

# Southwestern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,  
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## SELECT POETRY.

### LIFE LESSONS.

BY MRS. A. D. BAILEY.

Oh when daylight shines the brightest,  
And my heart is beating lightest,  
Near its magic beam,  
Flaunts a little cloud of sadness,  
Half prophetic to my gladness,  
O'er my fondest dream.

"Was not ever thus? I mind me,  
When an opening blossom charmed me  
Into perfect bliss,  
And no undertone of sorrow,  
Whispering, "it will fade to-morrow,"  
Maddened my will?"

Song of bird, or streamlet glancing,  
Sent such thrills of pleasure dancing  
Through my childish heart,  
That the very memory gleaming,  
Through the tinted glass of feeling,  
Still doth joy impart.

But since then, so oft hath pleasure  
Faded in pain—earth's richest treasure  
Dimmed in sorrow's night—  
That my heart is always fearing  
Least the present joy is bearing  
With its shadow a blight.

Once a little bird I cherished,  
In its early morning perched  
On my arched window;  
And another jewel cluster  
Round my home, its misting lustre  
Bids the tear-drops start.

Thus my sunlight still is shaded  
By the thought of beauty faded  
From my earthly way—  
Though at times a brighter vision  
Tells my heart of joys Elysian,  
In love's perfect day.

And again that fresh young feeling,  
Sweetly o'er my senses stealing,  
Comes like angel-voice,  
Whispering still of thrones rose—  
Skies where no dark cloud reposes—  
Ever, ever blest.

### TRUST IN GOD.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther, of a bird going to rest, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding in his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

Yes, the little birds find shelter,  
And hum their evening prayer,  
And close their weary eyelids,  
Without a thought of care.  
They drop their glossy heads,  
Mid the leafy branches' shade,  
And leave God to watch them,  
Thus sweetly fall to rest.

Dear cherished little sleepers,  
Their merry song is still—  
No care for morrow's lodging,  
Their gentle bosoms fill,  
Guardian angels round them,  
Watch with a silver rod,  
For they've left their every sorrow  
All in the care of God.

And if birds so trust our Father,  
Who giveth them a home,  
Why should our hearts murmur  
When evil shadows come?  
If God will feed the raven,  
And think for all the birds,  
Will he not love his children,  
And listen to their words?

Ay, let us trust His goodness,  
His promise and His love,  
And, like the birds, be happy  
With His blessing from above.  
Have not a thought of trouble,  
While future paths are trod,  
But keep our hearts from evil,  
And leave our care with God.

## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### THE PRIEST THAT WOULDN'T MARRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Biddy McCann is a treasure to us, for besides being an excellent housekeeper, she is full of humor, and can tell a story much better than I can transcribe it. Among the number with which she has amused us, is—"The Priest's Marriage Itself," which I can never hope to give you, as she gave it—it will want the natural drollery of her looks and tones while relating it. The occasion was this:

One morning, while we were still at the breakfast-table, in the cottage parlor, and the doors and windows were open upon the garden, a beautiful little white lap-dog strayed into the room, and at a very slight invitation, leaped into my lap.

"Oh! what a lovely little darling!" said the children—and

"Oh! what a pretty creature it is," said their mother. While the little fellow began in the most sociable spirit to exhibit all his accomplishments, such as jumping down and standing on his hind legs, holding out his paw to shake hands, etc.

"I wonder who he belongs to? I wonder if it would be possible to buy him?" said I.

"Faix, thin, indeed, and it wouldn't ma'am, for himself is Feather Mory's own dog, and the mistress wouldn't be after taking his weight in gold for him."

"The mistress, Biddy?"

"Aye, sure, ma'am, jewel, it's Mistress Mory herself I'm after speaking iv."

"And who is Mistress Mory? the priest's mother?"

"Indeed, no, ma'am, for it's the priest's wife herself."

"The priest's wife?"

"I am an ultra Protestant, yet I was shocked—I looked so, I suppose, for Biddy hastened to explain.

"Oh, sure, darlint, it's no praist he is at all at all, at this praist spaking, for bye it's after being called a praist he is!"

"What is that, Biddy?" I inquired, feeling quite sure that thereby hung a tale, and that Biddy could tell it.

"Well, thin, for the love of Moses in the bulrushes, honey, hev yess been raising in the same thra whole years widout iver hearing spake iv Feather Mory's marriage?"

"It is too true, Biddy—but enlighten me now."

"Is it after bidding me to open the shutters, that ye are? Sure they're all open—it's your sight itself, that's falling iv ye, darlint."

"No, Biddy, enlighten the darkness of my mind; tell me the story of the priest's marriage."

"Sure, and ara! that always the way wid yess? after heving me lave the work to be telling yess stories? Indade, and it is to ruin everything in this blessed house will be going! Sure, thin, and I shall be after making short work iv the same."

"Of the ruin, Biddy?"

"Sure, ye'll be iver taking meself up wed my spache, and heving yer own joke—sure, ye know very well it's the praist's marriage I'm after making."

"Faix, thin, honey, I'm going to do that same! Well, thin, ma'am, ye'll be knowing that he—the praist itself, I'm spaking iv—was a poor boy. He entered the seminary as a sizar, which means a poor scholar, honey, darlint, that is to receive his education free gratis, for the Lord's sake, besides get his teaching for nothing. Well, he was—oh! honey, he was a foine, handsome, full-blooded, lusty, young fellow, as ever you see—but more becoming the plough-tail, nor the howly praisthood itself! Only you see he took wonderful to the learning all the time, and nothing would serve him but a praist himself he would be. It was all upon the account of the pride and ambition that was in him, do you see? Well, the feythers in the seminary, seeing he was so set upon it forbye being so wonderful bright wid the Latin and the mathematics, said he would be a credit to the church, so he would, and they consented to receive him, so they did, and put him in the training for the howly praisthood. Faix, and it must be a hard ladder to climb to rache that same! For, first iv all, they pit him on a long probashun, and thin a long novitiate, and thin a weary retreat, forbye the fasts, and vigils, and prayers, and meditations, and howly offices, before he could take one step up the ladder—naming one dagrai in howly orders. And thin a rapitition of the whole, before he could take another step, and so on, till he had worked his weary way up to the top of the ladder, naming the praisthood itself. Well, sure, betwain one thing wid another, it took him years before he got widin one step of the top. Faix, thin, and at last the blessed day itself came, when he was to be completed a howly praist out and out entirely. And wasn't there the highest iv rejoicing among all the family and the friends that belonged him! all but Mary Miller, the craythur who lived on the other side of the road, forshe the seminary, and was crying the two pretty eyes out iv her head; but sure, nobly minded her, for wasn't the whole town and country assembled together to be prisint at the ceremony of the consecration? and the praists, and bishops, and the archbishop himself to the fore? So niver a soul heeded Mary Miller, piping her eyes. Only look now what befel! The Lord have a hand in us! but that young thrae ought to been drummed out of town."

"What young thrae, Biddy? Mary Miller?"

"No, sure it's the praist itself that was to be—naming Feather Mory—av course—for look! when all was ridy the same morning he was to be completed a praist entirely—what do you think he was missed! and couldn't be found high nor low! and when he was looked for, it was discovered he had run away wid Mary Miller! and when they found him, the spache! he was married entirely, and not a soul to privity it! Howly St. Pather! but the hour I heard iv, if the strength didn't lave me body entirely! if there wasn't a row among all the friends and the praists and the lave o' them! Och, thin, indeed, honey, Donnybrook Fair was a traly pace to the likes of it!"

"How did they get on after that?"

"Faix, thin, darlint! it was a pity for the poor craythurs—so it was! The church forbid them the communion. No soul would look at him. Her people all for sook her—the bit of a colleen! she was nothing but a child, and she took their unkindness to heart wonderful—it preyed on her mind—so it did! till it wore her away to a skeleton. She began to think she had committed the onparadonable sin, in marrying a man intinded for the howly altar! and she pined away—so she did! till she was nothing but skin and bone. And all he could do for her was to comfort her—so it couldn't! for she wouldn't answer that the Lord had cursed her. They were wonderful poor, too, for no one would give him employment, and no one would find a friend to her. So, betwain one thing wid another—the young craythur! she wasted away until, when her trial came, she hadn't strength to go through wid it—and she died—she did! she and her young baby. And afterwards her friends all said they knew it would be so beforehand, for it was a just judgment, for being after marrying a man intinded for the howly praisthood itself."

"Och, darlint! it would have made the heart

of yess sore to have seen the poor, distracted craythur! Sure, for days and nights, on to weeks and months, he moaned and groaned, and wept and wailed like a lonesome sowl in purgatory. He said he had destroyed her sowl and body—so he did!—and that it was the rtribution of Heaven on him. And oh! he prayed and fasted, and humbled himself before the church, and did penance, and said he wanted to be a praist before the altar—so he did! that he might atone for his own sin and thry to get her sowl out iv purgatory. Well, at first they wouldn't listen to the likes of him—so they wouldn't! but at long last they consented to receive him on trial, thinking by the same token, that his graifs had been a lesson to him. Well, thin, faix! it was all to do over agin! I mane the probashun, and the novitiate and the retreat, forbye the fastings and the vigils, and the prayers and meditations, and all the howly ceremonies and blessed innishashuns, only a great deal longer than they were before, because of his falling off, d'ye see? Well, in the mane time years slipped away, and the old sowl in his heart began to heal—so it did! Faix! they'd better made sure iv him when they could get him! For by the time the blessed day rowled round when he was to be consecrated a howly praist before the altar, he had rekindled his spirits, and was looking as well as ever. And so when the morning came, and the friends and relations were gathered together, and the praists and bishops and archbishop itself waiting ridy to complete him in the praisthood—whilst, honey! but he turned round—the villain! so he did—and he married a great two-fisted Yankee wilder, wid two half-grown bloys as big as herself."

"Howly St. Pather! Biddy! and what dip Mother-Church do to him then?"

"Sure, she did nothing at all to him! Faix, and what could she do wid the likes of him, at all, at all? Sure, she let him alone, so she did. Troth! wasn't it the bishop himself that said Mister Mory had no call to the praisthood? and that the spirit indade was wake but the flesh was willing? Sure all mothers have a soft place in their hearts—"

"—Or fu their hearts, Biddy—"

"—And Mother-Church was no exception to that same. So after kaping him at a respectful distance for a while, sure she opened her arms and received him back to her bosom, and afterwards provided for him like any other mother would. Faix, the bishop himself said—so he did! that if Mister Mory had no vocation for the howly altar, he would make an illegit teacher himself—and so they made him master of the parish free school, which same he is at the praist spaking."

"And the family and friends—did they receive his wife?"

"Oh! the big-fisted wilder! Sure they all saw it at once; that it was no use to thry to kill the like of her wid ill-treatment—and they soon dis-kindred her to be a wonderful foine woman entirely—so they did! And this is her little dog—And now I must wash up the tay thing!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

FROM THE ALBION.

When Martin Luther, conversing with a friend, walked in the field at Eselben, and suddenly beheld the partner of his thoughts struck to the earth by lightning—a livid corpse, what were his feelings!

"Or, how excited was the mind of Michael Angelo, when in his silent chamber of the Medic mansion, he pursued his immortal labours at midnight, with opened coffin and ghastly mornal remains around him, to assist the workings of his genius!

You have read, moreover, of the Hebridean fisher who descended a horrible precipice in search of eagle's eggs; and, swinging in mid air, was attacked by the enraged birds—a thrilling circumstance which blanched his dark locks, and deprived him, for a time, of reason.

But you have never heard the story of that night; and none save I can tell it. Give me, then, your best attention, and do not doubt me, for I do not doubt myself.

I had taken supper, and found pleasure in it. Amiable with the finely-flavoured coffee, and fresh Funch haddock, I rang my bell. "Now, landlady," I said, "suppose I turn in. And by the way I was rather cold, last night. If you would give me another blanket I'd thank you."

"Eh! yes, sir; ye'll no' fash me."

And good Mistress Wilson departed. She was a kind Scotch soul, and therefore I had not hesitated to prefer my request. Presently she took me all was ready. I took my candlestick, laid her good-night, and in a second was in my chamber.

Before jumping into bed, I studiously arranged several little articles which I had collected in my rambles. I had lately arrived at Leith from Rotterdam, and being fresh from Waterloo, I naturally wished to "straighten" the various relics, etc., which I had brought in my coffee. Mrs. Wilson had loaned me a drawer, together with guide-books, pocket compass, and other et cetera.

"Now I'll be off!" With that thought my outer shell was speedily cast off. I did my devotions, and turned off the gas. The next moment, I leapt into bed.

Come gentle sleep! ethereal mildness, come. Exquisite warm sheets! I plunged my feet down into their recesses. How delicious! how—Heavens! what was it! What could it be my right foot encountered! Froze with

vague horror, I sprang from the bed. My brain positively whirled; my teeth chattered—but not with cold. Cold! O, I would rather step upon an iceberg, than again experience the thrill which I then endured. There was some object in the bed. A rude grasp, a secret robber, would have chilled me less. Its mysterious feel was not aught of human!

Momentary release into a desperate mood, and my spirit said within me, "Get in again, and kick it out!"

Kick out—what? Searching in the dark, I at last found a chair. My next thought was to examine my foot. No! it was not lacerated—not even scratched. True, I had not at the moment experienced a sense of pain; but so horrible a surprise would not admit of it. Mental excitement often deadens physical suffering. Yet, as I believed, there was no laceration. I could not detect the flow of blood and, though in the dark, I could have felt this.

With hands clasped on my forehead, I strove to think. What were my best recollections of the contact? I remembered that the left foot had touched nothing, but as the leg went down it received a gentle rub. I recollected also, that the sole of my right foot had been visited with the feeling of hot breath, as though it were the breath of an animal. But then it had not touched any rough or furry creature. At this point, impressed with a dread of the supernatural, I removed my chair to the most remote corner of the room, and there pursued my train of reflection.

Was it a sleeping cat? Entangled in one of the sheets, its fur might have been covered. I called to mind many instances of cats which, for the warmth, had crept into beds. Still, one so rudely aroused would have extended its claws; and had I been wounded? No to the best of my belief.

In the first place, I was confident that the plunge of my feet would have awakened such an animal. Its impulse then would be bound away. But no movement appeared to the ear had taken place!

O, the other hand—

There were two married ladies staying at the house. One of them had a small baby. Her servant-maid had been employed to put that precious infant to bed. I had heard this through my open door at the moment when supper was served.

Before taking supper, I had accidentally caught a glimpse of the servant girl en route to her mistress's apartment, and her physiognomy caused me to think her a stupid, blundering lass. Now, how easily might a mistake have occurred! The stupidity or forgetfulness of the moment might have led her to place the little baby in the wrong bed. Its mamma slept in the chamber next to mine; how facile, then to open the wrong door!

Certainly, I had not felt anything of the shape or substance of a baby. But, in that horrible moment my mind had been completely unbidden; and could I now say what I had felt?

Thought beats the electric telegraph. These reflections occurred in less than time I take to narrate them.

My first vague horror had given way to a feeling of calm fright. By this time my body was benumbed, for in one's shirt the cold strikes in with effect.

Huddling myself together—and still impressed by the supernatural—I resumed my chain of analysis. Thus, for some minutes—but you shall not be troubled with more detail. After turning over every horrible probability, and glancing in the dark towards the bed (as I believed), I went into the committee (all alone) on ways and means—what to do!

Should I awaken the landlady? By no means: even though the circumstances warranted it, I would not. For the first horror, as I have told you, a calm fright succeeded; and I felt that—fearful as was the position—I would have to brave it alone.

No! I would light the gas, and—look!

Slowly I quitted my chair—but at this moment a strange, unearthly, hissing sound came from the bed. It might be the hissing of a serpent, (and Mr. Wilson was, I had heard, an amateur collector of such creatures), or the suppressed breathing of a dog. It was a sound as though blood were letting! Saint Bartholomew, flayed to death as thou wast! how my hair stood up as I thought of sickening passages in Frankenstein! Shaking with the palsy, as it seemed, I tottered to my chair.

But something must done! Screwing up my courage to the sticking point, and murmuring a prayer, I again rose,—found my trousers, and searched for my box of congress (which, as a smoker, I invariably carry). It was barren! not a single match remained! What should I do! To cross the spacious landing, and to reach the kitchen, was an early thought. The fire would perhaps be smoldering; I might perchance obtain what I required. Mrs. Wilson's matches I could not hope to find; I knew not their locality. But an old newspaper (which I had put into the drawer loaned me, as mentioned) would do. Could not I carry it, blazing from the kitchen embers? Yes, I could; but what then? The glare of the light would arouse the sleepers; and then—the second married lady was, I had heard Mrs. Wilson say, fearful of fire; and I felt persuaded that, after the manner of others whom I know, she slept with her door ajar!

I felt for my cane,—the one which I had brought from Hougomont. Desperate, I

tho't of striking the coverlet until that object moved. But suppose it were an infant! Ah! I could pass my cane gently over the surface, and do no harm.

I approached the bed, and did so. Then, starting back, my summoned resolution left me; I knew, I felt, that the object was still there! With a beating heart, I dressed myself as I could; and cautiously feeling my way to the sitting room, lay down on the sofa, and drew my coat over me.

For a time I was unable to sleep; my nerves were too much strained; at length I dropped off into an uneasy slumber.

The clock of an adjacent church struck four. I awoke. Morning had come; golden and silver rays were flashing through the crevices of the shutters. I arose—with a perfect memory of last night's occurrences—shook myself, and (reassured by the day) proceeded to my chamber.

I was not at ease when I entered. I stopped on the threshold—but at last I slowly went in. With bated breath I approached the bed. Oh! shall I ever cease from memory that revelation!

Glion! vampire! monster! misshapen, and creatures charged to freeze the blood! No marvel that I had thought of ye!

My terror had been acutely excited; my nerves awfully startled; and I discovered the cause at the bottom of the bed, in the shape of a "foot-bottle!" Mrs. Wilson, pray for the future, inform your guests when you give them a bedfellow, which a bad conscience or active imagination can conjure into a frightful and mysterious monster.

### ANECDOTES OF HOLBEIN.

THE CELEBRATED PAINTER.

Holbein, the celebrated painter, not unfortunately, when his pulse was low, condescended to point figures upon the houses of the gentry of Basle, as was the custom in those times, and by this means earned a few guilders, which enabled him to pay his score for a day or two at the tavern. On one occasion he had bargained with a merchant to do some work of this kind upon the wall between the second and third story of his house. The scaffold for Holbein to sit upon was prepared, and he had already worked a whole day, when the drinking fit seized him, and quite extinguished all relish for labor. He thereupon begged the merchant to advance him a small part of the price of his work, in order, as he said, to discharge a debt he owed. The merchant, aware of his unsteady habits, gave him the money, resolving at the same time to keep a strict eye upon him, and that he should by no means escape. All next day, accordingly, he kept coming from time to time, out of his shop, and looking up to see whether the painter was there at his work, and always observed him sitting there; with his legs and feet hanging down from the scaffold. At length, however, he became alarmed to observe that the man never bulged from the spot; but hour after hour continued in the selfsame position; and going up stairs, he looked out from the window of one of the upper rooms; but, far or near, no Holbein was to be seen. He had, in fact, gone straight to the tavern, to drink away his money, and in order that his employer should never suspect that he was absent from his work, he had painted his legs upon the wall. Of course the merchant instantly laid hold of the wayward artist, and compelled him to finish the task he had undertaken.

Not long after, an English nobleman arrived at Basle, and having heard of the celebrated Holbein, engaged him to go to London, and execute some paintings at his house, during his absence on a journey he was about to make to Greece. He promised to pay him a large yearly salary, furnished plenty of money for his traveling expenses, and gave him the address at which he was to inquire in London. Holbein accepted the offer, and agreed to depart without delay. No sooner, however, had the nobleman left the town than he returned to the tavern, where he soon forgot all about England, and his engagement, and his art. Nor did he stop until he had squandered the last farthing of the sum which should have paid the expenses of his journey. He then recollected the promise he had made to go to England, and selling the little furniture he possessed, realized enough money to take him to Holland. His funds were, however, all spent by the time he reached Amsterdam. In this town the great Dutch painter, Lucas Van Leyden, was then living. On him Holbein waited, and inquired if he did not want a person to grind his colors. "What is your name?" asked Lucas. Holbein gave a fictitious one. "Well, I shall try your skill." Holbein accordingly took his place at the grindstone as if he had never done anything else in his lifetime. He soon won the confidence of his master, and during his absence on a journey which he was obliged to make, was appointed to take the oversight of the painting-room. Having just finished a large and beautiful portrait of one of the magistrates, or at least chief citizens of Rotterdam, Lucas covered it with a cloth, and said to his grinder: "Take particular care of this picture. Let it receive no injury, I make you responsible for its safety." Holbein promised to give the greatest attention to his orders; but on the second day after Lucas's departure he took a brush and painted a fly on the counselor's face. He then shut the painting-room, embarked in a vessel, and sailed for London.

On Master Lucas's return home, he was alarmed to hear that his grinder had decamped. The first thing he thought of was his picture, which he hastened to inspect. On raising the cloth he discovered the fly upon the face. Taking out

his handkerchief, he attempted to drive it away, but the fly would not move. He repeated the attempt, saying, "Begone, little imp!" The fly still quietly kept its place. Master Lucas now examined the creature somewhat more narrowly, and discovered, to his surprise, that it was painted; upon which he dropped the cover and exclaimed, "Either the devil or Holbein has been here at work!" He knew that he was the only one of all his contemporaries capable of painting a fly so intimately as to deceive an able painter like himself. Holbein arrived safely in London; but he had lost his lordship's address, and had quite forgotten even his name. In so great a town, how was he ever to discover it? Entering a coffee-house, which he heard was the resort of numbers of the nobility, he inquired if any of those present knew the mansion of the lord who had sent him to London; and in order to give them some idea of his personal appearance, took a coal from the hearth and sketched his figure on the wall. The instant it was done, they exclaimed—"Oh! it is Lord S—!" He was now directed to his lordship's house, and there labored for some time; but ere long he was promoted to the office of court painter to the King of England, and in this situation he died in London in the year 1534.

MYSTERIES OF MEMORY.—There is, moreover, proof of a very decisive character, that no experience of which the mind takes the slightest cognizance, from earliest infancy to the most extreme old age ever become obliterated from the internal structure of the soul, however impossible it may be to recall some of those experiences during our ordinary states of body and mind. This proposition, which is rendered extremely probable by an interior contemplation of the conscious nature of the soul, is confirmed and established by the numerous instances which might be cited, in which all the experiences of a whole life, however minute or long forgotten, have been suddenly and almost simultaneously revived by some accident or other occurrence which brought soul and body to the brink of a total separation.

A fact of this kind, which cannot be otherwise than intensely interesting to the psychologist, was not long since published in the *New York Daily Sentinel*, whose editor vouches for its truth. It is to the effect, that several years ago, A held a bond against B for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When the bond became due, A made diligent search for it among his papers, but it was not to be found. Knowing to a certainty that the bond had not been paid or otherwise legally disposed of, A concluded to frankly inform his neighbor B of its loss, and to rely upon his sense of justice for its payment. But to his surprise, when he informed him of the loss, B denied ever having given him such a bond, and strongly intimated a fraudulent design on his part, in asserting that such a transaction had taken place between them. Being unable to prove his claim, A was compelled to submit to the loss of the debt, and also to the charge of dishonorable intentions in urging the demand.

Years passed away, and the affair almost ceased to be thought of, when, one day while A was bathing in Charles River, he was seized with cramp, and came near drowning. After sinking and rising several times, he was seized by a friend and drawn to the shore, and carried home apparently lifeless. By the application of the usual remedies, however, he was restored; and as soon as he gained sufficient strength, he went to his book-case, took out a book, and from between its leaves took out the identical bond which had been so long missing. He then stated that while drowning, and sinking as he supposed to rise no more, there suddenly stood out before him, as it were in a picture, every act of his life, from his childhood to the moment that he sank beneath the waters, and that among other acts was that of his placing that bond in a book and laying it away in his book-case. Armed with the long-lost document found in this marvelous manner, the gentleman recovered his debt with interest.

### HOW STATUES ARE MADE.—DICK TINTO, the Florence correspondent of the New York Times, writes that the inducements for American sculptors to remain in Italy, Powers, Hart, Crawford and others, are that they have constantly on hand more orders than they can execute, and employ numerous workmen at cheap wages.—We quote:

These workmen, who actually perform the whole or nine-tenths of the chiseling, cutting in marble what their employer sets before them in plaster, receive Italian wages—a small daily pittance. If taken to New York they would at once triple and quadruple their Italian earnings, and would probably set up for themselves as carvers, in a small way, or as decorators and ornamenters in churches and public buildings. The chisel is no longer the tool of the master sculptor—his instrument is an odd bit of a stick, with which he scoops away at the fire in clay, or "at the mud," as he will tell you himself. When finished, as nearly as such a material can be, a mould is taken, and from that mould a cast in plaster. If necessary, this cast is still further finished and sand papered, and it is then handed over to the cutter, whose duty it is to make an exact *fac simile* in marble.

The sculptor proper may never touch this marble, and when he is told it is done, he is ready to deliver it to its owner. The workmen in Mr. Power's studio have executed not far from 40 Prosperines from the Plaster originally

composed by the master, and the Greek Slave has in the same way been produced three or four times. The best bust maker in Italy never touches the marble. He may suggest or order hair strokes here and there, but he does not handle the scraper himself. In all this the workman, though he may execute unassisted the statue, the head, or the group, is no more the author of his work than is the clerk who copies the Prime Minister's rough draft or the calligrapher who engrosses a set of resolutions.—You can see how impossible it would be for sculptors, occupying and requiring in this way the work of many men, to transport their studios to America.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE COLUMBIA S. C. BANNER.

### DOCUMENTARY HISTORY.

We are permitted to publish the following interesting letter, which we lately received from President Swain, of the University of North Carolina. In a recent interview with this distinguished gentleman, who is engaged in the kindred pursuit of Documentary History in our sister State, he very kindly promised to aid us in our labors. We trust our States will be mutually benefited, and would be much pleased if the Legislature would follow the worthy example of the North State, in appointing an agent to collect and arrange such material. We are pleased to find an interest in our collection, and to acknowledge the receipt of valuable papers from several parts of the State, the due acknowledgment of which will be made in the proper place. Such of our friends as intend to send us others, will oblige us by doing so at once, as we are about going to press. Documents relating to the period from 1764 to 1780, will be included in the proposed volume, and it is probable that a third will immediately follow.

CHAPEL HILL, June 18, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I have availed myself of my earliest leisure, since my return from New York, to look into your Documentary History of the Revolution in South Carolina, and am much pleased with it. These letters, daguerotypes of the 'times which tried men's souls,' present history in its most authentic, and not unfrequently in its most attractive form. Some of them are important to the historian of the Union, and many of them are as interesting to the people of North as of South Carolina.

I will be glad to hear of the early completion of your work, and am particularly anxious to see the details of the Snow-Camp campaign, and General Williamson's account of the expedition against the Cherokee in 1776. General Rutherford, at the head of 2,500 militia from this State, co-operated with Williamson in the expedition against the Cherokee. We were fully represented in the Snow-Camp campaign, and subsequently, indeed, in all your principal Revolutionary battle fields.

In connection with your book, I have spent a few hours in turning over the leaves of Gov. Caswell's Letter Books, two folios of 640 and 350 pages, which are at present in my possession, by the courtesy of our Governor. Gov. Caswell was called to the Executive chair on the 18th of December, 1776, and remained in office until about the beginning of May, 1780. These volumes contain numerous letters from Governor Rutledge, Henry Laurens, President of the Continental Congress, Rawlins Lowndes, Gens. Ash, Howe, and Lillington, which will serve quite as effectually to illustrate your annals as ours.

To one incident I beg leave to call your attention. On the 20th September, 1778, Cornelius Harnett, one of our delegates to Congress, writes to Gov. Caswell as follows: "The South Carolina and Georgia delegates are so incensed against Gen. Robert Howe, that he is directed immediately to join Gen. Washington at headquarters, and Gen. Lincoln is to command in the Southern department. This gentleman is a valuable and experienced officer—he is ordered to repair immediately to Charleston."

"By the resolve of Congress, enclosed to you by His Excellency the President, you will find it is the desire of South Carolina that you should take the command of the North Carolina troops, with the rank and pay of a Major General in continental service."

On the 29th September John Penn writes: "The high opinion entertained of your Excellency here, and the very great desire that the delegates of that State (South Carolina) had that you would accept the command, was the reason of the resolve relative to you; but in this you will no doubt consider the interest of North Carolina, and the propriety of being absent from your government."

Governor Caswell, it seems, declined the command at that time, and called John Ashe as Major General, Bryan, Butler, Lillington and Rutherford, into service. In 1780, immediately upon the expiration of his gubernatorial term, he went to the head of our troops, with the rank and promised pay of a Continental Major General, and served as such under General Gates in the disastrous defeat at Camden.

To return to Howe—on the 24th November, Harnett again writes to Caswell, complaining in general terms, that Howe's recall had been produced by small and unworthy motives, personal and perhaps feminine intrigues, and that although Congress had yielded to these influences, his abilities were admitted, and a fair opportunity would in due time be afforded for their display.

of yess sore to have seen the poor, distracted craythur! Sure, for days and nights, on to weeks and months, he moaned and groaned, and wept and wailed like a lonesome sowl in purgatory. He said he had destroyed her sowl and body—so he did!—and that it was the rtribution of Heaven on him. And oh! he prayed and fasted, and humbled himself before the church, and did penance, and said he wanted to be a praist before the altar—so he did! that he might atone for his own sin and thry to get her sowl out iv purgatory. Well, at first they wouldn't listen to the likes of him—so they wouldn't! but at long last they consented to receive him on trial, thinking by the same token, that his graifs had been a lesson to him. Well, thin, faix! it was all to do over agin! I mane the probashun, and the novitiate and the retreat, forbye the fastings and the vigils, and the prayers and meditations, and all the howly ceremonies and blessed innishashuns, only a great deal longer than they were before, because of his falling off, d'ye see? Well, in the mane time years slipped away, and the old sowl in his heart began to heal—so it did! Faix! they'd better made sure iv him when they could get him! For by the time the blessed day rowled round when he was to be consecrated a howly praist before the altar, he had rekindled his spirits, and was looking as well as ever. And so when the morning came, and the friends and relations were gathered together, and the praists and bishops and archbishop itself waiting ridy to complete him in the praisthood—whilst, honey! but he turned round—the villain! so he did—and he married a great two-fisted Yankee wilder, wid two half-grown bloys as big as herself."

"Howly St. Pather! Biddy! and what dip Mother-Church do to him then?"

"Sure, she did nothing at all to him! Faix, and what could she do wid the likes of him, at all, at all? Sure, she let him alone, so she did. Troth! wasn't it the bishop himself that said Mister Mory had no call to the praisthood? and that the spirit indade was wake but the flesh was willing? Sure all mothers have a soft place in their hearts—"

"—Or fu their hearts, Biddy—"

"—And Mother-Church was no exception to that same. So after kaping him at a respectful distance for a while, sure she opened her arms and received him back to her bosom, and afterwards provided for him like any other mother would. Faix, the bishop himself said—so he did! that if Mister Mory had no vocation for the howly altar, he would make an illegit teacher himself—and so they made him master of the parish free school, which same he is at the praist spaking."

"And the family and friends—did they receive his wife?"

"Oh! the big-fisted wilder! Sure they all saw it at once; that it was no use to thry to kill the like of her wid ill-treatment—and they soon dis-kindred her to be a wonderful foine woman entirely—so they did! And this is her little dog—And now I must wash up the tay thing!"

—Saturday Evening Post.

### THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

FROM THE ALBION.

When Martin Luther, conversing with a friend, walked in the field at Eselben, and suddenly beheld the partner of his thoughts struck to the earth by lightning—a livid corpse, what were his feelings!

"Or, how excited was the mind of Michael Angelo, when in his silent chamber of the Medic mansion, he pursued his immortal labours at midnight, with opened coffin and ghastly mornal remains around him, to assist the workings of his genius!

You have read, moreover, of the Hebridean fisher who descended a horrible precipice in search of eagle's eggs; and, swinging in mid air, was attacked by the enraged birds—a thrilling circumstance which blanched his dark locks, and deprived him, for a time, of reason.

But you have never heard the story of that night; and none save I can tell it. Give me, then, your best attention, and do not doubt me, for I do not doubt myself.

I had taken supper, and found pleasure in it. Amiable with the finely-flavoured coffee, and fresh Funch haddock, I rang my bell. "Now, landlady," I said, "suppose I turn in. And by the way I was rather cold, last night. If you would give me another blanket I'd thank you."

"Eh! yes, sir; ye'll no' fash me."

And good Mistress Wilson departed. She was a kind Scotch soul, and therefore I had not hesitated to prefer my request. Presently she took me all was ready. I took my candlestick, laid her good-night, and in a second was in my chamber.

Before jumping into bed, I studiously arranged several little articles which I had collected in my rambles. I had lately arrived at Leith from Rotterdam, and being fresh from Waterloo, I naturally wished to "straighten" the various relics, etc., which I had brought in my coffee. Mrs. Wilson had loaned me a drawer, together with guide-books, pocket compass, and other et cetera.

"Now I'll be off!" With that thought my outer shell was speedily cast off. I did my devotions, and turned off the gas. The next moment, I leapt into bed.

Come gentle sleep! ethereal mildness, come. Exquisite warm sheets! I plunged my feet down into their recesses. How delicious! how—Heavens! what was it! What could it be my right foot encountered! Froze with

vague horror, I sprang from the bed. My brain positively whirled; my teeth chattered—but not with cold. Cold! O, I would rather step upon an iceberg, than again experience the thrill which I then endured. There was some object in the bed. A rude grasp, a secret robber, would have chilled me less. Its mysterious feel was not aught of human!

Momentary release into a desperate mood, and my spirit said within me, "Get in again, and kick it out!"

Kick out—what? Searching in the dark, I at last found a chair. My next thought was to examine my foot. No! it was not lacerated—not even scratched. True, I had not at the moment experienced a sense of pain; but so horrible a surprise would not admit of it. Mental excitement often deadens physical suffering. Yet, as I believed, there was no laceration. I could not detect the flow of blood and, though in the dark, I could have felt this.

With hands clasped on my forehead, I strove to think. What were my best recollections of the contact? I remembered that the left foot had touched nothing, but as the leg went down it received a gentle rub. I recollected also, that the sole of my right foot had been visited with the feeling of hot breath, as though it were the breath of an animal. But then it had not touched any rough or furry creature. At this point, impressed with a dread of the supernatural, I removed my chair to the most remote corner of the room, and there pursued my train of reflection.

Was it a sleeping cat? Entangled in one of the sheets, its fur might have been covered. I called to mind many instances of cats which, for the warmth, had crept into beds. Still, one so rudely aroused would have extended its claws; and had I been wounded? No to the best of my belief.

In the first place, I was confident that the plunge of my feet would have awakened such an animal. Its impulse then would be bound away. But no movement appeared to the ear had taken place!

O, the other hand—

There were two married ladies staying at the house. One of them had a small baby. Her servant-maid had been employed to put that precious infant to bed. I had heard this through my open door at the moment when supper was served.

Before taking supper, I had accidentally caught a glimpse of the servant girl en route to her mistress's apartment, and her physiognomy caused me to think her a stupid, blundering lass. Now,