

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Weekly Post.

For Miss M. W.'s Album of Chapel Hill.

A single leaf is all I claim, Fair lady, in that book of thine, Whereon to trace thy cherished name, To breathe a prayer for thee and thine. Mine shall not be a flatterer's art, With voice of praise to greet thine ear; I'll speak the language of a heart, Though poor in words, in thought sincere. May hope's bright star illumine thy way, Through this cold friendless world of ours; Thy life be one bright summer's day, Thy path be strewn with fairest flowers. May sparrow's tear ne'er dim thine eye, That beams with youth and beauty now, Nor care, nor grief, nor cause a sigh, Or east thy shadows o'er thy brow. And may each joy that life can bring, Through many years to thee be given; To cheer thy heart, and light thy path, Through earth, to brighter scenes in heaven.

For the Weekly Post.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

From her tropical home where she ever flings Perennial sweets from untiring wings, She comes once more to her Northern bowers To deck them o'er with a robe of flowers, And perfume to spread with a lavish hand, O'er the varied scenes of a smiling land. Oh! welcome back, with thy forms so fair, With thy gentle tones, and thy balmy air, Sweet Queen of Spring, at whose smiles so gay Old winter awakes, as he moves away! The marsh meadows, and the pastures green, A thousand throats to the genial sky, And the budding bowers of the choral grove Resound again with the notes of love. The new-born lamb, as it frisks apart, With a plaintive voice, and a timid heart, New courage draws from thy breath, and still Inspires new joys from the scented hill; And the fluttering lark from the grassy ground Springs up to the clouds with a bolder bound, And upon thy path, as on high he soars, Ecstatic strains from his bosom pours. All nature joins in thy praise to sing, All welcome back the return of Spring, And desponding man, 'mid his sighs and tears, 'Mid his sad regrets, and his haunting fears, At thine advent, sees that a brighter shade On the darkened scene of his life is laid, And the lowering cloud for a while gives place To the smiles lit up in thine angel face.

SHADWELL.

ANSWER TO CHARADE OF WEEK BEFORE LAST, SIGNED "M."—WAR-SAW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LATE MR. COOPER AND THE PRESS.

The New-York "Tribune" comments upon that part of Mr. Bryant's oration at the Cooper Festival which defended Mr. C. for his assaults upon, and suits against the Press. It says: "But Mr. Bryant is not entitled to the charity of silence which mantles the departed. He is living among us to-day—he is bound to know whereof he affirms in a matter deeply affecting the reputation of the living—may, as an Editor himself, he was under additional obligation not to stand forth a general calumniator of his professional brethren."

"Of the suits, the Tribune says the larger number originated in a neighborhood quarrel. The people of Cooperstown had been accustomed on boating excursions to land upon a barren point of rock jutting from Mr. Cooper's grounds into Otsego Lake, which he abruptly, and as they thought churlishly, compelled them to evacuate and abandon. Their indignation at this found utterance in a newspaper of the village, which was copied approvingly by others; and thereupon Mr. Cooper commenced libel-suits—not waiting five weeks after the date of the offense—much less the 'five years' that Mr. Bryant talks off."

"The Tribune denies that he was uniformly successful in his suits. "He brought Col. Webb, to trial repeatedly, and with almost if not quite uniform success; he sued the Tribune on two several occasions,—the last time some eight or nine years ago, but never brought the suit to trial; he threatened us with several suits that he never saw fit to institute; and he was finally beaten before the Court of Errors in his second suit against Col. Stone of The Commercial—Chancellor Walworth and other eminent Jurists pronouncing opinions decidedly and very broadly against him, and the Court dividing about four to one."

"The Tribune also denies that Mr. Cooper was liberal to his antagonists, or that he triumphed over the Press, and it calls upon Mr. Bryant to correct his errors of statement."

MARDI-GRAS.

The entire population of the city appeared to be in the streets yesterday afternoon. Canal street, Royal and Orleans were filled to an uncomfortable degree by half past 3 in the afternoon, with promenaders of all ages, sizes and classes, whilst the balconies were crowded with ladies, children, gentlemen, nurses and servants. Curiosity was depicted in every countenance, and even in streets where it was impossible that anything like a "mask" or "Fancy" could be seen, people stood at the doors and windows with a fixedness, an anxiety to witness something—no matter what—that were to a calm minded looker on quite amusing and interesting.

The masquerade assembled in Orleans street, in front of the opera, at about a quarter to 4 o'clock. There was an immense crowd present, all eager and excited, and many apparently determined to assert their right to scatter mud, flour and such missiles around them freely and promiscuously. Whether it was the police or not we cannot say, but these misanthropic individuals very soon restrained their demonstrations to a less annoying degree.

The procession started at 4 o'clock for Jackson Square, around which it marched amid a general bustle and rushing. As it returned into Royal and proceeded towards Canal street, the long thoroughfare, filled with so many moving heads, the balconies, doors and windows lined with gazers, and the gay and variegated colors of the masqueraders, interwoven in the black mass like a brilliant ribbon, the coup d'oeil was animated and striking in the extreme.

There procession was opened by a large band of music, in a vehicle the performers disguised in monks' white gowns and cowls. Next came a dashing and gallant looking corps of Bedouins or Mamelukes, on horseback, and in the loose, flowing and gaily colored robes—white and red—of the Arab braves. These tawny, bearded and moustached warriors, were armed with handbills, not of grape, but of sugar plums of all sizes and colors, which they showered right and left wherever ladies occupied the balconies.

Then came four fine looking horses, decorated with ribbons, and ridden by two postillions properly dressed, drawing after them a large open carriage

which was gaily festooned and hung with streamers. It was occupied by five persons, all of them tastefully dressed, and one a young and modest bride, whose hands and arms were nevertheless fully occupied in assisting a tall and gallant light dragoon, with blue jacket and brass helmet, in a vigorous distribution of sugar plums on all the ladies who appeared. Another carriage, with gay decorations, and filled with fancy dressed young men, followed. They too were fighting like heroes, but with less deadly and sweeter weapons. We say "young men;" we believe there was a young lady in this carriage, too—she (I) wore a baby cap, but displayed a fair and well-modeled pair of arms and shoulders, which a debutante at her first ball might not have been ashamed of. These two carriages were the two deserving of special notice; they were prepared with care, and excited much attention.

A long train of vehicles of all descriptions followed, some occupied by masquers, others by spectators. After marching twice around the streets indicated in the programme—Royal, Canal, Rampart and the Esplanade—the procession broke up, and the crowd hastened to other amusements, of fancy balls, social parties, &c., which terminated the day and the regular Carnival.—N. O. Pic.

HIS HEAD TURNED BY A BABY.—A Liverpool paper publishes an extraordinary story, in which it is stated that a man named Birkenhead recently lost his reason at the announcement that his wife had a baby. The man, who is a joiner, upon being informed of the fact on his return from work, immediately danced and jumped about the room in a very excited state. Soon afterwards he became frantic, and hurriedly left the premises. Nothing was heard of the man for two days, although a diligent search was made for him; but on the evening of the third day he made his appearance at his house, and had scarcely entered, when the cries of his new-born child was heard, which produced on him the greatest excitement. Without speaking to any one, he sallied forth into the yard, where he stripped himself of all his apparel, except his shirt and trousers. He then rushed out of the house, and fled in the direction of Cloughton Park, after which he was seen to enter a plantation at Bidston.

A THEORY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—According to all accounts, the Aurora Borealis takes place after a thaw. By this means, then, and in proportion to the rapidity of the thaw, the immense quantity of negative electricity bound there in the earth, and accumulated, moreover, on its warmly kept snow-covered surface, is liberated, and finds its way into the upper regions by creeping up the sides of the numerous hills and mountains of these places, or is carried up by the rising vapours to the region of the positive electricity, flowing above our atmosphere towards the equator, as does the negative below. By these means the aurora borealis takes place; it is union of the positive and negative electricities in a different clime, and under different circumstances, and no doubt, for different ends. Its sensible effect upon the magnetic needle, before it reaches the point of culmination, must be obvious, considering the disturbance caused by the quantity of fluids brought into action from a state of rest. The shape of an arch may be accounted for by the atmosphere forming a ring round the earth, and the circumference of the earth's being greatly narrowed towards the poles, the arch of the atmosphere at the poles must naturally be more contracted and lower in proportion than the arch which it forms nearer and round the equator; and the electricity of the upper regions floating on the air in the same way, will present to our view the aurora borealis in a curve or arch.—The Builder.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—A very ingenious and novel application has been made of the Electric Telegraph in St. George's Hospital. It consists of a small dial, not more than a foot in diameter, with a hand which points to certain numbers on it. They refer to all the physicians and surgeons of the hospital; and it is intended, by means of this wonderful agency, to intimate the moment they arrive, that in case of danger to any patient they may be instantly seen. On the directions are also the hours for meals, the time at which the friends of the sick must leave, the time for operations, and every other matter desirable to be known in the wards where it is thus intimated. The dial is placed in the hall of the hospital, and as the message is to be sent, so the corresponding number is found on the direction table, and the hand is turned to a corresponding one on the dial. This causes a bell to ring in each ward, which indicates that the nurse is to refer to the dial—for they are placed throughout the establishment—when they will find the same number pointing to the name of the patient, and by referring to the directions she at once sees what the message is. This saves a vast deal of confusion in running up and down stairs, besides being more desirable for the patients, who will be exposed to much less noise. It is probable that this admirable plan will soon be adopted in all similar establishments, as well as prisons.

KEEPING TIME WITH THE TELEGRAPH.—We witnessed a curious experiment yesterday at Morse's Telegraph office, which we had before heard of but had never seen. It was nothing less than the ticking of the clock in New York city, heard and seen at this end of the line. The experiment was most perfectly performed, the regular vibrations of the pendulum in New York, being registered on the paper at precise intervals, and heard by striking of the pen-levy at the same instant.

This is done by an operation similar to the method of telegraphing itself. It is well known that the bringing in contact of the positive and negative poles of the batteries, forms what is termed a circuit, and produce characters at the pleasure of the persons so bringing them together. One of these wires is connected by a very fine wire to the pendulum of the clock, partaking of its motion; the other is fastened to the side of the clock, so that the pendulum shall strike it in swinging back and forth. When the pendulum strikes, the two wires being brought together, a circuit is formed, and a stroke of the pendulum makes a dot upon the paper, and this is repeated as often as the pendulum strikes the wire in the side of the clock in New York it is heard even more distinctly in Buffalo than in the office where it is placed.

Last evening a similar experiment was successfully tried between Bangor, Me., and Milwaukee, Wis., by connecting the wires of Morse's and Speed's line, at this point, and then proceeding as mentioned above.

A clock ticking at one place, and being heard in another, between 2 and 3000 miles away, is certainly something curious in this age of marvels.—Buffalo Express.

A legal friend of ours, the other day was about entering a haberdasher's shop in Broadway, when a young buck, with a large moustache and small income, born like Jupiter with elegant desires, drove up a pair of spanking boys, glittering with their splendid caparison.

"Ah, G—" said he "how do you do?—how do you do?—how do you do?—Fine animals, but very costly. What do you think I gave for the pair?"

"I guess you gave your note," said G.—

"Good mawning?" responded the blood, "good mawning!"

A PERSON born on the 29th ult, when arrived at the age of 64 years, will have seen only his or her sixteenth birth day.

THE EEL.

The following is another extract from the Poem of Win. Stark, Esq., delivered at the late Manchester Centenary, and was furnished us by a friend. As a specimen of quaint humor, and ability to make something out of an insignificant subject, we have seldom seen it surpassed. It appears that the lamprey eel was a staple article of food among the good people of "Derryfield," now the city of Manchester, N. H. The poet, accordingly, after alluding to the subject, proceeds as follows:—N. Y. Ob.

"Ignoble theme!" does the critic say? But what care I for his sneering bray? In my boyhood's days upon eels I fed; And as now to you I an banquet spread Of such simple food as the just reveals, I invite you now to a dish of eels. O'er ev'ry land, in ev'ry age, By the high and low, by the fool and sage, For the dainty Eel has been left a space, At the festive board in an honored place. When the Roman Consul gave his feast Of the rarest kinds of bird and beast, 'Twould have seemed to him but a scanty meal, Had he failed so furnish the dainty eel. Great Crassus doffed his robes of pride, And in sackcloth mourned for an eel that died; And with keener pangs which the heart can feel Hortensius wept for a squirming eel! But higher still in the list of fame, 'I'll point to the Royal Henry's name; Who died, as history's page reveals; A martyred soul in the cause of eels.

Our fathers treasured the slimy prize— They loved the eels as their very eyes; And one 'tis said, with a slender rife, For a string of eels he sold his wife. From the eels they formed their food in chief, And eels were called the "Derryfield beef;" And the marks of eels were so plain to trace, That the children looked like eels in the face; And before they walked, it is well confirmed, That the children never crept, but squirmed. Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield, O'er the goodly men of Old Derryfield,— It was often said that their only care, Their only wish, and their only prayer, For the present world—and the world to come, Was a string of eels, and a jug of rum. Oh! the eel! the eel! the squirming eel, What a lovely phase does his life reveal,— In his chamber dark, 'neath the silver wave, Where the sleeping rocks in the waters lave, Harmless and lone how he gentle glides, And sucks the dew from their mossy sides. As the little fry through the waters swim, Not a single fear have they for him,— Not a single fear need the minnows feel, For a gentle thing is the squirming eel. When attacked by his foes, not a blow he deals, But away alone in his glory steals— Not an angry thought to disturb his rest, Nor an envious wish in his peaceful breast; What a lesson here, for his surest weal, Might be learnt by man from the squirming eel. If I should e'er, at a later age, Support a costly equipage, In a palace liv'd, and with swelling pride In a gilded chariot ride; 'I'll grave upon my family seal, The eel, the eel, the squirming eel. Ency. Americana—Articles Petyromyza. Anthony's Class Dictionary—Article Hortensius. Hume's His. England, vol. 1, page 266.

A Discovery Interesting to Florists.—The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells a most beautiful and interesting discovery, which has lately been made by a celebrated Parisian Horticulturist, by the name of Hobart: "I was persuaded (says he) to go to his rooms a few weeks since, and I assure you I have no reason to regret the long walk I took. Beneath a large glass case, four or five feet high, as many in circumference, were placed pots of roses, japonicas, pinks, dahlias, chinasars, &c. &c., all in bud. By means of certain gas, invented by himself, and which is made to pass by a gutta percha tube to any pot required, Mr. Hobart causes the instantaneous blooming of the flowers. The ladies in the room asked successively for roses, dahlias, and japonicas, and saw them burst into full bloom and beauty in a second. It was really wonderful. Mr. Hobart is now trying to improve on his discovery, and to make the gas more portable, and his application less visible. The secret is, of course, his, and his rooms are crowded every day with the most delighted spectators. I wish I could send you his lovely camelia I received, which when asked for was so tightly enveloped in the green leaves of its calyx, that the color of its flower could not even be guessed at; and yet the request was hardly out of my lips when the beautiful white camelia was in my hand. When he has made a little more progress, Mr. Hobart intends to take out a patent, and deliver his discovery to the public.

The history of Coffee is perhaps not known, or remembered by every one. A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine says that in the 16th century, an Ottoman Ambassador, Soliman Aga, presented some of the seeds to a King of France, as a pleasant beverage produced in Arabia; in 1654, an Armenian, named Pasquel, opened the first shop for the sale of coffee, (an infusion of it) in Paris. It is now in general use all over the world; and nearly all the coffee drunk is the produce of the New Continent, where, about one century ago, it was not cultivated at all. The people of the East in the place of raising themselves, borrow it from the Americans.

MISS GAMBLE, the lady that Chevalier Wyoff endeavored to marry, is the daughter of Col. John G. Gamble, of Florida, and formerly of Richmond, Virginia; not of Philadelphia, as has been stated.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

PATTERN V.—TURKISH SOFA CUSHION. WORKED IN STRIPES.

You require one ounce of gold colour, and half an ounce of each of the following colours—of double Berlin, green, scarlet, blue, white, and purple. You work them in the order named, and a narrow gold stripe between each colour. It will be sufficiently large when you have repeated the stripes twice.

You commence with the gold colour. Make a chain half a yard in length, and work three rows of double crochet.

You now take the green and work four rows in the following manner:—Put three long stitches into three successive chain stitches in the work, then make a chain of three loops, and put your next three long stitches into the work three chain stitches distant from the last long stitches.—The three following rows you put your long stitches into the large hole.

You now work three rows of double crochet with the gold colour; then take the scarlet and work in the same manner as the green.

When made up, you line the work with black velvet, and make the back of scarlet, with shenille cord and tassels.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Weekly Post.

THE FIRST RHYMING.

The first poetry ever written undoubtedly occurs in the Bible. It is first in point of excellence and in chronological precedence; and persons who have needed the services of no Blair to draw their attention to the fact, have adjudged passages in the five books of Moses, Job, the Proverbs, Psalms, Isaiah, &c., to be the first specimens of poetry in any language. But where does the first rhyming occur? Why, in the Bible likewise. Moses may not have been aware of a gift of this kind; especially as he is represented (Exodus, iv, 10) to have been "not eloquent," but "slow of speech and of a slow tongue." As it goes, however, he knowingly or unwittingly perpetrated the following Rhyme:—

"The kings of Egypt died, And the children of Israel sighed, By reason of the bondage, and they cried.—Ex. ii. 23. Musaeus and Orpheus lay some claim to antiquity in rhyming; but the latter, tutor of the former, never had the honor of turning the course of rivers by the power of his musical rhymes, until some 200 years after Moses from Mount Nebo had taken his first and last view of the promised land. So the palm of originality in the divine art of rhyming must be yielded to Moses.

Some maudlin critic may object to this discovery, that the Hebrew language, in which the Bible was first written, did not rhyme in the passage quoted; but said critic must get the original text and prove it. Until he does, I shall contend that the first rhyming occurs in the Bible. By the way, many curious, as well as wise passages occur in this old book; and persons who are not too busily engaged in clearing away the rubbish of pantheism, mysticism, and holy traditions that surround the Yelanta system the Sankhya, the primordial conceptions and the philosophy of Confucius, would do well to peruse its interesting pages. By devoting a few spare minutes each day to this antiquarian amusement, they would find many things that would interest more than the mere discovery of the first rhyming. Yours Truly, CLIO.

Duplin N. C. March 6.

For the Weekly Post.

SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Messrs. Editors,—I see a portion of your paper to be specially devoted to the enlightenment of the public mind upon the subject, and the promotion of the cause of education in our own State. I avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded to give to the teachers and people of North Carolina views not hastily formed; the result of experience and observation, which, if clearly expressed and fully understood, would lead to many highly beneficial results to common education. That your readers may know the point at which I am driving, and the end I wish to secure, I first state, it is to secure a Convention of school teachers of the whole State to convene at Raleigh shortly previous to, or at the same time with the assembling of the Legislature, to devise the best method of educating the mass of the people; and all I write will directly or remotely bear upon this subject.

I shall show the importance and necessity of such a convention, by remarking at present, properly we have no system of common education, and will and can have none till the teachers themselves take it in hand. A system is a whole composed of many parts, each subsequent one growing out of and depending upon the one preceding; it must have a head upon which every other part depends and in accordance with whose legitimate demands every part acts in harmonious concert. Every system implies an originator, and is expected to accomplish an end; and as it did not create itself, neither can it perpetuate its own existence. There is no such thing as perpetual motion, either in mind, moral or mechanics. Therefore, the originator of any system is always expected to create it with a motive power, that shall both excite to action and control when acting; and a system without this is incompetent and inefficient. If this be true, am I not justifiable in saying we have no system of common schools?

It is true, we have a literary fund, a portion of which is appropriated to common education. We have also a board of education, boards of superintendents, and committees, and treasurers; but all these officers are in fact accountable to no one if there be a forfeit and penalties—the one is not claimed nor the other inflicted. The money is sent out (pro rata) and that is the last of it. No one officially knows how or for what it is expended. Who knows the amount unaccounted for by any teacher? Who knows the amount illegally drawn by disqualified teachers? No one. Is any officer, treasurer excepted, accountable for his acts in regard to common schools? Who will, if he can, report on the delinquency, when it is every one's duty, and especially so on the part of the superintendent.

Let us examine the procedure of this appropriation. The board, an unaccountable and unpaid body, appoints the board of superintendents; this board, equally non-amenable and no better paid, appoints the committees, and also an examining committee. This committee really examines the applicant, and declares he can read, write and cipher; and, therefore, according to law, is qualified to take charge of any common school in the State. He presents his certificate, takes charge of the school;—but let us enter the school room, where young ideas are taught how to shoot, the qualification for life obtained, the youthful mind moulded, the impress for eternity received;—behold the system. The teacher, the lowest bidder, without training, without polish, without education, is the centre of influence where limit is eternity. He is the best the price will afford. He never was governed, he cannot govern, never was taught and cannot teach, he knows not how and cannot instruct. With him "must" is all law, "I know" is all human wisdom, and "because" the embodiment of all reason. The operations of such a school are fettered by no rule; he still and no progress, form his motto; all new books are an innovation not to be tolerated. He has one difficulty, and that is, to keep his students behind him, not by advancing himself, but by keeping his pupils back. Idle habits are formed—time hangs heavily on their hands—vanity is engendered, the inevitable result of a conscious equality with the teacher, and bigotry, the offspring of ignorance, is early manifested. The three months school closes. The teacher, having a certificate that he has taught according to law, draws his pay. And thus the farce ends.

By examining the above, you will find the system is disjointed, and could not be efficient if every officer were to do every thing in the very best manner his position requires. There is no unity of design or efficiency of action—it has no self-propelling controlling power—it has no vitality—life-giving principle that invigorates and directs the whole. I stop for the present. A. Smithville, N. C., March 5, 1852.

For the Weekly Post. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Franklin co., N. C., February 28th, 1852.

Messrs. Editors,—It is exceedingly important for the "Old North State," that schools and colleges abound, both for males and females. This is a male school under charge of D. S. Richardson, assisted by Mr. Spivey, for the benefit of young men, and the writer will say that it is well performing the duty of giving a good education. When the Weekly Post was established at Raleigh, it was believed that it would fully profit its readers up in reference to the progress of education; and, therefore, this is sent in publication. There are about fifty scholars in attendance here, and the writer knows they are improving well. There is under the charge of Mrs. Richardson aided by Miss Stone. A lecture upon the human mind, embracing Physiology, etc., was delivered here last evening, by Mr. Brakette, a gentleman from the west, which gave the fullest satisfaction to a very large audience; and after hearing the same the people here commend Mr. B. to the kind treatment of other schools and colleges. Now, Messrs. Editors, suppose you publish a list of all the schools of various kinds in this State, and see if they will not advertise their merits in the most decidedly readable paper in the south. South Lownd Academy is mentioned favorably, as well as other Institutions, by those very competent to judge; and there are others. Let the reading public know where schools are. You will likely hear again from ***

THE USE OF STIMULANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It would be curious to inquire not only what stimulates are most affected by people coming from different stocks and living in different climates, but what is the character of the intoxication produced in each, and what is the different effect of each on the character of those who use them. The masticate the betel-nut mixed with catechu or Java Japonea throughout central and tropical Asia. There has been little inquiry, I believe, into its local and physical effect. In Manila, they chew the leaf of the luyo palm. Can any one tell what its precise effects on the constitution? In S. America, they use the Paraguay tea, but we know only very vague accounts of the manner in which the mind and body are affected by it. In Germany there are persons, who stimulate themselves with small doses of arsenic; and the fatal and dangerous consequence of this practice have been lately stated with some minuteness. In some countries, it is held that a class of people called dirt-eaters, who create a morbid appetite by eating a peculiar kind of earth. They are not quite unknown in the United States, in some of the barren parts of South Carolina, and families of them, looking like walking corpses, and carrying in their faces ample evidence of the deleterious nature of the habit. "I think it would appear, on examination, that the people of northern climates are most addicted to the intoxication of fermented liquors, and those of warmer countries to that of narcotic herbs. The exhilaration of wine and beer is enterprising; that of opium and tobacco dreamy. The first best supersedes the sanguineous temperament, warlike and migratory; the latter a people of the billions of phlegmatic temperaments, disposed to acquire a few things as they are.—The Gosh, and Gains, and Huns, the invaders and conquerors of Europe in the middle ages, were great swillers of beer and mead. The Chinese, a people of a very different character, who may have beer, mead, and spirits, all libate, prefer opium. "Is there no one who will pursue this inquiry?"—N. Y. Eve. Post.

Without entering into the subject of "stimulants" philosophically, we may add to the above that human nature seems unconquerably determined on having stimulants of some sort, and will not be satisfied without them. In the absence of high moral motives leading them to virtuous actions, men are every where found resorting to one class or another of these appliances to drown the cares or relieve the monotony of life. Take away wine, opium, tobacco, the betel nut, arsenic, gaming, and the thousand other means employed for the purpose, and you generally find them substituting or obtaining other agencies, either of a physical or moral character, in their stead, and it sometimes happens that the substitute is the more pernicious of the two. This is indeed the key to fanaticism; it sets itself about abolishing some form of vice, real or imagined, to the eradication of which it believes itself particularly called. This is the avowed, perhaps the only conscious purpose; but the ruling spring of their action after all, is a restless spirit which demands excitement as its constant aliment, and is even willing to engage in virtuous pursuits to obtain it. In other cases, a carping, growing or supercilious spirit of criticism, a pronounced uncharitable suspicion, or a thirst for controversy, coupled with a despicable duplicity, are the favorite stimuli used by the self deluded victim to keep up the desired excitement, and preserve from stagnation an impure and disordered mind.

IMPROVEMENTS ABOUT RALEIGH.

We have visited several times of late the large establishment of Mr. Silas Burns, in this city, for the purpose of seeing the operations and examining the work turned out by our enterprising neighbor, and we must say that we were highly gratified at what we saw. A great variety of beautiful castings are constantly executed in a highly creditable style, and in the Machine Shop adjoining, Mr. Burns has recently completed, with the aid of accomplished workmen in that difficult line, and put into successful operation in Johnston and Cumberland counties, two beautiful Steam Engines of 35 horse power each, which we think deserve an inspection from all who have an opportunity to visit them. We need not add that Mr. Burns has our best wishes for continued success in the honorable species of enterprise in which he is engaged.

We have also noticed with pleasure the improvements in progress around the premises of the Depot of the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road. A considerable addition has recently been made to one of the shops, and an extensive lot adjoining, substantially enclosed. These are cheering signs that the prospects of this Road are brightening. In connection with the subject, we may say that the cars have been arriving of late in very good time, and with commendable punctuality. We respect this quality in cars, stage coaches and steamboats, very highly, and wish to honor them for the cultivation of so important a virtue. A change of hour for leaving Raleigh, has also been made, which will prove convenient to many. The cars now start at half past seven, A. M., and the mail does not close till an early hour of the same day. Passengers, Correspondents, and Publishers, will not therefore be compelled, as heretofore, to keep unreasonable hours to avoid being too late.

THE SEASON.

The sun is now rapidly approaching the "line," and his soon recess it for his annual northern tour. He brings with him a host of renovating influences to revive the drooping face of nature, and elevate the desponding spirit of man. The charms of this beautiful season we leave to the artist and the poet. Its advent is as important to our interests as it is delightful to our tastes, and the cultivators of the soil have ever regarded it as a critical period in the round of their avocations. In our latitude, it is emphatically the "seed time" of the year. The success of the farmer depends very much upon the skill with which he shuns the difficulties of an unfavorable Spring, or avails himself of the advantages of one more propitious to his exertions. If he makes a bad beginning, all his future struggles will not be sufficient to repair the error. If we mistake not, a widely prevalent oversight of this fact constitutes a serious defect in American farming. The Dutch and German farmers who have, by their example, contributed so much to our improvement in the art, are remarkable for a scrupulous attention to the seasons, and for a systematic arrangement of their labors. It is true that many of them rely with superstitious credulity upon the indications derived from a rather crude meteorology; but leaving that out of view, there is no doubt that their pre-eminence success in farming and gardening is due, in a great measure, to the habits thus acquired, and transmitted from father to son through a long series of generations. Systematic arrangement, and minute attention to little things, are essential to this, as to every other branch of human industry.

Let the farmers of N. Carolina be wide awake then, and not allow the enervating influences of the season to cheat them out of golden opportunities, upon the right use of which so many of their hopes depend: Let them watch the weather, if they do not believe in the Moon, and wisely conform to its indications. If revolutions must come, we would like to have a hand in one which should elevate the science of Agriculture to its proper level. If we must have intervention in some form, let us intervene with patriotic zeal between the kindly soil and delightful climate with which Providence has blessed us, and that headlong, reckless, and thriftless husbandry which has so long characterized the Southern people.

As appropriate to the season, we would cheerfully dilate upon these advantages, and urge upon our population the profits and the pleasures connected with their improvement. There is a sky above us almost unrivalled in its benignity, and as propitious as heart could wish, to the cultivation of the grains and plants to which the soil is adapted.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MANAGERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIAN INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.—This interesting document has been thankfully received, and we have examined its contents with pleasure. The Institution is flourishing in its various departments, and continues to merit the high distinctions it has won among the benevolent foundations of which Philadelphia is celebrated. The Principal discusses some important questions of a practical character in relation to the welfare of the Blind, which seem entitled to the special consideration of those engaged in their instruction. GODEY for March, is a good number, so far as we can judge from a hasty examination. It is not behind any of its cotemporaries in the taste with which it is got up and arranged. HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for March, appears to be a very interesting number. The articles promise a variety of entertaining and instructive reading, into which, however, we have not had time yet to penetrate further than the surface. The March Number of the STETHOSCOPE, and the Feb. No. of the NORTHERN LANCET, have been laid on our table by the agent in this city. They are both valuable publications devoted to Medical science, and the present numbers will sustain their claims to the encouragement of the Profession.