

# Southwestern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,  
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. 33.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 137.

## SELECT POETRY.

### THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Twas lone night-hour, Father Supreme,  
Is fitting time to think of Thee;  
This calm and silent moon-light hour  
Brings thy rich attributes to me.

The world asleep! and thy kind care  
Is watching o'er each slumbering one;  
Even the guilty in his cell,  
Can not thy love and presence shun.

Were man as free from wrong as now,  
When sleep has locked the tide of sin,  
How sweet to wake to consciousness—  
A happier day would then begin.

The slumberer, how innocent he lies!  
Passion's dark tide is calm and still;  
No thought of evil stains his cheek—  
Like sleeping infant, sleeps his will.

His dreams are wreathing round his brow  
A garland of life's early flowers;  
He smiles—he weeps, as fancy now  
Brings back those long-forgotten hours!

Oh, that my waking, all might feel  
That thy mild eye is on them still,  
And love and gratitude to God  
From thence each human bosom fill!

## SELECTED STORY.

### THE WATER SPIRITS. A TALE OF IRELAND.

BY DAISY DINGLE.

"May, Mary Brindle, where are you?"  
"Coming, grandmother," answered a voice in the distance, and a moment after, the figure of a young girl appeared on the path that led towards the house from the mountain spring. She was singularly beautiful, and bore in one hand, with a swaying, graceful movement, a large earthen pitcher.

"Well, Mary," said her grandmother, as she entered the low doorway of the cottage, "have I not bid you again and again, never to bring water in the middle of the day? What on earth, child, will you look like, with your face covered with sunburn and freckles! Great credit you will do the 'Squire's' head."

May tossed her head.

"Squire Maher will never be husband of mine, grandmother. I say it once for all."

"Tush, child, don't be foolish. Away with you to your room, and tidy yourself to carry a letter down to Father Malory's."

May set down the pitcher a little, yes a very little sullenly, and went up the rude pair of stairs that led to the loft above. Her grandame settled herself to her spinning-wheel in a sunny place, at the door. She was a stern and hard-featured woman, of about sixty. Gleanings of unmistakable worldliness lay in her cold, grey eyes, and flitted around her thin, close-set lips. Every thing in the little lean-to in which she sat had an air of marvellous neatness and cleanliness; but it was to be seen at a glance that the presence of comfort seldom illuminated the abode; both grandame and grandchild evidently belonging to an upper class of poor peasantry. As if to amuse her loneliness, the spinner, half sang, half chanted a dismal ditty of the times, which harmonized well, in point of melody, with the dull, droning noise of the wheel, as it went round and round. Just as she reached that part of her song where

"The goblin took the golden cup,  
Filled to the brim with poisoned wine,  
And made the good knight drink it up,"

little Mary descended the ladder, attired for her journey.

Her grandame looked at her with a complacent smile, for in that pretty straw bonnet and muslin cape, she made a pleasant picture of youth and beauty.

"Now don't walk fast, child," she said, "as from the depths of a fathomless pocket, she handed May an ill folded letter, "and be sure, if you meet that young spalpeen, Maurice Daly, on the way, that you do not speak to him."

With a roguish smile on her lips, May stepped without the door and took her road to Father Malory's. She had just parted with Maurice at the spring.

It was a lovely day. The air was fresh with mingled breeze and sunshine, May being herself a palpable sunbeam. The road to the Father's lay alternately through fields of grain and wood—now winding by bits of luxurious pasture lands, and now through meadows, where bitny hay-makers created fragrance. Slowly the girl walked along the foot-path at the road's edge, and as she proceeded the mirth fled from her eye and the smile from her lip. Reflections of things past, and thoughts of those that the future might produce, shaded her sweet face with a shadow deeper than the sun ever made.

About half way to the priest's cottage, was a deep ravine, through which danced and gurgled a large brook, broadening to the open bay beyond. As May Brindle came to the rustic bridge that was thrown over it, she stopped for a moment, and leaned on the railing of dry cedars which recurred its sides. Down below she saw bright waters, rolling over a bed of snowy pebbles and shining foliage bending from the mossy banks, as though to kiss the stream as it hurried past. The shade of those majestic old trees seemed to tempt her to descend and enjoy the

cool quiet that reigned in that solemn ravine. But one momentary fear detained her. As often as she had passed it, May had never been down in this ravine, for it was reputed to be haunted by "wee folk," a common expression among the Irish peasantry for imps and fairies. The brook looked so invitingly, however, and she felt so dusty and heated, that she concluded she would just run down the hill, and dip up a handful of water to quench her thirst.

As she descended, the shade from the trees on the sides of the ravine grew thick and dense; scarcely a ray of sunshine penetrated through them, but guided by the dash and hum of the brook, she at length found herself on its banks. A scene of rare loveliness met her eyes, and she half-wondered she had never visited the spot before. The view from the bridge was nothing to compare with that below. Winding hither and thither, like a vein of silver, she saw the brook flowing through that grand old forest. Huge, mossy rocks occasionally intercepted its course and turned it from its channel; here it fell with a sudden bend over a ledge of stones, making a miniature water-fall, there it passed under the fallen trunk of a gigantic tree; sometimes it formed a tiny whirlpool, and as often murmured for a few yards with a perfectly smooth surface, like a lake in fairy-land.

Half unconsciously, May Brindle wandered along those grassy banks, until she had led the bridge, and all traces of the descending footpath, far behind her. At last, coming to a rock that looked very temptingly like a seat, she sat down to drink in all this beauty at her leisure. A sense of the glory of nature was awakened within her; dazzled, she looked around her as though in a dream, that a movement might dispel.

Some few minutes passed thus, when to her great astonishment a faint mist began to rise from the waves of the brook, and gather around her. Whilst striving to account for this curious circumstance, slowly, strange, luminous little shapes deepened out of it. Vision could scarcely define them at first, they were so dim and indistinct. Gradually, they became more and more bright, and then, yes, then, May Brindle saw with unspeakable horror, that the ravine was indeed inhabited by "wee-folk!"

Out of that misty cloud they came trooping with noiseless feet; some floated wingless in the air; some danced on the water of the brook; on, on they came out of that shroud of mist—while poor May was half crazed by fright. One little elf, with the funniest and wickedest eyes she had ever beheld, coolly perched himself on her shoulder; another twitched softly and demurely at her long braids of hair; a third settled itself very comfortably on her foot, while numbers practised fashionable gymnastics with the sprays of the trees, until, though she felt considerably like crying, May laughed outright at their strange contortions.

Not daring to stir, she sat motionless in her rocky seat for a long, long time. The first dusky shades of evening began to steal over the ravine. I have often heard May relate this event in her life, and she invariably says that this half day passed like an age, for these "wee-folk" were much feared in that part of Ireland. All this while not a word or sound was uttered by the elves; but by and by the little creature who had been sitting on May's foot, rose up and bending smilingly towards her, said in a musical little thread of a voice—

"May, little May Brindle, you will get a richer husband than you think, May Brindle!"

Frightened as she felt, at these words, May bristled up in a moment. She thought the bit of a fairy alluded to the Squire, whom she disliked so much, and to whom her grandmother was determined to marry her, notwithstanding her tears and prayers, and her solemn declarations that she could neither love nor marry any but young Maurice Daly. Throwing up her proud and beautiful head, till she nearly knocked down the tiny elf sitting on her shoulder, she broke out passionately—

"I'll die before I marry that bold, bad man, the Squire!"

Like magic, at the sound of her voice, the cloud of mist commenced receiving its own again; back flew the water-spirits to its obscurity, floating, tossing, and tumbling together. All but the fairy on May's foot, and at last even she vanished, smiling softly, waving her mites of lily-hands, and repeating as she faded from sight: "May Brindle, you'll get a richer husband than you think!"

Glad was May to see them disappearing. Glad, with a great joy. When the cloud itself passed away, sinking into the brook, she rubbed her eyes and pinched her arm, to ascertain if she were herself or some body else. As soon as she was satisfied on this point, she looked about to see if none of the elves lurked near, wishing to be quite sure of their absence before she stirred from the spot. Glancing carefully round, she thought she saw something more a short distance farther down the stream; so she sat perfectly quiet, in hopes that the water fairies would at last leave her. But lo! the sight she now saw was no fairy. Through the bushes that grew between her and the place where she first noticed the movement, she beheld a man coming out from a small cavern in one side of the ravine! Then another, and another!

The last two bore between them a light skiff, which with some effort they placed afloat in the brook. Panting with new fear, May watched their proceedings in silence. She felt intuitively that there was much to be dreaded, should these men discover that she shared their secret.

While the man whom she had first seen re-

maintained to keep watch outside, the others again retired to the cave, and returned shortly afterwards, bearing huge sacks which they noiselessly deposited on the bottom of the boat. Some time passed as they thus went back and forth between the cavern and the skiff. At last they had finished loading, and two of them began rowing swiftly yet stealthily down the stream towards the bay in which it emptied. The man who had kept watch being left behind, stood gazing after the boat, until a sudden bend hid it from sight, and then, after carefully adjusting some vines and foliage over the mouth of the cave, walked with rapid strides in the direction of the bridge; the foot-path by which May had come being the only entrance to the ravine. It was too dark for May to see the face of this man when he stood on watch, but as he neared where she sat, with amazement she became aware that he was no other than her suitor, the 'Squire.' He almost touched her as he swept by, but in the darkness and his haste he passed without discovering that she was there.

It was a fortunate thing for May Brindle that he did.

She waited until the sound of his footsteps had died away, then rising she crept softly and cautiously after him. It was quite dark, and the poor child quaked with fear of that lonely place. She reached the side-path that led up the ravine, and in a few moments more found herself on the bridge, in the open country. The sun was down, but the heavens were filled with myriads of clear, cold stars, that shed enough light to guide her on her way. Eagerly and hurriedly did May start on a run down to Father Malory's. She knew that she had discovered an important secret, which must be at once communicated to the authorities. The road was long and dreary. Shivering at every footfall, or the slightest rustling in the hedges, the girl almost flew towards her destination, scarcely knowing what to think of the exciting news she bore.

And here I must make a brief explanation to the reader, of various circumstances which have a great deal to do with my story, and which will make clearer May's excited haste to deliver her secret into other keeping. The peculiar situation of that portion of Ireland—its readiness of access to the open seas—had for many years rendered it a favorable port for the operations of smugglers. The strictest vigilance of the town officials had until lately proved useless in all endeavors to frustrate their plans or seize their persons. About four days before May Brindle's adventure with the water-spirits, a small boat load of valuable goods was, however, discovered, and taken into custody; two men, well known in the neighborhood, as bearing the worst character, being captured with it. One of these wretches, to obtain the pardon held out to him, turned king's evidence, and betrayed the secret of his companions' hiding place, which was at once guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers. This hiding place was no more or less than a cave on the sea shore, which centuries before had been the entrance to a coal-mine, the product of which having been exhausted its existence had passed from the memory of man.

Notwithstanding their knowledge of the position of this cave, no further arrests of the smugglers took place, for not a soul could be found in that small Irish town, who was hardy or bold enough to enter the retreat of these desperate and hardened men, and in its dark recesses brave their defence.

The best thing that could be done under these odd circumstances, was to place guards at the mouth of the cave, and while they thus starved out any of the smugglers who might be concealed there, they were also ready at any moment to seize what contraband goods might be landed by those unaware of the discovery of their den. Four days had passed in an excitement of suspense, and nothing more was heard of the smugglers, who, meanwhile, (as we have seen,) were very coolly removing their treasure from the cave, by the small outlet into the ravine brook, which outlet was about two miles in a circuitous direction from the principal entrance to the mine; communicating with it by underground passages, and having quite as good, but a more retired sea exposure. This cavern of escape was not, for obvious reasons, mentioned in the confessions of the imprisoned smuggler, who, while he purchased his own freedom, amused himself mightily at the poor prospect of capturing his fellows.

About half a mile from Father Malory's house, May met the good priest himself, accompanied by her grandmother and some half dozen neighbors, who, in a high state of alarm, were out, lantern in hand, to search for her. At sight of the poor, frightened girl, they set up a joyful shout. May rushed to her grandmother's arms, and the old lady blessed and shook her by turns. Then turning to Father Malory, May cried—

"O, father, thank the Holy Virgin, for I've found out the real hiding place of the smugglers, and 'Squire Maher is one of them!"

Overcome with the combined results of excitement and fear, May fainted quite away.

In the strong arms of a farmer, she was borne to the house of the priest, and laid tenderly on a bed. Every restorative was tried that the skill of humble kindness could devise, and presently she began to show consciousness of returning life. When she wearily opened her eyes and looked around her, in a dreamy, hazy way, Father Malory eagerly bent over her, and prayed her to try and tell him all that she had seen, for every minute of delay favored the escape of the smugglers. In a few moments May roused herself and told him what the ravine had disclosed

to her. She felt half ashamed to say anything about the fairies; she almost thought she must have fallen asleep, and had a vision of them; the event of Squire Maher and the cave, however, had more of reality in it, so that she repeated just as she had seen it. Father Malory was astonished and delighted beyond measure at her tidings.

He immediately started out to report the discovery to the authorities of the town, and to seek aid for the prosecution of a search in the ravine.

"But what," asked May's grandmother, after the Father had departed, "what under the sun child, kept you in that black gulf so long? Surely you have not been watching the smugglers the whole day?"

May turned her face to the wall. "Dear grandmother," she replied, "I think I must have been very tired, and so sat there to rest; and darling granny, I need not marry that odious 'Squire' after all, need I?"

The old lady coughed and wisely held her peace.

There is but little more to relate. Unconscious of the disclosure of their double entrance, the smugglers were totally unprepared for the polite escort which they found waiting for them in the ravine, on the following morning. They were taken, after a short but desperate conflict, and sentenced to death; the unhappy wretch who had withheld so important a part of the desired information, sharing their miserable fate.

Squire Maher had long been regarded in the neighborhood with suspicious eyes. His idle, dissolute life, and full purse, had not passed without comment. It was a matter of but little surprise when his connection with the smugglers was brought to light, few regretted or thought of his violent end with other feelings than those of pity.

The reward offered by government for knowledge leading to the apprehension of the defrauders of its revenues, was formally presented to May Brindle. But the girl's pure mind sickened at the thought of touching money polluted by human blood, and without a sigh she resigned both it and the comforts which it might have conferred on her aged grandparent.

The blessing of heaven was her's instead. Fortune smiled upon her lot in life. Peace followed her footsteps. Prosperity attended the labors of her beloved husband, (for Maurice in time attained that happiness,) and after all, the declining years of her grandmother were made pleasant.

But once afterwards May visited the ravine, and on that visit the beautiful water spirits again appeared to her. Too many dreadful associations were connected with the brook to render it a desirable haunt even in the lovely summer days, but when quite an elderly woman, she found herself once more tempted to look upon its bright waves. At the earnest request of her children, she went with them to point out the exact spot where she had seen the smugglers, the entrance to the cave having been walled up a long while before. Rather unwillingly she went. Again along that old path she passed to the wild, winding, beautiful ravine below. She was a glad girl when before she ventured there, now a woman, sad with life's experiences. Along these fearful banks, hand in hand with her children, she wandered thoughtfully. Though changed since she had last trod them, and bearing not as gay a heart as then, she knew she was more truly happy; if her life had greater sadness, it was a pure, holy sadness, that but enhanced and chastened her joys. She was glad that it was so; sorrow had made happiness sweeter.

They came to the very rock on which she had sat. Half smiling at her weakness, she seated herself again upon it, and shutting her eyes, tried to bring the fairy vision before her, as she had beheld it in that very spot; and so well did her imagination picture that spectacle of elf-land, that had it not been for the merry voices of her children, who were at play with the white pebbles of the brook, some distance beyond, she might have rendered the illusion complete. Gradually a dreamy sensation came over her, and again she saw that mysterious mist arising from, and floating over, the water. By degrees the same little shapes deepened out of it, a strange unearthly stillness burdening the air. Once more the fays flitted around her, habited in delicate robes, small enough to have been fashioned from rose leaves. They played the same antics in the air, and amused themselves with her person much in the same way as they did before. Two tiny fairies unobtrusively pulled off her slipper and used it as a boat, one sitting very comfortably on the heel, and the other astride of the toe. The same white-handled elf seated herself on May's foot that had taken that liberty ten years before, and the same wicked eyes peeped and peered into hers from their old station on her shoulder. Not having the slightest fear of these sprites, May sat there enjoying the scene to her heart's content. They had proved themselves so harmless and good-natured on their first appearance, that she was too wise to dread them now. She smiled when they smiled, laughed when they laughed, and in short, left quite a pleasant sympathy with them.

Presently she felt something pulling at her sleeve, and heard her boy calling her by name. At the sound of a human voice, as of old, the water spirits began to disappear, but not before the fairy on her slipperless foot, touched her gently on the knee, and said softly:

"May, little May Daly, you have a richer husband than you think. He has a wife whom he loves, and who loves him; he has comfort, independence, and two of the most dutiful children that ever were embraced by auld Ireland's sun!" So saying, she vanished, and May, looking down at her elbow, saw little Fredy tugging at her with all his might and main, while pretty Nora stood laughing to see mama's shoe floating so merrily on the water. May started up, and while Fredy fished up her slipper, wondered whether or not she had been dreaming.

Then quietly they turned their steps homeward, all three equally pleased with the walk, and Fredy, full of importance at the assistance he had rendered the unfortunate slipper. How that slipper got into the brook, unless by fairy agency, is a question unsolved to this day.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' Keepsake.  
TRUTH.  
BY S. A. ANDREWS.

TRUTH is a representation of things as they are; a strict adherence to reality. The opposite of truth is falsehood, a deviation from reality and a resort to representations dissimilar from the represented. The one is an element of uncorrupted intellectuality, the other follows in the wake of degeneracy and accompanies the retrograde of humanity. Truth descended from above, came among men a white-winged angel from celestial courts. Falsehood, robed in gloomy attire, came up from the realms of night, and nestles close to the human heart, a shadow dark from the deep Abyss.

An ancient writer says, the education of the Persians consisted in teaching their children to ride, to shoot the bow, and to speak the truth. The Indian in his savage state knows no greater crime than falsehood. This is because Truth is an attendant upon nature. Truth only subjects us to inconvenience and difficulty when conventionality has instituted a code of permissibility. Pride influences the abandonment of Truth and the adoption of Falsehood, but it is a pride as false as it is contemptible. We would be thought greater than we are. We are unwilling to be known in our true light.—We dare not acknowledge our weak points.—Veracity, though the life-blood of true and continued enjoyment, is forsaken to attain the short-lived results flowing from craft and delusion, and the fine thoughts and high pulse-beats binding our affinities to objects of noble characters and linking our destinies to heaven, are ruptured and stilled by this desertion. Falsehood is the prime minister of degradation—the great diplomatist of hell, and in giving it audience in the council-chamber of the soul, we are opening the fortress to a master enemy, who will infuse into the moral system a poison of deadliest composition. Truth is lovely in its steadfastness—falsehood detestable in its fickleness. While the one is as firm as Mount Blanc, the other is as fickle and brief as the electric flash which vanishes into the jaws of darkness. The one elevates, the other lowers. They seek their birth-places, the one drawn by fibers of light, the other by cords of darkness.

Falsehood has almost become an essential qualification to success. Our modern-day society is so fashioned, its organization constituted by those who flatter and who are flattered, that he who enters into its charmed circle, and adheres strictly to honesty of motive and of action, is regarded as a simpleton, and forthwith ejected therefrom. Deception and intrigue are the levers by which purposes are too generally accomplished. Our boasted aristocracy kneel at the gilded shrine of adulation, and pay their gifts to the fickle goddess of sycophancy. To them, flattery is a sweet morsel, and others receive it at their hands, that it may be returned to the donors. Deception is not a natural element of society—it is but an exercise of human character, developed by appliances worked by him

"Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss of night."

It is a spurious currency, put into circulation by moral bankrupts, whose pure coin has been exhausted to give a seeming color to the false. Flattery is a detestable species of untruth, prompted by fear, interest, or tenderness, all too prevalent in society. It is opposed to Truth, because it is an art; Truth is nature—nature in its pristine excellence and beauty. Truth is unpleasant, because our nature becomes perverted.—The elements of moral debt, implanted in the human heart by the great transgression, superinduce inclinations and practices which are hostile to the revelation and promptings of Truth, but this influence is a power disconnected from nature, having an abstract existence of its own. All nature is Truth; its development is the result of study, and appeals to the weakness of humanity. Truth is a revelation of the silent language of God's universe, a daguerreotype of its harmony; but deception is the development of discord, the tongue of ejected angels.

Vanity is a great obstacle to the prevalence of Truth. Cowardice from fear of result contributes to its growth, not willfully, but from a want of manly independence. There are many guilty of untruth, whom we know to be positively opposed to it. The flattery of cowardice springs from the head, not from the heart; and is awarded by the timorous one to him whose talents or position elevate him above the multitude, or to whom universal attention is directed.—

Foreman.—"No, put 'em in 'small caps.'—John, have you got up that 'Capital Joke'?"  
John.—"No, sir, I'm out of 'borts.'"  
Foreman.—"Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished 'The Coalition'?"  
Wilson.—"Yes, sir, the 'Coalition' is all up!"  
Editor.—"What do you want, now?"  
Pr. Devil.—"More copy, sir."  
Editor.—"Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse'?"  
Pr. Devil.—"Yes, sir, and I've just got up 'A Warm Winter.'—Harper's Magazine."

### STICK TO SOME ONE PURSUIT.

There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around and notice who have got rich and who have not, out of those he started life with, he will find that the successful have generally stuck to some one pursuit.

Two lawyers, for example, begin to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to his profession; lays in slowly a stock of legal learning, and waits patiently, it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other, tiring of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice, and count his tens of thousands in bank stock or mortgages.

Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employers, or at least in the same line of trade, at first on a small salary, then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now that he has become a man, and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does he end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches. To this every merchant can testify.

A young man is bred a mechanic. He acquires a distaste for his trade, however, thinks it is a tedious way to get ahead, and sets out for the West or for California. But, in most cases the same restless, discontented and speculative spirit, which carried him away at first, renders continuous application at any one place irksome to him; and so he goes wandering about the world a sort of semi-civilized Arab, really a vagrant in character, and sure to die insolvent. Meantime his fellow apprentice, who has staid at home, practising economy and working steadily at his trade, has grown comfortable in his circumstances, and is even perhaps a citizen of mark.

There are men of ability in every walk of life, who are notorious for never getting along. Usually it is because they never stick to any one business. Just when they have mastered one pursuit, and are on the point of making money, they change it for another, which they do not understand; and, in a little while, what little they are worth is lost for ever. We know scores of such persons. Go where you will, you will generally find that the men who have failed in life are those who never stuck to one thing long. On the other hand, your prosperous man, nine times out of ten, has always stuck to one pursuit.—Ledger.

A GOOSE NINETY THREE YEARS OLD.—Mr. Everett, farmer, of Kirby Lodge, near Rockingham, has a goose which he vouches to be at least ninety-three years old. It has been on his farm full fifty years, and passed the former part of its life on the farm adjoining. It is a large fine foot, with a head and neck as white as snow, and has lately hatched a brood of goslings from its own eggs. Mr. E. has a book stating its age and history, which he can authenticate. If we were to pluck a quill from this antiquated goose and write its biography; it might not be an uninteresting record. The echoes of the first Scotch rebellion had scarcely ceased when it first peeped from beneath its shell into the wide world, and possibly its immediate ancestor smoked at the festive board at the coronation of the third George. It cackled at the Gordon riots, and hissed when Wilkes was made a state prisoner. It was hatching with the first French revolution, and screamed when Napoleon le Grand threatened to invade our shores, and also when Castlereagh was made Prime Minister. Like many other bipeds, it has brooded over scores of added eggs, and grown no wiser from experience; but though year after year has blown by, they leave the "giddy goose" still.—Leicester (England) Mercury.

A STRONG MINDED WOMAN IN PURITAN TIMES.—In 1637, it was customary in Boston to hold meetings every week to consider the sermon of the previous Sunday, and argue its doctrinal points. Females were never permitted to join in these discussions, and Anne Hutchinson, a strong-minded married woman, resolving not to be debarred by the debating, formed a separate society of women for this purpose. She was called the "Gonesuch," and her meetings were styled "Gosplings"—a word before that time of respectable import, but ever afterwards consigned to ridicule and contempt. She was well esteemed by John Colton and Governor Vane, and became the leader of a sect. Afterwards she was banished from Massachusetts and went to Rhode Island, where she was killed by the Indians. Her followers are charged with having been guilty of the grossest vices and immoralities.