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WHOLE NO. 173

SELECT POETRY.

From the Vermont Republican.

MEDICAL SYSTEM.

HOMOEOPATHIC DRACHM.

Take a little Rum—
The less you take the better—
Mix it with the Lakes
Or Water and Water.

Dip a spoonful out—
Mind you don't get groggy—
Pour it in the Lake
Winnepesaukee.

Stir the mixture well,
Lest it prove inferior;
Then put a half a drop
Into Lake Superior.

Every other day
Take a drop in water;
You'll be better soon,
Or at least you oughter.

ALLOPATHY

Take some Calomel—
The more you take the better—
Mix it with a drop
Or two of cistern water.

Feed some to your dog;
It will make him vomit,
And, may be, see stars,
Or, perhaps a Comet.

Once in each half hour
Take a nousing portion;
Say a tumbler full—
If that suits your notion.

If you chance to die—
As you're almost sure to;
You may safely swear
That it don't cure you.

HYDROPATHY.

Take a linen sheet,
The larger 'tis the better—
Wrap yourself up well,
And plunge into the water.

Any water 'll do—
Croton, sea, or cistern—
Each should make his choice
As may best suit his turn.

When you're fairly soaked,
If you don't feel better,
Take a generous shower-bath,
And get a little wetter.

Touch no wine or gin,
Drink gallons of cold water;
You'll be better soon—
If you ain't your oughter.

SENSE-OPATHY.

Take the open air,
The more you take the better—
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go,
To the Bay of Biscay,
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and the whiskey.

Freely exercise—
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Ever make you fearful.

Eat the simple food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well—
Or at least you oughter.

SELECTED STORIES.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE CAVE AT MILLS' FALLS.

BY MRS. H. E. C. ARBY.

I was seated by a comfortable fire in the parlor of one of the hotels in a flourishing village at the west—the west of twenty years ago—not Kansas or Nebraska.

The night without was clear and cold, and the crackling of the snow under the feet of the passers-by, had a biting sound, that made me draw closer to the ruddy blaze that was roaring up the chimney. There seemed to be no other guests present to enjoy the favors of mine host, or to disturb the tranquility of my rest after a long, cold day of travel, and, having done my duty to a hot supper, I had drawn a rocking-chair and a small table to a corner of the fire place, and sat dividing my time between a sleepy reverie of somebody, or something, and a sleeper book that had been written by somebody, somewhere.

I felt exceedingly comfortable, and quite in a humor to be satisfied with the world in general, and myself in particular, and, indulging in the humane opinion that my own convenience was the thing of prime importance in the universe, I was fain to congratulate myself from time to time on the undisturbed possession of my quarters, and the probability that the coldness of the night would prevent the appearance of other travellers. In these congratulations, however, I was suddenly interrupted by a triumphant rattling of sleigh bells up to the door, and a sound of boisterous merriment bursting unceremoniously into the hall, and quite as unceremoniously into the parlor which I had considered so exclusively my own. There was a party of young people, numbering some ten or twelve, and evidently belonging to the country near, for they seemed quite as much at home under the roof, as I could claim to be myself, the gentlemen

calling about them lustily for such good things as the house afforded, and the ladies helping themselves unhesitatingly to the comforts of the parlor.

One of the latter showed herself at once to be a beauty and a pet, from the peremptory manner in which she treated her companions, and when a devoted admirer had provided her a warm seat by the fire, she tossed her head contemptuously, and throwing down her shawl upon the table, and shaking free a mass of shining ringlets over her mantle, commenced a graceful pirouette around the room. She was petite, and pert, with a foot like a gazelle, a laugh like the sound of a mimic waterfall, and a skin like the leaf of the water lily in its first bloom. She paid not the least attention to the questions or remarks of the party until, breathless with her waltzing, she danced up to a tall, dark-eyed girl who occupied the only other rocking-chair, besides my own, which the parlor afforded, and with a series of bows and curtsies, exclaimed, "I'm tired, Lucy Ghellis—if you please ma'm, I'm tired."

"I presume so," replied the person addressed, settling back significantly, into her rocking-chair. "I think any one would have a right to be tired after the performance you have just finished."

"Yes, ma'm," continued Alice, for so they called the little maiden, "and it was all for your particular benefit, ma'm, and I would like to rest, ma'm."

"Ah!" said Lucy, laughing, "then I beg you will proceed to rest."

Alice turned round, as if despairing of success in that quarter, and folding her little round arms upon her bosom, exclaimed, with her mouth drawn quaintly up, "I'll be so good as to ride home with any gentleman as will procure me the possession of that same rocking-chair that Miss Ghellis monopolizes."

She retained it, however, with decided composure, and a pretended ignorance of what was demanded of her, until, in the midst of their merriment on the subject, supper was announced.

I had been sufficiently amused by the party to wait with some interest for their return, but before the rattling of the knives had ceased across the hall, the parlor door opened, and Alice Lyn slid quietly into the rocking-chair. When the party returned, however, the former, occupant, took no notice of her presence, somewhat to the chagrin of Alice, as I fancied, but, after a few moments, when the restless beauty had darted from her seat, Miss Ghellis resumed her former position with the utmost nonchalance, and the contest for the disputed chair was commenced with renewed vigor, very much in the manner of noisy child's play.

I now rose from the comfortable seat in which I had hitherto indulged, and passing it over to the party, offered it to Miss Lyn. She turned upon me with a frightened look, exclaiming, "Oh no, sir, thank you, thank you, I don't want a rocking chair," and perching herself with astute dignity on the corner of a little lounge, she seemed to strive assiduously for the space of five minutes to look grave.

Miss Ghellis, however, with a dignity and politeness I had by no means expected in a party of hoydenish school girls, as I had decided them to be, apologized for having disturbed me with their noisy child's play; and I was just debating in my own mind whether I could take advantage of the opening, and continue the conversation—for there was something in her looks and manner that pleased me—when Alice Lyn once more started to her feet, and declared that she was going to Mills' Falls. Some of the party remonstrated that it was quite too cold for such an expedition, but Miss Lyn, with native pertinacity, asserted that it was not cold at all, but, on the contrary, we were going to have a thaw—she had no doubt it would rain before morning. The assertion drew forth much merriment, and various proofs of the severity of the weather were adduced, but to all this Alice replied very positively—

"I don't care for that, I know it is going to thaw, for our yellow hen crowed to-night, and she never crows except it's going to thaw."

In the midst of the laughter which this occasioned, a young man, who had that day travelled some twenty miles from the southward, asserted that it was raining in B— that morning, when he left.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Alice. "This is the last snow we shall have this winter, and I wish to see Mills' Falls in the ice, before I die. Who knows but I shall be under the snow myself before another winter?"

Alice Lyn's plea prevailed, and the party were soon equipped, and set off gayly to the Falls. For myself, I sat listening till the sound of their voices died away, and then, possessed by a singular curiosity to know more of the party, and the place they were so anxious to visit, I looked for the landlord, that I might inquire the direction, and follow them.

I had recently finished my medical studies at an eastern university, and had been, for two or three months, travelling through the Western States in search of a location where I might win a comfortable way in the world. This was the first party of sociable young people I had seen during the winter, and, as they were the kind of people with whom I expected to pass my future life, I felt an unusual degree of interest in them.

"But if you don't mind the snow, you will find it much shorter to strike off right through the woods east from the village. The noise of the Falls will direct you—it is not far, if that direction."

I hesitated a moment about taking this advice, as I saw it would bring me on the opposite side of the river from the party whose steps I was following, but a second thought convinced me that this would give me all I had a right to desire—a good view of the Falls, and would lay me open to no charge of intrusion; so I took the path which had been recommended.

Once out of doors I perceived that the snow no longer crackled under the feet as it had done at nightfall, and other signs of a sudden and decisive change in the weather were so evident as to surprise me. "I should not wonder if it rained here before morning," I said to myself, as I wended my way among the tall trees that stand so grimly in a Western forest.

The black branches were now laden with their picturesque foliage of snow, and the moon, wading through thick masses of floating clouds that were gathering in the sky, left the night just dark enough to give free scope to the fancy, in the images with which it peopled the dim wood. Occasionally an owl, from some quaint niche amid the branches, would send out its shrill "tu whoo" in acknowledgment of my approach; but there was nothing else to break in upon the monotonous sound with which the rumbling Falls filled the air. The wood through which I was passing, skirted the village at no great distance from the hotel I had left; and I had not gone over three quarters of a mile, when I found myself standing on the banks of the river, at the foot of a water-fall of unusual beauty. The river leaped suddenly over a precipice of some thirty feet, and the volume of water had worn its way in the centre, so as to give a crescent shape to the fall, while the ragged points of the rocks jutted far out on either side, fringed with dripping cedars—heaped with snow, and adorned with icicles of such various and beautiful forms, that a less enthusiastic person than Alice Lyn might well have wished to see Mills' Falls in the ice before he died.

The dense and turmoil of the water was sufficient to keep the river clear from ice for some little distance below the Falls; and tempted by the sparkle of the water, and the spray of the white spray that was rolling at my feet, I stooped and dipped my hand in the water, and was surprised to find how much warmer it was than the atmosphere. The stream was one of those that take their rise on the high ridges between the lakes and the Ohio, so that its source was many miles away to the south. While I was still wondering about the warmth of the water, my attention was arrested by the appearance of the party that I had followed from the hotel, but who, having taken a longer road than I, had only just arrived. I could hear their voices calling gaily to each other, and could distinguish the form of Alice Lyn as she danced about, and clapped her hands with bursts of unbounded admiration. Presently, a tall, dark figure advanced to the very verge of the rocks, and stood with folded arms, gazing with silent and absorbing interest on the scene.

"Don't stand there, Lucy Ghellis—don't stand there," shouted a voice behind her, but the warning came too late. There was a crackling of the ice—a sudden shriek—and the poor girl was struggling in the mad waves below. It was no time for thought. I knew no more, until, plunging myself in the stream, I had rescued her from the turmoil of the water, and was bearing her insensible form up the bank to a naked ledge of rock that attracted my attention. On—on—I tore my fainting breath. I did not notice how or where, until I laid her down upon some withered hemlock wreaths that lay heaped up in a sheltered place among the rocks.

I set myself at once about the task of resuscitation, but it was long ere I succeeded in rousing the feeble signs of life which she exhibited, and when, at last, she opened her eyes, it was only to fall into a succession of fainting fits which would have lasted for two or three hours. I threw together some of the broken branches about me, and kindled a fire, both for the purpose of imparting warmth to the figure of my charge, and of relieving the increased darkness of the night. I was too much confused by what had occurred, to think clearly on any subject, but still I did not forget occasionally to send out my voice in a prolonged shout, in hopes of attracting the party, who, I thought, must be searching for their companion. I did not then observe, though I afterwards remembered distinctly, that the rumbling of the Falls had so much increased as to render it impossible for any human voice to be heard above the tumult.

It must have been near midnight before she was sufficiently recovered for me to attempt to leave her in search of help, and when I did so, I had proceeded but a few steps, when, horror of horrors! my feet plunged suddenly in the water of the river, and, glancing about, I saw the arch of rock that spread above us stooping darkly down into a few inches of the water. I had not before observed that the spot we occupied, formed a wide-mouthed cave, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, except that the floor was an inclined plane, the upper part of which was higher than the roof of the arch that formed its mouth. This mouth was now almost concealed by water which was rapidly approaching us, and from which I could see no way of escape.

"Do you know where we are?" I cried, rushing hastily back to the spot where I had left my companion.

"I have never fully believed it myself, though she continues to assert it, as a fact, to this day. Her raven hair is streaked with silver now, and its heavy folds combed soberly away beneath a matron's cap. I see her, as I raise my eyes from my paper, and peer at her through my spectacles. She sits there knitting warm stockings for our youngest pet—our Alice—asleep in her cot. Years have passed away since then, but she is still to me the same Lucy, that I have loved from that moment until now.

Reader, do you wish to know how we escaped; how we appeared at last among the startled villagers, who had worn themselves out in a vain search for our remains?

For me it is enough to know that we did escape, and have been blessed with a long life of happiness since as a reward for our frozen courtship in the Cave at Mills' Falls.

She half rose from her seat, and with a rapid glance about her, replied:

"Certainly; we are in the cave at Mills' Falls. I know the way perfectly well. Shall we go?"

"And is this the whole of the cave?" I asked breathlessly, casting my eyes back at the water upon which the fire was now throwing a fearful glare of light.

Lucy sprang to her feet, and with a sharp cry of alarm.

"Overtaken by a freshet in the cave," she shrieked. "The Grotto—quick! we have scarcely time to reach it!" and, gathering her shawl about her, she rushed towards a distant corner of the cave. Seizing a blazing pine-knot from the fire, I followed her steps, and leaping over the waters where it crossed my path, ascended a few steps cut in the stone, and entered, through a small aperture, into the apartment she had designated as the Grotto. The floor of this room was several feet higher than that from which we had come—it was tiled, a lofty, spacious apartment, with ragged arches of rock hanging dimly from the thick gloom overhead. Unconscious as I had hitherto been, I became, in a moment, painfully alive to the horrors of our situation. I could hear the crackling and crashing of the ice above us, and the swelling and roaring of the infuriated waters, as they howled madly through the cavern we had left.

"Is there no escape from this?" I asked of my companion, after holding my torch aloft, and ascertaining the capabilities of the apartment.

Lucy shook her head hopelessly, with her white lips pressed tightly together.

"I must go back for wood," I said, "we must have a fire; and I was about to return for some of the drift wood with which the lower cavern was thickly strewn, but a quick motion of her hand arrested me.

"Here is wood," she said, pointing to a place well stocked with broken branches; "we always have an illumination when we come here, and were ready for a picnic last fall when Emma Martin died." She spoke with an effort, as if her faculties were becoming more and more benumbed with a consciousness of her situation.

"Does the water ever rise to this apartment?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes—no, I don't know," answered she, and, confusedly, "I beg pardon; yes, I remember they were talking about the water-marks here, but the gallery yonder is higher than the summit of the Falls."

I went with my torch, and examined the place she designated. It was somewhat in the shape of a huge, old-fashioned pulpit, very high, but perfectly accessible, and could hardly fail to form a safe retreat in case the water should rise to the apartment we occupied.

"We are secure from the water at least," said I, returning, while my hands instinctively sought the pockets of my hunting coat, for I had made a pleasure as well as a business of this tour of discovery, and had frequently carried to the primitive taverns where I lodged a sufficient supply of game to furnish my supper and breakfast. On the evening in question, however, I had been more fortunate in the choice of a landlord, and my little stock of game remained untouched. Little enough it was, but it was all we had, dear reader, to sustain life during those long days that we remained water-bound in the cave at Mills' Falls.

My examination of the cave had lasted but a moment, and I sat hastily about kindling a fire, for I was young and active then, besides being prompted to activity by the wet and cold state in which we were. The dense smoke, which at first rewarded my efforts, was quickly succeeded by a rapid, crackling blaze, which threw its light over the centre of the grotto, and brought out in strong relief the marble figure of my companion, who still stood where she had first paused, watching my movements with a wistful, frozen look. A cloth pelisse fitted closely to her slight graceful figure, and the unbound masses of her raven hair fell dripping over her bloodless cheeks, and swept like a mantle of night about her shoulders.

That statue-like figure has remained faithfully daguerrotyped upon my memory ever since. I think I made some drawings of it subsequently, but when Lucy came at last to be "endowed with all my worldly goods," I suspect she destroyed this portion of them. Would you believe, dear reader, that, amid the many causes of terror around us of that moment, she was most afraid of me!—of me! who would not only then, but at any, and every subsequent moment of my life, have sacrificed everything for her comfort!

I have never fully believed it myself, though she continues to assert it, as a fact, to this day. Her raven hair is streaked with silver now, and its heavy folds combed soberly away beneath a matron's cap. I see her, as I raise my eyes from my paper, and peer at her through my spectacles. She sits there knitting warm stockings for our youngest pet—our Alice—asleep in her cot. Years have passed away since then, but she is still to me the same Lucy, that I have loved from that moment until now.

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From the Pictorial Times.

A WINTER STORY.

A cold night! The wind, sharp as a Damascus scimitar, cut through the fine chinks in the windows, causing my mother to continually change her seat, to avoid what she calls the draught; but as the draught comes everywhere she is at length fain to come to a settlement close to the mantelpiece, where she keeps, cutting out mysterious hexagons and rhomboids from out some linen stuff, hereafter to be united by cunning fingers into some wonderful article of female apparel. My two sisters are playing chess. Fanny, triumphant over a check mate, leans back on her chair, and watches with an air of proud pity, the cogitative countenance of Lizzie, whose little brain is throbbing with a thousand stratagems by which to extricate her from the unapplying queen from the impending disaster. I, wrapped in all the dignity of nineteen years, am absolutely smoking a cigar in the sacred chamber, (a privilege awarded to me on rare occasions by my mother, who would generally dismiss me to my room the moment I displayed a Havana) and reading Sir Thomas Brown's poetic essay on Urn Burial. There is a solemn quiet reigning through the room. The pine logs on the hearth, flung out spasmodic jets of fire, and hiss like wounded snakes, as the bubbling, resinous juice oozes out from each gaping split. The click of my mother's scissors snaps monotonously, and at regular intervals. The wind screams wildly outside, and clatters at the window pane, as if it was cold and wanted to come in. Through the dusty panes themselves, half revealed by the partially drawn curtains, gimmer whitely the snowy uplands, and on the crest of the ghastly hills a bare old oak lifts up its naked arms, like an aged Niobe frozen in an attitude of sorrow. The smoke of my cigar goes curling ceiling-ward in concentric rings of evanescent vapor, and I am whispering to myself one of those sonorous and solemn sentences with which the old night of Norwich terminates his chapters and which, after one has read them, reverberate and echo in the brain, when—rat-tat—there comes a faint irresolute knock at the door. My mother starts her scissors, and looks up inquiringly, as much as to say, "Who, in Heaven's name, is out on a night like this?"

The chess-players, are immovably seated at the table, and the young ladies seem as if an earthquake would be a matter of perfect indifference to them. I lay down my book, and go to the door. I open it with a sliver, and a resolution to be cross and unkind; the wind rushes triumphantly in with a great sigh of relief, the moment the first chink appears, and I look out into the bitter, ghastly night.

What a strange group stands on the piazza! Winter seems to have become incarnate in human form, and with the four winds as his companions come to pay us a visit.

There is a tall old man, with a long gray moustache, which, as it hangs down his jaws, the rude breezes snatch up, and swings about and pulls insolently, as if he knew he was poor and could be insulted with impunity. He looks bitterly cold! His long, arched nose is as blue as the blue sky above him, in which the stars twinkle so clearly, and he has on a scanty little coat, on which a few remnants of braid flutter sadly, like the shreds of vine that hang on walls in winter time, which they, in the golden summer had wreathed with glossy leaves so splendidly. He holds a little child in his arms—a little shivering child that trembles most incessantly, and tries, poor thing, to put its head in the scanty thread-bare folds of the insufficient coat. By the side of this pair is another effigy of poverty and winter. A small, pale, delicate woman, with great blue eyes—profuse hair, which, matted in frozen intricacies, burst out from a most remarkably shapeless bonnet, a shawl so thin that it must have been woven by spiders; another little shivering child clasped in her arms and carefully enveloped in the poor old shawl; though one can see by her blue neck and thin dress, that she is sacrificing herself to keep the little ones warm. A huge umbrella dangling from one of her hands, and which she leans on occasionally with great dignity, and the ice picture is complete. But the main picture is not yet finished. A girl about ten years old, standing a little back, clings to her mother's skirt with one hand, while with the other she tries to keep something that looks like a pair of trousers wrapped round her neck. She is shadowy and pale, and seems like northern mirage, ready to dissolve into cold air at a moment's notice.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I said, in a gruff tone; for the wind blew bitterly on my cheek, and I made up my mind to be cross.

The old man inclined his head slightly, and spoke.

"We are Poles," said he, in excellent English, with a slight foreign accent; "we wish to go to Boston, which we hear is but one day's journey from this, but we do not know where to lodge to-night. We are here to ask you for a night's shelter."

"Pooh!" said I, swinging the door almost to; "we know nothing about you, and never admit beggars. We cannot do it."

The man fell back a pace or two, and looked at the little woman with the great eyes. Heaved just at that moment! I saw his arm tighten convulsively round the little shivering child in his arms. A sluggish, half-frozen tear rolled slowly down that blue nose of his. He brushed it away with the cold, shivered hand and nod-

ded mournfully to the little woman, who clutched her umbrella firmly, and then turned to depart without a word. As the door was being slowly closed, he shook his head once or twice, and said in a very low voice, "God help me!"

These words had scarce been spoken, when I felt a slight touch on my shoulder.

"John," said my mother, "call those people back."

I never felt so relieved in all my life. When that old man turned away in silence at my sudden refusal of his prayer, disdaining to address himself to me, but whispering his mercy to God, a pang of remorse shot through my heart: I would have given worlds to have called him back, but the hideous, sullen pride, which has through life chained up my nature, until it has become like a cooped bear, put a padlock on my lips. How glad I was when my mother came and dissolved the bonds with a touch.

"Come back," said I, "my friends; we wish to speak with you."

I am sure my voice must have really been very gentle, for as the old Pole turned, his rugged cheek seemed to soften, and the great eyes of his pale wife actually flashed through the dim night, with the fire of hope. They had landed from an emigrant ship in New York, with only a few dollars in their possession, which was dwindled away to a few shillings. They could get no employment. The old man was a modeller of medallions, and said bitterly—"They don't care about art in New York." So they made up their minds to go to Boston; there they heard that such things find encouragement. With a few remaining shillings, and what money they could obtain by pawning their little wardrobe, they struggled thus far on their journey. They were now penniless, and scarce knew what to do; but the old man said proudly, "If we can only get through to Boston to-morrow we have nothing to fear."

My mother shut the door; by this time the old man, and the little pale woman and three shivering children, were on the inside, and Fanny and Lizzie had left their game of chess, with their poor queen still in prison, and were passing round the pale little woman, whose eyes were now larger than ever, and shining with tears of joy; and they somehow had got hold of the two youngest children, and they were peering over the shoulders of the mother, and trying to get into the room, and talking to them in that wonderful language, supposed to be the tongue commonly spoken by infants, the foundation of which is substituting the letter d, for the letter t, and smoothing all the l's and t's in a remorseless manner. The little foreigners were therefore informed, confidently, by the young ladies that "dey was dood little tings, and dey musn't cry, for zey would ave a size vorm zipper."

And whether they understood it or not, the "little tings" ceased to shiver or cry and looked wonderingly about with small editions of their mother's great eyes; and the old man twirled his moustache as it thawed in the heat of the pine fire and made many bows and looked that worthless gratitude which cannot be interpreted.

But the little wife said nothing; only she leaned on her umbrella, and gazed at my mother as she gave her orders to the servants for the preparation of a sleeping-room and a liberal meal for the wayfarers; and she gazed at me, as I stirred up the fire with immense energy, (between ourselves, I tried to bustle off the recollection of that cruel speech with which I first met their appeal,) and made her husband sit down so close to it, that his legs were nearly scorched through his threadbare trousers; and so continually gazing at every one, until at last she could stand it no longer, and flinging away for the first time that ponderous umbrella of hers, she cast herself on my astonished mother's neck, and sobbed out a heap of Polish blessings, that, if there is any virtue in benedictions, will certainly canonize her when she dies.

I swear to you, that when all was over, and they were sleeping soundly, I went into a remote corner and wept bitterly for the wrong I had so nearly done.

Well, they staid with us that night, and the next; and my mother got up a little subscription among the neighbors. And we rigged them all out in good warm clothing, bought them tickets on the cars to Boston, and one fine, frosty morning, we all sallied down to the depot, and saw them off on their journey, and I tell you there was a waving of hands, and Polish gesticulations, and far, far away in the distance, we could catch a glimpse of that great umbrella, with the little woman still flourishing it by way of farewell.

We heard nothing of our Polish friends for a whole year. Often, over the fireside, we would talk about them, and our neighbors sneered at us and wondered if our spoons were safe, and moralized upon foreign imposture and ingratitude. My mother got much for her charity; but none of us minded, for there was something so true in the ways and manners of these poor wanderers, that it would be impossible to distrust them.

Well, Christmas came. Winter again, snow, yule logs glowing fiercely on the hearth, and mistletoe and ivy swinging merrily in the hall. Again the uplands were sheeted in white; again the old oak was naked and sorrowing; again we were all seated round the fire, listening to the snoring of the wind as it tore over the hills like a mad steed. In the midst of a deep slumber that fell upon us all, there came a rat-tat-tat. It was strong, determined and eager. I went to the door. I had scarcely unbarred it, or took a peep at the new comer, when it seemed as if a

whirlwind with a bonnet on his head scooped past me and swept into the parlor. The next moment I heard a great commotion. Sobbing and laughing, and broken English, all swept along, as it were, in a cataract of Polish. It was the little pale woman with the great eyes. No longer pale though, but with ruddy cheeks; and the eyes, this time, looked larger and brighter than ever through the tears. They had been ever since in Boston, she breathlessly told us, and had been doing well, thanks to the blessed lady who helped them get there. The husband modeled medallions, she composed polkas, and their only daughter taught music, and they had saved three hundred dollars, and bought a piano with it. And she had said to herself that on Christmas night she would come and speak her gratitude to the blessed lady who had sheltered her and her little ones; so she set off in the cars, and here she was. And then she commenced pulling things out of her pockets. Christmas presents for us all! There was a scarlet fortune-teller for Lizzie, and a curious card case for Fanny; and a wonderfully embroidered needle-case for my mother, and there was a beautiful umbrella for Mr. John, she intimated, producing an enormous parachute. She knew he would like it, because when she was here last year—thanks to the blessed lady who had sheltered her—she had seen him looking very much at her umbrella, and she would have offered it to him then, but she was ashamed, it was so old. But this was a new one, and very large!

And then she kissed us all round, and produced an elaborate letter from her husband to my mother, in which she was compared to Penelope, and one or two classical personages, and told us everything that had happened to them since they had left us, until, having talked herself into a state of utter exhaustion, she went off to her bed-room, where she was heard praying in indifferent English that we might ascend into Heaven without any of the usual difficulties.

She and her family are still in Boston, where they make quite a respectable income. And every Christmas sees her arrival with presents for the blessed lady, and her eyes and her gratitude are as large as ever.

It is, you see, a simple Winter Story.

His countenance, serious and almost dull when in repose, grew, under the excitement of speech, transfigured and almost articulate with the emotions that thrilled his soul. The eye glowed or melted, was fierce in indignation, or tender in sympathy, or commanding in its imperious utterances of pride and dignity. Few men could stand unmoved the fixed gaze of that eagle eye, turned in scorn or defiance upon them. He did not so much possess, as he was possessed by the spirit of oratory, when it moved upon him. It transformed his whole port and presence. He seemed another and a higher being under its inspiration. The awkward and slovenly air, the impassive countenance, the listless movement disappeared, as, rising with his theme, he soared, like a Hebrew prophet, to sublime heights of declamation and prose-poetry; and glowing, inspired, irresistible, he commanded, awed, subdued, fired with passion, or melted with pity, the ductile subjects of his power. The specimens given of him by Wirt, are not always characteristic.—Henry's style was pure Saxon-Bible-English. He spoke in no such scann'd lines as 'the next breeze that sweeps from the North, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms.' This is Wirt's rhetoric, not Henry's eloquence. The short, vigorous, pictorial sentences, winged with the fire of imagination, of the grand old man, were altogether different from these holiday, Eolian tunes. The difference between them is the difference between Homer and Tom Moore. The lines of Wirt resemble the words of Henry, but as much as the tinklings of the guitar resemble the bugle-notes before a charge, or as the carolling of a canary resembles the scream of the eagle when he stoops on his quarry.—Baldwin's Party Leaders.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—This bridge is completed, and has had a trial. The result has been, so far as we have learned, very satisfactory. The whole construction is a triumph of the art of the civil engineer. The work is very substantial, and the train which crossed sunk the bridge only three inches in the middle. It is estimated that the structure is capable of sustaining a weight of 12,000 tons. Its measurements are as follows: Length of span from centre to centre of towers, 822 feet; height of tower above the rock on the American side, 88 feet; do. on the Canada side, 78 feet; do. floor of railway, 60 feet; number of wire cables, 4; diameter of each cable, 10 inches; number of No. 9 wires in each cable, 3,659; aggregate strength of cables, 12,400 tons; weight of superstructure, 750 tons; do. sub-structure and maximum loads, 1,250 tons; maximum weight of cable and stay will support 7,300 tons; height of track above the water, 234 feet; height of railroad above wagon track 60 feet. The builder was John E. Robeling, of this State.

BACHELOR ODDITIES.—The Methodist Christian Advocate tells the following story.

Some years ago, a rich old bachelor died in this city, leaving behind him two dogs. In his will he bequeathed the dogs to a particular friend, and left \$2000 to be appropriated to their maintenance and burial. One of the dogs is dead and buried. The other is still living, though far advanced in age. Half of the money has been drawn, the other half will be paid over as soon as the living dog becomes a dead one, and is decently buried. The dogs were to be, and will be according to the will, buried one at his head, the other at his feet.