

# Southwestern Weekly Post.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS,  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Devoted to all the Interests of The South, Literature, Education, Agriculture, News, the Markets, &c.

VOL. III.—NO. 14.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 118

## SELECT POETRY.

### BABY MAY.

DELICIOUS little bits of poetry sometimes go the round of the papers, which need only the prefix of a distinguished author's name to make them universally admired. As it is, they are just glanced over, with the remark, "I wonder who wrote that!" and forgotten. Of this sort is the following:—

When the charming month of flowers  
Lit her earliest ray,  
Came one from the angel bowers  
To this pleasant home of ours,  
For a while to stay:  
So, acknowledging the favor,  
We would think of nothing graver,  
And the month's own name we gave her—  
Baby May!

Fitter name was never given—  
So we fondly say,  
Who have found the light of heaven  
In her smile from morn to even,  
Through the live long day;  
For the sweet month's incarnation  
Is this Eden exhalation,  
With her Spring-time appellation,  
Baby May!

All the sweets of earliest roses,  
On the dew-bent spray;  
All the beauty that reposes  
In the blossom when it closes  
At the shut of day,  
All the music that is ringing  
Where the birds and brooks are singing,  
She to us is fondly bringing—  
Baby May!

Loud their dismal stories telling  
Round us all the day,  
Rude December winds are swelling;  
But upon our peaceful dwelling  
Sunshine smiles for aye;  
For, within this home of ours,  
Though the bleak December lowers,  
Dwells the light of all the flowers—  
Baby May!

## SELECTED STORY.

### ARTHUR SUTHERLAND'S TWO JOURNEYS.

"We shall have a moist night of it, sir," said the coachman of the Emerald to a young man who shared the coach box with him; "will you be kind enough to hold the reins while I slip on my coat?"—And a stormy night, too, he added, when that operation was performed.—"There was a flash! We shall soon be in, the thick of it."

"With all my heart," said Arthur Sutherland; "I don't mind a little damp. But cannot you give the poor woman a place inside? There are no inside passengers, I think."

The words were kindly spoken, and the "poor woman" looked thanks to the young man, who, for his part, seemed rather to enjoy the pelting rain, which succeeded a hot July day, was laying the dust of the broad turnpike road, and stirring up a refreshing scent from the meadows and hedges which lined it.

Our story is of the by-gone days, when railroads, as travelling roads, were only beginning to be talked of, and were the standing joke of travellers, reviewers, and theoretical philosophers.

"Beautiful! grand!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, before the driver had time to reply to his question, as a vivid flash of forked lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, caused the high-bred horses to plunge in their traces, and proved the coachman's anticipations to be correct and in course of speedy fulfillment. The same flash and peal which startled the horses and excited admiration of the young traveler, drew from the poor woman just behind a faint cry of alarm; and on turning his head, Arthur saw that she was pale and trembling, and that the infant she carried was convulsively clasped to her bosom. He saw, too, that the slight summer cloak she wore, and the additional shawl which she had drawn over her bonnet and spread around her baby, were an insufficient protection from the rain, which was now coming down in right earnest.

"Surely you will let her get inside," he said compassionately; "poor thing! she and her child will be wet through in another five minutes."

"We shall change horses directly," replied the coachman; "and then I will see what I can do; but our governors are very particular. If they were to know of my doing such a thing, I should get a dressing. But on such a night as this is likely to be—"

The coach drove up to the inn door, even as the coachman was speaking; and while the four panting, steaming horses were exchanged for a team fresh from the stable, the young man and his infant were, much to their comfort transferred from the outside to the inside of the coach.

The storm increased in its fury as the evening grew on. The lightning was tearfully brilliant and almost incessant, the thunder was terrific, and the rain poured down in torrents. The three or four outer passengers, wrapping themselves up in comfortable waterproof coats and cloaks, and pulling their hats over their eyes, silently wondered when it would be over, only now and then expressing a fear, which seemed not without foundation, that the horses would not stand it much longer, and that the off-leader, especially, would bolt "before one could say Jack Robinson."

But there was no such catastrophe; and another stage was accomplished. The thunder-

storm had partially abated; but the rain still poured down heavily as the coachman threw "the ribbons" to the house-keeper, and a waiter from the inn ventured out upon the now muddy road to announce that the coach would remain there half an hour, and that a supper was on the table, if the passengers would please to alight.

Glad to change his position, and not unmindful of the demands of a youthful and sharp appetite, Arthur Sutherland had accepted the invitation, and was entering the supper room, when a loud and angry altercation at the inn-door arrested his attention and his steps.

"Is she an inside passenger, I ask? that's all I want to know;" the voice was domineering and fierce.

"No, sir, she is not;"—this was the coachman—"but she has got an infant, and is going all the way to Birmingham, and isn't over and above well clothed for the journey, night traveling and all; and as there wasn't any one inside, and the storm came on, I thought there wasn't any harm—"

The coachman was interrupted in his apology and explanation by a coarse oath, and a declaration that if he didn't mind what he was about, the Emerald should soon have another driver, with an insinuation that there was some understanding between him and the woman about an extra fee, but that he (the angry speaker) would be one too many for him (the accommodating coachman) this time.

"There isn't anything of the sort," replied the coachman bluntly; "and here's a gentleman," pointing to Arthur, who had come forward a few steps, "that can tell you so. He knows when and why I put the woman inside."

The young gentleman, thus appealed to, briefly explained that at his earnest solicitation the poor woman was accommodated with an inside place when the storm came on. "She would have been drenched to the skin by this time," he added, "if she had retained her former seat on the top of the coach."

"That doesn't signify," retorted the other, who was evidently one of the coach proprietors, upon whom the Emerald had lighted somewhat unexpectedly, and upon whose overbearing and defiant address the outward costume of a gentleman sat misfittingly, while his temper was probably roughened by the light load of the Emerald that night; "it doesn't signify; if the woman goes inside, she must pay inside fare, that's all; and returning to the coach door, he in a few words placed the alternative before the traveler."

"I did not think of its being such a night when the coach started," the woman said in a soft gentle voice; "and if I had known it, I had nothing warmer to put on; but I dare say I shall do very well," she added, resignedly; "at least, if it wasn't for the poor baby." And, wrapping this object of her solicitude as warmly as she could in her shawl, she was stepping from the coach, when the young man again interfered.

"It is a great shame," he said, indignantly; "and I shouldn't have expected—"

"I should like to know what business you have to interfere, sir," said the proprietor, hotly; "you had better pay the inside fare for her yourself, if you think so much about it."

"Very well, I will then," returned the young man. "Please to keep your seat, my good woman, and I'll make it all right."

"I couldn't think of it, sir," said she; but before she could frame a remonstrance in suitable words, the proprietor and her young champion had both disappeared; and while she was hesitating what to do next, the coachman came forward and informed her that she was to keep her inside place the rest of the way. This settled the matter.

"Come, Mr. Sutherland," shouted a voice from the supper-room; "you are going to help us, aren't you? Here's some good stowage; but you must make haste about it; nothing like time present; it will soon be 'Time's up, gentlemen.'"

"Thank you," replied Arthur; "but I am not going to take supper this evening. The extra fare had dipped deeply into a purse not very well lined. If the 'poor woman' had known the penance to which her young champion doomed himself as the price of his generosity, and how, in the drenching rain, which lasted all the remainder of the journey, he was fain to content himself with munching and pumbling a dry biscuit, just to amuse his interior gony with the hope of something better to follow, she would not, I think, have passed the night so comfortably as, in her ignorance, she did."

But however this might be, in due time, or within half an hour of it, the Emerald drove up to the office of the "Hen and Chickens," where in the early morning a pleasant-looking, manly young mechanic was, among others, waiting the arrival. A gleam of satisfaction passed over his countenance as he scrutinized the roof of the coach.

"I am glad she didn't come through such a night as this has been," he said to a fellow-workman by his side. "She is delicate and timid, and wasn't well provided with cloaking; either; and the poor baby—"

"Bless you, Edith! you here? I thought you wouldn't have come in such weather, and I didn't think to look for you inside, anyhow."

"O, I wanted to get home so badly," said the young traveller, putting her infant into its father's arms; whereupon it began to kick and crow "a good 'un," as he said afterwards; "and beside," she added, "it didn't seem like rain when we left London, or perhaps I might not have come."

"Well, I am glad you were able to get an inside place," said Edith. "If it had not been for a young gentleman—" and she looked round to thank her friend afresh, just in time to see him turn the corner of New street. "There! I am vexed," she said; and on her way home, like a dutiful wife, she gave her husband a true and full account of her incidents of travel, from the Ball and Mouth, in London, to the office in Birmingham.

A few weeks afterwards, one Sunday morning, as Arthur Sutherland, with his sister, was walking toward church, he passed a respectable young couple, in one of whom he recognized the "poor woman," his travelling companion. It was plain that he, too, was remembered, for in another minute the man had turned and was at Arthur's elbow.

"Excuse my freedom, sir," he said; "but I wish to thank you for your kindness to my Edith—my wife, I mean—that terrible night she came down from London."

"Don't speak a word about it," replied the youth; "I am glad that I was able to give a little assistance; and they are scarcely to be pitied who have got their fingers well bitten by putting them into the trap. Their families, to be sure, will have to suffer—that's the worst of it."

"Ah, well, Mr. Smith," retorted the man with the loud voice and bear-skin coat, who sat by Arthur's side, "I can't say but what there has been a good deal of knavery at the bottom of it all; but if people will be cheated, let 'em, I say. But I shouldn't have thought of hearing you run down railroads, however."

"I don't run down railroads," said the gentleman, in a quiet tone; "and I can only say that I am thankful I have had so much to do with their practical working, as you know, as to leave me neither time nor inclination to play at pitch and toss upon them."

"I say," said the wearer of the bear-skin coat, in a confidential tone, nudging Arthur's side, to attract his attention, when the train was stopping at a station at which their fellow-traveller had for a minute or two alighted—"I say, do you know that gent?"

"No, sir," replied Arthur Sutherland, sleepily.

"Ah!" resumed bear-skin, drawing a long breath, "a lucky fellow that. Why, you must have heard of Smith—Alexander Smith—the great railway man?"

"No, I haven't," said Arthur; "I have been abroad a good while, and have not been a day in England."

"O, that accounts for it. You will hear about him then. Well, that's he. Ten or a dozen years ago he was nothing but a Birmingham mechanic; but some lucky bit he made about railroads gave him a lift, and now they say he's worth an end of money. You should just go and look at his factory—that's all."

"O, said Arthur Sutherland; and at the same moment Mr. Alexander Smith re-entered the carriage."

"After all, Mr. Smith," said the bear-skin traveller, resuming the conversation, "there is some excitement, though, in this gambling, as you call it. There was some fun in it while it lasted, at any rate. And if some lost, others won, and 'tis about square."

"How many losers to one winner, sir?" replied Mr. Smith, rather sharply; "no, sir, it isn't square, nor any thing like it; and so it will turn out in the long run. Look at the bankrupt list in every gazette, and say what you think of that, sir?"

"Ah!" responded the other, "things are out of square there, at all events. By the way, another of your nob is gone, I see—what's-his-name in—street, I mean."

"Yes, sir; I am sorry for it. Fifty thousand pounds, they say, and not five shillings in the pound, nor anything like it; and all gone in this mad, wild-goose chase after railway scrip. And yet, it was done so secretly, and the party had such a reputation for wealth, and shrewdness too, that a week ago it was looked upon as one of the firmest houses in Birmingham."

There was something in the tone the conversation had taken which arrested the young traveller's attention. The street mentioned was that in which his father's business was carried on; and he felt some curiosity to know which of his neighbors was spoken of as Mr. What's-his-name. Meanwhile the conversation went on.

could finish the sentence he had begun, he was interrupted by the voice of the hitherto silent traveller.

"Excuse me, sir; but did you say that Mr. Sutherland—" Arthur stopped short there; he could not frame the question that trembled on his lips to his own satisfaction.

"It is of Mr. Sutherland I was speaking, sir," replied Mr. Smith, mildly.

"But not of—, that is, you do not mean that there is a—, that there is anything wrong in Mr. Sutherland's affairs?"

"It is too well known by this time to be doubted. You have heard that his name was in yesterday's gazette, and his place is closed. The common report is that Mr. Sutherland has ruined himself by railway transactions, and that he is involved to the amount I have stated."

"But not Mr. Everard Sutherland?" said Arthur, with increasing agitation, which all his efforts could not subdue. "Some other person of the same name, perhaps; not Mr. Everard Sutherland, of—street! There must be a mistake."

But no; the reply he received precluded all possibility of mistake; and thankful now for the dull light of the railway lamp, the young man, stunned and bewildered by the sudden and unexpected intelligence of his father's ruin, sank back again into his corner, his pleasant day-dreams all dispersed, and in their stead a confused and tangled web of gloomy forebodings. Shortly afterwards, the rough-coated man left the train, and Arthur became aware that he was undergoing the scrutinizing gaze of his only remaining companion. Before he could screen himself from this disagreeable examination, the silence was broken.

"I am not wrong, I think," said the gentleman who we have introduced as Mr. Smith, "in believing that I address Mr. Arthur Sutherland?"

"I am Arthur Sutherland, certainly," replied the young man; "but you have the advantage of me, sir. I have never before had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith, I believe."

"Once before," under different circumstances rather; but that is of no consequence now. I have to apologize, very sincerely I assure you, for the pain I have unintentionally given. I was not at all aware who was my travelling companion when I spoke of—"

"It is of no consequence, sir," said Arthur; "if what you say is true, I must have known it to-night; and a few hours sooner or later makes no difference; and he again relapsed into a silence from which his fellow-traveller did not attempt to rouse him, until the shrill scream of the engine gave note that the end of the journey was reached. Then Mr. Smith spoke again.

"One word with you, Mr. Sutherland," he said, respectfully; "I am afraid you will find matters in a sad state; it seems strange to me that you knew nothing of this before; but, at all events, I have been thinking I may be of some little use to you; and if so, here is my card, come and see me."

Arthur mechanically took the offered card, and muttered an acknowledgment of thanks for the proffered kindness; in a few minutes a car was conveying him and his luggage from the railway station to his father's house.

"Tell me, Jessy," were almost the first words he uttered, as his sister, in tears of mingled sorrow and gladness, welcomed his arrival, "is what I have heard this night true?"

"Dear Arthur, you have heard nothing too sorrowful to be true. We are ruined!"

"And our father—what of him, Jessy?" She shook her head mournfully. The mad excitement of a few months, and its results, had brought about an imbecility of both mind and body, painful to witness. "You are our only hope now, Arthur. O! how glad I am you are come back at last."

Arthur Sutherland slept little that night. In the news which his sister had confirmed he foresaw the downfall of all the hopes which had so recently shed such a bright halo round the future. The partnership would be a partnership in poverty and disgrace, and the matrimonial engagement must end in bitter disappointment.

"I am sorry for you, Arthur," said the father of the young lady the next day, when the young man called on him at his counting-house "and I must say you have behaved honorably in coming to me first; but your own good sense will tell you that the connection ought to be dropped altogether. You know I did not give my consent to it very willingly at first; and now—"

There needed nothing more than the emphatic "now," and Arthur returned home agitated and cast down.

The arrival of Arthur Sutherland, however, was very opportune. He had a good report among his father's creditors; and it was known that he had had no share in the errors which had brought about the failure. His assistance was valuable in winding up the heavy affairs of the bankruptcy; and, with straightforward and honorable frankness, he made his services available to the utmost.

One evening, while the business was yet uncompleted, and after the harassing duties of the day were over, as he was slowly returning from the counting-house to his father's residence, he was accosted by a gentleman whom he dimly recognized as the companion of his railway journey.

"I have been expecting and hoping you would take me at my word, Mr. Sutherland, and would have called on me before now. But as you have not, I was just going to find you. Are you disengaged? If you are, and will allow me, I will walk homewards with you."

Arthur took the offered arm.

"And now, what are you doing? how are you getting on? But I need scarcely ask you this; for everybody I meet speaks in praise of your disinterested efforts to make the best of this disastrous affair; and, now I think of what I am saying, I am not sorry you have not been to see me before now."

"What is the meaning of this?" thought Arthur; but he did not speak, and presently his home was reached.

"And now, Mr. Sutherland," said Mr. Smith, when they were alone, "may I ask what you intend doing when these affairs are finally settled?"

Arthur replied that he had formed no plans for the future. He supposed, however, that a mercantile situation might be obtained.

"Your father's business was a good one, I believe, Mr. Sutherland; why not take it into your own hands?"

We shall not report further of the conversation of that evening. Arthur found that, by some means, he had obtained the good-will of a sympathizing and able friend; and after the interview—which was prolonged to a late hour—the young man entered the room in which his sister was waiting for him, in a more hopeful frame of mind than he had enjoyed since his return home.

A few weeks passed away; and then it became known that Arthur Sutherland had entered on the business which his father had been compelled to relinquish, with all the advantages of an enlarged and profitable foreign trade which he had been the means of opening. He made no mystery of the fact that the unsolicited assistance of Mr. Smith had enabled him to take this step; and when this was explained, all wonder ceased; for the large-hearted, open-handed, but sometimes eccentric liberality of that gentleman was no secret. Nevertheless, there was a mystery which for months afterwards remained unexplained; and we hasten on to its disclosure, leaving it to the imagination of those of our readers who think that a story of ups and downs is by no means complete if it does not end with a wedding, to guess for themselves how Arthur Sutherland again wooed, and finally won the lady of his choice.

"There was a wedding then?"

"Yes, a very quiet, modest affair indeed, ma'am; not at all such a one as you would approve, if you are in any way given to romantic musings. But there was a wedding, and that is something; and a few wedding visits were paid, and in due time returned."

"You never saw Mrs. Sutherland? It was in Mr. Smith's drawing-room that this fragment of a conversation passed."

"Never before she did us the honor to call the other day. Never, at least, that I can remember."

"Look again, Mr. Sutherland; are you quite sure? And this girl"—laying his hand on his eldest daughter, "have you never seen her before?"

Arthur was puzzled by the tone of the speaker; but he repeated the assurance that if he had ever had that pleasure his memory played him falsely.

"Perhaps you will refresh our friend's memory, Edith," said Mr. Smith to his wife.

"Do you not remember," asked the lady, in a soft gentle voice, "a dreadful storm, on a July night, many years ago; and travelling from London on the coach; and a poor young woman lightly clad, with an infant in her arms, a fellow-passenger?"

"Yes, yes, I certainly remember that—all that," said Arthur, eagerly, for the truth at once flashed on his mind.

"And the poor woman's foolish alarm? and the harshness of the coach proprietor, who would have turned her out of the coach? and how it was he did not do it?"

"And that young woman's husband, Mr. Sutherland," continued Mr. Smith, "who told you that he would find means of repaying the kindness which was shown without expectation of reward or thanks? Have you never happened to meet with him since in your travels? Tell him, Edith, what you know about it?"

"I am that poor woman," said Edith.

It was even so; the seed of a little kindness, sown years before, had sprung up and borne this goodly fruit. The bread cast upon the waters had returned after many days.

Crossing Hampstead Heath, Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummeling a miserable bare-boned pack horse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer:

"Why, it's my own, mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking-stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick!

"Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own, mayn't I use it as I please?"

WHAT IS THE difference between an attempted homicide and a Cincinnati hog butchery? One is assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt.

"THE LITTLE DEAR."—Now, my love, have you got your lesson off? "No, ma, but I've got the back of the catechism off."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A FOREIGNER IN TROUBLE.**  
The following funny incident is extracted from an article in the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled "The English at Home, by a Frenchman abroad":—

A Frenchman newly arrived at London, impatient to see the town, but fearful of not finding his way back to his hotel, carefully copied upon a card the name printed on the wall at the corner of the street in which it was situated. This done, he felt himself safe, and set out for a ramble, much upon the principal vulgarly known as following one's nose. The whole day long he strolled and stared to his hearts content; wearied at last, he jumped into a cab, and with the easy, confident air of a man who feels perfectly at home, he read from the card he had prudently preserved, and named the street he dwelt in. The cab-man grinned horribly. "This English pronunciation is sadly difficult," said the Frenchman to himself; "he does not understand me." And he placed the card before the man's eye. Caddy grinned more than ever, gazed in his face, and then, with a look of scorn, he stuck his hands in his pockets and roared with laughter. Indignation on the part of the foreigner; he appealed to a passer-by, who gravely listened to him at first, but, upon beholding his card, joined one and all in chorus with the coachman.—"The Frenchman now got furious, swore, stamped, gesticulated like a candidate for Beilam.—He went so far as to threaten the laughers; a crowd assembled, every-body sympathized with him till they learned the circumstances of the case, when they forthwith joined in the infectious hilarity. Up came the police, those guardian angels of bewildered foreigners in London's labyrinth. The aggrieved Gaul felt sure of sympathy, succor and revenge. He was never more mistaken. The gentleman in blue roared like the rest. They evidently could not help it.—Companions mingled with their mirth, but they nevertheless guffawed exceedingly. To what extremities the desperate Frenchman might have proceeded, it is impossible to say, had not a gentleman acquainted with his language appeared upon the scene. He too laughed violently on beholding the card, and when he had spoken a few words to the Frenchman, the Frenchman laughed likewise, which was a signal for a re-commencement of the general hilarity. The address so carefully copied by the Foreigner was the following:—"Commit no nuisance."

**BOYS GET AHEAD.**  
When we see young men spending all they make, and when we consider the great importance of a little cash capital to their future prosperity, we are amazed that their own common sense does not urge with sufficient importunity the duty of trying to save, if it be ever so little, from present earnings towards a future capital.

We once heard of a gentleman who had risen from poverty to wealth and influence, by his own prudence and industry, enforcing the saving plan in this way. Suppose, said he, you had six eggs to live upon daily. Now, it is clear, if you eat all the eggs every day, you will never have any ahead to depend upon. But if by self-denial, you can save one of these eggs to-day, or this week, and another next day or week, you can soon have besides your six eggs daily, one, two or more hens, that will give you one, two or three dozen eggs, instead of the half dozen you had first. You will not suffer in any respect from the little self-denial necessary at first, and when once you have set in train the egg-producing influence, it goes on of itself, as it were. The one egg saved, gives you a hen, which produces indefinitely, and then if you choose you can eat your half dozen eggs daily, and still be gaining from the first saving.

We have often thought of the simple illustration as comprehending in an egg-shell whole volumes of political economy, and recommend it to our young readers as worthy of practice.—*People's Organ.*

**TELEGRAPH MIRACLES.**—It may not be generally known that operators in magnetic telegraph offices become so familiar with the sound of the instrument through which they receive communications, as to know what it says; that is, they learn to understand the rap and pauses as a language, and without the necessity of having the marks and dots taken upon a moving slip of paper, can, from the sound alone, write out communications. And, perhaps, every body does not understand that an operator at one office may have connection with a hundred offices, and write in them all at the same time. At the telegraph office, where communications are passing from New Orleans to New York, every word going both ways may be understood. The operator is heard to call New York, from New Orleans, and in an instant the reply passes on its return.

In this manner, items of intelligence, business notices, messages and jokes, between the operators, are daily exchanged over the enormous circuit of two thousand miles, and the most wonderful fact of all is, that a person familiar with the office, can stand on the side-walk in front of the office, in this city, when the communications are complete, and by the ticking of the instrument, can understand the messages as they ply at inconceivable speed—can hear the operators at New Orleans call, "Hallo, New York!" and catch the response from the Empire city of "Ay, ay, sir!" while drawing a single breath.

*Ch. Commercial.*