"Hail horrors, hail! and thou profoundest hell, Recieve thy new possessor Recieve thy new possessor—
The mind is its own place and in itself, Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Pope strings five h's together in one line, describing the labor of Sisyphus in rolling the stone up hill-you can almost hear the poor man panting :

With many a weary step and many a groan, Up the high hill, he heaves the huge, round stone." Again the same poet barbs the point of hi sarcasm upon a malicious scribbler by a skillful aditeration:

" Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings: A painted child of dirt that stinks and stings." Gray indulges frequently in alliteration, ex.

"Weave the warp and weave the woof "-" Ruin seize thee, ruthless King," &c.

But if any one wants to see this figure of speech happily employed on the side of truth and virtue, and perhaps carried to an extreme, let him go to that storehouse of witty and pithy English proverbs : Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Bible. I will just give you a sample or two. On woman's formation out o Adam, he says : "Eve's being made after Adam and out of him puts an honor upon that sex, as the glory of the man. The man was dust refined, the woman was dust, double refined-one remove further from the earth !" Gentlemen ! stand uncovered in the resence of your supe-

Again : "Whom G d appoints to any office he anoints for it." Of a man dallying with a dangerous temptation, he says: "The foolish fly fires her wings and fools away her life by flying about the ca dle," on letting the guilty go unpunished, he says: "Foolish pity spoils the city." Hear this ye juries, who show a misplaced tenderness for murderers, and a cruel indifference to the public peace! Take one other sample of Alliteration, from the Latin, and we have done: "Juniores ad labores, Seniores ad

If the young are willing to accept their share of the proverb, of course, we old folk, are very willing to accept of ours.

COLLOQUIAL ABUSES. I introduce this part of my lecture for the juvenile part of my audience, and therefore the rest of the company will please to excuse me if some of the mistakes censured are committed only by novices in the language.

That miserable barbarism done for did, too bad, and can't be too e refully avoided. --" He done it without thinking." &c. So when a speaker concludes, he sometimes says: "I am done," for "I have done." If you werea lonf of bread in the oven, when you were thoroughly cooked, you might with propriety cry out to the baker: "I am done"-" Him and me talked it over"-bad as it is, I have heard something like it from the lips of one of our big men, who had been at the University. "Between you and I," tho' nearly as bad. I have heard from a much greater man. The use of lay for lie (ex. qr. : Let it lay there," " he laid down to sleep,") &c., is a mistake constantly committed in respectable conversation and is sometimes found in first rate authors. Pope, in one of the finest passages of the Iliad, is guilty of the blunder, and so is Lord Byron in his beau. tiful Address to the Ocean. Addressing ocean

Man's steps are not upon thy paths ---And shake him from thee -Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies, And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray, And dashest him again to earth-there let him lay,

for lie, betrayed by the rhyme. Nor is this the first or the last instance in which a poet has been betrayed into false grammar by the exigencies of his rhyme-so fine a one as Henry Kirk White, in his beautiful hymn "The Star of Bethlehem," uses "blowed" for "blew:"

"Once on the raging seas I rode The storm was loud, the night was dark : The ocean yawned, and rudely blonced, The wind that tossed my found'ring bark."

Having mentioned the two poets; Lord Byron and H. K. Whit- in connexion, many of my hearers will be reminded of those b autiful and touching lines of Lord Byron on the early death of that lovely young genius who fell a victim to his too fond pursuit of fame and science. -The poet compares him to an eagle brought down from the clouds by an arrow fledged from his own wing-one of the most noble similes to be found in any poet, but not original with Lord Byron. I quote a part of it, not only to feast your taste of the beautiful, but to point out an error in the application of a word, as well as to show the source whence his Lordship borrowed, not to say stole, the idea:

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring, And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing; The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair, Has sought the grave to sleep forever there!

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow, So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain, No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again. View'd his own leather on the fatal dart. And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart. Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel, He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel While the same plumage that had warmed his nest, Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

If it be not sacrilege to take a single plume from this splendid passage, I would inquire whether it be correct philosophy to say that the feather impels the steel, or only guides it; and I would claim for Waller,* the honor of having preceded him in the use of this image. To a lady who killed him with a song to which himself had composed the words he says:

That Eagle's fate and mine are one. Which on the shaft that made him die, Espied a feather of his own, Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

But Waller's is only the skeleton of "th Apollo ;" Byron's is "the Apollo" itself. I am fearful of extending this address be youd all reasonable length, but there are still several barb risms which I wish to jugulate before I leave this part of my subject. Conduct as an intransitive verb (as "he conducted bad ly" she does not know how to conduct") is herrid. I have never seen it in any English author, yet it is universal throughout New England and even beyond. Scarcely any of their authors, below the first rate, are superior to it. I have met with it in Dr. Nott and Humphreys, Presidents of Colleges; Jocob Abbott and Barnes; but never in the North Ameri-

*It is not original even with Waller, but comes down

uncorrected in all our editions. The word transpire, as it meets us at every turn, in the sense language. In its legitimate sense, namely "to leak out, to escape from concealment, it is a beautiful word, corresponding to its derivation, that is, the breathing of some vo'st e essence through a porous medium. "Congress is sitting with closed doors-nothing has yet transpired," is all every scholar ought to be ashamed of.

There is one modern violation of the King's English on which I wish to remark before concluding; I mean the alteration of the present of christianity" (Robt. Hall) very many writers nowadays would say: "attempts were being usus loquendi on this idiom of our language. and have found that the weight of authority is decidedly against the new fangled phrase and ashes where he left his incendiary poe s. in favor of the old idiom I will quote a few of the foremost modern English classics. The North American Review flads fault with Dickens for using "the new fangled and uncouth -olecism 'is being done' for the good old Engthe English language."

The lamps were lighting."-(Miss Edgeworth.) 'While these preparations were making in Scotland."

Designs which were forming against his throne."-

Round his little fleet a boat was rowing."- (Ibid.) While the foulest judicial murder, which had disgraced even these times, was perpetrating."-(Ibid.)

These are only a few I have selected from mass of others out of Walter Scott, Hume,

But all these barbarisms, in single words, are nothing, compared with the wholesale con tamination of our language, by such books as Major Jack Downing, Major Jones's Courtship, and above all, the Ethiopian Melodies. To these last there are still stronger objections. I cannot but think that a young lady must lose something of her refinement by accustoming her mouth to the utterance of such gross vulgarisms, and must be in some danger of imitating inder to hear coming out of an ivory throat and coral class of business men. lips such strains as this:

Oh Miss Lucy's teeth is grinning. Just like a ear of corn : And her eyes, dey look so winning. Oh would I'd ne'er been born I axed her for to marry Myself, de toder day ;

She said she'd rudder tarry-

So I let her hab her way. But another deformity of these Ethiop ballads is, that many of them make sport of hu man miseries, and mock at the affections of the heart, when ascribed to sable lips. This must always impair our fine moral sensibilities:

"I would not number on my list of friends-The man that causelessly treads upon a worm,"

action to the two nations on the face of the

in their hearts; but it was locked up there, consuming the breasts in which it was imprisoned. and daring not to breathe itself forth for fear of mitted to finish his building now without furththe dungeon and the rack. But happier far is er interruption. it when the divine spark is lighted up in an Anglo-Saxon bosom. For 300 years have the champions of civil and religious liberty and the oracles of moral wisdom been pouring out their progressed finely,-story after story went up as heart-stirring strains in the immortal dialect of if by magic, and our friend Mr. B. watched the Sidney, Locke, and Milton; and the consequence has been, that the vast mass of precious thought in confident anticipation of being able to occupy and feeling that has been glowing and working the premises by a certaid period. At length the made her a great favorite with all. in ten thousand human minds, during that long period, has been embodied in the English Language-"apples of gold in network of silver" their tools-the rubbish had been cleared away hearts of nature's finest mould embalmed in amber for the worship of future ages. Alexander himself on its successful accomplishment, when of Macedon kept the Iliad of Homer in the jew- he was astonished by a visit from his neighbor, eled casket of Darius. But since the art of Mr. A: "Sir," said he, "I am sorry to inform printing, we need no other casket for the preser- you that you are an inch on my ground?" vation of our works of genius than the widespread volumes of the English language. Blot out the English language, and you would extinguish the voice of liberty and truth and righteousness, from the modern world. Oh, how would the tyrants of the earth, political and ecclesiastical, rejoice, at the putting out of that light, at the hushing of that voice! In the age of Augustus, it was treaton to read the noble bursts of Cicero, in defence of the liberties of his country; and in England's degenerate days, s Charles II, burned the works of Milton, and tried to seize his person. But thanks to Heaven, and to the Press, his instrument, the etherial

spirits that gave them birth. Unhappily there is required in contemporary; before vowels co is used: co-exal, co-operate, co-equal, co-adjutor, &c. But as a prefix to purely English words, we use co, even before consonants: ex. qr. co-worker, co-partner, &c.

products of the mind do not die with the bodies

that enshrine them, but will live coeval with the

can Review, Prescott. &c. The Bosphorus is a dark side of the picture. As we shall ever brought lately so much into notice by the ope- rejuice that some of the proudest monuments of ration of war, ought to be spelled without the genius and virtue are immortalized in our Engh. Cotemporary for contemporary, and Del. lish tongue, so we must confess with sorrow, phos for Delphi, Bently tried to crush with his that the same consecrated language will save giant hand, but they still survive. So miletum from oblivion some of the poisonous products of for miletus, in one passage of the Bible ("Tro- profligate genius. Who but must wish that phimus have I left at miletum sick,") has stood some of the poems of Moore and Byron had been written in an unknown tongue? Tom Moore has made penitential confessions on that subject. of occur, is sickening to every lover of correct | And well he might, when reproved for his dissolute muse by Lord Byron !- "Quis tulerit gracchos de seditione querentes ?" He was once asked if he had never regretted writing some of his pieces. He honestly replied "yes, as soon as I had a daughter old enough to read them !" What an instructive confession! the heart of the right-But the fashionable slang: "Nothing has | father smote him for providing matter to taint yet transpired, since the troops arrived." &c., the purity and wound the delicacy of his own daughter's mind; but felt no compunction for introducing the poison into ten thousand other families. We have all heard of heaps of matter, sometimes being destroyed by spontaneous comparticiple in-ing in a passive sense: ex. qr. "At- bustion. We cannot help wishing there were tempts were making for the universal progress such a destiny awaiting the effusions of poluted hearts-that the paper traversed by these pens tipped with unhallowed fame, should have taken made" I have, for many years, been noticing the fire under the touch, and scorched the fingers of the writer; or that he should have found, on returning to his study, nothing but a mass of

But to turn again to the brighter and more hopeful destinies of our language. We are b und to congratulate ourselves that Great Britain and the United States, the possessors of English tongue, are already two of the most lish idiom 'is doing,' an ab-urd periphrasis" they | wide-spread nations on the globe, and destined. say, "driving out a pointed and pithy term of we humbly believe, by their commerce, their freedom, their energy and their valor, to influ-When these atrocities were daily perpetrating."-(Sir ence the fortunes of the whole earth. Hence we may catch a cheering perspective of the splendid destinies of our noble native speech As it is now read on the banks of the Thames and the Potomac, so it shall, in revolving time be read on the banks of the Wolga and the Yang-tse-Kiang; of the Niger and the Nile; and kingle hitherto unknown raptures of truth and hope in the millions of those distant hemispheres. An electric spark from an English or American bosom shall shoot athwart the ocean, and create a Washington in St. Petersburg or Pekin. With eyes watching for the dawn of so illustrious a tuture, upon our country and our language, we may almost exclaim, with the old Welsh bard,

> in Gray's beautiful ode: Visions of glory, spare my aching sigh

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—We have recently come into possession of facts in regard to a very peculiar Real Estate transaction in this city, the details of which are interesting as illustrative of own speech the slang she finds set to her music character, as well as of the method of doing and daily utters at the piano. How shocking bu-iness which is considered sharp by a certain

Some time since, a gentleman, whom we will

call Mr. A., purchased a piece of ground in

Murray street, on which was an old building. which he proceeded to tear down intending to erect in its place a building more suitable for the transaction of his business. About the same time, another gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. B., purchased the adjoining lot, and proceeded in the same manner to take down the old building standing upon it, so that the work of demolition, proceeded upon both at the same time. After this had been concluded, Mr. A., being ready to build himself, and supposing, quite naturally, that his neighbor would prefer building at the same time, paid him a visit in I have extended my remarks on the previous relation to the matter, when he was boorishly topics to such length that a few words only must | informed by Mr. B., that he should "build when suffice for our last proposed head : the destiny of he pleased." Of course, as Mr. A. could not the English language. It has pleased God to gainsay his right in this respect, the only methmake this language the vehicle of thought and od left for him was to go on by himself. This he accordingly did, and had progressed so far as earth, which would seem to deserve, if any can, to have his building "covered in," when he was the possession of such a treasure-Great Britian surprised one day by a visit from his irate neighand the United States. They are precisely the bor. "Sir," says Mr. B., "you are an inch on nations, who, by the long enjoyment of civil and my ground !" Mr. A. rejoined that he thought religious freedom, have made their native tongue | it must be a mistake. "No Sir, it is no mistake the depository of all the glorious speeches and -you are an inch on my ground." "Well," rebooks that have been made for the enlighten. turned Mr. A., "all I can say is, if it is so, I am ment and the moral advancement of the human | very sorry, and it is altogether unintentional; race. In that language alone, since the days of but I am willing to pay you whatever you say ancient Greece and Rome, have the noble ener- the land is worth." "I want no pay, Sir," angies of the human soul and its heaven born | Swered Mr. B.; "I want my land!" "Sir," says paintings after the great and the good, dared to Mr. A., "I see it is hopeless to try to comprofind an utterance. There have been, no doubt, mise this matter with you, but I will give you "mute, inglorious Miltons," Hampdens, Chat- double whatever you say the land is worth rathhams, Burkes, Franklins, Henrys, Washingtons, er than take down my wall." "I want no in France, in Austria, Russia, Turkey and Italy money-I want my land," persisted the stub--carrying the same sacred flame of patriotism | born Mr. B. Argument and entreaty were alike unavailing, and Mr. A. accordingly proceeded to take down and rebuild his wall. He was per-

Shortly afterward Mr. B. concluded to build on his lot, and masons and carpenters were set at work to accomplish the object. The work operations day by day with increasing interest, building was entirely finished, from foundation to cap-stone—the workmen had departed with -and Mr. B. was complacently congratulating "Pooh! nonsense!" returned Mr. B. "Its no nonsense at all," said Mr. A., "I tell vou von are an inch on my ground." "Why how can that be," blustered Mr. B., "when I have only built up to your wall?" "Ah, that's it!" in the dryest possible manner, answered Mr. A. Our friend Mr. B. was somewhat dumbfounded .-"Send for a surveyor, Sir," at length he exploded, "and we'll see about this." The surveyor was according sent for, who, after a careful measurement of the respective premises, reported to the crest-fallen Mr. B. that it was indeed true-he was occupying an inch more land than he was entitled to. A proposition to buy that inch-coming it must be confessed, with a bad grace from him-was now advanced by Mr. B. "No, Sir," returned Mr. A., "I shall not sell; you cannot offer me money enough to buy + The rule is this: the preposition con in pure Latin that inch of land. Take down your wall, Sircompounds is always used before consonants, of course down with it, to the foundation; 'I want my land !"" Mr. B. came to the conclusion that the

game was decidedly against him, and vielded

with the best grace he could! The wall was

taken down and re erected; and so careful was same thing in the first instance .- N. Y. Times. ting frankness of a child.

From the Georgia Courier. THE PEN AND THE TYPE.

The name of Fulton is justly associated with down for a long call. the application of steam to machinery, and the name of Morse with the magnetic telegraph .- lady honored with the call had no idea of giv-But, if it remained for Fulton to apply propel- ing an invitation, if it was in her power to esling power to vessels, sufficient to drive them cape it. against the dashing currents of our rivers, and Franklin," and compel them to serve us as swift messengers—it belonged to an age, far a genius, whose name is scarcely if at all known, gone out for a moment, the visitor said : to introduce THE ART to which all other arts owe their protection and advancement, if not their origin. If we arrange the whole list into a regular system, giving each one its proper orbit, THE ART OF WRITING must take its position as the light-giving and impulsive centre of the entire system. Its presence, as CHIEF among the arts, is as necessary to the well-being per." of all the others, as the presence of the sun is to the well-being of his planets.

While other arts of great value, but suited only to the time being, have run their course and given place to others adapted to the exig- gone, if you stayed till midnight." ences of advancing time, the art of writing, influence upon every transformation from the since. centre to the circumference of its own system. over all other arts. God himself has honored it is not to be spoken at all times,"—True Flag. above all the arts. To its keeping He entrusted his great scheme of human redemption, threw it upon the current of time; and, with its burden of "good will to man," it visits all generations -pours divine light upon the arduous pathway of the returning prodigal, and points him steadily to his forfeited home in the skies.

The steam engine, with its long train of heavy freighted cars, may run its iron track unrivalled in power-the telegraph, taking the lightning's speed, may challenge the sons of science to draw from nature's wide domain another agent that shall win the race-the microscope alone, may claim the right to unfold the more luminous centre - but manifestations of in- | this year is as extensive as ever. tellect under the control and direction of the

It is the pen that gives visibility and impetus to thought: that treasures up the thoughts of one generation for the use and improvement of the next; that pours gladness into the hearts of friends, separated by intervening mountains and seas; and that contributes more than any other instrument of art, to the social, moral, and political elevation of man. If Memnon, the Egyptian, is justly entitled to the honor of originating the art of forming letters with a pen, he has reared to his memory a monument more enduring than the towering pyramids of his country and, while he has honored his own name, he

has conferred a favor on all generations of men. The sciences and moral arts are progressing towards perfection. Arts, long known, are undergoing improvements, and others are being in- ally on account of the two rivers which form its troduced. The use of steam makes our broad country, as it were, but one neighborhood, and puts us into Europe in less time than a boat, fifty years ago, could run from Plymouth to Halifax. It is true that, while ourselves and our goods are dashing over the earth by the power of steam, our thoughts are darted by telegraph with a velocity that annihilates time and distance. I complain not that it is so. I believe all these improvements are needed; and that still more will be required to meet the demand fifty years to come. But who would be willing to barter off the ART OF WRITING for any one or all the discoveries and improvements that have succeeded it? Blow out the sun, and who could measure the depth and breadth of window no fewer than thirty houses in process that darkness that would cover his planets?

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

the Northern journals are well calculated to laid out in stone and brick and wood and lime. make the stomach of their readers heave with. within an area of five hundred feet square. And un tterable emotions. We give below some this is not an exception, but there is quite as specimens of a description of particular ladies much extension in various other parts of the city. at one of the Northern watering places:

"Miss A-, of Westchester, won universal ing the embarrassed state of the money market admiration by the elegant simplicity of her attire, all the past summer.

and the grace of her manners. tellectual face, and her native goodness of heart | The yellow fever has driven thousands from the and entire freedom from fashionable airs, has Southern cities, and they appear here at least

way, is still almost a bride, was decidedly the nity of the prevailing epidemic creates a large richest dressed lady in the room. To a face of amount of sadness and sympathy in all circles. surpassing beauty, she unites a noble form; and I am glad to see that the popular sympathy for what is not a little remarkable, won admiration poor desolated Savannah is not expending itself

Miss B-, of Bridgeport, had many admir-

and was by many considered the belle of the evening. A small twig of golden wheat, fastened in her hair with diamonds, constituted her ornaments, and were worn with much grace.

much admired, not alone for her intelligence, but also for her beautiful singing, which contributed largely to the pleasure of the company. Mrs. C--, wife of a distinguished N. Y.

Miss L--, of Trinity Rectory, N. Y., was

Senator, is a lady of commanding appearance and high literary attainments. Indeed, the ladies all looked remarkably well, and the festivities were kept up till a late hour.

CHILDISH SINCERITY .- A lady who was quite our very particular friend this time not to tres- in the habit of dropping in at her neighbor's pass, that he built an inch short of where he about meal-times, in the hope of obtaining an had a right to go. It is perhaps unnecessary to invitation to partake with the family, was reexplain to the reader that Mr. A. had done the cently completely nonplussed by the unhesita-

> Knowing that a neighbor's supper hour was five, she called in about four, and settled herself

> "It takes two to make a bargain," and the ·Accordingly, the hour of five brought no in-

for Morse to harness the lightnings, "caught by dications of supper. Time wore on, the sun was near its setting, and still the same. A little girl, the neighbor's daughter, began

back, in the remote depths of antiquity, and to to grow uneasy. At length, her mother having

"You must come over and see me, Mary,

"No, I won't," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me?" "Because I am hungry and want some sup

"But," said the visitor, amazed, "I don't pre-

vent you having your supper, do I?" "Yes, you do," said little Mary. "Mother said she shouldn't have supper until you were

In less than five minutes the visitor was adapted to all times alike, has retained its posi- marching out of the front door with a very red tion and importance; exercising a controlling face. She hasn't called to see Mary's mother

Little Mary, in her childish frankness, has not And, not only does it bind the arts together and yet learned the important lesson which after direct their energies - itself serves the world in vears will not fail to teach her, viz; that "the a manner which, at once, shows its superiority truth, however excellent or desirable in itself,

> SALT YOUR CHIMNEYS .- In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourse of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture from the atmosphere every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp, falls down to the fire-place. This appears to be an English discovery. It is used with success in Canada.

DANDIES VS. MECHANICS .- It is amusing to see a creation of broadcloth, patent-leather, hair hidden wonders of creation descending—and the and bear's grease, sneer as it passes the suntelescope to unveil the glories of the nocturnal burned laborer. Tailors, shoemakers and hatters nam's. sky, and revel amid the distant splendors of the can manufacture the one - It is only nature that sidereall heavens—but they must not forget that | can turn out the man. There is no surer evidthey are but planets in the system—shining it | ence of an absence of brains, than when donkeys is true, but with lights borrowed from their in regimental bray at labor. The crop of fools

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER LXV. NEW YORK, September 23, 1854. Extension of the Metropolis - Thirty as w houses in a stone's throw-Southern faces on Broadway-Flight from the fever-Substantial sympathy for Savannah-Great mortality at Pittsburgh-The cholera here-Fall weather-Grisi and Mario-New Music by Wallace-Putnam's Magazine and the South-English books in our market -Mr. Bohn's latest issues-German poetry-A splendid book in preparation by Appleton d. Co .- Notices of some

of their latest issues-Harper & Brother's new books. My Dear Post: I have endeavored, at different times, to convey to those of your readers who have never visited this great city, some idea of the rapidity with which it is increasing in size and beauty. Since it cannot stretch itself latereastern and western boundaries, it extends northward, up the island of Manhattan, and miles above the City Hall-three, four and even five miles is solid metropolis-not here a block of houses and there a meadow, but real bonu fide city, with its streets laid off at right angles like a checker board, and nearly all the squares occupied by brick and mortar. I consider myself far "up town "-my residence being in Eighteenth street-but I can ride yet two miles above me upon paved streets! The extension of the city is really wonderful. And all this upper part is rapidly becoming densely peopled. The vacant lots diminish in number every week. There are now within a stone's throw of my of erection. These will cost, on an average eight thousand dollars each, beside the value of the ground upon which they stand. This will The chronicle of fashionable intelligence in make a quarter of a million of dollars now being I am surprised, I confess, that it is so, consider-

I have seen many Southern faces upon Broad-Mrs. D-, also of Westchester, has an in- way of late; more than I did in the summer. for a day or two. The intelligence from New Mrs. Dr. M-, of New York, who, by the Orleans, Charleston and Savannah of the maligin words alone, but has taken the substantial Miss L-, of N. Y., dances with much shape of generous contributions of moneysufferings, and assuage the woes of the sick and ers, the natural consequence of unaffected sweet- dving in that beautiful but ill-fated city. The reports of the progress of cholera in Pittsburgh. Miss Q-, of N. Y., was superbly dressed show a remarkable mortality there, for the ten in a white brocade silk, of surpassing richness, days during which the disease has been raging It has claimed at least five hundred victims for

the grave! The disease has not vet disappeared from our city, but the number of deaths reported weekly, continues to diminish, and it is scarcely a topi of conversation among us. It is a matter of de yout thanksgiving to our citizens that its ravages have been so slight. The setting in of brace ing autumnal weather cannot fail to reduce the weekly report of deaths still more and more .-Speaking of the weather, it would be ungrate ful in me not to express my sense of delight in that which we are now experiencing. It is truly What a remarkable collection of ladies! model weather. I cannot conceive of augh Beautiful, commanding graceful, musical, intel- more exqisite beneath the sun. The nights are ligent, intellectual, good. Of course, the ladies | cool enough-so for a blanket or two, and the at these watering places take delight in being days bright, bracing and beautiful. Oh, how beautiful! Excuse me for this rhapsody, but our early autumnal days are worthy of an apotheosis.

I have said nothing for some time of the Italian Opera. But it is at present too great a feature of the metropolis to be overlooked. Mr. Hackett is winning golden opinions (and some more substantial things that are golden also!) by his management of the Grisi and Mario troupe at Castle Garden. There was a great flutter at first about the prices, which are three dollar's for an assured seat and one dollar for a promenade ticket, but they are readily obtained, even to the filling of the vast ampihtheatre of Castle Garden. Grisi and Mario are appreciated among us: the prima donna as the most magnificent tragic queen of song we have ever had here, and Mario as a tenore of wonderful taste and skill. The other singers of the troupe are of unequal powers, but several of them are worthy to sustain the great stars. To hear Grisi is of course indispensable to every person of taste, and our Southern visitors are quite too fond of music (as well as of lions!) to miss the Opera. It is not at all likely that Grisi will make more than this one visit to the United States, and therefore all should hear and see her now, who possibly can. I say see as well as hear, because it is her acting

after all, which makes her the Queen she is. While writing about musical matters I will mention the recent issues by the great publishing house of Wm. Hall & Son of several new pieces by Wallace. These are a Grand Concert Polka; an exquisite Barcarolle for the Piano entitled " Souvenir de Naples ;" and two piano forte transcripts of popular sacred themes-one Old Hundred and the other the Vesper Hymn. The former of these two will be emminently popular, wherever its theme is loved and sung; and that is throughout Christendom. Besides these, all instrumental pieces, there is an air by Wallace, to words by Watson-"Dreaming of thee forever "-sweet and graceful and full of the element of world-wide popularity.

The course pursued by the "management of Putnam's Magazine, in regard to the slavery discussion, is lamented by the best friends the work here. I deplore it very much indeed, for I wished the magazine well. I think the South should drop it at once. I do not wonder at the indignation of the Southern press, but I do wonder at the effrontery of the Editor of down the throats of the Southern patrons of the Magazine from this censure, but I cannot do so, his own; but we know that his paper has though it has offended less seriously than Put-

English books are coming into our market in shoals, and at prices which astonish us, by their fore with considerable surprise that we found cheapness. The large publishing house of Geo. him, in an article headed, "Is MAN ONE OR Routledge & Co., of London, has established a MANY?" endorsing the article in Putnam's Magbranch here—and will supply the numerous and very attractive books they make in England, to views utterly inconsistent with the historical the American public at exceedingly low prices. truth of the Old Testament, and the writer en-I shall take occasion to let your readers know deavors to reconcile Scripture with the hints more about this agency hereafter.

been added to the Scientific series. It is En- be relied upon than the books of Livy or Herpe nemoser's History of Magic, translated from the dotus. We seriously and honestly doubt when German by William Howitt. This is a book of er such sentiments can safely be admitted by extraordinary interest in its subject, and in its religious parents into the family circle, where philosophical treatment no less. It is the pro- reverence for the Scriptures is faithfully inculduction of a subtle and earnest mind, and com- cated upon the minds of the young. prehends (especially with Mary Howitt's curious | The nature of this insidious assault upon the Appendix) the whole subject of Magic, from sacred authority of the Bible can be easily stated beginning to end, that is, its present end, for in a few words. On the one hand we have the who shall tell what the end shall be. It is em- literal text of what purports to be the "Word braced in two volumes, which the curious read- of God;" on the other, we have the "say-so of er should instantly consult. It is as full of won- a few infidel savans, in regard to the meaning der as it is of leaves. Messrs, Bangs, Brother of certain phenomena of geology, or the signi-& Co., are the agents of Mr. Bohn, and their fication of obscure pictures and characters disgreat success with his books has induced other covered in pyramids, or on the masonry of great London publishers to seek their aid in in- ruins long buried under the sands of the desent. troducing their books to the American public. The hints gathered from these obscure traces, If they should prove as good and as cheap as the are elaborated in the hands of such men as Bohn Libraries are, they will be welcomed cor- Lyell, Agassiz, and Gliddon, into a most plausi-

ing house in the United States beyond a ques- cealed from the eyes of all but the privileged tion) have in preparation for the holiday season few. The whole question therefore, which arises It is to bear the title of the Republican Court, solution upon the fairness with which the two and is an historical and biographical sketch conflicting revelations have been interpreted by of the times of General Washington. It will be the learned. The contradiction lies between the embellished with a large number of exquisitely interpreters of scripture and the interpreters finished engravings on steel, from portraits of of the phenomena of nature and art, and not, as the most beautiful women of those eventful times. has been asserted, between the testimenty of What a book for a gift it will be! Patriotism scripture and that of nature. It is highly prewill suggest its selection above any other and sumptuous, therefore, in third parties, especially Taste will approve the choice! It will be a in those whose knowledge of geology and piequarto volume, done up in the most beautiful ture-writing, as well as their acquaintance with and costly bindings of this lavish age. They theological learning, must be limited to a very have just published a vastly entertaining book superficial degree of acquirement, to pronounce in two handsome volumes, entitled " The Vir- the authority of the latter class of interpreters ginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Do- superior to the former. minion." It will afford amusement for some of the approaching long nights at the dear fireside of the Mosaic history, when the facts are not of home, if the reader should not happen to get only accumulated in sufficient force from the it, and read it all up before they come!

Emanuil Philibert is the title of a thick vol- actness of the interpretation, and the fairness of ume, just published by the Appletons. It is a the arguments deduced from them, shall have romance of history, founded upon the European Wars of the sixteenth century and is from the pen of the multitudinous Dumas. It constitutes | not yet arrived. Geology, and the art of interthe second volume of a new series of Standard French novels, which I am free to confess . shall not read, save by rare exception!

Life's Lesson, is the simple title of an unpretending but very pleasing story, just published by Harper & Brothers. The fifth part of their Gazetteer of the World constitutes just one-half of the work. It promises to be the very best position of the individual, whether the interpre-Universal Gazetteer, not only of the world but tation would be favorable or otherwise to the

And now let me come to a close and sign myself-Your's, (at the bottom of a page and at the end of a line.)

Southern Eleckly Post. RALEIGH, SEPT. 30, 1854

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SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

Ir is becoming quite common, among the superficially enlightened philosophers of that enlightened land which lies beyond the Pala mac, to display their independence of thought in flippant assaults upon whatever is venerable and sacred in the institutions by which they are surrounded. An attentive observer cannot be perceive, that in the midst of communities more distinguished than any other on the whole it. the prolific growth of religious sects, and enterprises of true and false benevolence, a marked tendency to skeptical and infidel opinions las been becoming more and more apparent for some years past, and that it is now quite fash, ionable, in certain circles, pretending to superior mental cultivation, to array the supposed developments of modern science against the positive testimony of the Holy Scriptures. The July number of that tainted magazine,

which has recently made the name of Putnom so offensive to our Southern ears, contained an article of the character to which we now allude, based upon the new work of Nott and Gliddon, entitled "Types of Mankind;" and within the last week we have been surprised to find a long extract from the said article, approvingly transferred to the columns of "ARTHUR'S Home Magazine," and introduced with a series of editorial remarks, such as we never would have expected to see in a periodical so justly distinguished heretofore for its pure and wholesome morality. We do not attribute to Mr. Putnam in daring to force his abolition ipicac Arthur either the disposition or the ability to inflict a wound upon the feelings or the faith work. I wish I could justly exclude Harper's of his readers, by any scientific deductions of wide circulation all over the country, and that it is an especial favorite with the purer and more conscientious classes of society. It was theneazine, on that subject; although it contained of science and archæology, by the supposition The importation of Mr. Henry G. Bohn's published that the scriptural accounts of the Creation and lications is a vastly increasing business. The new the Deluge are nothing but shadowy allegaries, volumes of all the various series are sought after conceasing some unknown spiritual truth, with eagerness. The uniform excellence of the "Every day," says the editor of the Home books which they embrace is one of the great | Magazine," "we can see the opinion rooting to it sercets of their immense popularity. An in- more and more deeply into the popular mind, different work is never published by Mr. Bohn. that it is an error to look into the Bible for has The last steamer brought several new volumes torical or scuntific authority;"-Nor are we of his books. Among them are the fifth of the left without decided evidence that this "popular Vanoriun edition of Gibbon's Rome. Another opinion," is his own, and we are fully warranted volume will appear next month, and then the in the inference that, according to his view, the best and cheapest library edition of this great history of the Jewish nation, as recorded in sevhistory will be complete. A new work has just eral books of the Old Testament, is no more to

ble chain of reasoning, the principal object of The Poetry of Germany is the title of a thick which generally seems to be to discredit all our duodecimo volume, just published in this city present sources of knowledge, without substitutby Rudolph Garrique. It contains the lyrics of ling any substantial authority in their place. the great masters of song in the Vaterland, both The facts referred to are utterly beyond the in the original and in spirited translations into scrutiny of the "popular mind," because not one English. I need not say that it is a perfect man in a million can examine for himself into the "dark places of the earth" where this frag-Messrs. Appleton & Co., (the largest publish- mentary revelation of nature and art lies conthe most superb book ever made in this country. from these modern discoveries, depends for its

It will be time enough to question the truth mines and monuments of the world, but the exbeen so established, as to carry a necessary conviction to the "popular mind." That time has preting monumental inscriptions, are yet in their infancy. Not one man in a thousand can have access to a sufficient amount of scientific information to form an independent opinion on these subjects; and even if the facts were universally known, it would still depend upon the predis-

Christian faith. We know that this predisposition, as it exists in the minds of most of the French and Conti-