

She gazes upon many a shining brook, adorned with icicles, as it murmurs in its many windings to the larger stream. She looks on many a deep and lonesome valley—her pale ray shines dimly on moss-grown rocks, almost obscured by evergreens and wild vines. But she flings her soft and silent beams upon yonder proud dome, towering above our "far-famed capitol," which is dimly seen in the distance; and her soft light plays upon the lofty spire that rises from one of our sacred fanes. All is silent. The death-like stillness that reigns over our sleeping city is only broken by the occasional bark of the faithful domestic, or the footstep of some night-walker. I too will retire.

OMEGA.

Raleigh, Nov. 26, 1838.

FOR THE MICROCOSM.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The present season of the year is calculated to fill the mind with a pleasing melancholy. The sweet Sabbath of the year is gently stealing away—it will soon be gone. Vegetation, which but a short time ago hung out its green drapery dress upon mountain, landscape, and valley, presenting to us its rich casket of beauties, hath faded; her green vestments are changed to consumptive paleness, and every falling leaf seems to breathe farewell! The birds, after having sung so sweetly for us, have hushed their warblings and are gone. The hum of bees and the buzz of insects are no longer heard—the golden-winged butterfly hath vanished, and nought is heard among the bleak boughs of the forest save the murmuring winds that sing the death-song of summer. The heralds of winter are already with us, defacing the summer's foliage of beauty—spreading a light over us more pale and unearthly, and chaunting a requiem song more plaintive, than the glare which seared the eye, or the prophet's warning tone which froze the blood of the Babylonian king. Old winter comes trudging on apace; a few days, and he will stand erect in our land, spouting from his nostrils the broad snow-flakes and furious storms of sleet and hail—bearing on his arms his icy fetters with which to chain down universal nature; as if maddened with rage that summer should dare to unfold her beauties in his absence. The brute creation shall tremble before him, and seek a covert from his fury. And man, unless defended by woollen armor, dare not approach him—he must retreat to the fire-side to avoid his presence. Old winter will lock up with icy manacles the rill and the water-brook, and threaten the earth with down-pointed daggers that shall be suspended from the eaves of every house and the branches of every tree.

AMULET.

Cath's Mills, Orange, Nov. 25, 1838.

Our worthy friend "AMULET" only needs attention and perseverance to make a good writer. We advise him to select a warmer subject next time. Let him write something about Spring, or Summer, or about that land where *Winter* goeth not, and from whose golden battlements bursts the sunlight of immortality.

WAKE FOREST INSITUTE.

An examination of the students of this Institution was held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of last week, and on Thursday an Address was delivered before the Societies by WESTON R. GALES, Esq.—all of which are spoken of in terms of honorable commendation.

THE MICROCOSM.



RALEIGH, DECEMBER 8, 1838.

THE OCEAN.

"There is society where none intrude,
"By the deep sea—and music in its roar."

We have never seen the "deep blue sea;" but we sometimes fancy that we are standing upon its caverned battlements and listening to the wild roar of its mountain waves. How many apostrophes have been written to the Ocean! How many love-sighs have floated, mayhap untreasured, upon its moon-lit waters! How many bright forms have gone down to the still slumber of its coral chambers! And how many gallant vessels and manly forms have sunk beneath the storm-breath of its billows!

The thought is old as earth, and beautiful as freedom, that though man may fearlessly walk over earth and make captive its creatures—though he may stalk over the mountain's crest, or invade the hushed home of the eagle—he can yet rivet no chain upon old ocean, nor repress the notes of the song that rang out from its billowy wandering when creation sprang into life. He may glide far over its bosom—the joy of brighter climes may beckon onward and cause him to throw but one thoughtless glance upon his receding father-land—yet the storm may blot out hope's sun-light, and his dreams may tremble with an infant weakness—die within him as the surge rolls him downward to its hidden and unremembered home.

BYRON loved the Ocean. When conversing with the storm that muttered over him, or the waves that yielded beneath his ship's pathway, the unheard music of remembrance swept wildly through his mind—it was then that his spirit paused and came in from its wanderings—and like the eagle pluming itself for flight—gathered up all its sublime energies and went forth afresh upon its ocean-home to be purified of its earthly contaminations. Byron! The mind of Byron!

"The gorgeous thronged—the desolate,
"The seat of love, the lair of hate;
"The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
"The earth-enlaved, the glory-crown'd,
"The stricken in its prime!"

Nor is the Ocean loved less by those who constantly live amid its calms and commotions. The old toil-worn seaman, though he may have encountered peril and wreck, yet loves it to the last; and if his death-gaze may but go out upon its unfettered billows, he dies content. We recollect to have read an instance singularly illustrative of this truth:

A seaman, who became acquainted with the Ocean when young, after having spent many years amidst its scenes, ceased from his wanderings and returned to his native village. For a while he was happy, in telling over the perils and stories that thronged his mind about the sea; but at length he grew silent and evidently discontented. He built himself a little bark, left the home of his nativity, and once more committed himself to the guidance of the rough elements—and once more he was happy. For many years he wandered alone and unmolested among the isles of the Caribbean Archipelago; but at length, owing to his extreme age and weakness, he was thrown upon the coast, almost exhausted. Some fishermen kindly conveyed him to his little cabin; and for a while he seemed convalescent. But one evening, however, after a storm, the roar of the sea swelled up into his silent apart-

ment and fell upon his ear. In the absence of the attendant, he crept languidly from his couch and crawled to the terrace which overlooked a wide extent of ocean. The winds had died away—not a cloud blotted the bright azure of the horizon, and the moon and stars were looking peacefully down upon the troubled deep. Far as the eye could reach, all was one wild, awful commotion; and the old mariner bent forward, as if to spring away towards the scenes he loved so well. Before him, on the strand, lay the wreck of his little shallop, and a groan escaped him as he recognised its shattered form; but he knew that his wanderings were ended, and he sent his swimming glance far out upon the waters. And there they found him, his gray head resting on his shoulder, his withered arms thrown forth upon the wall, and his eyes fixed intensely upon the deep; but his spirit had passed away in the transport of that fond, lingering, farewell gaze!

WOMAN.

Some of our cotemporaries are actually puzzling their brains to find out whether man is superior to woman in intellect. We call this a goose-chase—a perfect waste of perplexity. What! say you, is the question undeterminable; or is man actually the superior? Neither, sir; if the world's history be true. Man thunders in the forum or plays the demigod on the battle-field—but what does that prove? Every lubber to be a statesman, every bully to be a hero? True, but one Amazonian General has ever dawned upon civilization—Joan of Arc—the daughter of romance, the victim of MAN'S superstition. But we don't want them to be heroes; we want them to stand where they have ever stood, by the fire-side and by the altar; and from thence hath their light and their power gone out and illuminated the brightest and made captive the strongest. Unrepresented in the pulpit, the council, or the battle-field, yet none are prayed for more fervently—none are plead for more eloquently—none are defended more fearlessly. They aspire to no love-conquests—write no love-letters but in answer to others—and yet none are more tremulously written to—none are loved with a more constant or a warmer rapture. Whence—why this enthusiastic, this universal homage?

Ladies are often ridiculed and called simpletons because they can't discourse politics or speculate about per cent. and exchange; and every testy old bachelor will chew his tobacco or whiff his cigar, and contrast manly dignity with matronly weakness and maiden simplicity. Never mind, o'd chap! every body knows what you're vexed about. But just give the ladies a chance, let them mix with the world, let them legislate, kill bears, or build rail roads, at their own good pleasure, and we rather calculate they'll show you some brighter tricks than (rubbing snuff!) boiling cabbage or making pants. There they are, as John Neal says, every day shut up in that same old room, surrounded by the same old cups and saucers, boxing the same children and servants. Is there intelligence in this avocation? No. Is there pleasure in it? No; it's the very poetry of torment. And yet men call them simpletons and themselves marvellously intelligent and dignified! Is a son to be educated? Several old gentlemen assemble in wise conclave, a journeyman Phrenologist is called in, the boy's bumps are examined and pronounced to be genuine, a little fellow is patted on the head and called "father's smart chile;" and in five minutes he thinns himself a Locke or a Julius Cæsar; and then father goes to work for him like an old hen scratching for one chicken. The "smart chile" fumbles through a *Logic* or so, goes to College—he