

# WEEKLY POST

Genl. Patterson

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## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### TRUE COURAGE—A TALE OF TATTERSHALL CASTLE.

In the summer of 1833, a party of gay young collegians visited Tattershall Castle, in Lincolnshire. This remarkably noble ruin consists of a single lofty keep, rising to the height of two hundred feet. The interior being open from summit to basement. Mighty oaken beams, once, however, spanned the massive walls, supporting floors which formed stories of varying heights. Many of these beams have fallen to the basement, completely rotten, through shameful exposure to the weather ever since the castle was broken and decayed, but, in a majority of instances, so strong as if a strong gust of eddying wind would send them down crashing, to mingle their fragments with those already mouldering below.

The party were in high spirits. They had drunk old wine, and their young blood flowed hotly in their veins; they had laughed, joked, and talked themselves into wild excitement. About half way up the castle turret there is a sort of open landing which goes along one wall of the structure; and on this landing the party, starting from the grand spiral staircase they had hitherto been ascending, and there paused a moment to look about them. The scene was striking. A few beams sprang across just below their feet; a few thick-matted rays of sun peered through the adjoining loopholes; a few fleecy clouds flitted athwart the blue ether, high overhead. Startled by the noisy visitors, a number of dusky jacksaws flew out of their holes up and down the walls, and, after chattering their decided disapprobation of being disturbed, made half-dozen whirling circuits of the interior, rising rapidly upward, until they disappeared.

Immediately afterwards, a great white owl projected its visage from a hole close above where one of the beams joined the opposite wall, and, frightfully peering with its great dazzled eyes, the harmless creature bewilderedly peeped from his hole on to the beam, and having made a few feeble flutterings with its wings, remained quiet stationary, crouched on a ball-like figure, close to the wall.

"Oh, Desclamps," exclaimed one of the party to a friend at his side, who was plucking the long gray mass of a peculiar species, which literally clothes the castle wall inside and out, "look yonder at Miquetta's bird."

"Ha! ha!" chorused the company—"a veritable owl!"

Thereupon one and all began picking up bits of brick and mortar from where they stood, and threw them at the bird with various degrees of skill. One or two bits even struck it, but so far from being roused thereby, the owl merely gave a nodding, long-drawn, sepulchral screech, and contracting its ghastly outline into still smaller compass, fairly buried his broad visage between the meeting bows of his wings.

"What a stupid creature! I don't know," shouted they, thinking by that means to induce it to fly. But the outcry only terrified the bird to such a degree, that it "stuck its claws convulsively into the decayed timber, and stirred not at all."

"Is the way of them creatures," here said the guide, who was showing the party over the castle; "they're about the stupidest things in creation, I'm a thinking!"

"Humph!" muttered Lord Swindon, a handsome athletic young man of twenty, "with such an example before our eyes, we cannot but admit your opinion to be highly philosophic and unimpeachable. But I say, old fellow," added he, tipping the guide familiarly on the shoulder with the light riding switch he carried in his hand, "is that beam a rotten one?"

"I shouldn't be over-forward to trust myself on it, sir," replied the man—a fat dumphy personage. "You wouldn't? No, I shouldn't rather think not," responded Lord Swindon, a smile of supreme disdain sweeping across his features, as he surveyed the "old fellow" from head to foot. "But, tell me, did you ever know *any body* walk upon it, do you?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Only last summer, young Ossian ran from end to end of it, as I see'd with my own eyes."

"Did he?"

"True," put in Desclamps. "I remember now, it was young Manners of Brazemose; and didn't he jump about it?"

"Him?" exclaimed Lord Swindon, with a toss of the head; "that fellow, poor milk-sop? Not, continued he, hastily, "that it is anything of a feat—Pooh!"

"Not a fat murmured his companions; and, with one accord, they stretched forth their necks, and gazing down the dim abyss, shuddered at what they beheld. Well they might. The beam in question rose at a height of about one hundred feet, and might beneath it was there but a gloomy chasm, only broken in one or two places by crumbling beams, and not one even of these was by many feet near it. "Oh, Swindon how can you say so?"

"I can say it, and I do," snappishly replied the fiery young man, his brain heated with wine; "and, with one accord, what that fellow Manners has done, I can do. So look on!"

This speaking he recklessly stepped on the beam, and, despite the remonstrances of his companions, was in the act of proceeding along it, when his arm was firmly grasped, and a low, deep-toned voice exclaimed, "My lord, do you court a horrible death? Do not thus risk your life for naught."

The individual who thus unhesitatingly interfered was evidently unknown to all present, being a casual visitor to the castle, who had just joined the group. With an imprecation, the madcap young man jerked his arm away, and sprang forward along the beam. Its surface was rough, rounded, and uneven, and as he ran along, sweating from side to side, every instant in danger of being precipitated downward, with the awful certainty of being dashed to pieces, his friends could hardly restrain themselves from shrieking with terror, though such a course would probably have had the immediate effect of decomposing the equilibrium of their rash companion, and so inducing the catastrophe they fully expected, without the power of prevention. Had the adventurous presence of mind one moment failed—had his self-possession and confidence wavered or forsaken him—had his brain sickened, or his eyes turned dim, for a single second—had he

## A THRILLING STORY.

### A QUEER BED-FELLOW.

An Incident of Christmas Eve.

Christmas was come, and Washingley Hall was filled with guests. A kno no country house in which I would sooner have passed a cheerful season. Sir George was hospitably itself; and as for Lady Stanley, her frank manners and natural amiability of disposition completely won the hearts of all her visitors; while their family of happy children from blooming, blushing Fanny of sweet seventeen, and Master Harry, who was just beginning to think about shaving, down to blue-eyed Trotty, who was the pet of every one and the privileged romp of the family—all reflected their parents' goodness, and made that merry music in a house without which Christmas would not be complete. We were a large party at the hall, and had tested its ample accommodations to the utmost. All the dressing-rooms pressed into use for us, and even the sacredness of the frouse-keeper's still-room was deserted and converted into a species of larracks for "the young gentlemen." The ladies, it was rumored, had made compact of partnership, and thus it was, as we afterwards learned, that Fanny Stanley shared Helen Warrington's bed. The greater part of the guests, Helen and her brother among the rest, did not arrive until Christmas eve, so that our dinner on that night was our first general meeting, and passed off with merriment. When the Christmas romps with the children were over, and the mistletoe had been put up, and "the girls all kissed," (as Tennyson observes with such collective unctio,) and when the juveniles had been posted off to their night-barracks, we all drew around the spacious fire-place, and, while the yellow blaze bright and cheerily, told Christmas stories, in which ghosts were as plentiful as blackberries.

In one tale that was told, the hero belonged to a family in which insanity was hereditary, and (as is commonly the case in such circumstances) appeared only in alternate generations; and thus, in the family mentioned, the same son of a madman invariably became the father of a madman. I forgot now who related the story, of which this was the theme, but I remember it was some one who had not met the Warringtons before, and was ignorant of the fact that Helen's grandfather had died in an asylum, and that she herself had, some years previously, when at school, been "in a low way," sufficient to cause, at that time, considerable anxiety to her mother. This, however, was not known to the narrator of the story, and, indeed, was not remembered by those present, until after events recalled to their memory; and Helen Warrington, too, was at that time a fine, handsome, merry-hearted girl, and one of the acknowledged belles of the county. What effect the tale may have had upon her, no one could then tell, as she sat back, in the shade of the room, which was only lighted by the blazing fire.

This was the last tale told, and a light supper, (for, on the children's account, we had dined rather early,) was discussed amid lively jokes and merriment, soon dispersed all the little lady-like fears the ghost stories of the night had given rise to; and the waits, and the village band, soon after coming, with their Christmas-carol serenade, we sat for some time longer round the fire, until midnight, and the earliest dawn of the Christmas morning had come, and then, wishing each other "a merry Christmas," we all said good night.

I have said that Fanny Stanley and Helen Warrington shared the same bed, and when, an hour after this, their maid had left their room, two of the loveliest faces of all the lovely ones that on that night were assembled beneath the roof of Washingley, pressed the laced pillows of the downy bed. It was not till the morrow that the maid called to mind the flushed cheeks and wild brilliancy of Helen Warrington's dark eyes, as she laughingly bade her take a kiss of her young mistress, and wish her a merry Christmas, lest she should not have the chance next year. What followed from that time, I shall describe as it was afterwards told to me.

After a little chat with Helen, Fanny had sunk into a slumber. Her long shawl she knew not; but, on awaking, she missed her companion from her side, and on sitting up in bed and looking around her, she saw Helen Warrington peering about the other side of the old-fashioned bed-room. It was a beautifully bright night, and the light of the moonbeams shone full upon the two windows of the room, and upon Helen walking there in her night-dress, her cap off, and her long black hair streaming over her shoulders.

"Helen, dear, come to bed! You will catch cold; are you ill?"

The white-robed figure stopped in its paces to and fro, and came up to the bed-side.

"Helen, what's the matter? How strange you look! You must be ill!" For Helen stood there without speaking, but looking fixedly at Fanny, with a strange wildness of expression. Fanny began to throw off the clothes to rise from the bed to assist her friend, believing her to be ill. Then Helen spoke—

"Lie still, Fanny! I am not ill, but I have come to put an end to your life. I must kill you!" And her words came in a low but distinct whisper, strangely at variance with her usual quick manner of speaking.

Fanny trembled in spite of herself, and she said, with half fear in her tone—

"Come, Helen, what nonsense! Come to bed. We will chat charades to-morrow night."

Still the white-robed figure stood there, at the foot of the bed, glaring with its eyes.

"I tell you," it said, "you have but a few minutes to live! Say your prayers, and make your peace with God. He has sent me to destroy you!"

In an instant, a crowd of thoughts rushed tumultuously through Fanny's brain; the conversation round the fire—the tale of the madman—the insanity of Helen's grandfather—and a hundred other things, all with lightning speed, linked themselves together in her mind, and she felt that Helen's long-concealed hereditary malady had burst forth, and that she was mad!

Even then she did not lose her presence of mind; and, with a forced laugh, she said—

"Come, Helen, dear,—come back to bed; you know you cannot do what you are jesting about."

"Not kill you? Think you so? You are a deceived girl!" said the white-robed figure. "I provided for that, hours ago. Look here!" and, rais-

## ADAPTATION OF THE COLORS OF ANIMALS TO THEIR HAUNTS.

Throughout the animal creation, the adaptation of the color of the creature to its haunts is worthy of admiration, as tending to its preservation. The colors of insects, and of a multitude of the smaller animals, contribute to their concealment.

Caterpillars which feed on leaves are generally either green, or have a large proportion of that hue in the color of their coats. As long as they remain still, how difficult it is to distinguish a grasshopper or young locust from the herbage or leaf on which it rests. The butterflies that flit about among flowers are colored like them. The small birds which frequent hedges have backs of a greenish or brownish green hue, and their bellies are generally whitish, or light colored, so as to harmonize with the sky. Thus they become less visible to the hawk or cat that passes above or below them. The way-farer across the fields almost treads upon the skylark before he sees it rise warbling to heaven's gate. The goldfinch or thistle finch passes much of its time among flowers, and is vividly colored accordingly. The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the fallow or stubble among which it crouches, and it is an accomplishment among sportsmen to have a good eye for finding a hare sitting. In northern countries, the winter dress of the hares and ptarmigans is white, to prevent detection among the snows of those inclement regions.

If we turn to the waters, the same design is evident. Frogs even vary their color according to that of the mud or sand that forms the bottom of the ponds or streams which they frequent—may, the tree-frog (*Hyla viridis*) takes its specific name from the color, which renders it so difficult to see it among the leaves, where it adheres by the cupping-glass like processes at the end of its toes. It is the same with fish, especially those which inhabit the fresh waters. Their backs, with the exception of gold and silver fish, are comparatively dark; and some practice is required before they are satisfactorily made out, as they come like shadows, and so depart, under the eye of the spectator. A little boy once called out to a friend to "come and see, by the bottom of the brook was moving along." The friend came, and saw that a thick school of gudgeons, and roach, and dace, was passing. It is difficult to detect "the ravenous lue," as old Isaac calls the pike, with its dark green and mottled back and sides, from the similarly tinted weeds among which that fresh-water shark lies on the watch, as motionless as they. Even when a tearing old trout, a six or seven pounder, sails in his wantonness, leaping up stream, with his back fin partly above the surface, on the look-out for a fly, few, except a well-entered fisherman, can tell what shadowy form it is that ripples the wimpling water. But the bellies of fish are white, or nearly so; thus imitating in a degree the color of the sky to deceive the otter, which generally takes its prey from below, swimming under the intended victim. Nor is this design less manifest in the color and appearance of some of the largest terrestrial animals; for the same principle seems to be kept in view, whether regard be had to the smallest insects, or the quadrupedal giants of the forest—*Note Book of a Naturalist.*

## THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The "Debatés" gives the following outline of the arrangements lately made on the subject of the Holy places at Jerusalem, by which the Ottoman Porte has decided on restoring to the French.

1. The key of the outer door of the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and those of the side doors, so that the Christians will no longer be the prisoners of the Greek monks; they will be henceforth at a liberty to enter and go out freely.

2. Two gardens belonging and adjoining to the church, and which the Greeks had taken possession of.

3. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the French will receive a portion of the lower part of the seven arches of the Holy Virgin. For more than a century the French have not had the use of the gallery built over them.

4. The Franks and Latins will be admitted to share in the tomb of the Holy Virgin, placed under the brook of Cedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

5. Instead of exacting the restitution of the silver stolen by the Greeks, on the 1st November, 1847, the French shall content themselves by replacing it by another, after the departure of the numerous pilgrims, who will this year flock to the place at the solemnities of Easter. By a coincidence which only happens every four years, these fetes will be celebrated simultaneously by all religious sects in the east and west. The French may besides, build a church in the mixed and neighboring village to Bethlehem, called Beeth-Jella. They may also repair and enlarge the small convent in which they are kept imprisoned for the three months which they pass at the Holy Sepulchre. The same fathers may also repair their principal church of the convent, in which they reside at Jerusalem.—*V. Y. Observer.*

## MR. LEAHY, OR THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

By an advertisement in some of the Charleston papers, this gentleman announced, not to the citizens at large, but to the old gentleman of Charleston, his intention to expose in a course of lectures, the abominations of the Roman Catholic Priesthood. This announcement caused quite a stir from what we have seen in the papers. It appears that mob violence was threatened against the renegade monk, and also against the persons and property of those permitting him the use of their premises.—Application was also made to the city authorities to prohibit the lecture. We, of course know nothing of the merits of the case, but it really does seem strange that an intelligent and respectable denomination of Christians should exhibit so much passions or alarm for so trifling a cause. We suppose the monk can invent nothing new to charge the Catholics with. Indeed, there is not a denomination of Christians in christendom, who have not been the butt of ridicule, and sarcasm, and of the most malignant slander. These they have withstood for eighteen centuries. Why then should the proposed lectures of a renegade, excite so much indignation and alarm at this late day. Has he not thus acquired a consequence—an importance and a power he could not have otherwise obtained.—*Charleston Gazette.*

TRUMPETING OIL.—It is said that turpentine from North Carolina is now extensively manufactured into oil of the Government; and while in Spain he was permitted the favor of kissing the hands of the Queen and the little Princess. He can neither read nor write, and is a perfect specimen of a vulgar, rough, uneducated quairo, or country bumpkin.

## NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS—POLITENESS.

Every Englishman and almost every American speaks lightly of the French character, or rather of the personal carriage of Frenchman. An English workman is generally uncleanly and he has little of the politeness of the French; and he is often distant even with his own wife and children after his labor, he seldom or ever joins in the festivities of home—his egotism causes him to undervalue either in indolent absence from thought, or at the ale-house; he never avoids a quarrel from a polite manner, but rather seeks to sustain his ground by vehement stubbornness. If the English had the nervous activity of the French without their politeness, they would destroy each other like the "Kilkenny cats." The Parisian mechanic will walk out of an evening with his wife and children, and when two or three families meet on the Boulevard, nothing is more common than to see the elder of the party playing some musical instrument for the children to dance, and thus the light heart of the Frenchman is sent happily to bed.

If two Englishmen accidentally run against each other in the street, they each demand an explanation of the other, or at least look sulkily at each other, and pass on growling like two bull-dogs. Two Frenchmen, under some circumstances, would each bow and ask pardon. Real offence is necessary to make a Frenchman quarrel. The slightest suspicion of offence will embroil an Englishman. A Frenchman away from home would ask how he likes the cookery, may possibly remark that it is different from what he has been accustomed to, and that he has not yet habituated himself to the change. An Englishman on the contrary always insists upon it that they do not know how to cook out of England, and that it is all wrong. Every Englishman thinks he can whip two Frenchmen, and every Frenchman politely differs from him in opinion.

The beauties of nature and of art are respected in France—flowers may be exposed and not plucked, works of art exhibited and never detected, the politeness protects them. If a daisy is within arms length of a fence in England it is pulled, and even then not to be preserved, but to be picked to pieces. "The roset beef of Old England" has been sung most enthusiastically by thousands who did not taste beef once in a month. An unfortunate Englishman cannot or will not accommodate himself to his new estate, while even the members of the royal family of France, when exiled, would readily teach children's schools. Counts have been harkens here, in imitation of their own valets when at home. An Englishman will despise a broken-down gentleman if he cleans his own boots. The politeness of France causes every citizen to cultivate his taste for the beautiful, while the less polished Englishman calls all ornaments *gro-gro-gro*.

Which of these two characters should Americans emulate? or is there a middle course, a happy medium to be attained. Americans abroad have the reputation of being fastidious; and of resembling the English in this particular; avoid extremes and follow the moderate course, should be our motto.

## INSECT BUILDERS.—MR. REUMER STATES THAT FOR A PERIOD OF TWENTY YEARS, HE ENDEAVORED, WITHOUT SUCCESS, TO DISCOVER THE MATERIALS EMPLOYED BY WASPS IN FORMING THE BLUE GRAY PAPER SUBSTANCE, SO MUCH USED IN THE STRUCTURE OF THEIR NESTS.

One day, however, he saw a female wasp alight on the eave of a window, and he struck her, while watching her gnawing away the wood with her mandibles, that it was from such materials as these she formed the substance which so long puzzled him. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres, about one tenth of an inch in length and finer than a hair; and as she did not swallow them, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he had doubt no but that his opinion was correct. In a short time he saw her shift to another part of the window, and carry with her the fibres which she had collected, and to which she continued to add. He then caught her and began to examine her bundle and found that it was neither yet moistened nor rolled into a ball, as it is always done before used by the wasp in her building. He also noticed that before detaching the fibres, she brushed them into a kind of lint with her mandibles. All this he imitated with his penknife, bruising and paring the same wood till it resembled the fibres collected by the wasp; and so he discovered how wasps manufactured their paper; for these fibres are kneaded together into a kind of paste, and when she formed a round ball of them, she spreads it into a leaf, nearly as thin as tissue-paper; and this she accomplishes by moving backwards, and leveling it with her mandibles, her tongue and her teeth. And so the wasps form paper, placing layer upon layer, fifteen or sixteen sheets deep, and thus preventing the earth from falling down into her nest.

Taylor, an English author, relates in his "Records," that having restored to sight a boy who had been born blind, the lad was perpetually amusing himself with a hand-glass, calling his own reflections his "little man," and inquiring why he could make it do every thing he did, except to hurt his eyes. A French lover making a present of a mirror to his mistress, sent with it the following lines:

"This mirror my object of love will unfold,  
Whenever you regard it allurs to behold  
Oh, would, when I'm gazing, that I might behold  
On its surface the object of yours!"

This is very delicate and pretty; but the following old epigram, on the same subject, is in even a much finer strain:

"When I revolve this evanescent state,  
How fleeting is its form, how short its date;  
My being and my stay dependent still  
Not on my own, but on another's will:  
I ask myself, as I my image view,  
Which is the real shadow of the two?"

The man named Castaneda, who captured Lopez, has returned to Cuba from Spain, laden with honors. The Queen gave him \$6,000, and made him a captain in the rural militia, with a salary of \$110 a month; 10 negroes and a tract of land have been given to him. The order of Isabel decorates his person; his children are to be educated at the expense of the Government; and while in Spain he was permitted the favor of kissing the hands of the Queen and the little Princess. He can neither read nor write, and is a perfect specimen of a vulgar, rough, uneducated quairo, or country bumpkin.

The German papers say that Dr. MEINHOLD, the author of the *Amber Witch*, has left among his papers an unfinished manuscript, entitled "Hagar and the Reformation"—which, they add, is now in an editor's hands, and will be shortly given to the public.

HON. R. J. WALKER, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, has been for some time ill at Ryegate, a small town between Brighton and London, in England. He was at the last accounts, said to be slowly recovering from a very severe and protracted illness, one of his complaints being neuralgia. He was accompanied by his friend General McCall.

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