

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

CALVIN H. WILEY,
WILLIAM D. COOKE,
LYTTELTON WADDELL, JR., } EDITORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS
PER ANNUM.

Devoted to all the Interests of North Carolina, Education, Agriculture, Literature, News, the Markets, &c.

VOL. II—NO. 26.

RA LEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 78.

SELECT POETRY.

WE BURIED OUR BOY.

From the Olive Branch.
Where the robin flyeth to and fro,
To pick at the berries red that glow,
From the heart of earth that is warm below,
We buried our boy.
Wild music chiming the bells out-dung,
For a merry festival they rung,
Add the flowers of June on the hedges hung,
Where we buried our boy.
We hardly knew that the day was fair,
We saw not the wreaths on the children's hair,
Our hearts were breaking with grief and care,
When we buried our boy.
Then first we thought of the world's great woe,
How every hour some mourners go,
To lay sweet babes in the dust below,
As we buried our boy.
The men at the village doors looked grave,
And we blest their wives for the tears they gave,
But our grief came faster, wave on wave,
For our dear, dear boy.
Passed a martial band with its banners gay,
But the drums beat softer—the bugles play
Was changed to a soft and sorrowful lay,
As we buried our boy.
His bright-eyed school-mates stood quietly there,
Looking sadly upon him through the prayer,
Though the bugles sounded, they did not care,
For they loved our boy.
To hear such beauty, the grave how blest!
Yet it did not seem that the child could rest,
Save on his mother's loving breast:
But the Lord that wanted him—
He knew best.

INTERESTING SKETCH.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

BY A MOUNTAINEER.

"Oh, little things bring back to me
The thought of by-gone hours;
The breath of kine upon the breeze,
The murmur of the mountain brook,
The scent of hawthorn flowers."
I shot among the frequent resorts of my youth,
As I felt a distinct and well-remembered
place upon my memory as the old Country
Church. Looking back through the dim shadows
of many intervening years, the Sunday morning
which I used to be put in trim for church, seem
to me the brightest, sunniest hours I ever experi-
enced, and even now glow upon the awakened
vision of the mind with a brilliancy and ardor that
was intense even to painfulness. I know not how it
was, but the impression still exists that those
Sundays were all bright, sun-shiny days, and that
everything fell cool a keener glow than I was ac-
customed to observe at other times. Perhaps one
reason was that on had days we were not so particu-
lar in our attendance upon public worship, and
another may be added that the strict moral regu-
laments to which we were subjected by our parents
rested upon the active exercise which on other
days tended to render us less morbidly sensit-
ive. But although the afternoons of these still
Sundays were generally seasons of lassitude
and inactivity to myself, the retrospection which
reviveth them with a peculiar brightness is by
no means a painful one, and I feel a sort of
melancholy delight in living over again the little
part I played in the weekly solemnity.
Getting ready for Church in the country implied
on those days a considerable variety of efforts and
maneuvers. The saddling of horses, the preparation
of the carriage, the exit from the house, and un-
der the great number of minutes to be attend-
ed to, which would interrupt the Sunday morning
meditations of a village congregation. Our own
party usually consisted of two or three, the insiders
and the outsiders; the former consisted in a close
old-fashioned carriage were conveyed very soberly
along by a venerable driver and a pair of venerable
horses. The old driver I can never forget. He
was one of those old family servants, who born in
lower Virginia prior to the Revolution, had experi-
enced in early life many of the vicissitudes and
trials of that trying period, and retained in
their recollection some of the most interesting de-
tails connected with its history. He had belonged
to several wealthy families distinguished among
the influential patriots of the State, and when very
young actually rode as postilion in the equipage
of the celebrated Peyton Randolph on his journey
by private conveyance to and from the Continental
Congress. He could also remember the horrors of
the siege of York Town, having been seized by the
troops of Lord Cornwallis and kept in their hands
all their memorable surrender to the combined
French and American armies. After being restored
to his master he passed by hereditary descent into
various hands, and finally into those of my father,
who retained him in his favorite occupation of
coachman and gave him the opportunity of indulg-
ing his tastes every Sunday morning. Poor old
man! In offensive meekness, in transparent
simplicity, and in unwavering faithfulness, he was
just fit to be the model of an "Uncle Tom."
He lived for many years after his pilgrimage to
the Country Church had ceased, and died as tran-
quilly as he had lived the object of veneration and
affection from all who knew him.
Well! the insiders were under his command,
and the outsiders, consisting of my father and his
horse-lack. These were the time for boys in the
country, when mounted on stiff and awkward plo-
uses, in saddles vastly too large, and with their
feet in stirrups forcibly stretched for the occasion,
they whip and jerk and kick their steeds into the
favorite pace, and imagine every sprightly motion
of the head to be an evidence of colic spirit.
The road was a single winding track made by
our Sunday travel through a noble forest of oak,
hickory, chestnut and pine, and the solemn shade
of the woods contributed not a little to our im-
pression of the sanctity of the day. The silence of
those dark solitudes broken only by the shrill chirp-

ing of the locust, or the occasional barking of the
squirrel, accorded well with the purpose with
which we slowly journeyed through them; but the
pure, cool air, sweetly perfumed by the buds of the
young trees, and the odor of wild flowers, gave de-
light to the senses and regaled the passing worshiper
with the incense it wafted to heaven. Those fresh,
reviving odors, and those occasional snatches of
woodland melody have left upon my memory an
indelible impression.

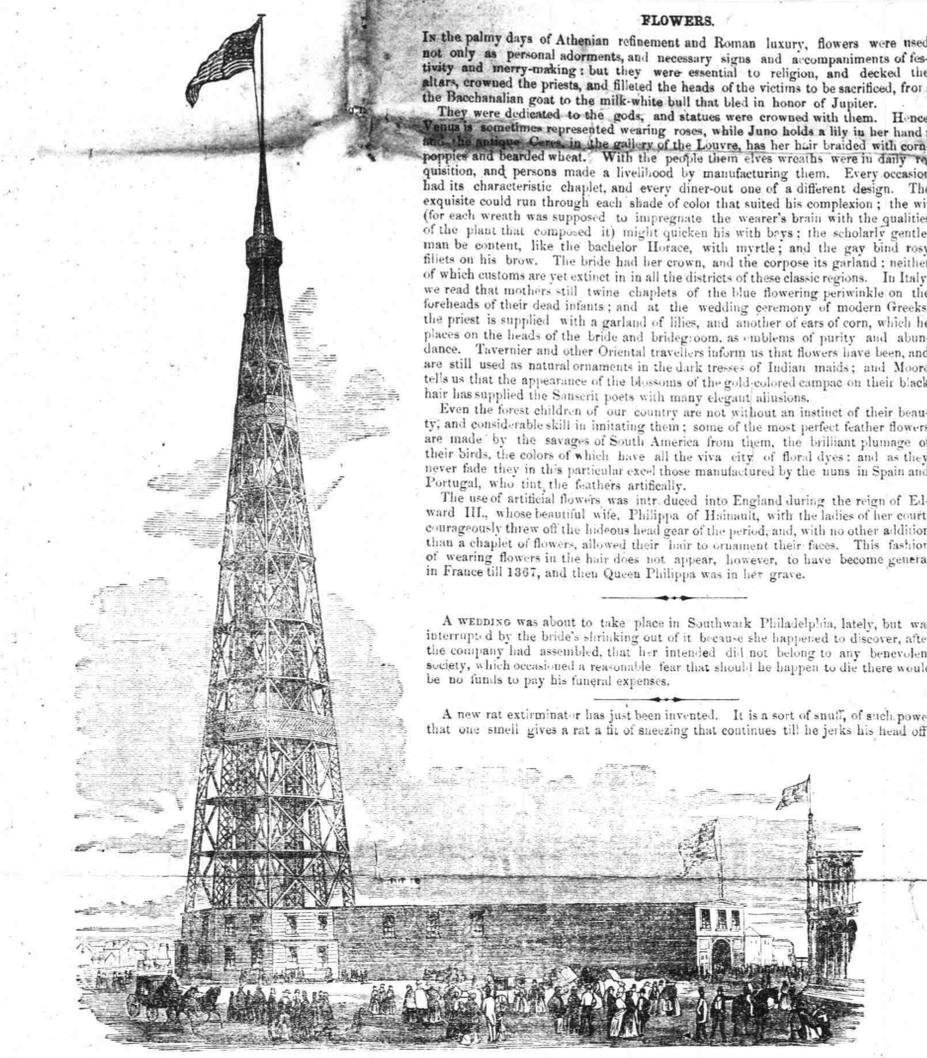
But soon we approach the church. Before we
come in sight, the neighing of horses tethered in
the grove, and the dust raised by carriages on the
main road, indicate that we are not the first to
reach the place. We occasionally meet small parties
of young men slowly strolling among the trees, en-
gaged in quiet conversation, or idly smoking their
riding-whips at the bees and butterflies. These are
only the stragglers about the camp. It is not long
before we arrive at the foot of the rising ground
covered with old clumps of trees, on which the
church stands. The spot appears as animated as an
anti-hill. Under almost every tree horses of every
color are seen tied to swinging limbs, some pawing
the turf with the restlessness of youth, and others
evidently preferring to rest their weary bones after
the labors of the week. Numerous vehicles of every
size and form are inter-spersed in the open spaces;
the hoop-covered wagon with its four-horse team,
ranged at any imaginable angle with the big coach
of the county squire, on the box of which the lay
negro driver is taking his morning nap. Here
might be seen a series of blacks arranged as a
style, upon which the young ladies of the congrega-
tion dismounted at a leap, assisted as a mere mat-
ter of form by the gentleman in attendance. Under
a large tree are wide benches, where the old
men with broad brim hats are seated in warm
weather, patiently waiting for the services to be-
gin, and leisurely discussing the state of their crops
or the health of the neighborhood; on the other
hand the young men are passing and repassing in
company between the church and the spring, and
moving so slowly that it would seem they are
afraid lest too rapid a pace would constitute a
violation of the Sabbath. What they talk about with
that ease and confidence it is not our business to
determine.

But the preacher has now ascended up the steep
stairs to his roost in the pulpit, and we must sit
with one record in one place. The psalm will
soon be raised, and the solemnities fairly commen-
ced.
In front of the pulpit, in those days, and for
aught I know it may be still, there sat upon a
raised platform the lay clerk or precursor, whose
office was to read each couplet of the psalm or
hymn, and lead the congregation in singing the
same. His might be considered the living or-
gan of the sanctuary, but for the old-fashionedness
of the name, but it must be confessed that the in-
terlude, which consisted in rehearsing the stanzas,
was generally as dull as the motions as the time
was varied. Varied I say, because the independent
singers of that day and region were not to be in-
fluenced by any of the arbitrary rules of modern
psalmody. Every body was expected to sing, and
sing they did with a lively velocity limited only
by the necessity of respiration. The sweet vocal
of the pastor's daughter contrasted with the gut-
tural bass of the old man's son, illustrated to their
satisfaction the vast compass of the sacred instru-
ment known as a country congregation.

It is hard for young eyes to be kept steadily
fixed during a long service upon one of those old
faded pulpit, though occupied by the most
energetic speaker that ever frightened a flock.
Often has my neck ached from the painful effort,
and compelled to fixation I have, in spite of con-
scientious scruples, found my observation wool-
gathering among the bonnets, bald heads, and
flaxen curls of the around before me. Of course
my memory digested many of the individuals
with a fidelity which the modern art has never
reached. There was the fat family, in full view,
occupying several pews, and snoring dolefully
in warm weather from mutual contact. Even the
lady was competent to the serious attention of
his nurse, and the young up-landers exposed an
air of indistinct face to the immense fans that
they were accustomed to use which I will not ven-
ture to estimate. Then there was the little boy
of one of the elders who appeared to be constantly
feeding on biscuits, and would occasionally walk
up to the pulpit for the purpose of washing down
the masticated mass. The solemn part of the little
white haired elder, whilst engaged in this pilgrim-
age to the table, is still distinctly traced in my re-
collection.

But the preacher! Well, the preacher was the
great object in the grave assembly. He did not
forget to be forgotten by those who alternately trem-
bled and smiled under his bold and eccentric elo-
quence. We will not sketch him, because it is im-
possible to picture action. Mental activity and
physical energy were characteristics of the small,
erect, and impulsive looking person, who every
Sunday hurled the thunders of the law and drop-
ped the sweet persuasion of the gospel from that
rustic pulpit. He was a man of the Knox and
Luther school, blending a great deal of natural piety
with the zeal of an apostle and the faith of a
martyr. Had he lived in the age of miracles, no
man would have walked up to a mountain com-
manding it with more confidence to be cast into
the sea, and under the Caesars he would probably
have encountered the terrors of the stake with no
less heroism. He was a great terror to evil doers,
and had, in early days, even bearded grim infer-
nals in their domestic retreats. I think I see him now,
eyeing the sinner from that elevated pulpit with a
withering gaze, and hurling over his head the fire-
brands of divine vengeance. The whole congrega-
tion sits chilled with awe, and a profound stillness
broods over the place: But the terrified child
is very soon relieved by a change of tone in the
brief pathetic appeals by which he will know how
over their weaker bosoms checks.

The children are again making signs to one an-
other across the narrow aisle, and I among others
seek to forget the recent shock in contemplating
the dark eyes and hair of the little girl who is
twisting her neck over the adjacent pew. Reader,
there is an artillery in that little battery which is
destined one day to play with summary execution
upon my heart. A sweet little creature she was
then, winking her eyes convulsively every time the
preacher frightened her, but soon lighting up the
scene around her with the radiance of happy
smiles.



VIEW OF THE LATTING OBSERVATORY—NEAR THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

The most attractive building near the Crystal Palace, is the Latting observatory, now unfinished, so called from the name of its projector, Mr. Whiting Latting. It is situated on the highest part of the island, in full view of the city and surrounding country, and will reach the height of 350 feet. It is of octagonal form, with a base of seventy-five feet in diameter, and will accommodate 2,000 people at one time, on its various landings. The Grand Jury after examining it in company with a skilful architect, have pronounced it secure. It is of timber, well braced with iron, and anchored at each of the eight angles with about forty tons of stone and timber. At the distances of 100, 200 and 300 feet, passengers will be lifted by a steam car to landings containing zinc and Christian friends, where the unadorned simplicity of the prism, and the lovely daughter, made the intercourse as easy as it was fascinating. I soon forgot my difficulties and apprehensions, and consented very willingly to remain to tea. The ride home that night through the still woods was a season of poetical and romantic delight. I was alone in the forest. The moon was up and at the full, rendering the path perfectly clear, and dappling the brown earth with the beautiful mosaic of the shadows of the trees and bushes. I thought the moon never swam in her blue ocean more majestically. The few apparent stars seemed to drop a liquid light, and the night air came floating over me, with an influence indescribably sweet. The reason was that I came away ten times more in love and more in hope of one day reposing in a terrestrial Paradise.

What intruders these thoughts of love and courtship are! Here they have led me off to the distance of some years from the scene of my earlier experiences. Let me see! We were in the church, listening as well as a warm summer afternoon would permit to a serious discourse from the reverend pastor. But we will not detain the congrega-
tion. The last prayer has been offered up and the doxology has been sung. The preacher's venerable hands are uplifted in the solemn act of benediction, and the dismissal of the assembly immediately ensues. The various families disperse rapidly through the grove and another animating scene is visible as the equestrian parties, in double file, move off at a pace considerably quickened by the revived appetites of their horses. The sharp smack of the driver's whip, and the bright gleam of the wheels in the descending sun, announce the departure of one carriage after another, and the wagons, and carts bring up the rear. Even the old widow of 300 pounds weight has ascended into her solitary gig, and is slowly urging her horse along with his burthen.
Now is the time for juvenile criticism, at least for observation upon the various persons in the cavalcade traveling in the same direction with our-

Miss Mary's side, and in the delightful proximity threaded with her the winding forest road that led to her mother's residence. The glow was on an intimate terms with my own family, and I knew the reception would be sufficiently polite and kind; but as my gallantry was quite new and awkward, unexpected by either party, and gave indication of a very serious motive, I found it impossible at first either to behave with ease to myself or to interest my fair companion. The ride was therefore a very sober and solemn pilgrimage to a shrine which I had long intended to visit. Suffice it to say however, to avoid a tedious episode, that I reached it at last, and once seated in that quiet circle of zodiac and Christian friends, where the unaffected simplicity of the prose mother and lovely daughter, made the intercourse as easy as it was fascinating. I soon forgot my difficulties and apprehensions, and consented very willingly to remain to tea. The ride home that night through the still woods was a season of poetical and romantic delight. I was alone in the forest. The moon was up and at the full, rendering the path perfectly clear, and dappling the brown earth with the beautiful mosaic of the shadows of the trees and bushes. I thought the moon never swam in her blue ocean more majestically. The few apparent stars seemed to drop a liquid light, and the night air came floating over me, with an influence indescribably sweet. The reason was that I came away ten times more in love and more in hope of one day reposing in a terrestrial Paradise.

Dear children," once said a considerate mother "you must always remember the poor; after you and I father have feasted, and you have fed the chickens, the pig, and cat, if there's any thing left that ain't fit for soap grease, give it to the poor; it's deusdoot good to be charitable and prudent, and feed the hungry—with what's left." "I would a been a sight better for the rich man, if he'd a saved the big pieces and a gin the little crumbs to Lazarus.
The boy that's "wolloped" too much, and the one that's not "wolloped" at all, are both equally bad. One is hardened, the other humored in iniquity. The first is spoiled with raw hides, the latter with lollypops.
There are two things an Irishman can't do—hold his temper, or look at the sun without showing his teeth.
A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk who had lain seven years in jail!

GETTING MARRIED.

During the last summer a little incident occurred in one of the Eastern towns, which afforded some amusement to the spectators at the time, and furnished food for considerable gossip thereafter. It occurred in church, on one of those quiet Sunday afternoons, when all the world seems ready to drop asleep—when the flies buzz lazily on the window panes, and the dog lies on the door-stone.
The afternoon service had ended, and the congrega-
tion were arranging themselves for the benediction, when, to the great astonishment and manifest interest of the worshippers, the good person descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice:
"Those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony, will now please come forward."
A deep stillness instantly fell over the congrega-
tion, broken only by the rustling of silk, as some pretty little girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to arise. Whereupon, the worthy clergyman, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation:
"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony now come forward."
Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman, who had occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good looking and well dressed, but no one present knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman, he paused, and with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything or seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone. The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who he supposed, was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an under-tone:
"The lady, sir, is dilatory."
"Very, sir."
"Had we not better defer the ceremony?"
"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"
"Me! sir," said the astonished divine, "how should I know of your lady's movement? That is a matter belonging to yourself."
A very few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatory:
"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"
"What lady?"
"Why, the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."
"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the satisfactory response.
"Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you trifles in the sanctuary of the most High?" said the somewhat exasperated cleric.
"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bands of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."
When after the church was closed, the story got wind among the congregation, more than one young lady regretted that her wishes had not been as boldly expressed as the young gentleman's who had really wished to be "united in the holy bands of matrimony."—V. O. Pigeon.

A Fool's Decision.—A poor beggar in Paris, being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up meat, that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric, covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and it was referred to the decision of the next man that should pass by, who changed to be a most notorious idiot. He determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt empty dishes, and the cook re-
compensed by his jingling, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat.—Faller.

Pretty Good.—The Western Times tells a story of a distressed agriculturist. A farmer popped in here on Wednesday last to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times. On entering the house, he said that times being so hard he couldn't raise the money at all, and dashing a bundle of bank notes on the table, "there, said he, 'that's all I can pay.' The money was taken up and counted by Mr.—, the land-
lord, who said, 'give it, it's twice as much as you owe.' 'Dang'ee, why it is to me again,' said the farmer, 'I'm dashed if I aint took it out of the wrong pocket.'

The pastor of the New York Tabernacle, Rev. J. P. Thompson, who is now traveling in Italy, writes as follows, in one of his letters to the Independent:—To the passing traveler the common people of Italy wear the aspect of simplicity and decorum. There is no visible intemperance among them. Indeed I have not seen a drunken person since I left England, with the exception of one or two sailors at Genoa, who I believe were Englishmen. As a general fact the people of continental Europe do not drink brandy and spirituous liquors, as these are drunk in the United States. The native wine is everywhere in common use; not, however, for the sake of exhilaration or of conviviality, but as a palatable and refreshing beverage.

A Yankee has just completed a very important invention. It is designed for editors, and when perfected, will cut out items, patch trousers, grind out poetry, rock little responsibilities, stuff bustles, and dun delinquent subscribers.
"Is this the PLACE where they are selling wet goods, sir?"
"We have none wet yet this morning, Miss, but if you will wait a few minutes, I will get the boy to wetting some immediately. What kind of goods do you wish?"

A Massachusetts woman, in view of the accordance of the right of females to vote, asks that election day be changed from Monday—that being, from time immemorial, "washing day."
Does it follow that a man raised on ginger must be ginger-bred? Let some of our young lycuums discuss this. The warmth of the subject will admit of a spicy debate.