

# The Sumter Banner.

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

WILLIAM LEWIS,  
JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR., } PROPRIETORS.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE

VOL. VIII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., SEPT., 20, 1854.

NO. 47.

## THE SUMTER BANNER

IS PUBLISHED  
Every Wednesday Morning  
BY  
Lewis & Richardson.

**TERMS,**  
Two Dollars in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months or Three Dollars at the end of the year.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.  
Advertisements inserted at SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS per square, (12 lines or less,) for the first, and half that sum for each subsequent insertion. (Official advertisements the same each time.)  
The number of insertions to be marked on all Advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.  
ONE DOLLAR per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as a single insertion, and semi-monthly the same as new ones.

## Original Poetry.

For the Banner.  
**Lines on the Death of a Mother.**  
They tell me mother thou art gone! No more on earth to dwell:  
That I must not mourn thy loss—for what God decries "is well."  
That the Holy Work of his doth say, what He does "is for the best;"  
That I must not mourn dear mother! for they know you're Home at rest.  
But there's painful recollections mother!  
Left of you behind.

And when recalling back the past, and its ever in my mind;  
I think of your kind-greeting voice, in union with your smile;  
Oh how it grieves me mother! to think of that white hair;  
In childhood's happiest hour, and in sorrow and despair;  
You were always by me mother! you were always—ever near;  
And if I chanced to do things wrong, or stray in your sight;  
You were ready—ever—to check me, and to guide me in the right;  
Ever—always my dear mother! thy precepts I will obey;  
And follow in your footsteps, until that final day.  
When God decries it best, to remove me from this World;  
Oh yes, my dear, good mother! to do so, I shall wait;  
And now you're gone my mother! I can hear your voice no more;  
I feel so sad and mournful; I would I too could go;  
And when I'm taken from this Earth, oh may I meet you there!  
Where angels shout their praises! up in that heavenly sphere!  
S. A. S.

## Astrology.

A celebrated writer, alluding to this subject, says it is remarkable that of the many predictions which have been made by astrologers from time to time, so few of them have been verified. History, however, records many instances where the predictions of astrologers have been fulfilled. In the present age, when such events occur, they are merely considered remarkable coincidences.

The Duke of Athol, uncle of James I. of Scotland, had been assured by a pretender to the occult sciences, that he would live to be a King, and would be crowned publicly in presence of a large assembly of the people. He put faith in this prediction, and to hasten the fulfillment of the prophecy, caused his nephew to be assassinated. But he paid the penalty of his name crime, and was led to execution in one of the public squares of Edinburgh. He was taunted and reviled by the populace, who placed on his head an iron crown, on which was inscribed "The King of Traitors."

The fate of Aeschylus, the Greek tragedian, is well known. It has been predicted that he would be killed by the falling of a house. One day, while he was walking in the fields, at a distance from any human habitation, an eagle which had carried off a tortoise in his talons, but could not disengage the meat from the shell, perceived the bald head of the poet, and probably taking it for a rock, let the tortoise fall upon it from a great height. But Aeschylus had the worst of it—for his skull was fractured, and he died on the spot.

An astrologer at the Court of Lewis XI. of France, predicted an afflictive event, which came to pass. The king sent for the sage, having previously ordered his satellites to be prepared at a given signal to seize him and throw him out of the window. The king said to him, on his entrance, "You who pretend to lift the veil of futurity, can you foretell the exact hour of your own death?" "No, sire," said the wary astrologer, with admirable presence of mind, suspecting the design of the tyrant, "I only know that I shall die exactly three days before your Majesty!" The king was thunderstruck at this answer, and refrained from giving the signal. Sir Walter Scott has very ingeniously interwoven this anecdote into the tale of Quentin Durward.

Cardan, a soothsayer, who dealt extensively in horoscopes, was not

particularly fortunate in his predictions. In one instance, however, he made use of a very effectual means to guard against any mistake. He predicted the day of his death, and when the time drew near, and his health, much to his mortification, continued unimpaired, he absolutely abstained from food, and died of hunger, on the day predicted, that he might not falsify his prediction.

That oracle of moral and political wisdom, Lord Bacon, in his chapter upon Prophecies, speaking of modern predictions and prophecies, says, "My judgment is, that they ought all to be dispised, and ought to serve for winter talk by the fireside. Though when I say dispised, I mean it as for belief; for in otherwise the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be dispised; for they have done much mischief. I see many severe laws made to suppress them, some grace and some credit, consisteth in three things. First, that men mark when they hit, but never mark when they miss, as they do generally. The second is, that probably conjectures or obscure traditions many times turn themselves out prophecies. The third and last (which is the great one) is, that all most all of them, being infinite in number, have been true stories; and by idle and crafty brains merely contrived and feigned after the event passed."

## The Reformation of William Wirt.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.  
The distinguished William Wirt, with six or seven months after his marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered among the dead. Her death led him to leave the country in which he resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits in Bacchalian revelry. His practice began to fall off, and many looked upon him as on the sure road to ruin.—He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some month's attentions he asked her hand in marriage. She replied—

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your attentions some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield assent until you make me a pledge never to touch, taste, or handle any intoxicating drink."  
This reply, to Wirt, was unexpected as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to further consideration on the subject, and he left her.

Her course toward him was the same—his resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks he went again and solicited her hand.—He became indignant and regarded the terms she proposed, as an insult to his honor, and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin.

One day, while lying in the city, near a little grog shop or grocery dead drunk, a young lady whom it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her home, not far off, and he held him with his face turned up to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that position for some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the grog shop or grocery to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief at which he looked, and the name was on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed—

"Great God! who has left this with me? Who placed this over my face?"  
No one knew. He dropped the glass exclaiming—  
"Enough! enough!"  
He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst but not his debauch, the handkerchief or the lady—vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch taste or handle intoxicating drinks.  
To meet Miss Gamble was one of the hardest efforts of his life. If he met her in her carriage or on foot, he popped round the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage to accept. He told her if she still bore affection for him he would agree to her own terms.  
Her answer was—  
"My conditions are now what they ever have been."

"Then," said Wirt, "I accept them." They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honor and glory gathered around his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame; while patriotism and renown live after him with imperishable lustre.

How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine hearted Miss Gamble, the relation of Lafayette!

**A Yankee Stratagem.**  
The "General Monk," about the beginning of the year 1782, was a terror to all merchant vessels which navigated the Delaware Bay. Having a regular commission, she was justified in making captures, and played havoc with the commerce of the bay and river. The vessel carried eighteen nine pounders, and was manned by one hundred and fifty men. The news of her continued captures was anything but pleasing to the Philadelphia, and much conversation took place upon the subject among the citizens.

At a casual meeting of merchants and others, at Crawford & Donaldson's insurance office, in Market street, (insurance companies were not common then,) the conversation turned upon the damage which this vessel was committing, with entire impunity. It was thought proper to do something to remove the pest, and the gentlemen present agreed to raise a loan for the purpose of fitting out a vessel to attack the Englishmen. The Bank of North America loaned the money on the responsibility of the subscribers, and with it the "Hyder Ali" was purchased of John W. Stanley, and placed in command of Commodore Barney.

A commission as a "letter of marque" was procured, and the crew was composed of volunteers.—The vessel was fitted out with four nine pounders and twelve sixes. The crew numbered one hundred and twenty, mostly landmen. There was consequently a great inferiority on the part of the American vessel in point of metal and men.

Nevertheless, Barney sailed in a week, having disguised his vessel as a merchantman. He commanded the crew that, when he should order them to board, they should not board but fire; and when he directed them to fire, they should board. They soon espied the "General Monk" which proved to be not so fast a sailor as the "Hyder Ali" Barney therefore, hung over a drag anchor to impede his way; and deceived by the slowness, and expecting an easy prey, the English vessel ranged up to them. When they got near enough to the American, Barney cried out to the men:—

"Prepare to board!"  
The Englishmen, interpreting his command literally, lined the sides of his vessel to resist the boarding. The Americans took their stations at the guns. Once there, Barney cried out:—

"Board!"  
Instantly a flash broke out from the broadside of the Hyder Ali, and the iron missiles produced a terrible effect upon the thick ranks which lined the decks of the opposing vessel. The captain of the Monk ordered his men to fire, but it was too late. One hundred men had been stricken down, killed and wounded by the first broadside; among the latter were the English captain and many officers. The fire was but feebly returned, and Barney, ordering his men to fire, boarded the vessel, and took possession without a blow. They brought their prize up to Philadelphia, and great was the rejoicing thereat. Barney's loss was but four killed and fifteen wounded.

## A Curious Story of a Masonic Bible.

A correspondent thus writes to us: "It may not be known to you that the Freemasons of the 46th regiment now stationed in Windsor, have in their possession the original bible belonging to lodge 227 of the Irish constitution, once in existence in that corps, upon which George Washington, afterwards commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, was initiated into the rites of freemasonry.—This book was taken in battle; once in 1777, during the American war, once by the French, at Dominica, in 1805, and each time honorably restored to the lodge of the 46th, with a military escort as a guard of honor.—Each case of restoration was a scene of moral beauty—a triumphant vindication of the purity of masonic principles. The surprise and feelings of both officers and men may be imagined when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their gallant opponents but still nobler brethren, who offered, by the act, the acknowledgment and homage of an enlightened nation of the purity, value, and utility of masonry. I am

sure Brother Tylls (Major, to whose charge this "jewel" is entrusted, will allow his fellow craft to view this, to them, most interesting relic of days gone by, especially as it is again about to brave the dangers of active war.—May God speed these gallant fellows wherever they go!  
*Windsor and Elton Express.*

## A Silent Man.

Capt. Stone, of the steamer Canada, now in this port, is probably the most silent man afloat. Sailors who have been with him many months say they never heard him speak. He writes his orders to his officers, and if they fail in carrying them out, he reprimands them in writing. Yet he has the reputation of being one of the most skillful and prudent captains of the Cunard line, and remarkable for his powers of personal endurance.—When at sea he rarely leaves the deck, night or day, more than an hour at a time, and nothing appears to escape his notice. Still he does not speak, either to his officers or passengers. On a recent passage two wags, who were passengers in his ship, noticed this peculiarity, and at dinner one day were quite eloquent upon the blessings of speech, and by way of contrast, expressed their deep commiseration for dummies. One of the wags was so overcome by his feelings that he deliberately took an onion from his pocket and applied it to his right eye, while he gazed at Capt. Stone with the left.

"Poor, dear gentleman," he sobbed, as the tears followed the onion, "I wonder if he is deaf as well as dumb."  
This was too much for the passenger, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which Capt. Stone joined as heartily as the rest. When order was restored he said—

"Gentlemen, ladies, or ladies and gentlemen, I acknowledge that I appear to be a dummy; but what would you have me to say? It is my constant care to see that you are properly attended to in every particular. What more can you desire?"  
After this effort he resumed silence, and has not been known to speak since.—*Boston Atlas.*

## Extreme Modesty.

I heard of a case of extreme modesty the other day; so extreme that it could not be understood. A lady went into Thornley's India rubber store, and inquired of the fascinating Mr. T.—

"Have you any India-rubber elegy encirclers?"

"What did you say, ma'am?" said the store-keeper, slightly confounded.

"Elegy encirclers," repeated the lady, with a blush.

Thornley looked round the store, first at the great piles of India-rubber, then at gutter perch, then at India-rubber cloth, and so on, but without seeing anything corresponding to the name.

"You're sure it's made of India-rubber?" said Mr. T., inwardly declaring that there was nothing made of that article that he had not seen.

"Oh, yes," replied the lady.

"Do you see anything like it?" at length returned the bewildered fellow.

The lady looked round the well filled store, and at length her eye rested upon a box, which she blushing pointed to. "What do you suppose it contained?"

"Garters!"  
She was soon helped to a pair, and as she took her leave, it all at once occurred to Mr. Thornley that garters were Leg encirclers.

**Advantage of planting Fruit Trees on Declivities.**—Dort first observed that trees pushed their branches in a direction parallel to the surface of the earth. If a tree stands on a steep it pushes both towards the hill and towards the declivity; but on both sides it still preserves its branches paralleled to the surface. As there is an attraction between the upper surface of leaves and light, I am also persuaded, though not equally certain of it from experiment that there is an attraction of the same nature between the under surface of the earth. This I consider the true cause of the phenomenon, I had long observed that the most fruitful orchards and the most fertile trees are those planted on a declivity, and the steeper it is, though not quite a precipice the more fertile they prove. It is well known that the spreading of trees always renders them fruitful. On a plain they incline to shoot upwards; and therefore various ways, to check their perpendicular, and to promote their lateral growth.—But this point is obtained on a declivity by nature. There a tree loses its tendency to shoot upwards and in order to preserve its branches parallel with the surface, is constrained to put them in a lateral direction. Hence an important rule in the choice of orchards and fruit gardens.—*Farmer's Journal.*

## The Destiny of our Country.

The following statistics, extracted from the Boston Post, present, in a compact and compendious form, the astonishing extent of our country, its boundless resources, and its wonderful development. In view of our recent origin and unparalleled advancement in all that constitutes national greatness, it is not wonderful that the nations of Europe, that for a long time looked upon us with indifference or disdain, should now regard us as the ascent and growing power of the World. Who, save omnipotence, can limit us, and who, save omniscience, can tell the surpassing grandeur of our destiny—of the American Republic? Let it guard against assaults from within, and it can easily shield itself from all external enemies.

The thirty-one States, nine Territories, and District of Columbia, comprising the United States of America, are situated within the parallels of 10 deg. east longitude and 48 min., west of the meridian of Washington, and extending on the Atlantic coast from 25 deg., and on the Pacific coast from 32 deg., to 40 deg., of north latitude, and contains a geographical area of 3,306,965 square miles, being one tenth less than the entire continent of Europe. They contain a population at the present time of 25,000,000, of whom 21,000,000 are whites. The extent of its sea-coast, exclusive of islands to the head of tide-water, is 12,669 miles. The length of ten of its principal rivers is 20,000 miles. The surface of its five great lakes is 90,000 miles. The number of miles of rail-ways in operation within its limits is 20,000, constructed at a cost of \$600,000,000. The length of its canals is 5,000 miles. It contains within its limit its longest railway upon the surface of the globe—the Illinois Central—which is 731 miles.

The annual value of its agricultural productions is \$2,000,000,000. Its most valuable product is Indian corn, which yields annually 400,000,000, and in surveying the agricultural productions of our country, we are not only struck with their abundance, but with their great variety. Our territory extends from the frigid region of the north to the genial climate of the tropics, affording almost every variety of temperature and every kind of grain and vegetables. Her productions range from the cold ice and hard granite of the North, the golden corn of the West, to the cotton and sugar of the South; and nearly all in sufficient quantities to supply our domestic consumption, and furnish large supplies for exportation, thus furnishing nearly all the value as well as the bulk of our foreign commerce, suggesting thereby the irresistible conclusion that agriculture is the great transcendent interest of our country, and upon which all other interests depend.

The amount of registered and enrolled tonnage is 4,407,010 tons. The amount of capital invested in manufactures is \$600,000,000. The amount of its foreign imports in 1853 was \$266,978,647, and the exports \$230,976,157. The annual amount of its internal trade is \$6,000,000,000. The annual value of the products of labor (other than agricultural) is \$1,500,000,000. The annual value of the incomes of its inhabitants is \$1,000,000,000.—The value of its farms and live stock is \$5,000,000,000. Its mines of gold, copper, lead, and iron are among the richest in the world. The value of the gold produced in California is \$10,000,000 per annum. The surface of its corn fields is 132,132 square miles.—Its receipts from customs, lands, &c., in 1853, was \$61,327,274, and its expenditures \$43,543,203. Its national domain consists of 2,174,188 square miles of land. Its national debt is but \$50,000,000. The number of its banks at the present time is about 1,100, with a capital of \$3,000,000,000.—Within her borders are 81,000 schools, 6,066 academies, 234 colleges, and 3,800 churches. Only one in twenty-two of its white inhabitants is unable to read and write, and nineteen of its twenty-one million of its white inhabitants are native born.

CROPS IN IRELAND.—We have the following by the last steamer in relation to the crops in Ireland:—  
"The weather during the last week has been rather unsettled; but, although a good deal of rain has fallen, the grain crops do not appear to have been at all injured. The wheat looks well, and is now ripening fast; and I do not observe that it has in any place been beaten down. It is remarkably free from blight or smut, while the ear is considered unusually large and full.—The oat crop has suffered more from the rain and weather than the wheat; nor is it altogether so free from blight, although upon this head there is certainly little to complain of.

"Upon the whole, there is still every reason to think that the grain

crops will be the most abundant that have been gathered for many years.— With regard to potatoes, there can be no doubt the disease is now spreading, but not to such an alarming extent as some people represent. The new potatoes are generally in use throughout the country; and although the stalks, and in some cases the stalks, are blighted, yet the tubers are scarcely touched, while, for the most part the quality is excellent. The quantity sown this year is unprecedentedly large, even compared with the very best of times, so that it is hoped that after all casualties and losses, there will be a full average supply."

## Early Courtship in Ohio.

If you can't get them that you want, you must take them you can get, and that is how I came marry Patsy.—Love will go where 'tis sent anyhow, and the harder a chap loves a gal, the poorer chance he stands of getting her; the thing is just here; the more he loves her, the more shy and trembling he is, and he can't tell his feelings to her if he tries—while the careless and unfeeling chap, that's got no more love in him than a hoss, can have a dozen gals after him at once.

I have thought the heart is like mud turtles' eggs, you dent the shell on one side—a dent on the other side, made in the same manner, will bring all smooth again.

So with the heart; one gal makes a dent; it remains bruised, till some other gal presses it, pushing out the old brain and carrying a new one.—Well accidents will happen, folks will laugh—the world is more fond of fun than logic—and they might as well laugh at me as any body.

So I agreed to tell you about my courtship. It was't Patsy, but my first sweet-heart was a proper hant'some gal. I worked for her father.—Ohio was all in the woods then, and every body lived in log houses. Down in Cleveland there was a store or two.

And my three hundred acres that is worth now one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, wasn't worth when I bought it only three dollars. Pahaw! pesaw! how times is changed. Glad to get corn bread and common gravy then—had to go thirty miles down to chagin to mill. I always used to go up for boss instead of himself, for I only "hefted" ninety pounds in weight and made a lighter load over a bag of corn on horseback. Let me see I weigh one hundred and eighty now.

Well, I was twenty-five years old just about, and in love with boss's daughter but always thought she felt a leetle above me, for I was not quite as tall as she was anyhow, and working at eight dollars a month and had to dress in tow linen at that.

You never see one of them logging frocks made like a shirt, out of flax tow, did yer?  
Well, I bought this blue coat when I married Patsy, thirty and five years ago. I never wore any but that, and it was Sunday, to-day, I should have it on, for I dispise extravagance and new fangled flummories and thingum-bob noddles 'round y'r houses.

I was in love thirty five years ago, head over heels, and never dared to say a word about it.

Her name was Jerusha. I longed to tell her how my heart swelled and burnt for her as it thumped agin my chest; but I could never screw my courage up to the pint—but thought I would some day; I'd been alone with her many times and had resolved and resolved on popping it right out, but the stillness was awful on them 'casion as the roar of the Niagara, and my heart would feel all over like your little finger when you hit your elbow 'gin a thing accidental, a ternal tingling fullness.

Cuss my luck, said I to myself.—One Sunday night I cum hum from mill after a ride of three days' and Jerusha had a beau; dressed as smart as a dancing master. My heart jumped into my gullet the very minute I see him.

I felt down in the mouth for I knew I was a gone fellow. He had on broadcloth. Talk of your new fangled Gossip and Greshon houses now, but folks in them days didn't have but one room down stairs, and a ladder to go up stairs; a punchoon floor was split out by hand, kivered the chamber floor. It was in boss's house and I slept up chamber. I want to remember my torn shirt and I want you to imagine my feelings that night after I want to bed for Jerusha and the dandy chap had the hull room below to themselves with a rousing bright fire to spark. I couldn't stand the temptation to hear what they had to say for themselves. Whisper! whisper! I whisper!

You may laugh at it, but it is the naked truth I am going to tell. I have laughed myself at the same thing. When I heard something pop like a

kiss, by ginger I could 's and my heart thumps no longer. Curiosity and jealousy got the upper hand of me; I wanted to see for myself, so I slid out of bed setting flat like a tailor on the floor, determined to hitch up just as I set, inch at a time, to the opening over the hearth where the beans and gun hooks was.

A cat couldn't been no stiller after a mouse, but my heart thumped loud, er every hitch, just as it will when a man goes to do what aint right.— Well, just as I had gained the right pint to look over at 'em just tilted the floor—down I went, tow shirt to gun hook—and there I hung blind-fold, like a squirrel half skinned, right over my rival and sweet 'art—ready for bathing. I couldn't see 'em at all arter that and it was more than ten minutes before the old boss awoke to tare me loose; daigling found the fire.

What, what, said he, got a spare rib! Ha! let me down, said I. I got pretty well bako; any how, and haint been quite so raw in love matters. I never looked Jerusha in the face from that day, nor a girl in the neighborhood, for I could swear she told 'em all. That accident got my grit up to make a fortin. I went off a few miles and married the first chance I got, just out of spite—and Patsy is worth all on 'em arter all—and marrying is a lottery business. Then don't hang yourself as I did because you can't get a partion'r girl—but remember that your heart is like rubber, it will stretch a good ways and not break.

## Substitute for Guano.

Messrs. Editors.—What shall we use as a substitute for guano? This question was considered in the *Country Gentleman* of July 20. I see no difficulty in finding a substitute for guano, or rather finding the principal for which guano is now used is a substitute. Whatever contains the elements of guano, must be equally valuable as a fertilizer. If the farmer will compare the analysis of guano with that of urine, he will find urine as rich in every element of fertility as guano, with the exception perhaps of the phosphate of lime. But this deficiency could easily be supplied by the application of common lime with animal manures. No farmer should ever purchase guano or any foreign manures, while he wastes all the urine of his animals and of his family.—Urine could be used with good effect as guano, and at an expense comparatively trifling.

No farmer need go off from his own farm for the means to enrich it, for he has only to return to each field but a small part of what grows upon it to keep it in a high state of fertility.—But Nature has no substitute for urine or the elements of urine. The urine must either be returned to the soil, or something containing the same elements. For these elements, guano is now used as a substitute. There should be then but one question with the farmer. That is how shall I save with the least expense, and use to the best advantage the time of my animal and family? I am acquainted with scores of farmers that purchase annually various quantities of poudrotte, phosphate of lime and guano, that have never saved the first pound of the excrement of their family, the urine of their animals, or the droppings of their hen-roost. Any farmer should be ashamed, either to raise small crops, or to purchase foreign manures when any of the above elements are allowed to go to waste.

A RUSE.—One of our Secretaries of State for the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the door keeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office-seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the Secretary. When the annoyance continued three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one morning to the door keeper, and asked what had man came after daily.

"Yes," replied the functionary, "an office, I suppose?"  
"True; but do you know what office?"  
"No."  
"Well, then, I'll tell you, he wants your place."  
The next morning the scene between office-seeker and the polite door keeper is said to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed.—"The Secretary is not at home!"

A NOVELIST'S CONFESSOR.—Bulwer the novelist, in a letter to a gentleman in Boston said "I have closed my career as writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

The Printers know what these lines are for.