## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

[The following Address, which we hurriedly print on a separate sheet for the benefit of our deserving Carrier, and his city subscribers, may be deemed worthy an insertion here by the general subscription list.]

THE world, in chains, was toiling 'neath the rod
Of leagued oppressors; tyrants, purple-robed,
And mitred monsters, from their thrones, surveyed
With fiend-like joy, the miseries of man.
Mind, soul and strength—the passions and the powers
Alike were bound, and midnight darkness veiled
The awful scene, where sweating nations wrought,
In pain, the fetters they were doomed to wear.
It seemed eternal! age succeeded age,
And still the despot's unrelenting hand
Severer grew, and darkness more profound,
Still heaping gloom on the horizon's verge,
Hid hope and Heaven. The poor man's bitter groan
Extorted by his toil, the widow's sigh
In poverty and tears, reached not the throne
Of splendid royalty; the tyrant's ear
Was open only to the flatterer's voice,
And e'en Religion spurned the sad appeal
That rose, without an offering, at her shrine.
How dark the night! How beautiful the dawn
That smiled, in promise of a glorious day!
When the first PRINTER gave th' imprisoned mind
The key to freedom, and explored the way;
When hope, awaking in the human breast,
Inspired new joy, and the heroic will
Cast off its chain, and the oppressor crushed.
Yet, noble Art, thy task is but begun.
The day has dawned, but must be brighter still
Before the promised triumph is complete,
When old abuses, venerable crimes,
And superstition, tyranny, and chains
Shall vanish from a renovated world!
How many of the families of man
Are fettered still! How many lands, as fair
As this, the home of freedom and the brave,
Still lie in desolation, 'neath the sway
Of powers that rule and brutalize the soul!
Stay not in this thy heaven appointed course,
But let thy potent influence pervade
All human habitations, till the night
Has passed, and man is civilized and free.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Weekly Post.

### FEMALE EDUCATION—WOMAN'S MISSION.

—BY C. H. WILEY.

IT seems strange that the world has not yet found out the uses of woman. Nearly six thousand years ago, Eve was created and given to Adam for "an help meet for him; but if Adam understood her position, and her duty and privileges, he failed to impart the knowledge to his descendants.

Till the coming of Christ, woman was a slave; and since his day, she is still, in most countries, regarded as a sort of beast of burden—as a pretty, animated toy, without an immortal soul, or as the mere creature of passion and whim. In Christian countries her nature has been better understood; and in these she has been the subject of education and moral instruction. In them she has made rapid advances in the scale of being; and the danger now is that the spirit of reform may advance too far, and annihilate all social and political distinctions between the sexes.

There are those, pretended philosophers, who contend that woman ought to dress in male attire, and to be allowed to vote, to hold offices, to legislate, and command armies; and these crazy reformers are, just now, making a good deal of noise, and enlisting followers. It seems to the writer a matter of surprise that man, who has made so many discoveries, and sought out so many inventions, should never have found out the proper uses of woman: and it does appear to him that the slightest attention to the subject would satisfy every one that the softer sex was not designed to be the *slave*, the *idol*, or the *political* equal of the other.

She was made for an help, *meet* for man; this is the language of the Scripture—language which all misquote, and which few have understood. What sort of a help would be meet or proper for man, suitable to his condition here? All the labors of this world are dual, consisting of two parts: there are two kinds of manual labor, two kinds of moral and two kinds of intellectual labor, each necessary to the success of the other, and to the harmony and well-being of the world.

In the woods and fields, on the waters, in the shops, and in the mines, man was doomed to labor, and earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and he was fitted for this by his strength, activity, courage and hardihood. But his labors in these departments will not, by themselves, insure comfort; for he has to be clothed, to eat food which has been cooked and dressed, and to live in houses. In the house, therefore, is another field of manual labor; a little world requiring more taste, tact and delicacy, patience and moral courage, but less strength, and a constitution not so robust as are demanded by the tasks out of doors. For this sphere of action was woman constitutionally adapted; and we have but to look at her frame, and observe her instincts, to be at once convinced of this.

The political tasks of the human race are also double; and while man was made to legislate for, and administer laws among the full-grown and turbulent members of the human family, woman was designed to instruct, control, and govern the wayward natures of the young and tender.

From birth till maturity the race is put under her control; and thus she has to legislate and adjudicate as well as man. Her dominion extends over one-half of the race; and her duties as a lawgiver are as complex, important, and perplexing as those of man.

She is also the *moral* guide and instructor of one-half of the race; and her moral tasks are even more responsible and grave than those of the other sex. She writes the first lessons on the human mind; she shapes the character of the man and woman, and starts him and her on a career that will lead to honor or shame, to happiness or destruction. And that she might perform these tasks—that she might be content with these manual, moral, and political labors, and not desire to usurp the place of man, God has endowed her with intellect like man, and with an immortal soul like his, but with more active sympathies, more delicate sensibilities, more timidity and modesty, more tenderness, and a milder disposition, but with quicker perceptions, stronger instincts, and a more confiding nature. Her person is fairer than man's, and while it is not so robust, it is better suited to delicate handiwork; and so her mind, though not capable of continued, laborious application to one subject, nor adapted to bloody adventures or complicated calculations, is better suited than that of man's to the nice arrangements of domestic matters, to the knowledge of youthful wants and necessities, to soothe, soften, and subdue to love the natures of old and young. Thus has nature fashioned woman; and if we take nature for our guide, can we mistake woman's mission, or fail to understand and appreciate the principles on which her education should be conducted? She is to be properly fitted, by education, for the field wherein God designed her to labor and be useful; her person is to be made more fair, her heart more pure, her mind expanded and adorned with useful studies.

She was sent to adorn as well as moralize the world; and whatsoever tends to the real improvement of her personal charms should not be neglected. But she was not sent merely to be looked at and admired; and those girls who are persuaded into the belief that they are angels or deities will soon find themselves aliens in society, disconnected with the web of human joys and sympathies, a burthen to themselves, disgusting to the real angels, discontented, impracticable, unhappy, and everywhere out of place.

Woman is part of the human race, intended as a help for man; but not to till his fields, drive his oxen, and delve in his mines. He who so treats her will find his fields growing up with briers and brambles, and his house, and everything about it, dreary and uncomfortable. The beauty, sent to gladden his soul, will quickly fade: and the heart, intended for a fountain of happines, will be turned to bitterness and a source of strife.

As already stated, her education should tend to the proper developement of the charms of her person; and all the good instincts of her heart should be strengthened, all her tastes improved and refined, her affections should be chastened and expanded, and her intellect developed, enriched with knowledge, proper to her sphere and duties, and embellished with useful and agreeable accomplishments.

Those who have paid attention to the matter know that the proper arrangement of household matters requires a cultivated taste and a mind which has kept pace with all the improvements of civilization.

These matters can be so ordered as to make everything beauty to the eye and music to the ear to afford pleasure to all the senses of the touch, taste, sight, hearing, and smelling, and to amuse, delight, and instruct the mind, and invigorate, purify, and develop the heart and its best and holiest affections. It is easy to fancy such a household—a little world of beauty and comfort, over whose harmonious evolutions presides that genius of modern times, that product of the Christian religion, benignant and intelligent women, the central sun of a truly happy home, irradiated with her smile, warmed with her love, and governed by her intelligence.

Nor is it hard to imagine a household the reverse of this—a dreary, comfortless dwelling, filled with a Babel of harsh sounds, with a rank compound of "villainous smells," where every thing is out of place, every thing looks ugly, and every thing causes painful sensations; while in the midst of the dirt and gloom and elemental war, stands a scowling slattern, whose looks send a chill through every heart, and in whose presence every budding fancy withers.

That woman was not intended for hard labor in the fields and woods, it is easy to see by her peculiar organization; and the intelligent reader will remember striking examples, in the savage state of society, of the evils of such a system. Savages have, invariably, ugly wives; and the comforts of their rude homes are not often equal to those of the unreasoning brutes, even while these savages far surpass the brutes in intelligence. Their women do the hard work; and while these are, in consequence, unlovable, and degraded to such a degree as to be thought to be of a race inferior to the men, the lives of both sexes and of all ages present the most cheerless forms of animated existence. The civilized nations of antiquity and of modern times, among whom Christianity was and is unknown, afford striking instances of the evils attending social systems in which woman is housed up as a pretty toy, or caressed as an object of passion only. The universal corruption of manners—the utter want of integrity in public and in private stations—the total absence of filial reverence, of fraternal kindness, and of paternal tenderness, with a thousand other consequent ills, fratricide, parricide, infanticide, are all mainly attributable to the manner in which woman is treated.

And there is on record a great and melancholy example of the danger of allowing woman to stand between man and the world and its temptations; of allowing her, in short, to take on herself the guidance of public affairs.

With Adam, when he was made the proprietor of Eden, God entered into a compact, imposing conditions by which he was to remain in his blissful station; but woman, tempted by the father of all evil, took it on herself to question the propriety of this agreement, violated it, and caused her husband to violate it, whereby he lost his seat in paradise, and doomed his descendants to toil and suffering and death.

And, finally, in Christian countries, we behold the effects of female education properly regulated. Here, where she is allowed to work in-doors only, and to teach and legislate around the family altar, we behold races of men superior to all other races, and comforts and enjoyments to which the rest of the world are strangers. Here, and here only, we find true patriots, honest statesmen, and active philanthropists. Here, and here only, we find virtue, chastity, honesty, love, and fraternal affection, truth, sentiment, benevolence, and sympathy. How wonderful, compared with those of other countries, are the comforts of these Christian homes—how astonishing are their improvements—what harmony reigns in all social, political, and moral affairs! It was the legislation and training of a Christian mother which made Washington; and with that name are bound up all the dearest political hopes of men. From woman was descended that other Being, whose name is still dearer to human ears; and only through her was Christ our Saviour, the Redeemer of the world, connected with man.

And thus, if by her indiscretion as a politician she lost us Eden and made us heirs of death, she gave to the world the Conqueror of the grave; and as a mother and a sister, when man assigns her her proper station, and prepares her for it, she will atone for her former folly, produce to the world a race of Washingtons, and, herself guided by the glorious doctrines of Jesus Christ, lead us back, through him, to paradise!

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Weekl yPost.

Messrs. EDITORS:

A certain correspondent of the *Register*, over the signature of "Fitz Van Winkle," is reviewing, with acrimony, several recent literary publications, including your own paper. I do not doubt that the assailed parties will be able to meet this attack, with a gallantry becoming the occasion. With their defence I have nothing to do. But this writer, whose patriotism, State pride, and public spirit, seem to be masked, if not entirely absorbed, by excessive fastidiousness, has allowed himself to indulge in some sentiments and expressions, to which, as one of the public, I cannot be indifferent. He would seem to belong to that small and exclusive class, who pride themselves upon candidly confessing the inferiority of all immediately around them, and seek to secure for themselves, a relative elevation, at the expense of the community, whose character is the standard by which they expect to be tried. There are some persons in the South, who seem to be ashamed of the country in which they live, and are ever laboring to convince the world that they, themselves, are exceptions to the general degradation of the uncultivated masses among whom they happen to live. That the writer I refer to, has imbibed some degree of this spirit, will, I think, be apparent from the most cursory perusal of his article. From what other source could the humiliating assertion emanate, that "poor North Carolina, so long doomed to silent contempt, or broad ridicule, seems now fairly in the way of being crushed, like the Roman maiden, Tarpeia, under the weight of the burdensome donations thrown upon her." Is it then, true, on the testimony of one of her children, that this venerable State has been the object of general contempt and ridicule? If this is not implied, there is no such thing as legitimate inference. Again, is it not, to a certain extent, that very contempt, which the writer complains of, that he himself exhibits, when he says, "it would be no wonder if Rip Van Winkle, (that is the North Carolina public,) should turn *fool*, and expose himself to the derision of all his contemporaries by vain conceits of his own superiority, and by giving to himself airs of importance not natural to him, but put into his head by the silly flattery of some of his friends?" Now, in all candor, if the enlightened son "Fitz Van Winkle," cannot be taken in by the flatterer's art, why does he suppose that the sire, "Van Winkle" himself, can be, unless it be that he considers himself more vigilant and discerning, than the rest of the community? Again, when the bashful reviewer fairly "*blushes*," not only for the *offerers* of such adulation, but for the *taste* of the *public* that can welcome, or even tolerate it; he either blushes in advance of any shameful exhibition on the part of the public, or he blushes because the public *have* been guilty of something shameful, and *have* exposed themselves to the jeers of "our satirical neighbors."

But, I must be allowed to object still more particularly to the assertion, that it is not apathy and want of enterprise, but "insuperable obstacles of nature," that have caused the depression of the State. I differ radically from the writer's view of "what constitutes a State." A more unfortunate and more discouraging sentiment could scarcely be advanced, than that the obstacles to public prosperity in North Carolina, are "insuperable," and that the people, as a matter of course, "must either become poor and dispirited, or the more energetic of them, seek a land more propitious to their exertions." It amounts to this, that we have little or nothing to encourage us,—that emigration to other climes, is both natural and praiseworthy; and that the energy and heroic spirit, which made Holland and Switzerland what they have been, in spite of their disadvantages, would be entirely out of place, in such a country as ours. I think it is clear that the writer's affection and his pride, hang with a frigid and unsubstantial adhesion to the State of his birth.

But the *worst* error into which "Fitz" has fallen, is the palpable absurdity, that a State, situated like North Carolina, separated from other communities by "insuperable obstacles" to commerce, should continue to depend upon distant regions for many of the necessaries of life, instead of adopting the more practicable policy of "living within herself," and making up for the disadvantages of nature, by the exercise of domestic industry and economy.—"Mutual dependence is the golden bond," he says, "designed by Providence, to connect, in fraternal union, the wide-spread family of man." But how, in the name of reason, can the "free trade" notions of this writer ever be realized, if the obstacles to commerce are "insuperable?" Instead of preaching such illusory doctrines, in the columns of a paper devoted to a widely different system, he would have been better employed in stimulating his fellow citizens to a heroic struggle against the difficulties of their geographical position, and urging them to emulate the Dutch and the Swiss, in the noble pursuit of a real independence. Instead of asking them to continue the commercial vassalage under which they live, toward those who seek to repay them with incendiary interference with their institutions, he should have taken pride in fostering that growing spirit of enterprise which promises to place those institutions on a safer and more enduring foundation. He may, at least, be assured, that his efforts to perpetuate the dependence of North Carolina, on *abolition powers*, whether in Europe or America, will meet with little encouragement or approval among her intelligent people.

SOUTHERNER.

For the Weekly Post.

### SPECIMEN OF WICLIF'S TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—Before I transcribe the *Specimen*, suffer me to make a remark or two about this remarkable man. Dr. Wiclif (Wicliffe) was born in the year 1324. This was about the darkest period of the dark ages. Christianity had been perverted to secular purposes, and corruption pervaded all parts of the Church. Wiclif, however, was a diligent student of the Bible. And as in this he pursued a singular course, so his mind was singularly enlightened by divine truth. The consequence was, that he detected and had courage to oppose the errors of the times. In the year 1372, he was elected Professor of Divinity in *Oxford*. His lectures attracted a vast concourse of pupils; and he was greatly admired and followed as a preacher. Endowed with *uncommon prudence*, as well as fervent piety, he did not at first *directly attack* the prejudices of the age in which he lived; nor did he, in the pulpit, delight in controversy, but chose as the subject matter of his sermons, the doctrines and duties of Christianity. These he delivered in a plain, simple style, and urged them on the consciences of his hearers. In this way he gained a mighty influence; and was enabled, at length, to shake the foundations of the strong holds of clerical corruption. He has been beautifully as well as truly called, "the Morning Star of the Reformation." He opposed, in very numerous writings, most of the prevalent errors of the age; and adopted a system of Theology very similar to that of the Reformers as embodied in their confession of faith. The ruling powers of the Church persecuted him sorely, but he was protected from personal violence by the friendship of many noblemen, and the zeal of the people. His enemies, however, succeeded in driving him from his College in Oxford; on which event, he retired to his living, whence he was enabled, by his writings, to assail the hierarchy. There were many efforts made to have him *treated as a heretic*; but while he was rousing opposition, and promoting reformation, it pleased the Sovereign of the Universe, in the year 1384, to remove him by disease, and thus disappoint the malice of those who hunted for his life.

Wiclif translated the whole Bible into English, but only the New Testament has been published. I offer you below, the following extract from the late edition of this version, that your readers may see what the English language was in the year 1380. Your readers may compare this *specimen* with the version of our Bibles now in use, which, it will be recollected, was made in the reign of James I, in the year 1610.

I have chosen the parable of the good Samaritan. Luke X, 25—37.

"And lo a wise man of the law roos up: temptinge him and seyinge, maister what thing schal I do to have euerlastinge lyf. And he seide to him, what is writun in the Lawe? how redist thou? He answerde and seide, thou schalt loue thi Lord God of alle thin herte, and of alle thi soule, and of alle thi strengthis, and of alle thi mynde, and thi neighbore as thi silf. And Jhesus seide to him thou hast answerde rightly, do thou this thinge and thou schalt liue. But he willinge to justifie himself seide to Jhesus, and who is my neighbore? And Jhesus biheeld, and seide, a man came doun fro Jerusalem into Jerico: and fel among theuys, and thei robbiden hym, and woundeden hym, and wenten awuy: and left the man half alyue. And it bifel that a prest cam doun the same weye and passide forth whanne he hadde seyn hym. Also a Dekene whanne he was bisidis the place and sigh hym, passide forth. But a Samaritan goynge the wey cam bisidis hym, and he sigh hym and had reuthe on hym; and cam to hym and bond his woundis togidere and held hym in oyle and wyn, and leyde hym on his beest, and ledde into an ostrye, and did the cure of hym. And another dey he broughte forth twie pens: and gaf to the osteler, and seide haue thou cure of hym, and whateuer thou schalt gif over: I schal yelde to the whanne I com agen. Who of these thre seemeth to thee, was neighbore to him that fel among theuys? And he seide, he that dide mercy into hym; and Jhesus seide to hym go thou and do thou in lyk manner."

I will, with your permission, add the brief story of Martha and Mary in the same chapter:

"And it was doon while thei wenten he entride into a castle, and a woman Martha by name: resceyede hym into hir hous. And to this was a sister Marye by name which also sat bisides the feet of the Lord, and herde his word. But Martha bisiede aboute the ofte seruice, and sche stood and seide, Lord takest thou no kepe: that my sister hath left me aloone to serue? therefore seye thou to hir, that sche helpe me. And the Lord answerde and seyde to hir, Martha, Martha, thou are bisy: and art troublid aboute ful manye thingis: but o thinge is necessarye, Marye hath chosen the best part: which schal not be takun fro hir."

Such, you see, are the changes which take place in living languages. Wiclif's version was made in the year 1380, and that now in use was completed in the year 1610: so that there was an interval of 230 years between them.

It will strike every reader, however, that the English language is much more fixed now than in former times. From the completion of the version now used until the present day, there have elapsed 232 years; and there are in that version but few obsolete or unintelligible words. Y. Y.


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### KOSSUTH.

IT is, perhaps, fortunate for the readers of the *Post*, that neither of its editors has seen the Great Hungarian Patriot. Had either, or both been blessed with such an opportunity, the columns of this paper, might have teemed with sickly enuncations of the Kossuth mania, for months to come: indeed, judging from the effects produced on others, our wits might have been seriously injured for life. Even as things are, such is the force of fashion, that we are compelled to indite an article on Kossuth; and we will avail ouselves of the occasion to say exactly what we think of the Great Magyar in particular, and of European patriots in general.

The whole Hungarian race is a brave and chivalrous one; and in the struggles of the nation with Austria our sympathies were actively enlisted on the side of the former, because they were the weaker, the more brave, and come nearer being on the side of liberty. They were struggling for national independence, and thus entitled to the good will of all independent minds; but whether they understood the true nature of republican freedom, or aimed at its establishment, are matters in regard to which, it is very difficult to form a correct opinion.

Their chief man Kossuth, was the highest impersonation of the Magyar character: heroic, under all circumstances, forever tenacious of his purpose, magnanimous, impetuous, and eloquent, his pride of country was his ruling passion, and his love of independence not to be conquered by time or circumstances. Such was the Kossuth of history; so known by his public career: but do we know that he loved justice as Washington loved it, or sighed for the republican liberty, which woo'd the imagination of Jefferson?

We, on the Western side of the Atlantic, are apt to mistake the motives and the characters of European politicians; and this mistake is natural inasmuch, as it is impossible, for most of us, not to attach to the words *freedom*, *independence*, &c., the same meaning when used by foreigners, that they have in this country. But, in truth, the same language means different things in different countries; and a man born and raised under the system of the old world, has no conception of the feelings and characters which are indiginous in the new.

There are but three things known as realities and prized as such in Europe, and these are power, money and fame; these are the gods of Europe, while every thing else is an impostor. Honor, honesty, patriotism, fidelity, liberty, independence, hope, faith, religion, justice and equity are terms of speech often used; and masks with all these names painted on them, are worn by different classes, and receive a seeming homage. This apparent homage, however, is not paid to the mask, but to the reality behind it; and that reality, is ambition or avarice. These assume all phases, and pave their way with the emblems of virtues, supposed to be popular; but the semblance of these virtues is used just as we use coon-skins, and hickory poles in our political campaigns.

Constantine the Great, finding, in the fourth century, that christianity had taken deep hold on the human heart, assumed it for his battle-cry; and the cross of the meek Saviour and Prince of Peace, was the signal under which an ambitious monarch undertook to conquer. "Conquer by this" was the motto emblazoned with the cross; and it is to *conquer* that virtue, liberty and independence are assumed in Europe for badges and watch-words. Those *in* power undertake to establish their unjust dominion, by environing themselves with the holy sanctions of religion, and by a most perverted use of the words *right* and *justice*; those out and struggling to be in, rally the oppressed to their assistance, by flaming appeals in the name of liberty and independence. The whole system of things is a stupendous imposture: all European society is a great masquerade, where all the varied costumes are worn by a few characters only, and where only a few realities are known. Revolutions there begin with the great and extend only to a change of dynasty; governments are often overturned and new governments established, but the condition of the people remains unaltered. And now that a great republic of really free men has sprung up, on the western shores of the Atlantic, powerful in resources, vigorous with youth, full of life, fire and love of freedom, the stage actors of Europe vary their plays and gestures with express reference to this immense assembly of excitable spectators. Many of their dramas are framed with an eye to the western spectators: and all the clap-trap of the stage, all the devices of the histrionic art are put in vogue to catch the applause of these honest and unsuspecting republicans. Like a pit full of sailors in a theatre, the sympathies of these republicans cause them to take mere plays for realities; they are carried away by the throes and cries of a mimic liberty, and ready to rush on the stage, and avenge the wrongs of the play actor, who performs the part of virtue in distress.

Some time ago, we were traveling in company with a very intelligent Frenchman, a private gentleman, who came to this country, simply to look and not to be looked at. The last French revolution became the subject of conversation, and our companion remarked, that he had witnessed, since the days of Napoleon, many changes of government, but had seen no change in the condition of the people. "I had begun," said he, talking of liberty, "to regard the whole thing as a humbug, a mere delusion. Poets had sung its praises—philosophers had pictured its charms, statesmen and orators had beeen inspired by its graces. Its name was invoked by priest and infidel, king and rebel. In all the bloody and terrible convulsions which I have witnessed, its banner led the victors, and its sighs breathed thro' the lips of the conquered. What is it, where is it? I often, in vain, enquired. Humanity still presented the same forlorn aspect, under all changes—the great masses of men were still despised and doomed to a condition more wretched than that of brutes. I came here to ask what liberty is, and I saw it ere I landed on your shores. I will not enquire what your laws profess," continued the Frenchman, "or what your politicians say: I will not read your Constitutions, or attend the debates in Congress. I saw liberty on the shore before I landed—I see it every where—I see it now. Look there, said he, pointing to a group of European emigrants, crowded into the fore-castle of the vessel—"do you see those creatures, lousy, filthy, brutalized in expression, without hope, pride, care or shame? Such are the people where ambition and avarice have ruled for centuries, and where liberty and virtue are mere terms of art." "Now look there," and we looked in the opposite direction, and saw a group of Americans, plain men and women going to market and surrounded with baskets, boxes, and bags. The sparkle of their eyes, beaming with animation was in striking contrast to the ray less orbs of the emigrant automatons; and their lively manners, energetic gestures and restless motions made an interesting and impressive picture, peculiarly interesting, when viewed in near connection with the silent and swarthy and listless forms of the dreary and wretched company which blocked up the steerage. And it was this appearance of life, and health and energy in the common people; their hopeful disposition, spirit of emulation, pride, manliness and independence, which so impressed the philosophic Frenchman, and more than realized his fond dreams of the effect of real liberty.

The mass of humanity in Europe is dead, benumbed by a long and hopeless bondage; it has but the faculty of sensation, and many of the finer emotions of the soul have been smothered. To eat, to drink and sleep, this is its happiness, the boundary of its crimes: while there is a perpetual struggle among the few for the highest places, an eternal game, in which the common people are the chessmen, moved at the will of the gamesters.

When revolutions begin with them—and when from *their* ranks, another Napoleon shall arise to finish the labors of the first, then may we hope for better things for Europe. The first Napoleon was a stern, and terrible reality, the child of destiny: neither ambition, in its vulgar sense, nor avarice was his ruling passion. He saw around him a stupendous imposture; and while disgusted with the actual state of things, and impelled forward by a restless desire for change, he hardly knew at what he was aiming, or what he desired. He trampled on rotten dynasties, unmasked hoary hypocrasy, and cut the fetters of imprisoned intellect; but when he had done this, he was still unsatisfied—saw that the half was not yet done, but he knew not what was left undone, nor how it was to be completed. And when he became able to re-model what he had torn to pieces, guided by the artificial philosophy of the school in which he was raised, his imperial policy tended but to fix power where it had been before. Still the seeds of life were sown broad-cast in the hearts of the masses; and in due time, they will germinate and ripen into fruit.

In the mean time, let our example still shine before the world; let our people still mingle with the people of Europe, and our policy become more and more felt, as our greatness, trade and prosperity increase, and the right kind of revolutions may be certainly expected.

But is it not a retrograde movement thus to borrow light from Europe? To import their politics and politicians? Why, when we were the mere rudiments of our republican creed, the brightest intellects of Europe could not originate or enact a law that gave us satisfaction—even the master-pieces of the Lockes and Shaftsburys excite the contempt of the colonists for whom they were invented. The commonest member of Assembly, is a better legislator for American interests than the brightest intellects among European politicians.—And as to worshiping an idol from them, is it not absurd? If we should meet a Hungarian in any part of the broad earth, we would respect him for the love of independence, and the heroic daring displayed by his people; and as to Kossuth his long sufferings, borne with heroism, his love of country, his zeal in her behalf, his abilities, and his constancy entitle him to the warm regard, to the admiration even of every sovereign American citizen.—But we have still more respect for a hard-fisted, honest-hearted, sturdy republican American, wherever we might find him—still more love and admiration for a great American statesman and benefactor, inflexibly just, and seeking to perpetuate the memory and policy of the incomparable heroes of '76, and of the glorious and unequalled Washington. And does not Kossuth himself, the very man for whom we are all run mad, rebuke us indirectly, when he tells us, in his first speech on our shores, that he has no thought, even hint, of anything but Hungary, of any people but his own? Can he blame American statesmen for similar professions with regard to *their* country and *their* people? A Major Hagadorn, of the New York militia, made a very foolish speech to Kossuth, almost directly pledging to his support the entire militia of the United States. We are of equal rank with the Major in this branch of the service, and we take occasion to say distinctly, that our sword and our military skill are at the service of the sovereign State of North Carolina, and of the sovereignty of the U. States. We owe allegiance to no other sovereigns, and intend to owe it to no other; and while Kossuth has our sympathies, admiration, and even our warmest frendship, we expect as long as we properly appreciate his real greatness, to shew that we truly appreciate it, not by volunteering for the wars in Europe, but by laboring with might and main for the welfare of our native State, the great and glorious old State of North Carolina, now needing the aid of all her sons. This is our say about Kossuth.

### A NUISANCE.

We are as free from Sectional prejudices as most people: indeed our human sympathies embrace the whole habitation of man. We also concern ourselves as little in the affairs of others as any other living mortal; and we never did know the gossip among our nearest neighbors. But we are apt to take an interest in most things which concern the public welfare; and of this character are certain speculations on which we have bestowed a good deal of attention.

There are men—men whose names are familiar among us as household words—who are regarded at home as belonging to the *genus* Humbug, and who are known as having no pretensions to the character of philosophers, scholars, thinkers or writers of merit. These men are engaged in the fabrication of books suited to certain latitudes—of compilations with sounding titles, tales of startling incidents, histories of murderers, pirates, outlaws and desperadoes; and their agents traverse our Southern regions, getting *one hundred per cent.* for selling the books, and filling the scant shelves of the quiet country people, with the very offal of literature. There are *millionaires* at the North whose golden harvests have been reaped at the South, for works which a well-read scholar would not permit to rest for an hour on his shelves. And while so much is paid for such books, better literature is poorly patronized. The makers of such books, selling them at two and four hundred *per cent.* profit on the cost, can well afford to offer inducements to agents; and thus these agents are enabled to drum every corner of the country with cart loads of trash, while those who publish with more honest purposes, cannot be thus efficiently represented by a corps of travelling electioneerers.

We mean no reflections on those who sell books honestly, to make an honest living—no censure on worthy young men of our own State, or old men who travel with miscellaneous books, many of them though making little, doing much good. And there is also a kind of book agents who, of course, are excepted: agents of religious and charitable Associations, of local, or expensive publications which could not be published without the previous guarantee of a good subscription list; but our remarks are pointed specially at those concerned in catch-penny publications, sickly compilations intended to vulgarize and feed appetites already vulgar, and flashy works designed only for those who judge a book by its pictures and title page.

The makers of such books living North of Mason and Dixon's line, reap all their profits at the South; and then, as is not unnatural, despising the people whom they have humbugged, turn flaming abolitionists and join in the war on Southern rights and interests.

Is there no way to abate this nuisance? The Southern people must learn to think for themselves, to write their own books and make their own shoes.

The Northern people are a practical, shrewd, calculating people; and while they make all our coats and shirts, books and cannon, they have little regard for speeches in Congress and secession resolutions. They respect only those whom they see disposed to help themselves, able and willing; and to all such there are none more complaisant and conciliatory than the Yankees. See what a veneration they have for England, whose genius and enterprize meets them on every field; see how aggressive they are towards less industrious and more extravagant nations.

The impositions practiced on us by the North are a nuisance; the want here of a thorough *home spirit*, and of a disposition to patronize home industry, is an actual calamity.

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The present may be an appropriate occasion to say a word in regard to the effect produced on the minds of some persons who have read the North Carolina Reader.

The book has found its way into the families of many country people who live near the writer; and he has heard the heads of these families say that they had changed long-cherished designs of leaving their father-land. They have alleged as reasons for the change of resolution, first, that the prospects of North Carolina were better than they had supposed; and secondly, that their children (for whose benefit they had intended to move) had imbibed a feeling of enthusiasm for the State, and were unwilling to leave it. Such a feeling of enthusiasm and veneration, for their birth-place, on the part of the young, will make any State a great one; and that feeling which is supplanted—that disgust for home, and early instilled admiration for distant lands, will make a desert of the choicest part of earth. Such effects of the North Carolina Reader are extremely gratifying to the author; and he hopes yet to see the day when every school boy in the Commonwealth will be ready to fling up his cap and hurrah for the Old North State. When that day arrives, North Carolina will receive more emigrants than she now sends away.

### COLD WEATHER.

Last week, we had, in many parts of North Carolina, regular old-fashioned winter weather. For five or six days and nights it did not thaw the least in the shade; and it has been many years since we have seen the streams in this part of the world so locked up in icy manacles.

The air during all the time was dry and healthy; and we presume the ice-crop will be abundant and of the finest quality.