

Southern Weekly Post.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life;
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance;

That brings into the home-sick mind

All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;

Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,

Stared by Caesar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew

To desert mountains far away;

So will his followers do;

Steal from the strong to haunts untried,

And hold communion there with God.

ORIGINAL STORY.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

BENJAMIN FROM HOME.

NUMBER II.

The cars arrived at Acqua Creek, (as I stated in my former communication,) and so did Benjamin, but he was in the midst of a sound nap readily as he might have done, for all the passengers had left the cars, and the baggage had been transferred to the boat, when the conductor of the train discovered Benjamin in the cars still asleep.

"Hallo, here my friend, you will be left," shouted the conductor, giving Benjamin, at the same time, a heavy shake.

"Lo!" said Benjamin, eagerly starting up. "Why, has Judy gone to meetin'? Well, I hope she didn't let them blasted town fellers go with her?" He then seemed to discover a mistake somewhere, and looking round he said out, "look a-here mister, where am I, kin you tell me?"

"Yes, sir, you are on your way to Baltimore, but if you don't hurry you will be left here till tomorrow this time."

"Hurry—where?"

"To the boat sir; there she lays, and is just about shoving off—run you have not a moment to spare."

Benjamin started, but turning round just before he reached the boat he touched a gentleman's coat sleeve and asked him, "Look a-here mister do you know where my saddlebags are?"

"No, sir," said the gentleman, "but if you are going on you had better hurry up, for the boat is moving off."

Benjamin looked round, saw the boat had already moved off some feet, and he bawled out "Stop that Creeter, stop her!" but to no purpose; he however made a spring, thinking he could land on the deck. But unfortunately he did not calculate correctly, but about two feet, and so he landed in the Potomac, on a cold November day. There was something that he had not bargained for, and he would have been as mad as a host of hounds, only he did not have time to get so, for with all that he could do, added too by the boat lands, it was at least fifteen minutes before Benjamin got safely on board the boat, and then he was too cold to think of getting mad. They conveyed him to the forward cabin. He was, of course, saturated pretty thoroughly, and in a shiver all over, but his teeth particularly, were knocking together at the rate of a mile a minute. "Where's my saddlebags?" stammered Benjamin.

"Are they checked?" asked some officer of the boat. "Checked? No—th'y pl-a-in red-leather with bear skin e-overs on the-sides," stammered out Benjamin again.

"Where did you put them?" asked the man again.

"I didn't put them nowhere," said Benjamin, overcome by his rising wrath and the mid of the warm fire in his disposition to stutter, "they wouldn't let me have 'em, and I ain seen 'em sense I started, I thought that feller was tryin' to fool me at first, for he give me a little piece o' tin, and told me that was good

or 'em, and now I want to put on some dry close and can't get 'em; mister, is this a railroad too?"

"No."

"Well, I'm tarnation glad of it, for I b'leve them railroads didn't want nothin' but my money and things, and of ever I gets home again my eyes will be open I guess."

"You said some one gave you a piece of tin for your baggage—where is it?"

"Baggage!" said Benjamin. "No I didn't say nothing about baggage, I said a man give me a piece of tin for my saddlebag."

"Yes, well where is the piece of tin?"

"Why, a feller back there a piece, that I was talkin' about it, asked me if I had any money in my saddlebags, and I told him only about \$10, and he said it was in a tight place, and I had better give him the piece of tin to look up with his'n, that as he was goin' through to Baltimore, and would take great pleasure in helpin' me take care o' my things. Well, I handed it to him, and I reckon he's got it now!"

"Where is he?" asked the officer, becoming pretty well convinced that some sharper had come it over?" Benjamin.

"He's up stairs there, I seed him as I come down," answered Benjamin very artlessly.

"Describe him and I'll see if I can find him."

"Well, he's dressed monstrous fine and his face is full of black whiskers."

The officer went up on deck, and meeting a man of this description, accosted him very politely and making known Benjamin's situation, asked the number of his check, which had been deposited with him for safe keeping, as it was necessary that the poor fellow should have a dry suit of clothing as speedily as possible."

Benjamin looked up and asked—"Did it hurt any body?"

"What was it?" asked some one.

"That great big house that was fallin' a top of us I was sure it would kill the whole of us."

The passengers all saw through the matter at once, and it was this:

If the r-dor has ever travelled in a hack or an Omnibus from the steamboat wharf to the Railroad Depot in the Federal city, he will remember that on turning a corner and coming into Pennsylvania Avenue, the gigantic proportions of our beautiful Capitol loom up over him all of a sudden as though it were on the eve of tumbling and crushing him beneath it. This was what frightened our unsophisticated, rural friend and caused him well nigh to have a fit. He was soon satisfied that all was as it should be, and taking the everlasting saddlebags on his arm he took a seat in the cars, but was very politely informed that he could not be allowed to carry baggage in the passenger car; the saddlebags were checked therefore and another "piece of tin" was handed to him. Benjamin pulled out his "receipt" and commenced examining it, and to his utter astonishment found that at least four-fifths of it was gone and in his wrath he soliloquized thus: "Blast ther piecies, the whole o' 'em, they're a swindlin' set and will try to make me pay again. I've no doubt, but if they do it, they've got me to lick fast, cuss 'em." I ain got no sort o' notion o' being elated if I am so far from home and by myself. Blast ther turmal pictures agin I say," and he had been gesticulating very severely during the whole of this interesting discourse, and just as he concluded down came his knuckles "whop" right on the head of an old lady who sat before him with a high crown bonnet on, "smash" went her bonnet, and down went her head and up went her voice, "Murder! Murder!" while Benjamin, as if to get his malignant hand as far from the screaming old lady as possible, thrust it back behind him, and unfortunately struck his finger right into the eye of an old gentleman who had just peeped up from his book to see what was the cause of the fuss, and when he saw Benjamin's hand coming, dodged back as far as he could in order to get beyond his reach.

"What do you mean, sir?" bawled out the old gentleman.

"I'm killed! I'm murdered!" shouted the lady.

"Now I have done it," soliloquized Benjamin.

Several passengers came round the interesting trio, some helped the old lady to resume her seat, others were questioning the old gentleman, while one or two laid violent hands on our hero.

"Look a here, fellers, said Benjamin, you had better take your fingers off er me. I didn't go to hit that old 'oman nor the man 'nther, and I didn't mean no harm, and I aint a goin' to let no man take hold o' me in that sort o' style," and Benjamin raised himself up, but his tormenters left him and he sat down again.

The affair was smoothed over, the old lady and gentleman changed their seats to a more remote part of the car, and in due time the conductor came round, "show your tickets gentlemen," he shouted. This agreed perfectly with Benjamin's idea, so he had no hesitancy in showing his, and as he held it up for the inspection of the officer, he told him that it was a sight bigger, "but," said he, "them fellers back ter kept tearin' it up, tell they'e almost got it all. You know wont make a feller pay agin will you?"

"Oh! No, sir, certainly not," and off he started with the last remaining piece of Benjamin's ticket in his hand, but this didn't suit Benjamin at all, he therefore nabbed him by the tail of his coat and sung out to him, "look a here mister, jest hold on of you please, you didn't give me back that little bit of a receipt, and I'd like right

well to have it back just as quick as you can hand it over."

"What receipt sir?" asked the conductor.

"The one I showed you that them fellers had purty nigh tore up," avowed Benjamin.

"That sir," said the conductor, "is your ticket and you are now nearly to Baltimore, but still I will see you again directly. Show your tickets gentlemen!" shouted the conductor moving on, and Benjamin's eyes followed him till he passed from the car. Just then the southern bound train whirled past and frightened Benjamin so much that he entirely forgot ticket and every thing else and jumped to the opposite side of the car, lighting on the toe of a fellow passenger and raising another racket. Poor Benjamin wished in his heart that he had never left home, but in the midst of his sufferings the ears arrived at the outer depot, the locomotive was detached from the train and the passengers were landed by horse power safely at the depot on Pratt Street.

It was night, and our friend in a strange city, he knew of no place to put up except Barnum's to which he had been advised to go by some very kind and considerate fellow traveler. He started across the street therefore, and knocking at the first door he came to, asked of Mr. Barnum lived there, he was answered negatively and started on, but suddenly recollecting his saddlebags he turned back and went with all speed towards the car to search for the man who took them from him; just before arriving there however, he espied a man coming out from the depot and starting down the street with something like a pair of saddlebags on his arm. Benjamin hailed him, "hallo there," the man did not notice him, but with the same effect, and our hero started after him. By this time the man had nearly reached the wharf, and when Benjamin got to the corner of Light street neither man nor saddlebags could be seen anywhere. He crossed over to where the vessels were lying, but could see nothing of the other, and as he turned to go back, cursing his luck, he was enveloped in the arms of a female and almost smothered with kisses.

"Oh bless you," says she, "have you come at last?" I have been here watching for you every day and night for a week."

"Who in thunder are you?" thought Benjamin.

"Little Charley will be so glad to see par," continued the lady.

"Little whar?" said Benjamin aloud.

"Little Charley dear," and she commenced kissing him again.

"Well, thought Benjamin, she must be an old friend for she knew my name, but hang me if I can make her out. Well, what would mother and Judy say if they could see this fine lady kissin' me so?"

"Whop" went something by the side of Benjamin's head and down he went on the pavement.

"I'll teach you sir, how to kiss my wife in that way" said a rough voice.

"Oh! Benjamin is that you?" said the lady in a sweet voice, "I was looking out for you and took this man to be my dear husband."

"Likely story," said Benjamin the second, "as if a woman wouldn't know her own husband."

"But remember dear that you have been to See nearly a year," urged his wife.

"We leave them to settle the matter in their own way.

The blow that fell on our hero stunned him, and he lay on the ground perfectly senseless—About two o'clock he awoke, and seeing a man standing near, he pitched right into him, got him down and was upon him in less than no time. The fellow gave the alarm and down came the watch, and in a few moments more Benjamin was safely lodged at the expense of the city.

"Bright and early" on the following morning Benjamin was hauled up before the mayor of the city. He was about "as mad as blazes" for he had not gotten over his bit of a romance the night before and besides he had pretty well given up all hope of his precious saddlebags for he considered them lost to all intents and purposes, as far as he was concerned.

The boy who skinned him, and the old lady and gentleman who had been with him, and the conductor who had been with him, all testified that Benjamin had been guilty of a most flagrant robbery.

"Well, you paid your passage, sir?" asked the conductor.

"Yes sir, I mean you settled your fare?"

"Have you paid your passage, sir?" asked some one.

"Yes sir, I mean you settled your fare?"

"What's that for?" asked Benjamin.

"For dinner, sir."

"But I've paid clean through."

"That, sir, was only for traveling, not eating."

"Well, I'm terrible hungry and suppose I must pay it; can you take no less than fifty cents, and no charge at all?"

"Fifty cents, sir," said the captain, handing out a dinner ticket and dinner checks.

"What's that for?" asked Benjamin.

"Walk up to the captain's office, if you please sir, and show your ticket!" and leading the way he left the cabin with Benjamin after him.

On arriving at the captain's office, Benjamin addressed that worthy with—

"Well, sir, that boy o' yours said I must come here and show this," and he handed it in his hand.

"Oh! Benjamin is that you?" said the captain.

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