

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

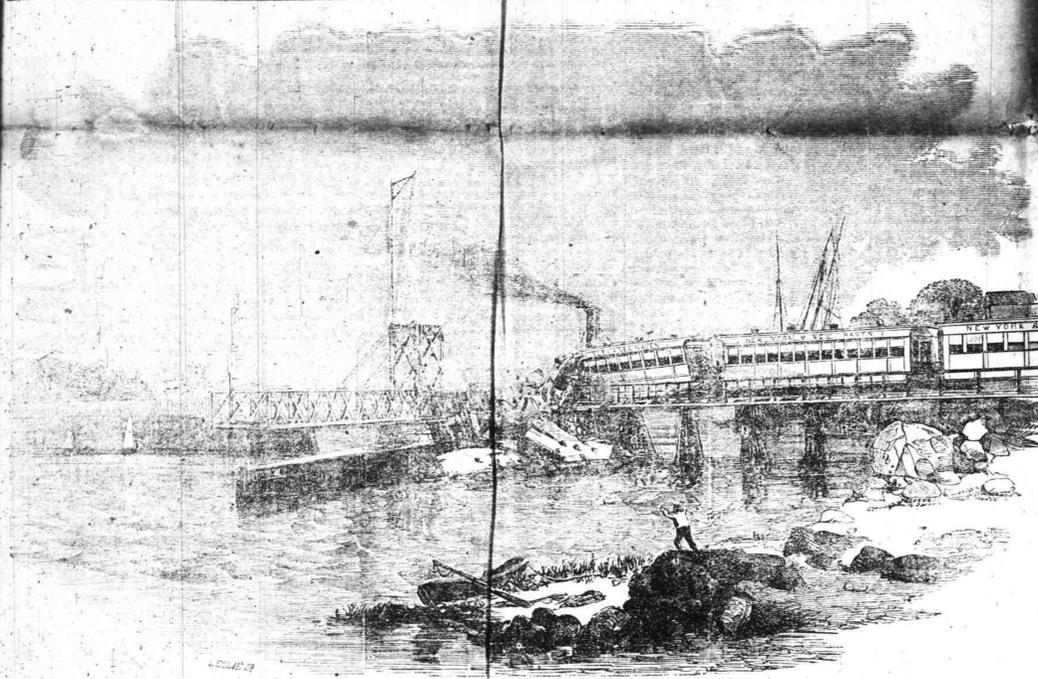
TERMS: TWO DOLLARS
PER ANNUM.

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

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RA LEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 79.



THE LATE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NORWALK, ON THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

The above sketch is a correct representation of the scene of the late Railroad catastrophe, at Norwalk, on the New York and New Haven Railroad. Our readers are familiar with the marvellous particulars of the accident, which is undoubtedly without a parallel in the history of Railroad disasters.

SELECT POETRY.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

He wandered to the village, Tom, five miles beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which sheltered
son and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom, a few were
left to know,
That played with us upon the grass, some twenty
years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare footed boys at
play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as
gay;
But the "Master" sleeps upon the hill, which coated
with snow,
Afforded us a sabbath-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some; the benches are
replaced
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had
defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall; the bell
swings to and fro;
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty
years ago.

The boys are playing some old game, beneath that
some old tree;
I do forget the name just now—you've played the
same with me;
On that same spot 'twas played with knives, by
throwing so and so;
The leader had a trick to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its
side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears
less wide;
But the grassy bank is ruined now, where once
we played the game,
And swinging our sweet-hearts—'pretty girls'—just
twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled north the hill, close by the
spreading beech,
It's very high 'twas once so low that we could al-
most reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom; I started
to see
To see how much that I am changed, since twenty
years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know, I cut
your name,
Your sweetheart's just below it, Tom, and you did
mine the same;
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark—'twas
dying sure but slow,
Just as that one whose name was cut, died twenty
years ago.

My lips have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in
my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken
ties,
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers
to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years
ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath
the soil;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and
me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and when we're
called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty
years ago.

CHINESE ARTIST'S IDEA OF BEAUTY.

Lingqua is called by Europeans the Sir Thomas Lawrence
of China; and he well deserves that proud distinction,
as the coloring of this artist's oil-paintings is
exceedingly fine, although his ideas of female beauty
differ materially from ours. In the course of
conversation we asked his opinion of an English
belly then at Canton, and the reply was characteris-
tic of a Chinaman's ideas of female beauty. Her
face is two round; she has color in her cheeks, her
eyes are too blue, too large; (meaning her com-
pliment, y' know; her face talks, and has feet so large
that she can walk upon them. In Lingqua's latter view,
saw many portraits both of Europeans and Chinese
many of which were excellent likenesses, and al-
though deficient in light and shade, were executed
in a most masterly manner.—China and Chinese.

ESCAPE OF FONTANE.

During the siege of Lyons, the poet, Fontane,
had been shut up with his family in the midst of
the city in ruins. Full of alarm for the fate of his
young wife and infant, he resolved at all risks, to
escape if he could.

(Having obtained a passport, a difficulty arose as
to how he could carry away some plate and other
valuable articles, then considered quite an impossi-
ble. Among these valuables was a galleon, a
present from a sovereign on which an able artist
had engraved the arms of the King of Sardina.
Fontane greatly dreaded lest his chance should be
discovered, and having a respect in the service of
the church, and having the means of making it, he
decided on taking it, and hid it in the house of
a friend who had been a missey gardener.

The poet then hid it in the folds of his coat, and
set about exchanging his clothes to give him-
self another appearance.
Having dressed himself in white pantaloons, and
shoes stuck full of large nails, his hair cropped, and
every grain of powder removed, he emerged. From
the garden's house in the direction of a laundress's
porter, with a heavy basket of clothes on his shoulder,
and put pins in his slippers and dip his fingers in
water, and I wouldn't stop for the Great God, till
I had shortened his face to my liking. Certainly
he'd get vexed, there wouldn't be any fun in vex-
ing him if he didn't, and that would give his melan-
choly snap a good deal of health, and his eyes
would snap and sparkle, and he'd say, "Fanny,
will you be quiet or not?" and I should laugh,
and pull his whiskers, and say, "Not, and then
I should tell him he hadn't the idea how handsome
he looked when he was vexed, and then he would
pretend not to hear the compliment—but would
put up his cheeks, and take a shy sleep in the glass
for all that; and then he'd begin to grow amiable
and get off stills, and be just as agreeable all the
rest of the evening as if he wasn't my husband, and
all because I did not allow that stupid bit of advice
to let him loose. Just imagine me, Fanny, sitting
down on a cricket in the corner, and my forefinger
in my mouth, looking out of the sides of my eyes,
and waiting till that man got ready to speak to me.
You see at once it would be—Well the amount
of it, I shouldn't do it." FANNY FEARS.

A singular duel (says Gallinani) took place
in the Bois de Boulogne. Two private coach-
men who had for some time past felt a deep-rooted
animosity towards each other, and never met
without quarrelling, happened by chance to meet
a few evenings since at a wine shop, one of them said
to the other, "Our quarrelling has lasted too long;
it is time to put an end to it. Let us have one fight,
and let that be the last. We neither of us under-
stand anything of sword or pistol, let us fight with
our whips." This proposition having been accept-
ed, the parties repaired to the Bois, and accompa-
nied by their seconds soon commenced the comb-
at. A number of persons assembled to witness the
scene, which was continued with great animation,
when the keepers of the wood came up, and
marched off the combatants to the guard-house.
One of the men had received a very serious wound
on the face, and the other had one of his ears almost
cut off.

MATRIMONIAL MODE OF PROVING INNOCENCE.

The other day Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself
unwell, sent for the doctor, and declared her belief
that she was "pizened," and that the Sniffkins had
done it. "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniffkins.
"It's all gannon; she isn't pizened. Prove it, doc-
tor; open her upon the spot—I'm willing!"

Mrs. Partington is said to have anxiously asked if
Uncle Tom is a better man than Enoch, of Biblical
memory. She grounds her reason for making this in-
quiry, upon the fact that she heard that Uncle Tom
had been translated seven times while Enoch was
translated but once.

"Bones," said Ginger, "Which had you rather
ride in—a stage coach or steamboat?"

"Why, I'd rather ride in a coach, because, if it
upsets, there you is; but if desteamboat blows up,
what is you?"

"Hello, you say, what did you say your
medicine would cure?"

"Oh, it'll cure everything—heat any thing!"

"Ah, well, I'll take a bottle. Maybe it'll heal
my boots; they need it bad enough!"

A LITTLE HOME.

"I wish, mamma," said Ella, Har-
rison, that we were rich, like the
Goldacres. It is so disagreeable liv-
ing in a small house with only four
rooms in it. If we were only rich I
could be satisfied."

"Mrs. Harrison, a sweet looking,
middle-aged lady, who sat in one
corner of the room, with her young-
est child, a rosy-cheeked, curly-head-
ed little fellow of four years, asleep
on her lap, looked up with a mournful
smile into the beautiful face of her
daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she
said, "are at this moment breath-
ing a similar wish. Is it not a
great pity their wishes cannot be
gratified? What a happy world we
should have! Don't you think we
should?"

There was a slight ascent of irony
in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella
instantly perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that
every rich person must be happy if
they only would; but I presume
you are about to point me out to
the Smiths, who are the wealthiest
and still the most miserable of all
our acquaintances. But really, my
dear mother if we were rich, don't
you think we should be very hap-
py?"

"I am very rich and happy too,"
said Mrs. H. with a self-satisfied
air. "I know of none in the world
with whom I would exchange places."

Ella dropped her crocheted work
into her lap and looked with sur-
prise into her mother's face.

"We're rich!" she exclaimed.—
"Why, how do you make that out?
Wouldn't you exchange places with
the Goldacres, who live in a perfect
palace, and who have hosts of
servants, and who dress in silks and
satins every day?"

"No; I would not exchange places
with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. H., "for I
should have to resign you and Nelly and
my dear father, and my brave little Tommy, who is
sleeping so sweetly here in my lap."

"Oh, I did not mean that at all," said Ella; "I
only meant that you individually should make
the exchange with the Goldacres, and I should
share in it. Would you not be willing to
have papa take Mr. Goldacre's and have him take
ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you
are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child," said Mrs.
H., "we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery.
As I before told you, I already consider myself
very rich. I am rich in my health; rich in my hus-
band; rich in my children; rich in my home,
which our industry has made tasteful and
comfortable; I am rich in my friends, for we
have a great many valuable books and they have
been well read by us all. I am rich in the white
roses that cluster over the walls yonder, and peep
with breaths of incense through the windows; rich
in the golden sunshine; rich in nature; rich in the
calm thoughts which visit all, who, with thankful,
contented hearts look upwards and say with the poet:

"Praise to our Father God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand doth give,
And what it takes away."

"But if we had more," said Ella, "you would
have more to be thankful for."

"I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen
fit to give me, and that is enough. Think of the
poor in the back woods of Brinda, about whom we
must have read in the Bible; think of the thousands
who have just been reading in Mrs. M.'s edition, who
are living in mental and moral degradation, of which
we have not a conception—without Bible
—without civilization—without any correct idea
of God and Heaven. Contrast with these human
beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge your-
self to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being
thankful for what you have, you murmur because
your portion is not larger. You did not order the
circumstances of your birth; you might have been
born on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of
superstitious Paris or London."

"That is true," said Ella; "I never thought of
that before."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Harrison, arising
and depositing her burden in the cradle, "our
happiness does not depend upon external circum-
stances. It lies beyond them in a great degree, if
not altogether. But the world is slow in learning
this fact. Multitudes think as you do, that it is
an attendant upon wealth—upon fame—upon
position in society; but if their wishes could be
gratified, they would doubtless, in almost all instan-
ces, find that they had mistaken in nature entirely.
It comes to those who with grateful hearts
take what their Father has appointed them, looking
beyond the mists and shadows of Time into the
clear sunlight of Eternity. It comes to those who
forget self, and look to the welfare of others—who
scorn the wrong and adhere firmly to the right,
who never weigh results in the nice scales of self-
interest and worldly pride—it sits a guest at the
humblest board, if Heaven-born Charity presides."

—Georgia Family Visitor.

TO MAKE COFFEE.—Put the ground coffee into
a wide mouthed bottle over night, and pour rather
more than half a pint of water upon each ounce
and a half; cork, put the bottle into a pan of wa-
ter and bring the water to a boiling heat; the cof-
fee is then to be poured off clear, and the latter
portion strained; that which is not drunk immedi-
ately is to be kept closely stoppered, and heated as it
is wanted.—Scientific American.

MARRYING AN ESTABLISHMENT.

In a great many novels, the scenes of which are
copied more or less faithfully from real life, the plot
turns upon "marriage of convenience." In such
affairs there are no tender glances, honied words,
beating hearts, or other signs that Cupid has been
at work, but cupid, instead, shows its traces. It
is the love and beauty on one side, and chivalrous
mainly devotion on the other. The man does not
take the woman for his "wedded wife," but he
takes a family alliance—a minor of fishes—an estate
within a ring fence—or a seat for a borough. The
woman does not take the man for her "wedded hus-
band," she accepts instead a position in life—a
carriage, a footman, the power to give good parties,
good pin money, and a large jointure. Another
sort of marriage of convenience is where some
withered old lady of a slipped pantalon
casts "sheep's eyes" at youth and comeliness, and
tempts her with jewels and magnificence. In this
sort of marriage a May all comes, parents are par-
ticularly supposed to play a very active part, rep-
resenting the solid advantages of opulence and the
flowing "y" of affection in the contrast; in one
especially if there is a young and a poor lover—that
is, of match-making mothers—in the case. The
arguments of the Scotch song are used, and often
prevail.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And silver hat to spare,
If I consent to be my bride,
Ner think of Donald's care.

A quaint Yankee preacher once said that ladies
were timid; they were afraid to sing when they
were asked; afraid of taking cold; afraid of snails
or spiders—but he never knew one who was afraid
to be married. Possibly the sex will reject that
as a libel upon them, yet it certainly has a founda-
tion in truth and nature. Marriage enters more
into the education of women than men. It appears
a greater event in their lives. It rounds their
destiny. Men get independent without taking upon
themselves family cares. Women, till at least a
later period of life, continue to be dependents upon
the family circle, if single. There are exceptions,
but that is mostly the case, and it is very natural
that they should wish to be sons in a system of
their own rather than minor satellites of the paren-
tal home. Besides, the earnest and sincere
marriage is necessary, as the avenue to the healthy
exercise of those affections which go to make up
so much of woman's nature, and which are in other
conditions left to stagnate, often into disease. And
for the giddy, the vanity of being married is a suf-
ficient inducement to look out for a match.

We will not insult the discerning reader by sup-
posing that he or she does not know one of the
great reasons why women marry. It is the desire
of a life of ease and security, and the more difficult
the course aware that the more difficult it
becomes, if not desirable, it becomes.

Now it is a fact, that for some years past, marriages
have been regularly decreasing in frequency. In
proportion to the numbers of the female population,
we must not be suspected of joking, or of a ten-
derly satire, when we say that the disinclination
is not upon the side of the ladies. As we examine
the subject, that will turn out to be the men, and
some of the motives are not much to their credit,
because they are selfish ones. A medical writer in
the Lancet has lately said that it is to be ascribed
to the progress of civilization, as the world becomes
more refined, men get more selfish. They want to
keep up appearances—and that costs something.
They want all they can get for themselves. They
must have cool clothes, and jewelry, if it be only
modest. They must go to the theatre sometimes;
and there are other elegant outlets for money
not to be limited. They prefer these things, and
a solitary two-pair back at Islington or Camberwell
to the cares and expenses of home. They say,
when they put on their hats that their family is
covered—and other selfish things. A blooming
wife and laughing children are in their catalogue
not of comfort but of dangerous expenses. They
feel that marriage is a serious concern in more
love and honor, &c., but to furnish a house and pay
bakers' bills. That, too, civilization has made more
difficult. The appearances to be kept up are more
onerous than they used to be. The Jacks and Jills
of middle life are not to-day what they were in the
times of our forefathers. They can no longer be-
gin life in two rooms, with wooden bottomed chairs,
an oaken table, and a French bedstead. The es-
tablishment must spring up as complete as Minerva
from the brain of Jove. The young lady has been
to boarding school and got "accomplishments";
the young gentleman has acquired a dose of digni-
ty, they both stand in awe of their parents. The
life Mrs. Grundy, "What will she say?" To
satisfy her they must have, in addition to a snug
parlor, a miniature drawing room with knick-knacks.
There must be gilding and glitter as well as solid
comfort. The young lady must not soil her deli-
cate hands with household work. What! Mary
without a servant? Oh, horrid! All their man-
nans, and half their marriageable daughters, would
put their fingers in their ears to stop out the horrid
sounds. Then dress makes great demands than
of old. Pretentious can no longer consent to appear
in prints; sentiment has an affinity to satin, and the
love some mysterious connection with lace. Really
it is no wonder that the men, with the greater
selfishness produced by civilization, and the in-
creased requirements of matrimony, are cautious of
entering into that state. If ladies must have es-
tablishments to start with—and that is unquestionably
the rage now—why they must marry then instead
of men. They must not look for glossy looks and
bright eyes—for the possessors of these attractions
have not yet had time to make little fortunes. They
must turn to grey hair and wrinkles, which have
been successful—and they are both few and cau-
tious; so that what with the limits set by woman,
and the coldness of the men, marrying "respecta-
bly" has become difficult, and the scarcity of "good
matches" makes it quite natural that there should
be a scramble for establishments.

This is only half the truth. Besides the men
who will not marry from selfish, or, if you please,
prudential (that is the prettier term), motives, there
are others who cannot marry. The monasteries of
other times made a great many celibates, but the
commercial ebb-tide of the present is far more ex-
tensive. There are more linen-drappers, shopmen
and milliners' apprentices and workmen alone, to
say nothing of other classes, than there were monks
and nuns in the "merry days of yore." They do
not take vows not to marry, it is true, but they
are bound to solitariness by necessity under awful
penalties.

The male-marrying circle being thus circumscrib-

ed by those who, more or less selfishly, will not
marry, and those who cannot and must not mar-
ry—what is to become of the female marriageable
surplus thus created? Take the instance of the
tradesman's daughters—the tradesman in a small
way—who may manage to keep his family while
he lives, but not provide for them after his death;
of poor curate's daughters brought up with some
mental refinement, of the daughters of the strug-
gling professional man, who manages just to make
both ends meet. If they do not marry, what is to
become of them after the prop of the house dies?
They cannot sponger on the scanty resources of
poor relations—even if the poor relations are will-
ing—if they have any sense of independence. The
governess market and the "companion" oc-
cupation are already overcrowded by poor under-
paid ladies. Their privs revolve from household
service. The life of the needlewoman, with its
starvation and exposure to temptation, is the avenue
to something worse. What must they do?
They must marry if they can. Well—or what
the world calls well, if possible—if not, badly.
The necessity of choosing the lesser evil is strong
upon them. They must not dream of love. In y
must still personal likes and dislikes. If they can-
not catch an establishment, they must, at least,
grasp at a home; and for a home—on a poor
one—thousands of women marry; for a home—
even a poor one—thousands more die. It is a
sad state of things, but pity his—his true.

So far from marriages of "convenience," then,
being confined to the upper classes of society, we
see that they run through the middle section; and
if we go lower down we shall find the same causes
and effects at work. Lady Velvet, Miss Dimple
and Polly, the housemaid, are equally desirous of
being settled in the world. The reasons why are
nearly the same in kind, though different in de-
gree. They act with perhaps the most force on
the less cultivated world. At bottom the nature
is the same, spite of the aristocratic languor of the
one, the "accomplishments" of the second,
and the rough hands of the third. They all want
to be married as well as possible, but at all events
to be married. They desire more freedom from
domestic restraint—a position of some kind in the
world, and a settled source from which will be sup-
plied the wants of life—in fact, an establishment.
Do you think Polly feels these longings less than
either of her more refined competitors? No indeed,
possibly more. A "day out" is to her a little
paradise, and if she was married, she would have
every Sunday, at all events. An hour's relaxation,
"a little bit of time to herself," as she says, be-
tween six and seven in the morning, and any time
at night, is as far off a vision as the golden apples
of the Hesperides. If she was married she would
have a "day out" every day, and a "day out" and
then, too, her future prospects—what is it?
She at present rejoices in her magnificent income
of £8 a year, "without tea and sugar." She finds
it hard enough to make it do.

When she has had the necessary quantity of
gowns, bonnets, and other indispensables, and gone
through her holidays, which of course cost some-
thing—she has not many left. She knows, if she
cannot succeed in driving thought away, that she
must grow old by-and-by, and then the stupendous
£8 a year will fail—even if she cannot continue to
command that, while young. What is she to do?
Of course, she, like her betters, must marry. She
does not expect a carriage or a drawing room. She
can put up with two rooms, or even one; and
wooden chairs, oak table, and French bedstead
will do. The baker's and the butcher's man can
command that. Or K. 1024, who looks down on the
superannuated, unless, as Polly says, "he's a
sperminery, and they keeps them in barracks,"
the Mr. Timothy Pipelay, the soldier, can get her
the washing of his company, and contrive a home
somehow. We are convinced that the marriages
of servants, those which are not the result of ut-
terly thoughtless, reckless impulse, mostly arise in
this way; and of their results we need not say
much, well understood as they are.

From the highest to the lowest, there are thou-
sands who marry establishments. Some of all
grades—from the princely mansion to the confined
attic, are taken "for better, for worse." Some
obey custom, some are pressed by necessity, some
act from choice. Habit, vanity and want, and the
fear of want, are always at work. There are the
private wrongs of selfishness and ambition, and the
dread of not being able to keep your place in the
world to contribute their helps to the system. So-
cial evils there are, too, to strengthen it. The de-
pendence of women—their want of the means of
earning a subsistence by honorable employment,
which makes that dependence more galling—the
taste to be kept up, and the necessity of a com-
mercial collegiality to which we have allude, are
among the foremost. All conspire to produce a
want of moral tone—to root out high feeling—to
turn passivity which will exist into an illegitimate
direction—to nourish error and suffering. The
remedies are a better mental and moral training
for the mass, and a wider and more real prosperi-
ty. In fact, education and abundant and well paid la-
bor are the only things to substitute marriages of
men and women for scrambles for establishment.

The editor of the Foxtown Fusilier was a very
happy man about this time. In his last number
he says: "Postscript—We stop the press with
pleasure to announce the decease of our contem-
porary, Mr. Snaggs, editor of the Foxtown Flash.
He has now gone to another and better world.
Success to him. Persons who have taken the
Flash, will find the Fusilier a good paper."

An old toper who lately attended an exhibition
where a learned professor caused several expul-
sions to take place among gases produced from water,
said, "You don't catch me putting much water
in my liquor after this; I had no idea before that
water was so dangerous, though I never liked to
take much of it."

MOORE'S OPINION OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—"May
30, 1822.—"Laid in some cold meat and
went to the House of Commons; avenues all block-
ed up with successful candidates for admission.
After several repulses, and at last giving it up in
despair, was taken in by Jennings as one of the
Catholics on his list, Mr. Blunt. Sat next Lord
Limerick, and Randolph, the famous American or-
ator—a singular looking man, with a young old
face, and a short small body, mounted upon a pair
of high crane legs and thighs, so that when he
stood up, you did not know when he was to end,
and squeaking voice like a boy's just before break-
ing into manhood. His manner, too, strange and
pedantic, but his power of eloquence (Irving tells
me) wonderful."