

# THE MICROCOSM.

The world was made so various that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, might be indulged.—Cowper.

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## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—No. IV.

#### ATTRACTION.

Mrs. L. Another effect of attraction is that it gives us showers.

F. Yes, by attraction the clouds are brought down in showers. But how is the sky supplied with clouds?

Mrs. L. By attraction. You are surprised at this, but I can explain it to you very easily. You must know that there is a substance in all bodies which is called caloric. When any of this substance passes from another body to our hands, it gives us the feeling which we call heat. Caloric is opposed to attraction, and drives the particles of bodies from each other. You have often seen this done when water is heated. The particles are driven from each other so far, that the body, water, becomes lighter than air, and rises through it, in the form of steam. This is all the work of caloric. It is caloric too, changing water into steam, and driving the particles farther and farther from each other, to make room for itself, that moves all the steamboats, and steam manufactories, and steam cars.

When this powerful agent is not properly controlled, it often bursts the vessel, or boilers, in which it works, and the steam rushes out, and does great damage. Caloric comes from the sun, with the rays of light.

When, therefore, the light of the sun falls upon the rivers, the lakes, and the seas, part of the water is changed into steam, and, from steam into vapor, or perhaps you would say, very fine steam, too fine to be seen with the naked eye. Now how do you think that it will rise through the air to those upper regions called the sky? All matter is inert, and the earth attracts it; how then can it rise?

R. I do not know, mother, only that God makes it rise. He made the laws of nature, and he can break them.

Mrs. L. That is true; but he seldom does break them. When he does, it is called a miracle; the reason of it is this. The particles of vapor are so small, and so far apart, that the earth does not attract the body of vapor, as much as it does a body of air of the same size.

F. But if the caloric is mixed up with it, and the earth attracts that.—

Mrs. L. Light and caloric have not been found to have weight. In this they are very different from all other bodies; and many do not think that they are real substances.

R. But if I lay my hand on a cake of ice, does not the ice attract the caloric from my hand?

Mrs. L. Caloric is supposed to radiate, that is, shoot out in rays from every object that has received it. Some bodies give out more, and some less. Your hand has received much more than the ice, and of course gives more to the ice than the ice returns: so you made a bad bargain. But I was saying that the earth would attract the air more than it would the vapor. Of course the air will come nearest to the earth. You will think now that the vapor will rise forever, and that

we shall lose our shower. But God is wise in all his works. Not a drop of water is lost. The air is about forty miles high, and the upper parts press down the lower parts, and make the air more and more dense, as it is nearer to the earth. When, therefore, the vapor has risen until it reaches air of its own density, and of course of its own weight, it will rest; and a part of its caloric leaving it, the particles unite, and form clouds.

FOR "THE MICROCOSM."

### "NO FICTION."—No. 4.

"I have been full oft

The chase of fortune; now she hath o'ertaken  
My spirit where it cannot turn at bay—  
*Sick, poor, and lonely.*—BYRON.

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"When forced to part with those we love,  
Though sure to meet to-morrow,  
We yet a kind of anguish prove,  
And feel a touch of sorrow.—

But oh! what words can paint the fears,  
When from those friends we sever;  
Perhaps to part for months—for years—  
*Perhaps to part forever!*"

After Mr. Russell parted with his companion, in the village of K—, where she was to spend some time with her relations, he returned to his former village, and commenced the study of the law, under a gentleman of considerable celebrity, who was his acquaintance and devoted friend. His application to his books was constant and untiring. He felt now that the happiness and comfort of one he loved, as he loved himself, were entirely dependent upon his efforts. Mr. R. scarcely took a moment for recreation. Sometimes in the lone night, when the full moon was careering in unclouded splendor along the blue expanse of heaven, he would stroll along the banks of the stream, where he and his Malvina had rambled in better days. Not unfrequently he would seat himself upon some moss-grown rock that overlooked the wide-rolling river, while the soft moonbeams slumbered upon the trembling waters that played beneath him; and then, while the song of the night-bird came floating upon the breeze, which alone broke the stillness of midnight, he would indulge a thousand reflections upon the past. As he ruminated on by-gone days, and called up the scenes of his eventful life, it seemed that there was but one green spot on "memory's waste;" and that was the time he had spent in his vine-clad cottage, with his dear Malvina; around this oasis in the desert, his memory would linger with fond delight, until he was admonished by the gentle dews which gathered upon his locks, and by the chilly winds that whispered across the waters, to return to his lodgings for the night. His study-room was in the upper apartment of an old building, that stood upon an elevation which arose gradually from the river, (on the edge of the village.) From his window, by the moonlight, he could trace the sinuous course of the stream, as it wound its way in the distance, and lost itself apparently among the waving branches of the tall trees that leaped over its bosom. In another direction he could indistinctly see the little white house in which he had formerly resided, peeping out like a diffident girl, through the luxuriant

vines and shade trees that clustered around it. The sight of this dwelling always brought before him things which were

"Mournful and pleasant to the soul."

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Mr. R. made rapid progress in his studies; and, in the course of a few months, he began to think he could see through the gloom which for a while had rested upon him like a fatal incubus. He began occasionally to permit his fancy to paint out the scenes of his future life. Ah! thought he, my Malvina will again be happy; and this happiness will be augmented by contrast with this gloomy and sorrowful period of our existence.

Time rolled on, and almost every mail brought intelligence from his wife; and from time to time she stimulated him to assiduous effort, from a consideration that her happiness and interests were identified with his own. He was now nearly prepared to receive license to practice law in the county court. The clouds which for months had hung so darkly around him, began to be scattered; and lovely and cheering streaks of light began to break along his horizon. He became more cheerful and social—was often seen in church—mingled more with company, and often gladdened his friends with his cheerful smiles and sprightly conversation. But, one day, when he was more cheerful than usual, while he was waiting at the post office for a letter, by the mail which was constantly expected—he began to recall the past. He remembered the day he parted with his dear companion. All the circumstances connected with their parting scene came up most vividly before him—a cloud came over his brow, and a tear unbidden trembled in his eye. In due time the mail arrived—was opened—and he found a letter directed to him, bearing a post mark which would indicate that it was from his wife; but it was not her hand—and on it there was a request that the postmaster should forward it *immediately*—the last word underscored. Mr. R. felt a kind of tremor steal over him. All the fearful anticipations that had so often agitated his bosom, when reflecting upon the past, again rushed upon him, and he became so much excited that he could scarcely break the seal that obstructed the way to the contents of the letter. He finally succeeded in getting it opened, and read

Mr. R.—, DEAR SIR: This hasty communication will inform you that your dear wife is *dying*, and has but one wish ungratified, and that is, to see you before her death."

—ELLIS.

(To be concluded next week.)

FOR THE MICROCOSM.

### "SWEET HOME."

There is something sweet in the word HOME—something musical in the sound. How it melts upon the ear, and thrills upon the heart!

"Home, sweet home! there is no place like home."

Home is endeared to us, all our life long, by a thousand circumstances, and as many recollections. It is there the first accents of love fall upon the ear, from the lips of the mother who gave us birth; it is there