

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHILD AND HEAVEN.

For the Weekly Post. BY FINLAY JOHNSON. "I am weary of earth," said a fair young girl, And tears dim'd her bright blue eye, "That is not a thing which I fondly love "That is not sure to die. "I am weary of earth, so I shall seek "A better and happier home, "Where hopes fly not from the trusting heart— "Where grief and care are unknown."

A BETTY.

Mr. Jones having utterly failed, at the age of fifty-two, in finding out the bent of his genius, and his wife and the little Joneses being somewhat interested in the solution of this problem, Mr. Jones, in a fit of desperation, proposed their taking a few gentlemen boarders, "just for company for Mrs. Jones."

A CRAZY WOMAN.

There is a lady well known in the literary world, generally called Grace Greenwood, but whose real name is Clarke. We have headed our notice of her "a crazy woman," and our readers will judge whether it is appropriate or not.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE CHOICE OF A PURSUIT IN LIFE.

DIFFERENT men are fitted for different pursuits, according to the turn which Nature has given to their intellectual powers. All men cannot make statesmen, orators, poets, or philosophers; but there are occupations, and useful ones too, in which the most ordinary can succeed, and even attain to eminence.

far more desirable than the most princely pecuniary emolument. The toils which have to be passed through, and the labors that have to be expended are totally overshadowed by the soul-inspiring pleasure of the pursuit.

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THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

THE 22d of February has passed by without any unusual demonstration of interest. The day being Sunday, the customary celebration on the part of the military was observed in some places on the 21st; but we believe that, on the whole, there has been manifested rather less disposition than heretofore to greet its recurrence with enthusiasm.

No! the name of Washington is not forgotten, and his influence has not lost its power! We look back with ever increasing awe upon the majestic features of his character, and cherish with growing reverence and fondness the remembrance of his virtues. We do not exhibit our feelings on special occasions—in a lively manner as formerly, because those feelings have been changed into habits, and have become, as it were, a part of ourselves.

We do not design to enlarge upon this inspiring theme. A thousand brilliant associations meet us at the threshold, and invite us to enter. But they are doubtless as obvious to others as they are to us, and need no pencil touches to lend them coloring and shape.

Intervention, as a threatened danger, has now passed away, and the public mind has settled down upon some principles long cherished amongst us. We cannot too heartily congratulate ourselves on the escape we have made from the dark labyrinth of European politics.

Who can measure the conflicting forces that would have been arrayed against one another, or estimate the expenditure that would have ensued, had we listened to the Syren's voice? Imagination shrinks from the contemplation of a drama so vastly extended and so profoundly horrible.

In short, he felt he was now fulfilling his destiny, and had just found out that he had all his life been "burying his talents in napkin." How expert he was at helping to the consumptive looking chickens that graced his table! The drumsticks he always gave the children, because it took some time to anatomize them, and he had not forgotten a picture in Dickens, of "Oliver Twist asking for more."

Unfortunately Mrs. Jones was of the same opinion, and there's where they both differed from Joe. Jeffrey Jones, their youngest hope, who considered it all confounded nonsense, and persisted in screaming at the top of his lungs unless he could sit upon end. "My dear," said Jones, after laboring this little infant whom till two o'clock one morning, "don't you think John Jeffrey might be persuaded to lie down a little while?"

When a woman of such education and literary attainments speaks in such a strain of any mortal man, and applies to him epithets which belong only to the son of God, what might we not expect from the ignorant and uneducated? But the truth is, that there is more genuine common sense among the masses than the majority of the poets, and literatures, and philosophers of the day; and we might search long among the sons and daughters of toil, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and who have but little time for reading the newspaper, before we could find any man or woman that would give utterance to such irrelevant language, however much they might admire the poetry and silken eloquence of Kossuth.

Virginia Woolen Mill.—This establishment is growing rapidly in public favor, and the reputation of its fabrics are becoming co-extensive with the Union. Its flannels are now sold in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, at fair prices, and its other goods stand equally high wherever offered for sale.

Mr. Jones, said his wife, peering out from her ruffled night cap, "this very strange you will break me of my rest asking foolish questions. One would think you had no love for your own offspring, when the dear child prefers you to its mother, to make such a fuss about a trifle."

IMPORTANT AMERICAN WORKS.—We learn from our Northern Exchanges that we are soon to have three phases in the character of Washington presented by men so eminent as Daniel Webster, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Webster had nearly completed his Memoir of the Political Life of the Great Chief; Mr. Irving's work, which has been long in the press, will be published early in the spring.

OWNERS OF THE SOIL.—It is a remarkable fact that of all the constituted states of Europe or America, Great Britain is the country in which the people hold the smallest stake in the soil. France, with a population of 32,560,933, has 10,896,982 landed proprietors, or one in five.

A NEW METAL.—A well known gold being excavated in Jackson County, Florida, which, in the number of strata already passed through, is nearly as notable as the one so famous near Genoa. The first twenty or thirty feet composed of sandy soil common to that region. This is succeeded for an equal distance by a black, rich, vegetable loam.

BRACKET THE SCULPTOR.—A remarkable work of art, is the production of Mr. Edward A. Brackett, now on exhibition at Boston. The subject is that of a shipwrecked mother and child, cast upon a rocky shore. The artist has seized the first moment of the spirit's effacing departure.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS.—There is a book which with the dangerous title of "The Pocket Lawyer." We should like a book with this title much, for we are sure that if we got a lawyer in our pocket, we never should be able to get him out of it.

A curious English version of St. John's Gospel has been discovered in Archbishop Tenison's Library at London. It is supposed to date from the twelfth or thirteenth century.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

CROCHET WORK.

EXPLANATION OF STITCHES. Chain Stitch.—Draw the thread through the loop on the needle. Single Crochet.—Keep one loop on your needle; put the needle through the upper edge of the chain, and draw the thread through the work, then through one loop on the needle at the same time.

Double Crochet.—Insert your needle into the upper edge of the chain stitch on the work, and draw the thread through the work, then through two loops on the needle. Long Crochet.—Catch the thread round the needle before you insert it into the work, draw the thread through the work, then through one loop, then through two loops, then through the two loops remaining on the needle.

Pattern II.—BROAD HONITON EDGING. BOAR'S Head cotton, No. 24.—Make a chain as long as required. First Row.—Long crochet into every chain stitch. Second Row.—One long and two chain stitches; missing two on the work.

Pattern III.—NARROW FRENCH EDGING. BOAR'S Head cotton, No. 22.—Make a chain as long as required. First Row.—Open crochet—that is, one long, one chain, miss a chain.

INTERESTING THINGS FROM PARIS.

THE EXILED GENERALS. The following are the names—familiar to most American readers—of some of the sixty-six members of the National Assembly "indefinitely banished" by a recent Presidential decree from the soil of France. The most of them are Socialists: Victor Hugo, Theodore Bac, Charles Lagrange, Dupont, Naudou, Charria, Schoedler, Pierre LeFrance, DeFlotte, Gales Leroux, Madier Martign, Mathier (de la Droue), Raspail, Noel Parfait.

THE STAR-NOSE MOLE. The Mole is a curious and rather pretty little creature. It is not blind, as one might suppose, from the common saying, "as blind as a mole." It has bright eyes, but they are so small, and so much hidden by the long soft fur, that it is difficult to see them.

LOVE AND SUICIDE.

The body of a young woman of rare beauty, was day before yesterday, exposed at the Morgue. The commissary of police subsequently discovered that she was a native of New York, and named Marie F****. She came to her death under the following circumstances. She was a boarder, say the papers, in a convent in New York, and having been accidentally seen by a young man named Ernest B., who fell in love with her, and proposed elopement to her, she yielded to his solicitations, and accompanied him in July last to France. She took a room in the hotel of the Rue du Bac.

A MAN somewhat given to superstition, dreamed on Monday night, that he saw an omnibus up Washington street, containing four passengers, and drawn by six horses, each animal having six legs. Upon waking from the sleep, he sprang out of bed and made a note of the figures, 4, 6, 46. On Monday he spent several hours searching after a lottery ticket, with the numbers 4, 6, 46, upon it. Finding one at last, he paid \$20 for it, 12 per cent. off. On Tuesday, strange to relate! the ticket drew a blank!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAW OF DOMESTIC STORMS.

WHILE scientific men are very laudably devoting themselves to the study of storms in general, we propose investigating that particular branch of the subject which is applicable to every day life; for a knowledge of the theory and causes of domestic storms must be useful to all classes of the community.

It was on contemplating the ruin caused by a domestic hurricane, in the midst of China, that the writer first conceived the idea of giving his head to a subject about which his head had been broken more than once, though he had never before thought of collecting together the results of his experience. He had observed that the various domestic storms he had encountered, as mate of a very troublesome craft, though sometimes sudden and furious, had generally some determined cause, and frequently took the same direction, by concentrating towards himself all its violence.

A GOOD REASON.—A country pedagogue, says the Carpet Bag, had two pupils; to one he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these two were late, and were called out to account for it.

REPOSE OF MANNER.—Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gesture or quick movement inspires involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade—but one sits for hours, lost in thought, and gazing upon the still water of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manners, and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man an immense advantage over those vastly superior to him.

CHARADE.

From Time's remotest age My first its revels keep; Man smiled amid its rage; And angrished woman wept. It, at all, appears, Still eager for its charms; She smiles its frown with tears, And faints at its alarms.

Answer next week. Answer to the Enigma of last week—ELLIAN FORBES BEACHUM.

Answer to the Charade of last week—COT-TOX-GIN, (Cotton-gin.)

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