brief visit to the country. Not literally to the country either, for I went to Hudson, a town which numbers some six thousand inhabitants—situated upon the banks of the Hudson river, and upon the line of the river railway. It is however, a sort of "rus in urbe," for every house almost affords you glimpses of magnificent hills, and of the beautiful river gliding along at their very feet.

My journey thither was a very brief affair, albeit Hudson is 120 miles from this city. At 4 o'clock, P. M. I took my seat in one of the seven or eight cars which constituted the "Express Train," of the afternoon; and in three hours thereafter, the sonorous voice of the conductor, proclaiming "Hudson," startled me from a quiet doze—on which, if I recollect aright, I was dreaming of being whirled along upon the tail of the late eccentric comet, at the rate of seventy-five thousand miles a minute, and holding my breath as my furious steed approached the planet Mars, with the apparent intention of knocking it into a cocked hat. I cannot tell you how greatly I was relieved to find that I was not upon the comet's tail, but only upon the railway behind a locomotive of fleet foot.

Traveling upon the Hudson River railway, is exciting enough for the strongest nerves, and if it were not coupled with a pretty decided feeling of safety, induced by the manifest care and precaution used at every point of the road, I think the timid might tremble at the thought of going, at least by the "Express Train." You are whirled along—on one moment upon the margin of the river, with its refreshing airs fanning your cheek—and the next, between rugged walls of granite, with the noise of the rushing train reduplicated by ten thousand echoes, and pressed back upon your astonished ears, till you fancy you have entered Pandemonium in good earnest. It does not last; the train rushes on—now shooting across a bay, and anon making a brief transit over a quiet, green meadow cut off from the river-view, by a wooded knoll. Here, a town—and there, a station, at which other trains are obliging enough to tarry, but by and beyond which, the "Express" speeds like lightning, until compelled to stop for wood and water, to supply the craving of its iron ribbed steed. The Hudson River railway is among the best managed roads in the whole country. At every curve, the vigilant and assuring flagman, as the signal man is pleased to give the token of safety or of peril to the approaching train. Not a switch without its guardian, not a turn without its white flag of counsel. Accidents rarely occur, notwithstanding the numerous trains and the high rate of speed common to the road.

When, twenty years ago, I was perfectly familiar with the river passage, it would have seemed utterly folly to talk of a profitable railway upon its banks. Now, the folly has become a fact. My stay at Hudson was a very brief one, but I was so refreshed with the magnificent views of the Catskills, with the kindling glories of the autumnal forests, and with the pleasant society of old friends, that I feel, to-day, a renewed vigour of hand and heart for the duties of life.

In pursuance of my review of the Crystal Palace, in the order of its "official catalogue," (the revised edition of which has just made its appearance,) I must invite the attention of your readers in this letter to classes 9 and 10, devoted respectively to Agricultural and Philosophical instruments and appliances.

The Agricultural Department of the United States embraces the contributions of somewhat over a hundred and twenty exhibitors, but as many of these send several objects, the list of the latter would extend to perhaps three hundred, not counting duplicates of any one kind. Conspicuous among these objects are the mammoth reaping and raking machines, invented for gathering in the abundant harvests of the grain growing regions. I do not know to which of the numerous competitors in this particular line, the gold medal will be awarded, but I will venture to predict that the same effective machine which opened the eyes of John Bull's sturdy farmers, to the inventive genius of "Brother Jonathan," will be found first in the roll of merit here. I allude, of course, to McCormick's Reaper. I have not time, if I had the agricultural knowledge essential, to characterize the various implements which present themselves to the eye of the visitor. A multitude of ploughs, for light soil and for heavy soil, for surface and for deep ploughing; thrashing, winnowing and cleaning machines of various shapes; seed drills and broad-cast sowing machines; harrow of all shapes, cradles, rakes, rollers, corn-shellers, cob-crushers, and innumerable other contrivances to aid in the labor of the field and the harvest, meet the eye throughout the north side of the east gallery. To the above catalogue add the machinery of the dairy, the churn, of at least twenty various kinds, working by levers and by cranks, atmospheric churns, compensating churns, thermometer churns, dog-power churns, and the like, half a dozen cheese presses of rival powers; kitchen implements innumerable, ingenious apple and peach parers, sausage-meat mincers and stuffers, coffee mills, coffee roasters and coffee pots, patent brooms, and I know not what besides; garden contrivances, from a watering engine to a patent "dibble," for transplanting or setting a flower; and to these, a host of other appliances, more or less intimately connected with domestic labors. Then, there are bee-hives, not the good old fashioned dome of straw, in which the primitive bees were wont to gather up their stores of honey, but structures of wood and glass, of various stores and chambers, in which the bees of modern times take up their abode and pursue their industrial employment.

The clumsy old ox yoke of the last decade is superseded by something decidedly ornamental, and there is no doubt that the poor patient animals, for whose necks they are designed, feel themselves highly honored by the embrace of such beautiful fetters!

The whole of this department declares the activity, energy and intelligence of the American farmer, and promises grand results in the immediate future of agricultural industry.

Turning now to look, for a moment, at the scientific department of the exhibition, we shall discover equal industry, directed by a higher order of intellectual power. Class 10 embraces somewhat diversified objects, but it is to the strictly philosophical part that I shall confine myself; passing over the daguerotypes with the single remark that if their merits are at all proportioned to their number, their excellence must be indisputable; bestowing upon the horological specimens, the perhaps inexcusable witticism—that their multitudinous ticking is suggestive of great credit to their fabricators, while of the most of surgical and dental contributions, I am inclined to say in the words of the litany—"Good Lord deliver us." There are some objects in this class, each of which I might make the theme of a letter. I think I have already mentioned the great Fresnel light—designed for the light house at Cape Hatteras. It is lighted by a candle lamp with four concentric wicks, the rays of which are collected and condensed by prisms and lenses into a beam of intense whiteness and brilliancy—which, as the lantern revolves, alternates with brief intervals of darkness.

The instruments of the United States Coast Survey, with its maps and charts, constitute a most interesting part of this class. They comprise principally the great apparatus for laying off the Base line in what are termed, geodetic triangulations; astronomical instruments of great power and accuracy; and deep sea thermometers and sounding lines. Near to these are the standard weights and measures of the United States and also of France, with the various scales of the United States mint.

In this class are reckoned the telegraph apparatus of Morse and House—both of which are in operation in the building. The latter prints its messages in roman capitals, directly upon the slip of paper—which is transmitted to the recipient of the despatch.

A very attractive object in this class is Mr. Barlow's Planetarium. This is an instrument of entirely new construction. It is of large size—perhaps twelve feet in diameter. I have spent much time in its examination, and am satisfied that no other such aid to the understanding of astronomical phenomena has ever been devised. It presents, in a simple and beautiful manner, the complicated motions of the earth and moon, as also of Venus and Mercury, and such is the accuracy of its motions that the astronomical phenomena of any and every day for years past or years to come, are indicated by it with all the precision of the best calculated calendar. Mr. Barlow, the inventor and constructor of this noble instrument, is generally present, to explain it to the crowds of eager visitors who surround it. I do not hesitate to say that every college in the land is but ill provided with astronomical instruments until it possesses Barlow's Planetarium.

I must find space to mention, as it deserves, an air pump, invented and manufactured by Chamberlain and Ritchie of Boston. It is a superb instrument, and they call it the "American lever air-pump." It is worked by a straight lever, instead of the awkward double lever and rack work of the French and English air pumps, and both in appearance and in its operations puts all others to the blush. So perfect is the vacuum it attains, and so rapidly is the air exhausted, that a mass of water may be frozen by its own Evaporator in less than one minute.

Let me add here that Messrs. Chamberlain & Ritchie make all descriptions of philosophical and chemical apparatus for colleges and academies, and do their work admirably and at the most reasonable prices.

There are other objects in class 10 worthy of note; but I must pass them by with a mere mention of their names and purposes. Among them is an apparatus to indicate the approach of storms by a system of electrical rods and other appliances. There is also a collection of diagrams to facilitate the student in the study of mathematics. A galvanic-Electric bell-alarm "lock" is quite a curious contrivance. I must not omit to mention your Mr. Cooke's beautiful globe for the use of the blind, which is superior to any thing of the kind either at home or abroad, if I may judge from the specimens in the Palace. I must here close my notice of the scientific department of the Exhibition, promising in my next to take up the Textile and other Fabrics in the United States Division.

There is nothing to note especially in the external world. The all-absorbing query is, "Will there be war in Europe?" It is sagely conjectured that some of our quid nunes will have to alter their opinions on this subject within the next circle of the moon! Austria seems to be backing out of her arrogant position in the Kosztá affair—which is the best thing she can possibly do. Cool weather has set in upon us and is becoming more to our liking, as we get braced up to its tone; and now, till next week, adieu.

COSMOS.

For the Southern Weekly Post. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, October 6th, 1853.

Messrs. Editors:—I was somewhat surprised and mortified to see in a late issue my note on Architecture, as it was intended for your private eye, which I supposed you would apprehend, as it was only an accompaniment of other matter which was at your disposition; however, as I was not explicit in my prohibition of publication, I excuse you on the same ground that I expect to be excused on myself, for writing on a subject of which I have only a little theoretical knowledge, namely, goodness of intention.

But in justice to myself, I must request the use of your columns to give my views a little more fully on this important and interesting subject, that your readers may not suppose that I have nothing more or better to offer than the meager suggestions of my note.

Though I have often heard tourists make comparisons between the Architecture of the South and the North, which were mortifying to the na-

tives of the former, it never occurred to me that any thing could be done in the way I have suggested, to remove this disparaging difference, until I had made an examination of the subject in the Penny Magazine—that most noble monument of Lord Brougham's philanthropy, energy, and almost inspired perception of popular wants—for he was its most efficient projector, in that splendid but costly work, the Pictorial Gallery of the Arts—Charles Cox, London—and lastly, in the American Work, "Downing's Cottage Residences," which is particularly recommended to North Carolinians by being dedicated to a Son of the State, and a son-in-law of the honored Gaston. Coincidentally with my examination of these architectural works, I saw the Post embellished with pictures of the University buildings, the Crystal Palace, &c., and the Biblical Recorder with one of the Murrefreesboro' Collegiate Institute. Hence, it was suggested to me that the Post (and other papers) might greatly aid, interest and benefit our architects—contribute to raise architectural improvements to an equality to other improvements, and at the same time promote the circulation and value of this high-toned Southern Journal.

Architecture is recommended to us because it is the most ancient of the Arts. It could not have been more than one generation before the human tenants of a wild earth would discover and feel the necessity of being housed. Man would see and feel his nudity. The idea and means of remedying it would be seen in the warm fur of animals and the soft plumage of birds. Nor would he be without guides in his rude and ineffectual efforts, for he would have suggesting hints in the shaving rocks, the over-canopying vine, the arbor-like tree, and even in the general structure of his earthly dwelling place, with the perfect dome of the skies above, and the plane of the earth spread out like a corresponding floor beneath. Thus, nature taught her first children. But not only is architecture the most ancient, it is also the most important Art, unless indeed agriculture should be so deemed. Doubtless, among the successive steps by which civilization has reached its present advancement, the longest stride was made when man passed from the shelter of hollow trees and caves to the comfort of four ride walls with a roof on them! Indeed, upon the supposition that man was doomed to work out his own civilization, which excludes the idea of divine interposition for that purpose, it is not very easy to see how he could have been civilized at all, unless he had previously been subjected to the discipline, the restraints and education of a fixed habitation, for a nomadic people never become civilized, as the Tartars and other roving races attest. At other least they do not until the transient tent has been exchanged for the permanent abode. But architecture is recommended to us not only by being the most ancient and useful art, but also the most complicated and intellectual of all the arts, for its highest and most elaborate specimens exhibit the beauties of all the Fine Arts—their Walls exhibit the finest paintings—their Pediments the most graceful sculpture—their Entablatures are supported by the statue-like column, and in some instances, we state a discovery, which some of our philosophers would not say so far as to say that the vanishing and intangible notes of music have been arrested by the divine architect, and chiselled in stone; in proof of which, they have reduced the harmony of the parts and proportions of the Parthenon, and other master pieces of architecture to a musical scale. However this may be, it is certain that the combined effects of such buildings are that of the finest poems, or rather in the fanciful ideology of the Germans, they are poems themselves, since they are aesthetic creations, of which we have one noble specimen at Raleigh. From the foregoing considerations we may conclude that Solomon preferred the architectural glories of the first Temple of Jerusalem, to his "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver"—that the Parthenon rivalled Pheidias' statue of Jupiter Olympus, which adorned it—that the dome of Saint Peter's was a greater triumph of art than any of the statues and paintings of Michael Angelo, and that of Saint Paul's than the wonders of marble beneath it.

The world's estimate of the value of architecture may also be inferred from the efforts which have been made in different ages to improve it, and even to keep the art from being lost beneath the waves of barbarian desolation, which followed the breaking up of the Roman Empire. For this preservation we are much indebted to the Fraternity of Masons, the most universal, powerful and permanent Guild that ever took any art under its protection.

The merits and distinction of architecture among the arts, are of course reflected upon its followers, and these general remarks upon the importance of the subject will not be in vain, if they shall persuade any of our carpenters to enlarge their knowledge of it, and still less, if they shall, after the Order of the Day, form an Association for the advancement of this most healthful, manly and intellectual of the Mechanical Arts.

We will now proceed briefly, and imperfectly we know, to notice the condition of building in North Carolina. The old revolutionary, barn-like Court Houses, which were in some instances presented as nuisances, have been generally succeeded by convenient and seemly edifices of brick. A similar improvement is going on in regard to churches. Of church architecture, we regret that we know nothing to offer, except that to crown the summit of a church steeple with a weather-cock is regarded as bad taste, and destructive of the objects, at least of the influence of such erections, which is to point the eye and lead the thoughts heavenward. The subject of church building may safely be left to the piety and liberality of the several denominations; but there is a branch of house building related to it in its uses, objects and influence, in which every man, woman and child is interested, namely, Common School Houses, alias every body's house in a stricter sense than our Court Houses and State Capitol are—republican nurseries—democratic foundations—the poor man's hope, and the rich man's care. I am a teacher myself, and if there is any particular vocation for which I have a stronger fellow feeling than another, it is that of teaching. I may therefore be excused if I make some suggestions to aid those who have the selecting of the sites and the building of those useful houses to perform.—As they are built for children who are to be the next generation, let their builders be reminded to build for posterity. But if they

cannot in all cases be built of brick or stone (which is preferable, as well as usual in some countries) let them be framed or built of neatly hewn pine trees: let them crown the summit of a slightly ascending hill, at whose base gushes the chrysal stream, the only perfectly pure liquid which God has given to this world—let stately oaks range themselves, like protecting pillars around them and throw their refreshing shades over them, fit haunts for the Muses; or if these classic sprites should disdain so humble a temple of science, then let them be so convenient and attractive as to invite the visits and the gambols of the rustic nymphs, not the Dryads and the Hamadryads, but human, sympathizing nymphs, or if you prefer, sylphs, who have a natural fondness for little boys, and if Mrs. Partington is to be believed, still greater for them when they are grown! Place your district schools under the protection of the affections of the ladies, and we venture the assertion that the marble yard will be as clean as the sanded arena of a circus or Hippodrome; and on great occasions, such as St. Valentine's Day, or the first of May, chains of evergreens, linked by their fingers, will hang in successive curves along the walls. But we must stop, for we feel that we are treading on appropriated ground, and that this and all other copies relating to common schools may safely be left to the able and public spirited superintendent.

In this brief advertence to the various purposes of architecture, there only remains domestic architecture to be noticed, in which we fall so lamentably short of our means, materials and interest; and yet there are few countries which are more happily situated for building commodious, neat and even elegant habitations; for here labor is cheap, and in our indigenous and enriching pine we have an inexhaustible supply of timber which may be used even for ornamental purposes, particularly when varnished, which if any one doubts, he can be resolved by examining the beautiful finishing of the interior of the new Episcopal church in Raleigh.

There is no doubt that the Cottage style of building is becoming fashionable, and deservedly so, as it combines more of the requirements of comfort, taste, beauty and variety than any other. It is also in less danger from storms, lightning and fires, particularly the last, which frequently break out in the second story. The cottage style, however, does not always reject the second story.

We deprecate the imputation of exaggerating the importance of this subject. When we reflect how much the respectability, cleanliness and health of a people depend upon the construction of their habitations, it is seen at once that it is worthy of the attention of a much higher authority than the one now writing—never of the statesman; but of course only in the form of recommendation, encouragement and lectures, for it does not seem to be a fit subject of republican legislation. We might further plead the importance of our subject, by affirming that perfect sanity of mind and morals is almost impossible without a suitable habitation. At least, so far as they result from contentment and equanimity they are of difficult attainment, for what man can be contented or equanimous, who does not feel the dripping rain from above, the impure or piercing air into his lungs; from crack and chink and from the chimney the smoke of green wood into his eyes. If to the combined assault of these annoying elements there be added "a scolding wife," Solomon seems to recommend an escape to the "house top." But we do not much concern ourselves under the disagreeable circumstances described, nor recommend its discontinuance until it shall have driven her victimized lord to prepare for her a pretty cottage with a lavatory or bathing closet in a corner (of which there are several designs in Downing's Cottage Residences). Then, and not until then, he will experience "Love in a Cottage."

Now if you, editorial triumvirate, and your readers should be afflicted by this letter, it must be ascribed to your publishing my curt and meager note of hours.

Yours and the public's truthful servt., WM. H. OWEN, WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, Oct. 6, 1853. P. S. We hope that the Delegates to the State Fair will raise a Committee on Dwelling Houses, and that some of them will, if they cannot bring specimens of their houses, bring their ladies to tell whether they are such as they ought to be.

W. H. O.

WRITTEN FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

A MEMORY OF THE YEAR.

BY C. H. BRACKETTE.

Dedicated to Miss A. L. S.—d, of Nelson Co., Va.

There are some periods when we feel, indeed, like retiring from the glare and excitement of life, to indulge reveries—recall the past or create an ideal world for the future. It is in this mood that the writer closes the window-blinds, and lets down the curtains; locks the door and draws his writing stand near the fire to describe a few fleeting hours passed in a romantic section of Old Virginia, and especially the impressions derived from conversation with three or four most lovely and intellectual young ladies, whose years as yet have not out-numbered "the teens."

Reader have you any sublimity or romance in your disposition? Does the accurate Phenologist, when he places his hand on the upper side of your front cranium, think of May mountains and sweet valleys? or is his mind at such a time disposed to dwell on bare plains and uninteresting localities?

If you have romance of character, can you detect the nice shades of the falling leaf, and appreciate the varied colors of the many flowers, then, indeed, you can understand how much of genius, of purity, and rare loveliness were seen in the young ladies referred to.

But of course there was one who, more than the others, conversed with the writer. One of bright eyes, so intelligent and winning, that all who know her love her. We conversed of the flowers of spring; of summer's bright sunny hours; of fruits and autumn's golden time, as well as winter's dreary season. Who has not often recalled moments never to be forgot?

Had the gentle reader but heard Miss S— repeat,

OCTOBER.

A SONNET BY BRYANT.

When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf, And suns grow meek and the meek suns grow brief,

And the year smiles as it draws near its death, And of the sunny south! oh still delay In the gay woods and in the golden air, Like to a good old age released from care, Journeying, in long serenity, away, In such a bright, late quiet, would that I Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks, And, dearer yet the sunshine of kind looks; And music of kind voices ever nigh; And when my lost soul twinkled in the glass, Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

The mind and heart would have been charmed. But alas! for the hopes of the future. How many bright eyes grow dim, how many soft cheeks pale, as we think of what time and death as well as care and disappointment do.

A feeling of fear that the most sure of all diseases, Consumption, in the old mountain air of Virginia, might seek one's lovely as the one before him at the moment, chilled the writer's mind. A soft southern climate in winter's rude hours, and a high latitude in the heat of summer, frequently gives renewed health—entire vitality to such.

Perhaps the hint may be received! But adieu bright and gifted one. Let these lines be recalled at times such as were at —

—To try that our friendship may change and decay, But do we for that cast the flowers away? And will not the falsest of us, as we grow old, Make dearer the few who are ever the same? October 10, 1853.

THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WILLIAM D. COOKE, PROPRIETOR.

MR. H. P. DOUGLASS is our authorized agent for the States of ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI and TENNESSEE.

HONOR THE PLOW.

While the nations of the old world are agitated with the discussions of diplomacy, and arming themselves in preparation for war, our own happy country continues in the enjoyment of its usual tranquillity, and evinces an interest in the arts of peace well calculated to delight and encourage every patriotic citizen. The present autumn has witnessed more Agricultural Fairs in various parts of the Union, and these have been attended by larger numbers of the people than were ever known before. A new impulse has been given to the various branches of agricultural industry, by the increased ardor of the press in its behalf; and the voices of some of our most eminent public men have been raised, in various quarters, in eloquent advocacy of the interests of the farmer. Every citizen is invited to turn the public mind away from the state questions that have so long monopolized its attention, to the great industrial interests of the country and the means of its progressive improvement.

We do not underrate the importance of certain questions connected with our domestic relations and our foreign policy, but it is clear to our minds that they have too long engrossed the thoughts of our people, and caused them to forget the far greater importance of the useful arts. We rejoice that the good sense of our enlightened population is beginning to emancipate them from the fascination of political excitement, and to seek more wholesome and profitable subjects of interest in the development of the immense resources of the country.

That a new era of improvement is dawning upon NORTH CAROLINA, is obvious to every observer of the times. Never before was there so much public interest manifested in her growth and prosperity. The activity of her people has excited the attention and elicited the admiration of the whole Union. From the seaboard to the mountains, the signs of awakened enterprise, and popular zeal in behalf of the various improvements that are progressing within her bounds, are becoming every day more encouraging; and although some few croakers have been heard, here and there, indulging in their ill tempered vein of complaint and warning, their influence has been altogether impotent, and has not in the least retarded our onward progress.

The interest of our people is now at the flood, and we sincerely hope that it will not be permitted to abate. The great Agricultural Fair which will be held here next week, should be regarded as only the beginning of a series, which shall continue to recur with constantly increasing enthusiasm. As it marks a new era in our history, it demands from our citizens unceasing exertion to fulfill its indications. We will fall short of the promise of the last few years if our next Agricultural Fair does not far surpass this in extent and brilliancy.

Within the bounds of North Carolina we have an immense domain, a large portion of which lies as yet uncultivated and neglected. The wide range of our climate, the great diversity of our soils, the variety of mineral productions available, and the increasing commercial facilities of the day, render her at the same time one of the richest and one of the most independent members of the confederacy. There is no state in the Union perhaps, which could supply her inhabitants with the necessities of life more abundantly from her own bosom. All that is necessary to place her in the front rank is energy and capital. As an overwhelming majority of our people are farmers, it is to them that the appeal must be made for a general determination to make her what her advantages entitle her to be.

One of the great errors which must sooner or later be exploded, is the idea that commerce and manufactures are rivals of the agricultural interest. Many still imagine, that whatever promotes the former is calculated to interfere with the latter. Nothing can be farther from the truth. It is contrary to all history and all experience. The independence of a state, depends upon the existence within its own bounds of a home market for its productions, and such a market cannot exist without a large manufacturing and commercial population. We would therefore call the attention of our farmers to the importance of fostering all the interests of the state, as the most effectual means to promote their own prosperity. Let the sister arts go hand in hand, and minister to each other in a friendly spirit. They constitute one family, and have a common interest.

There is however an unquestionable truth involved in the general impression that prevails among our people, that agriculture is the great paramount interest of the United States. As long as a disparity continues between the population of this continent and the ex-

tent of country it occupies, the cultivation of the soil must continue to employ the industry of a vast majority of its inhabitants. It is the great glory of the Americans to complete the victory of their ancestors, and to create a new and more fertile and more abundant nature in this hemisphere, and to plant the great western wilderness with planted and cultivated homes. Agriculture thus becomes our national and our individual glory. It becomes us to honor the American citizen, to honor the plow, and to honor the proper expedient to speed its progress. The only way to be done by improvement in the various branches of agriculture. The art of cultivation is a science, and it is by the means of science that we are to improve our producing powers. It is an art which demands the lessons of daily experience, and which can only be once the utmost resources of human ingenuity are exhausted. How important then that those who devote themselves to it should fit themselves for the task by education, reading, and laboratory investigations. The old idea that agriculture cannot be taught, and that a new method has been occasionally proposed, and that principles have become in a great measure obsolete, objects of earnest inquiry and research, and that the most successful cultivators of the soil are known to be those who have applied the lessons of the revolutions of scientific experiments.

There are two results which we believe to be the result of our Agricultural Fair, with much to be desired, and which will excite a new and more abundant interest in those who are more enlightened, and who are among the ignorant and ill-informed, and who are the indirect influence of things that appear to be necessary to subdue them. Old ideas are being forced out by the gradual introduction of new and better ones; and we believe that the old errors, that have so long obscured the soil of our State, slowly but ever, will be removed by the same process.

We need hardly urge those farmers who are aware of the importance of an improved system, to carry the spirit of improvement into their own homes. By the silent influence of their example, they live up to their knowledge, they will do much to the regeneration of their native State. We are greatly interested, at the same time, in the progress of the farmers of the State, and its future fortune depends, almost entirely, upon the progress they make in intelligence and improvement.

"THE POST."

We invite the attention of the many who whose faces we hope to see next week, to the appearance and great enlargement of this paper, recently undergone. We think our readers are well justified in their commendations, and we are proud to have them live up to their knowledge, they will do much to the regeneration of their native State. We are greatly interested, at the same time, in the progress of the farmers of the State, and its future fortune depends, almost entirely, upon the progress they make in intelligence and improvement.

With some persons, the sympathy of the press is a moment how much less apt such a paper is to engender and foster prejudices in the mind of the reader than some of a different kind, they would probably better appreciate its character. Our readers is our glory. We are under less temptation to write or publish what we do not approve, than we would if the chains of party influence were around us. It makes us all the more independent and candid in the advancement of our views on subjects not of a party character, and at the same time exempts us from thousands of impressions which are calculated to warp judgment and vitiate the taste.

We desire to be tried before the public upon their intrinsic merits of our paper, and ask for it nothing more than a fair examination. Its arrangement, typographical selected, contributed, and editorial contents are open to the scrutiny of the people. Let them say whether it is worthy or not of a generous support. The more it has already met with is sufficient to assure us that now, since it has been enlarged and improved, it will make rapid progress in popular favor.

Our books are always open, and we sincerely hope that many of the gentlemen who come to Raleigh to encourage their native State in the various arts and domestic industry, will consent to encourage others efforts to furnish them with a family paper, and their taste.

OUR LIONS.

RALEIGH has a few of its pets which her citizens will take pleasure in exhibiting to the many who and gentlemen who may honor her with a visit next week. The unfinished edifice of the Lunatic Asylum which adorns her horizon in the South West, is fully worth a ride to inspect its arrangement. Located on a commanding elevation in full view of the city, a beautiful scenery may be enjoyed from it on a good day, which must delight the eye of any observer. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind in the North Western part of the city, offers to visitors a variety of novel and entertaining objects which cannot fail to interest them. From the top of the State House one of the most beautiful panoramas is always at command, embracing the view, of the most striking and pleasing features of the city and its environs. We know of few more delightful scenes. Whilst the State is entertaining us with choice specimens of her wealth and industry, we hope our friends from a distance will take time to inspect the various interesting objects our city affords. There are many amongst us who will do the honors with lively gratification.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

A late number of the London Punch contains a comic scene of great point and humor. The young Sultan of Turkey is represented in bed, with his cap on and his eyes closed, pale and faint, in the last stage of a lingering decline. Above him is a symbolical representation of Death, with skeleton hands ready to clasp his victim, and a scourge of many stripes for his future punishment. In another part of the room sit a couple of doctors, consulting on his case. One of them is John Bull, a portly, sour looking personage, with his short legs crossed, his hand on his chin, and his whole countenance expressive of the vexation produced by the difficulties of the case. Opposite to him sits Louis Napoleon—a rude but easily recognized likeness—well dressed in a closely buttoned frock, and boots, erect as a lamp post, and twirling between his thumb and forefinger the extremity of one of his long moustaches. The whole scene is wonderfully graphic and instructive, and is in our opinion worth the whole number. It exhibits the present situation of Turkish affairs with remarkable fidelity.

The "Spirit of the Age," appears this week considerably enlarged. It is now a paper of very respectable dimensions, and continues to be conducted with much energy and spirit.