

The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

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"God and our Native Land."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE

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TERMS.

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My First Steeple Chase.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

Years—*cheu fignees!*—have passed, and yet how vivid is the 16th of October 181—, in my memory. The large portion of my web of life is spun, and mine is one of mingled yarns. Well, it matters little now. I can remember calmly the sunshine and the shadow, and the glondest retrospect has many a lightsome day and many a merry night associated with its recollections. Mine was indeed a careless career; fancy led all through, and prudent was doubly distanced. Like a wild man, many a wrong cast I made;—stabled with a white roebuck's black eye," and listened too often to the chiming at midnight. But, like old Jack, I leave the blame upon the villainous company, an I blame with him, I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need be.

It was the first week in July, when having taken the honors of a graduate, after a five years sojourn within the classic courts of Alma Mater, I strolled into the Repository in Stephen's green, to bid adieu to the old H—s, who for thirty years had housed us at Trinity. It was a sad day, and a blank one too; the old was out of town. There were few to sell fewer get to buy. A hack not worth a hay-bund was knocked down to an aspiring hatter, who wanted something more; whereupon to dust himself occasionally. I saw him regularly jockeyed with infinite satisfaction, as he had once dunned me, even to payment, for "a beggarly account" of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. Although he did not venture to invite me to be of the multitude of his confidants, as I had broken his windows upon the evening I paid his bill, that did not prevent me from pointing out certain beauties in the quadruped then beneath the hammer, which even had escaped the auctioneer himself. Indeed, according to my showing, the cardinal virtues of horse flesh were concentrated in that matchless animal. Yet human judgment is fallible, and the steed did not realize the qualification ascribed to him by the pulper and himself: for as the "Evening Post" soon after announced, Mr. Lawrence Lutestring was run away with upon the Rock Road, and the excited courier, not content with demolishing sundry ribs of the unfortunate cavalier, had, from an infirmity of vision, come in contact with a loaded jaunting car, and the concussion was so awful that the company were deposited in a wet ditch, and the vehicle rendered horse de combat.

I was about to leave the yard, when old Phil, prime minister to the repository, jogged me on the elbow. "Stop a minute—its worth your while, Sir. There's a queer one come out—his the devil, to be sure. Och, if had but tember, and here it is." While he spoke, a rattling high-bred dark bay horse issued from the stables. He was in the lowest condition imaginable; but notwithstanding his poverty, he was the ruin of a noble animal—he was far from being handsome—the head was coarse, the shoulders thick; but he embodied some good points, and though cross made, to an experienced eye, his "ensample" was excellent—Archy, my best man—so honest a groom as ever won a living—whispered "if he had not the go in him he was the biggest villain under the canopy"—and before the animal had made the third turn down the run, I had come to a similar conclusion.

The groom stopped when he had gained the vantage ground. "There, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "there's what I call youth and beauty. There's the making of a fortune, and no mistake. The lady who could refuse anything to a man with such a daisy cutter under him, would be hard to please indeed—run him down, Lant—that's action and elegance—come sir,"—to a tall raw-boned young grocer—"that horse was foaled for you—a gentleman of your figure would never cross anything but blood—this here

horse is young Selim—he's own brother to mousecatcher—cousin to Morgiana, and up to fourteen stone with any fox hounds in the kingdom"—but Selim seemed likely to profit little from his respectable relationship; he had a free look, a bluish knee, was fired behind, and had killed a man into the bargain—for he had run off with a drunken helper, and broke the rider's neck against the stable door—now, in a company of sober city, requiring steady roadsters," and "useful family horses," Selim found little favor; and the young grocer, even to become a lady-killer would not bid a sixpence.

"Gentlemen, I put him up at fifty," said he of the hammer—"No reserve in this case—none upon honor—owner gone to the Peninsula, and orders for sale absolute—Selim is a beautiful charger—steady with arms"—and here he addressed a corpulent personage, who, as it appeared, was in yeomanry—"He would carry you upon parade, delightfully—his courage is only equalled by his training—his late master would ride him to a battery—a battery—may heaven forgive him!—Selim had never seen a corporal's guard relieved in his life—a cracker would raise him sky-high, and a squib send him across the broadest part of Sackville Street—st—, not a whisper from the company, and the auctioneer proceeded—"Gentlemen, we must sacrifice him—orders peremptory—say for—gentle," ejaculated the grocer, "and after killing a groom"—this was indeed a home hit—the auctioneer coughed—"hem, hem, rather unfortunate, but no accident after all—say thirty, gentlemen—twenty, ten—give me a bit"—"five," roared a jockey- owner—ten, said Archy—fifteen, snorted the pulper—twenty, cried L—the hammer fell—the brother of Mousecatcher was mine.

Now, I verily believe that the whole history of Selim was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his living finished a stable-boy. In one thing, however, Archy, and I was unanimously that to a herring cadger he was worth the money, provided he would carry the baskets. We brought him to the country—bled, fed, blistered and physicked him, *scendula actem*, turned him out upon a fine salt marsh, and left him to fulfil his destinies.

At this memorable period of my life, the North of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Daugh, the Newtownkenda Hounds, were all in full force; and few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. Then the glory of "The Rangers" was in its zenith, their country and members were alike extensive; and no gentleman attached to field sports within thirty miles, whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in this celebrated club. The members met annually in the country towns, attended by a pack of Fox-hounds and a gallant following. They lived like "Irish Kings," played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze for weeks before and months afterwards. Alas! all this is over—the club is no more; the pack is scattered; the kennel a ruin; "The Rangers" fill the narrow house, and where in Ireland could rank and wealth, and influence, be congregated now?

Into "The Rangers" I had been recently admitted; their meeting had been fixed for the middle of October and the Cup, with other valuable plates, were then to be contested. The Cup had excited unusual interest, and been challenged by a dozen members, good men and true, each having or believed he had, an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles over *Ibernice*, a sporting *Anglic*, a break neck country; the weights thirteen stone.

There was already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own horses, good, fast, honest weight carriers—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured, "at a large figure," celebrated racing hunters "for the nonce."

"What will not young ambition do? In spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year-old mare, whose stride and action are extraordinary. As there was no allowance for age or sex the weights were certainly against her; but I was not the one to despair, and even to name her in the match was an honor more than worthy the entrance money.

August came: Miranda was in beautiful condition, and Archy exhausted upon her training all the receding stable and the experience of a life, while I dreamed of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these youthful visions were suddenly dispelled, for one morning Miranda was found haltering in the stable. She was dead lame and lame she continued for many

months afterwards. I betook myself to grouse shooting, and Archy to whiskey and religion. Poor Archy, in the hours of business, was an indifferent Catholic, as the priest declared, but from the moment a horse was hurt in training, he never "darkened a chapel door."

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings were paramount; I was deep in love, and at 21 there is a delicate concern. Rosa lived near me; I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heirless, gentle and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times when my advances were encouraged, and at least my suit was listened to, and an ill concealed satisfaction told that she was not indifferent to my suit. Her coldness piqued me for the moment, and yet I felt her persuaded that of all her sex she was best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story, and was nursing over the misfortune of my mare, when Archy popped in his head to ask "if I would take a look into the stable." I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in the field. My eyes passed rapidly over the stall and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new comer, and the brother of Mousecatcher was before me. And could this be he—the rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the repository, charged into us as fine a horse as ever followed a fox-hound! The mystery was soon solved. Archy had visited the salt-marsh, found Selim scathed as severely to be recognized, took him and got him through physic, and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time, but Archy swore "slight training was best for a half-bred," and Archy was right.

For my part, I could scarcely believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully to a sure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared; the blemish on his knee was hardly visible; he was now a sportsman-looking horse, and Archy swore "better than he looked."

Time flew, and everything increased confidence in the cousin of Morgiana. His speed was easily ascertained, but of his fencing quite as we knew nothing. Anything we took him at he executed with skill, and intricate leaps were for obvious reasons avoided. I had secured a gentleman to ride for me, who in steeple chasing had covered himself with glory, and with a reasonable hope of success I awaited the result.

And yet I never caused my competitors a thought. With the lameness of Miranda, it had pleased them to conclude my being listy. They heard accidentally that I had purchased a horse in town, and all they knew about him was, that he had killed a man and been purchased for a song. With this information they rested satisfied, and decided that myself and man-killer were of no consideration. I kept my own counsel, and when it was necessary to remove to the vicinity of the race-ground, I procured a commodious farm-house, and our income was as perfect as if we had never left our stables.

But there was one to whom my proceedings were not indifferent, and that one was my gentle Rosa. With all a woman's tenderness, she had sympathized in my disappointment; she knew my secret, for ours were young hearts, and what agitated one breast could not but interest the other.

The evening before the eventful day, I stole from the club room to exchange the jargon of the field for a tête-à-tête with my pretty mistress. "Hut with Tuscan grape," I urged my passions with more than common ardor, and Rosa listened. Just then her maid disturbed us, and brought me a letter that had been forwarded by express. I broke the seal—death to my hopes! My rider had been thrown from a coach-box, and lay, with a broken arm, in a country inn some ten miles distant.

Rosa remarked my agitation; "Is there anything wrong, Arthur?" "Yes, dearest, I am indeed a luckless cavalier, K—has met with an accident, and Selim is consequently without a rider."

"And he will not run then?" "Half a minute determines, frequently, as well as the consideration of half a year, and in that brief space I had formed my resolution.

"He will run, Rosa; but with me upon his back what chance can he have with the best riders of the kingdom opposed?" "But the danger, dear Arthur." "It is not greater than fox-hunters

encounter three ayeck." "And is there really no more?" I assured her there was not, and shortly afterward he left her good night. This trifling occurrence elicited more from Rosa than all bodied efforts; and when I left her, for the first time I pressed her to my breast, and heard her murmur a prayer for my safety.

Whether it was that unforeseen events call forth the latent energies of the mind, or the consciousness that I was beloved by her or whom I would sacrifice a world to possess the ardor of my spirit, I do not know, but I entered the club room with buoyant and excited feelings. The accident to my rider had inspired, and from some I received sincere—from others ironical condolence.

"I hope, notwithstanding, that the homicide will run," said the President. "The homicide, as you are pleased to term him, will run; and for want of a better horseman, his rider will ride and win—if he can."

My tone and manner were not unmarked, and while some were recommending me to effect a life-insurance, I was coolly looking heavy odds and continued, until every gentleman inclined to bet them had been heartily satisfied—the joking at my expense subsided, first—people began to look suspiciously, and Jenny Joyce who perched his next neighbor that the sooner he hedged the better, as the race was not quite so sure, I being, according to his parlance, "very like a large horse would make a spoon or spoil a horn."

Having balanced my book, I borrowed the old blue jacket from the huntsman, left the Club visited the stable, and went quietly to rest to be ready for the morrow.

Morning came and I felt rather queer. I began to discover that it is no joke for nervous gentlemen to ride steeple-chase for the first time, under the critical examination of 30,000 spectators. But an incident restored my *hordeuses*. At breakfast a sealed packet was handed me by the waiter—it contained a beautiful yellow and pink jacket; no note accompanied it, but to cap a scroll was attached, bearing, in a female hand, the motto, "My this is the present." Whose might the fairy favor be? My heart whispered the name, and I was not mistaken.

The ground selected for the race was chosen with excellent judgment, as it afforded to the mighty multitude an unobstructed view of the race from its commencement to its close: from a circular valley the surface undulated gently, and the course, nearly elliptical, stretched along the rising ground. There was also in the same field the starting and winning posts were placed; this was the favorite stand, a long line of carriages of every description occupied it; ladies were there "thick as leaves the Vallombrosa," for everything distingue and beautiful for counties round was on the ground.

At twelve o'clock a warning bugle was heard and from their respective encampments the horses slowly approached the start point; each as he entered the field was scrutinized by a crowd of horsemen, who were assembled for that purpose at the gate; with short intervals a grey, a brown, and two bays passed review they had their respective admirers but caused no great sensation, and expectation "was still on tiptoe;" presently a buzz was heard, a noted racing hunter from Rosecomb appeared; he looked to be in capital condition, and, from having won four cups already, his character was deservedly first rate.

"But loonder yet the clamor grew," as the pet of the day—the far famed English horse Comet—appeared; he was a splendid thoroughbred chestnut, full sixteen hands high, and "looking every inch a racer; I felt my cheek blanch as I examined him; he was indeed a formidable opponent, and, as his late owner, Capt. M—, justly reputed to be the best field horseman in the kingdom, was to ride him, no wonder that I began to dread the contest.

He was led off, and my furrow charger was impatiently expected. In the few minutes which elapsed before his entrance, I and my man-killer were subjected to many a sporting jest; at length the brother of Mousecatcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy; closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated; the knowing ones looked more knowing, and Jenny Joyce swore with a grin, that he seemed "mighty like a Tartar."

While the horses were leading to the starting-post, I galloped up the rise to the place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage. "Tell me, pray you," said her cousin, "what spell is over Rosa; know you the secret that robs her of her roses?" "Shall I restore them?" I replied, and unlocking my top coat, I display

my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and left me at no loss to conjecture whence my fancy favor came.

Again the bugle sounded; Comet and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped behind a large marquee. To assume my gay cap and duff my coat was the business of a minute; my competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, when, from behind the tent, a dashing horse and gallant rider issued; our appearance elicited a murmur of applause; the owners of Comet and Firebrand looked blank enough, and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought the English racer appeared not to be in full force, but the determined countenance of the inimitable jockey, dressed in black and buff stripes, looked alarming. Nor was Firebrand without his friends; and the green Cap was offered freely against everything but Comet. As we were in a bunch, I seemed afraid to back or bet against me, and those who had laid the odds last night pretty heavily were hodgins now, as fast as they could meet with customers.

Off we went in a bunch; the bays, brown and grey, making the running; I saw at once that the pace, though severe for them, was nothing to Comet, Firebrand, and my friend the man-killer. After a mile we tailed them off, and had the race to ourselves.

One moiety of the ground was broken into tillage fields and enclosures, the other was open meadow, affording excellent galloping, and interspersed with stiff fences. Here, having cleared the paddocks, we increased the speed, and came out at a killing pace.

On entering the grass lands, I found my rivals could not conveniently go faster, and that I was up to it well; the race was indeed beautiful. For the next mile a sheet would cover us; the fences were taken in line, and none could tell whether black, yellow, or green was foremost.

Half a mile from home there was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the face that we approached was steepled with stumped thorns. It was in truth "a regular rasp," and was distinguished by the country people as "par excellence"—the big leap. As we neared it my companions gathered the energies of their horses for the trial, and Selim looked as if he were half inclined to decline it; for the first time he felt the steel, and with a gloriois effort, cleared the formidable barrier in a style that drew from the multitude a thunder of applause. Not so with my rivals; Firebrand had staked himself, while Comet, by his rider's horsemanship, was indifferently brought across, but stg zering he came down on landing, and, in the mistake, lost ground he could not recover during a wonderful struggle to pull up; but it was in vain, for when I crossed the black neck fence I had the race hollow.

Amidst deafening cheers I was carried from the scates in triumph; I was declared even by Jenny Joyce, a youth of promise, and my man-killer the best weight carrier in the kingdom.

Every tale has its moral, and so has mine; never condemn a horse untried; for many a good one has thus been sacrificed. I saved Selim from slavery and a jingle, and he won me four cups and carried me four seasons as I ever carried afterwards. Nay, more, I owe my conjugal happiness to my "bonny bay." Rosa was an heiress, and a younger son; a rich rival was encouraged by her guardian, and in a few days he was expected to make his address in form. I was flushed with victory, and she was flattered to see her fair favor "foremost" in the field.

At the ball that night my eloquence was irresistible; she smiled upon my suit, and to end uncertainty, and save her guardian future trouble, I coped with me next morning to Gretna.

Years of happiness have proved how fortunate our union was, and, if some reminiscences of early indiscretion will sometimes intrude upon my memory, on two eras I can look back with unalloyed delight—the morning when I rode my first steeple chase, and the evening that I made Rosa mine.

Maxims.—The estimated value of one year's manure in England amounts to three hundred millions of dollars—worth more than the entire foreign commerce of the Kingdom. The total value of a year's crop, including every animal and vegetable, has been reported to Parliament some time ago, as being about three thousand millions of dollars; and that (in 1848) the turnips of England, taken in the whole of their utility, were valued at one half of that great sum, viz: fifteen hundred millions of dollars.

Blessings on the man who owned the land, that raised the corn, that fed the goose, that bore the quill, that made the pen, that wrote the Declaration of Independence—a gain toast.

From the Southern Cultivator. The Sweet Potato—its Culture and Preservation.

Messrs Editors—Having it to be a duty we all owe one another to relate our experience in the cultivation, successfully, of any or all plants, and having been a reader of your paper now for several years, thereby giving us much valued instruction, for which we are truly grateful, and desiring to afford our mite in the production of a valuable root which has been very successful in our hands, and may induce others to follow the example, to their benefit; and not to be tedious, we will state that our object in this article, is the production, cultivation and safe keeping of Sweet Potatoes of the yam variety, both yellow and red, being the experience of nearly twenty years, (having at all times an abundance for my own family and seed to sell); my potatoes never rot.

In the first place, as early as February as the season will admit, or by the first of March at furthest, spade out a trench, say four feet wide, 25 feet long and twelve inches deep, then fill the trench with good, sound cotton seed, which I prefer, or fresh stable manure, well forked, so that the long may be equally distributed with the short, wet it very freely with water, or let it remain a few days if there be prospect of rain; when the ground becomes sufficiently dry to be worked, cover the cotton seed or manure with well pulverized earth to the depth of 5 or 6 inches, rake smoothly and evenly, and then carefully lay down your seed so as not to touch each other; when the bed is all (this size will bed ten bushels) cover the bed to the depth of 4 inches, rake smooth and cover the cotton seed about 3 inches deep, hoe the earth all round the bed and pack in the space, (this keeps in the heat.) When the weather gets warm and settled, remove the cover, and keep the top of the bed and rake slightly; this gives a fine, smooth surface for the sprouts to come through. Your bed will soon be covered with sprouts growing very luxuriantly. You can hasten and greatly improve the productivity of the bed if you will keep it wet with soap-suds, (the refuse of the wash tub) always putting it on the bed at sundown, (no other time.) This makes the best hot bed for potatoes I have ever used.

As early as the ground will admit, plow the piece you desire for potatoes very close and deep, and keep it regularly plowed, alternately every two weeks. When your slips in the bed are well grown, lay off the ground with a turning plow, ridge over the furrows, as high as the plow will throw; then pull your slips from the bed and set them out on the top of the ridge very deep, and press on each side of the plant, always promising that your ground is broken up very deep and free from clod and in good tith before ridging up to plant, and not ridging up the ground in dry weather, but when the earth is moist. I prefer setting plants out in the evening late, when the earth is moist, than after a rain, and watering a few evenings—a half tea cup of water will be sufficient for a plant. Set your plants out 18 inches apart in the ridge. Always make your ridges so that they will hold the water, and not run off.

Now for the cultivation—in about two weeks you must plow down your ridges, leaving only a sufficiency of dirt to support the plant. Plow deep and thoroughly with a bull tongue, then follow immediately with your Carey or turning plow and throw the dirt up to the plant and finish your ridge as a first—this must be done every week as long as the vines will admit—and very frequently I break the vines, in order that a deep, loose soil may be had for the formation of roots. This is all the cultivation necessary—a hoe is not needed.

When the frost kills the leaves, I proceed to dig, using the plow, the bull tongue, breaking down the ridge on each side, and then, with one deep furrow, plowing out the roots. I gather in baskets, say a bushel at a time, and carry to a open shed—being careful not to bruise or break the roots. First the largest and soundest, and then the smallest for seed, and lastly, the broken ones; pour down on the ground, under the shed, in separate piles of about 30 bushels; when you are done, cover with straw, each pile separately, and then cover, completely, with dry dirt a foot thick, and all is over. Your potatoes will keep as long as you want them, perfectly sound. Use the broken potatoes first, commencing at the top of the pile. By putting only 30 bushels in a heap you will be better enabled to consume them before injury can take place from exposure to air and light. You must have a good shed open to the south and inclined to the north. This is my method after 20 years experience; I always have sound potatoes, and

have to supply seed every year to my neighbors at one dollar per bushel.—I do not claim any thing for this plan exclusively, for there may be others equally as good; all I am afraid of, is that too little attention is paid to the production and cultivation and preservation. The great majority of roots would weigh from 3 to 5 pounds. The bed before described would yield out two acres at two settings. Get your sprouts as soon as possible a set out.

I prefer the red yam or African, which will produce twice as many as any other, and will keep longer and is of much larger growth. I only cultivate the two varieties of yams—the red and yellow. Four hundred bushels to the acre can be easily raised. I have thought that the red or African yam would be an excellent root for hogs. Plant about five acres; lay the ground as for cotton, then sow and between the furrows covering the ridge, drop a potato and cover with the hoe; cultivate, and when grown, fence an acre to itself and let it be hogs; when they have used up the acre, fence in another, and so on, until they use up the patch.

Very respectfully,
Your old servant,
Geo. D. Nonne

New Market Ala.

A Tale of a Dinner.

A certain young man with a surplus of valuable leisure time, on his father who is always endeavoring to get a "time fly," whenever an opportunity is presented, overdid the thing no since. He strolled out into the "try" and a bright thought struck him; he had not breakfasted, an early dinner would save a meal, and kill time; it, adding to his income and spending, that which he had most of; big with his purpose he sought a cottage hard by and called for dinner. The worthy dame, like a true farmer's wife, told our hero that she was not prepared to wait on travellers, but if he would wait till 12 dinner would be ready. Now here was a favorite project half spoiled, but no alternative was left him—yet, another bright thought sprang from an empty stomach, there was old clock—the dame was gone—stealthily he crept to it and around went the hand an hour and five minutes, precisely—that unlucky five minutes, else all had been well; the dame had just reached her kitchen when the clock whose infatigable she had often tested, chimed forth the mid-day, in amazement she returned to the "house."

"You've bin' medlin' with that clock," said she to our hero. "No ma'am, upon my honor," and he laid his hand where she supposed that article ought to lay.

"You lie! that clock has stood for 20 years and never gone so fast before, the sun might be fast or slow, but my clock never!"

"I pledge you my honor—" "Get out, you lying, meddling fool for nothing, crook'd nose, bony shank, knock kneed, hump'd shoulder, swart head, slaid sided, pigeon toed, owl eyed, lazy rascal; come here to injure my clock's reputation," and seizing a chair she made at him, with so much harm, expressed in her countenance that our hero, like Falstaff, thought discretion the better part of the valor, an exhibited some specimens of tall walking, seldom seen by our citizens, these parts. He was heard say, at this occurrence, "if you would spare for a dinner, don't trouble the clock."

AN EMERGENCY MET.—A singer who led the psalm tune at a meeting a short time since finding that the concluding word Jacob, had not a syllable enough to fill up the music adequately, ended thus—
"J-a-a-a-J-a-a-a-fole riddle—"
That reminds us, says the Graphic, of a young lass who went to a camp-meeting and came back clock full of the revival which they had, and why did nothing for the following week being—
"Shouldn't about, we'er gaining ground." She had the tune so pat that all's, said was but a continuation of the song, and not unfrequently the hymn was two long for the tune. Old John slipped in and took a bone of the table, and just as he was raking his way to the door, she sang out—
"If you don't go out I'll knock you down."

Hallo Hallelujah;
You nasty stinkin' flop eared bound,
O, glory hallelujah!"

Two Irishmen were going to fire of a cannon just for fun; but, being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hands to catch it in, and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other, who stood behind it holding a torch, "Touch it off softly, Jerry my."