

The Sumter Banner.

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

J. RICHARDSON LOGAN, Proprietors.
Wm. J. FRANCIS.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum
In Advance.

VOL. VII.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1853.

NO. 16.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Winter Bonnet.

"Do you think straws will be worn this winter?" inquired Mrs. Featherfew of Mrs. Blond, her milliner.

"Only as a second bonnet, Mrs. Featherfew, trimmed with velvet, they make a sweet runabout affair; but for absolute dress, I distinctly recognize in my vocabulary drawn satins and watered silks. I have a pretty article on hand. Here is a French hat—I have never shown it before; it would make you a delightful ornament for the head; pink flowers inside, so becoming to your complexion; a beautiful feather, drooping in a graceful manner, all French, purely French—Mrs. Featherfew; and that is what few milliners have save myself. Let me sell it to you today."

"How much do you ask for it, Mrs. Blond?"

"I'll sell it for eighteen dollars," said Mrs. Blond in a low tone; "and that is two dollars less than I shall ever offer it to another person; but you, Mrs. Featherfew, are one of my best customers! How sweetly your last summer's hat has worn."

"But it faded wretchedly!"

"Well, you know no lady wants a bonnet to outlive one season, Mrs. F. You can sell it to one of your domestics; I don't doubt for half you gave me. Come, come, what say you, shall I send the bonnet to your house? Let your husband see it, and we will make it all right as regards price."

"But, said Mrs. F., my husband will think me so extravagant. How ever, said she, casting a glance at her own head—

"The bonnet went, and with it the bill, enclosed in the crown. Mr. Featherfew was not in his best humor this day—business matters plagued him, and his wife saw that the French hat was an untimely arrival. Nevertheless, she always said she could manage her husband to a charm.—Some women are queer, let the men say as they will.

Mrs. Featherfew had a headache, a pain in her side, a slight cough—all new diseases. Now there was nothing in the world distressed Mr. F., like a sick wife. She looked dejected, which quickly awakened his sympathies.

"Wife," said he, "you ought to take more exercise in the open air—more excitement."

Mrs. Featherfew coughed and sighed.

"You don't say you have suffered this fine day to pass, and yet you have stayed at home?"

"No, dear, I went as far as Mr. Blond's, my milliner's. She is inundated with fashions, husband, I could not rid myself of her entreaties, notwithstanding my head ached so, and she has sent a bonnet for your inspection. Here it is," said she, taking up the bonnet. "Isn't it a love of being so becoming—what say you, shall I keep it?"

"Eight dollars only! very cheap, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know; such gewgaws are cheap; you can keep it or not as you choose."

Mrs. Featherfew could not resist, it was so becoming.

In a week, after her appearance at church, and having shown it to all her select friends, Mrs. Blond again sent to know if it was convenient to pay the bill for the French hat? The servant girl called Mr. Featherfew to the door. He looked, stared—looked again, and called his wife—*Eighteen dollars instead of eight!* What a certain lecture followed.

"Do you suppose, wife, I'm able to allow you to dress so extravagantly? Short of money, banks not discounting, bad debts, trade depressed; oh how those mercantile phrases wore upon Mrs. Featherfew. She protested it was a mistake, and would rectify it at the milliner's. Something was hinted that she had made such mistakes before. The bill that was first sent, where was it?"

But Mrs. Featherfew proceeded to her milliner's. It was all a misunderstanding between us, Mrs. Blond. I suppose you and eight dollars for my hat, not eighteen?"

"Horror!" exclaimed Mrs. Blond. "This summer, had, French, of the last season, these magnificent

marabouts, that desirable and scarce satin, so beautifully trimmed and so luxuriantly beautiful for eight dollars! Why, Mrs. Featherfew, did you think me insane!"

"My husband thinks me so, and I wish to return it, as I took it conditionally."

"Conditionally! no, madam, (and Mrs. B. was agitated) my work is unlike most of my profession; I only turn out for the ton. My prices are low, very low; your bonnet is an elegant thing, and you are the first lady that ever disputed my price."

"But I shall leave the bonnet with you."

"But I shall not receive it. Here, Eudasia, did you not witness the peremptory sale of this hat!"

"Yes, marm."

"You mix, I never saw you before," exclaimed Mrs. F.

"Mrs. Featherfew, by law and justice I shall get my due, if you refuse it. I do all Mrs. Squire Skinfint's work, and her husband is one of the best of lawyers." So saying, Mrs. Blond sloped into the back shop.

Poor Mrs. Featherfew was "in for it," as we say in business phrase.—She did agree to let the milliner send it, and worse than all the rest, she had deceived her husband about it. This made an entire change in his feelings towards his wife. It was not vented in a Canille lecture, but in that suspicious, taciturn state of mind, which makes a man jealous even without cause. Mrs. Featherfew paid for the bonnet, but carried beneath it an aching head, and a heavy heart; for she felt that she lost the confidence and esteem of her husband, and rich satins and marabout feathers are of little value when sold for such a price.

Beware, my friend of duplicity to thy husband—the first deceptive art detected is seldom forgotten, and were I called to testify what produced the most bitter alienations between husband and wives, I verily believe first and foremost in the ranks would stand *Deception!*—*Boston Olive Branch.*

Clark Mills.

Col. B. F. Perry, of the Patriot, gives us the following information concerning Mr. Mills:

The history of Clark Mills is a most extraordinary one. He gave it to the senior editor of the Patriot hims'lf six or seven years ago. He was at that time taking casts and executing busts in Columbia. We went to that time taking an engagement for our room in the hotel, prepared to take a mould of our head and face and shoulders.

While performing this operation he commenced his narrative in regard to his own life and talents. He told us he was a good house plasterer in Charleston, and did not know that he possessed any faculty whatever for sculpture or taking likenesses. One morning as he was going to his work he passed by a door where a Phrenologist had hung up his sign, with a notice that skeptics were not charged for the examination of their heads. This induced him to go in and have his bumps examined. The Phrenologist said to him, "You have the organ of sculpture in a very eminent degree, and if you were to cultivate your talent you would be a very distinguished artist." Mills replied to him, "You have confirmed me in my skepticism. I never had any confidence in your pretended science, but if I had, your account of my own head would utterly destroy it. I am, sir, a house plasterer, and know nothing about sculpture whatever."

The Phrenologist replied, "I don't care for that; you have the organ in a most wonderful degree, and should cultivate your talent." Mr. Mills said the idea that he possessed a rare and valued talent which he was not conscious of, haunted him night and day. But still he never thought of trying his talent, for he did not know how to begin.

One day he saw an Italian going through the streets of Charleston with a bust of Napoleon in plaster, and he asked him how it was moulded. The Italian promised to show him, and did so. He caught the idea instantly, and was enraptured with it. First he commenced a likeness in plaster of his father-in-law, who had very prominent features. It was the wonder of all who saw it. He then commenced taking busts, as he was doing when we formed his acquaintance. Next he chiselled in beautiful marble a bust of Mr. Calhoun, equal to any ever executed of that distinguished statesman. His friends now declared their willingness to send him to Rome, where he might study sculpture, and cultivate his genius. For this purpose they provided him with funds, and as he was passing Washington he was engaged to make the equestrian statue of Jackson.

In his poverty and obscurity in Charleston, whilst working at his trade of house plasterer, he kept a bear and a dog, which he would make fight for a fourpence. Between this exhibition of his dog and bear, and with the assistance of his troy, he made his living in a sort of way, and would, in all probability have died in these humble pursuits, but for the Phrenologist, who can laugh at phrenology, after this, as a humbug, and not a science. Immediately after Governor McDuffie had made his great speech in the Legislature in favor of giving the election of Electors of President and Vice President to the people, some member assailed the South Carolina College as 'entailing on the State a very heavy expense to no much advantage. Judge Hunger replied to the member, and said that if the College had never produced another graduate than Mr. McDuffie, the State of South Carolina would be amply compensated by him alone for all that she had spent on that Institution. So we say in regard to phrenology, that if this science had never done any other good to the world than of developing the genius of Clark Mills, it would be enough to eudate it to the world.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

When he cuts a certain number of little square bits of paper every night, and lays them on his toilet table, ready to wipe his razor when he shaves in the morning—that's a symptom. When he carries his fingers perfectly straight in his gloves, for fear of fiction on the knuckles—that's a symptom. When he leaves a friend's house in the middle of the evening, to avoid a walk home with a lady—that's a symptom. When he keeps his hat on in a lecture room till the latest permitted minute, on account of a draft—that's a symptom.

When he has a large mousethatch always ready to conceal certain defects—that's a symptom. When he turns a huge coat collar up over his ears, every time there's a cloud in the sky—that's a symptom. When he refuses a hymnbook in church, because he don't like to be seen using glasses—that's a symptom. When he can't go to sleep till he has ascertained whether the seam of the sheet is precisely in the middle of the bed—that's a symptom. When an antirachitic fire and wadded wrapper have greater charm for him than a pair of bright eyes, jingling sleigh bells, and a *tele-a-tele* under a buffalo robe—that's a symptom. When a whiskey punch and a flannel night-cap are the *ne plus ultra* of his earthly felicity—that's a symptom. When he calls women 'humbags,' says 'jshaw!' to children, and has a growing partiality for stuffed rocking chairs and well aired linen—that's a symptom.

INSTRUCTIONS IN KISSING.

Some connoisseurs in such matters has communicated the following rules, which he avers have been adopted by middle-aged married gentlemen when they assume the privilege of kissing their young and beautiful cousins. They certainly seem to have formed a very accurate conception of the proper manner in which this innocent luxury should be enjoyed:

Of course you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss; take her right hand in yours, and draw her tightly to you, pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally down her back, under her left arm, press her to your bosom, at the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to her's, and the thing is done; don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing off percussion caps, or banging down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of her tip-top or ruffle, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth, revel in the blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a roast duck.

A WILD BOY.

There is a singular exhibition in Philadelphia, which is perhaps worth the attention of Barnum.

It is described as 'a wild boy'—he is double-jointed; goes on all fours; sees with the whole pupil of his eye; lives on bread and water alone; possesses great strength in his arms and legs, although no muscles are discernible. He has been examined by a great number of medical gentlemen, and the reason they give of his not walking erect is that his heart lies directly in the centre of his body, which compels him to move both

hands of both legs at the same time! He has no articulation of sound, but speaks without moving his lips or tongue. He measures when standing erect thirty inches, and weighs twenty-seven pounds.

ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

An English paper describes the following exciting incident:

On the evening of Christmas day, as a young woman was carelessly gazing at a leopard in Batty's menagerie, now exhibiting at Ludliff's field, she sauntered within the reach of the tiger's den, when one of the ferocious animals thrust forth its paw through one of the wires, and seized her by the coil of her plaited hair behind the crown of her head. Fortunately a woman of slender frame, but heroic fortitude, was standing by and saw the tiger seize its intended prey. This woman, with extraordinary presence of mind, seized the girl by the waist, and notwithstanding the terrific growling of the beast, maintained her hold and pulled with masculine vigor. The tiger still retained its grasp, and rared and plunged furiously. At this moment the struggle was a fearful one. The people inside the menagerie set up shouts of alarm, which communicated with the crowd outside, and produced a scene which may be better imagined than described.—At length the comb dropped from her hair, the coil unfastened, and the young woman was rescued, leaving the tiger's paw full of her hair, and a silk handkerchief which she had thrown over her head when the tiger seized her. The unfortunate girl fainted, but soon recovered again, and was happy to find, without having sustained any injury, her hair and face unharmed, and her home in safety.

A countryman was once called upon to visit a young man who was very ill, and he found him lying in bed, looking at his feet, and finally gave up the sublime opinion.

"No," said the visitor, "I'm sorry to hear of your sorrow." "Yes," said the sick man, "my hat is gone, and I can't get it back." "What do you mean?" "I mean, I've lost it." "How can that be?" "I was walking up the street, and there was a cat miter; he's got it, and he won't give it back."

THE CASE OF MRS. GENERAL GAINES—YET ANOTHER TRIAL.

It will be recollected by our readers that the long-contested suit between Mrs. General Gaines and others, involving the right and title to several millions worth of property in Louisiana, Missouri, and elsewhere, was decided at the last term of the Supreme Court of the United States against Mrs. Gaines. We are now informed that she is resolved to give the other side another trial upon another issue, in the courts of Louisiana, based upon the will (which is lost) of her father, the late Daniel Clark. For the benefit of all parties concerned, therefore, we shall publish to-morrow morning, the opinions of Judge Wayne, dissenting from the decision of the Supreme Court, in the matter lately tried before that tribunal. Aside from the questions of fact and of law in this extraordinary case, the curious historical narrative which is interwoven with this very able opinion of Judge Wayne, will commend it to the general reader, as well as to the various interested parties in this remarkable chapter of jurisprudence.—*New York Herald.*

It has been remarked that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

From the Cincinnati Nonpareil.

A Romance in Real Life.

We were informed by the officers of the Eleventh Ward, of a romantic marriage that took place in that district yesterday, the correctness of which is vouched for by our informants, as they were well acquainted with all the parties.

A gentleman from Kentucky, a bachelor farmer, and possessed of a fair property in one of the most productive portions of that State, recently made a trip to this city, for recreation, and whilst strolling through the streets with a friend, said, "I wish you would recommend me to some lady, as I am seriously thinking of matrimony." His friend promised to aid him; and after parting that evening, he called upon a widow-lady, living North of Hamilton Road, between Poplar and Locust streets, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and informed her of his mission. The widow, nothing loath to change her situation, agreed to risk the better or worse that might ensue, and gave her consent. The negotiator then called upon his friend, and informed him of the progress he had made—that he had found for him a life partner—one whose many good qualities fitted her admirably to become his wife. He immediately assented to the arrangement, and agreed to perfect the contract the next morning.

Yesterday morning he procured his license, and in a carriage with his friend, drove to the house of the lady, and for the first time saw and was introduced to his future bride. She, all in readiness, stepped with him into the carriage, proceeded to the Lutheran Church, had the irrevocable knot firmly tied, and from the altar returned home in triumph.

Old Man and Women.

The shortest way to a woman's heart is down his throat.

Man's love is like the moon; it does not grow larger; it is sure to grow smaller.

A man may "do good by stealth," but as for his blushing "to find it fame," that's all nonsense.

Man shrinks from cold meat. Does this arise from man's innate presumption of always ruling the roost?

Man takes a woman with a dowry in the same way that he accepts the hamper that brings him a handsome present of game.

Men have two ways of extinguishing the flame of love; they either let it burn out quietly, or else they snuff it out by one blow.

In a dilemma, during the time a man has been standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ten thousand.

Wives are often foolish enough to sit up for their husbands, but you hear of few husbands who have the patience to sit up for their wives.

How many men there are who think they are making themselves exceedingly popular, when they are only making themselves extremely ridiculous.

Men have been pointed to me who were said to be great thinkers. I have watched them, and found them very great thinkers—men who evidently thought a great deal—but then it was entirely of themselves.

A HARD BOTTOM.—A traveller on his return from the State of Ohio, where he had been to purchase a farm in that "land of milk and honey," gave this account of the State of Promise. "Sir—as I was driving my team, I observed a hat in the path I reached with my whipstick to take it up from the mud. 'What are you doing with my hat?' cried a voice under it. I soon discovered under the chapeau, a rather enigmatical, up to his ears in the mire, 'Pray let me help you out,' said I. 'Thank you,' said the benighted traveller, 'I have a good, long legged horse under me, who has carried me through worse sloughs than this. I am only stopping to breathe my nag, as this is the finest footing I have found in fifty miles.'

A Cincinnati Editor being asked 'what is the news?' replied, 'Sir, I sell my news at thirty cents a week, or five cents a copy—don't bother me.'

French Items.

The Count of Chambord (Henry V) is sojourning at Venice. Blessed with a happy and joyous temper, he enters gaily into all the sports of the carnival, and spends his life most delightfully. He is treated with great consideration, is called *Stre* in private society, and *monseigneur* in public. New year's day he was waited upon by all the notabilities of the place, foreign and native, not excepting the French. When the fickle and impulsive people of France shall tire of their new bauble, they may possibly return to their old one. The legitimists in Paris, while their leader is thus sporting away his existence, are said to be unusually active, and indulge sanguine hopes that the extravagances and follies of Bonaparte will at no distant day bring about a reaction in the public mind.

The present ambassador at Paris from Sweden (M. de Lowenheilm) has occupied that post, with the exception of the 100 days, since the consulate. He witnessed the first Republic—that in turn gave way to the restoration—that to Louis Philippe—that to the new Republic—and that finally to the Empire again. He is 80 years of age, and if he lives much longer he may see another change.

Mr. Proudhon, the Socialist, applied to the police for permission to publish a Review; being refused, he sought M. Persigny. He said he would promise not to attack the Government, but had three objects which he wished to accomplish. The first was to show that Catholicism was dead. M. Persigny told him it was unnecessary to say more, no such publication could be tolerated.

M. Michel Chevalier has been dismissed from the Council of Public Instruction, because he had advocated liberty of conscience, and therefore some odious to the Roman party.

The Boston Convention advocates the We

change.

Do you? Just suppose you were a forlorn sick bachelor, in the midst of some noisy boarding-house, whose inmates don't care a pinch of snuff whether you conclude to die or get well. Suppose you've watched the spider in the corner weave his web, till you are quite qualified to make one yourself; suppose you have counted, for the thousandth time, all the shepherdesses, distorted little dogs, and crooked trees, on the papered wall of your room; gnawed your finger nails to the very quick, and twitched your mustache till every strand stands up on its own individual responsibility. Then—suppose, just as you are at the last gasp, the door opens gently, and admits, *not a great creaking pair of boots containing an ornacular, solemn M. D., grim enough to frighten you into the churchyard, but a smiling, rosy cheeked, bright eyed, nice little live woman doctor, yet!*

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! How your pulses race!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. *A few of which she sees, with a ray of your help!* Then she gives a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet. (Just as if you could.) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll call again in the morning; and so—the folk of her dress futters through the doorway and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—catch a looking glass, to see what the prettiest are that you have made at a forcible impression inwardly, resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well in long.

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! How your pulses race!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. *A few of which she sees, with a ray of your help!* Then she gives a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet. (Just as if you could.) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll call again in the morning; and so—the folk of her dress futters through the doorway and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—catch a looking glass, to see what the prettiest are that you have made at a forcible impression inwardly, resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well in long.

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! How your pulses race!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. *A few of which she sees, with a ray of your help!* Then she gives a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet. (Just as if you could.) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll call again in the morning; and so—the folk of her dress futters through the doorway and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—catch a looking glass, to see what the prettiest are that you have made at a forcible impression inwardly, resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well in long.

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! How your pulses race!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. *A few of which she sees, with a ray of your help!* Then she gives a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet. (Just as if you could.) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll call again in the morning; and so—the folk of her dress futters through the doorway and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—catch a looking glass, to see what the prettiest are that you have made at a forcible impression inwardly, resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well in long.

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! How your pulses race!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. *A few of which she sees, with a ray of your help!* Then she gives a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet. (Just as if you could.) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll call again in the morning; and so—the folk of her dress futters through the doorway and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—catch a looking glass, to see what the prettiest are that you have made at a forcible impression inwardly, resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well in long.

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! How your pulses race!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. *A few of which she sees, with a ray of your help!* Then she gives a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet. (Just as if you could.) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll call again in the morning; and so—the folk of her dress futters through the doorway and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—catch a looking glass, to see what the prettiest are that you have made at a forcible impression inwardly, resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well in long.

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus! what a figure!) pulls off her glove, and takes your hand in those little fingers. *Holy Mother! How your pulses race!* She looks at you so compassionately from those soft blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. *A few of which she sees, with a ray of your help!* Then she gives a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet. (Just as if you could.) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillow—shades the glaring sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive knowledge of your unspoken wants; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll call again in the morning; and so—the folk of her dress futters through the doorway and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can—catch a looking glass, to see what the prettiest are that you have made at a forcible impression inwardly, resolving (as you replace yourself between the blankets) not to get quite well in long.

she will come to see you. Well, the upset of it is, you have a delightful lingering attack of heart complaint.

For myself, I prefer prescriptions in a masculine hand; I can't submit my pulse to anything that wears a bow-tie.

Good.—The Bayou Sara Ledger tells the following story:—A gentleman told us an anecdote the other day, which we think is too good to be lost. He said that a rich old fellow who used to live in the neighborhood of Natchez, Mississippi, used to keep a carriage and a pair of horses for his daughters' exclusive benefit, and, as a matter of course, the young ladies used to make good use of them; scarcely a day passed over their heads that did not find them going to or coming from Natchez. The old man, in the meantime, you must recollect, was very close in matters of money. The horses began to look thin—so thin that one would have supposed that their only provender was barrel hoops, shavings, or something similar. One day the old gentleman was standing in front of one of the principal hotels in Natchez, when his carriage rolled past, and his horses were made the subject of conversation. The old gentleman said he could not account for their being so poor, he was sure that he had done all in his power to make them look decent, and had tried almost everything, but the confounded horses never would improve.

"Meester," said a raw Irishman, giving the old gentleman a quizzical leer, as he continued, "Did ye ever hear any corn?"

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

The great statesman used to tell the following story: Journeying homeward when he was at the zenith of his fame, he had, in the stage coach for his companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained the old man from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and asked him if he ever knew Capt. Webster.

"Surely I did," said the old man, "and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark, at Bennington."

"Did he have any children?" inquired Webster.

"Yes," said the old man, "there was Ezekiel and Daniel."

"What became of Daniel?" asked Webster.

"Daniel," Daniel," repeated the old gentleman thoughtfully; "why, Daniel, I believe, is a lawyer about Boston, somewhere."

Old, But Good.—Bill P. was making a journey in a stage coach over the hilly roads of New Hampshire, and amused himself on the way by frequent resorts to the comfort of a mysterious black bottle which he had with him. Suddenly the coach came in contact with a large stone which, without doing any other damage, deprived Billy of his equilibrium, and down he rolled upon the ground.

"What a thunder-yer-doin'!" said Billy; how come yer to tip over?"

"The driver informed him that the stage had not been overturned at all, and the passengers assured Bill that Jehu was right.

Billy approached the vehicle again, and remounted slowly to his former seat outside.

"Didn't I unset it, if you say?"

"Not at all," replied the driver.

"Well, if I'd a know'd that," said Billy, "I wouldn't 'a' got off."

"A Sill."—"Faddy, honey, will you buy my watch?"

"And is it about selling, or watch you buy, Mike?"

"Troth it is, darlint."

"What's the price?"

"Ten shillings and a match of the creature."

"Is the watch a decent one?"

"Sure I've had it twenty years, and it never once deceived me."

"Well, here's your tin; and now tell me does it go well?"

"Indeed, it does; faster than you watch in Connaght, Munster, or Lein, or me bairn, Dublin."

"And look to yo, Mike, then you have taken me in! Did you say it never deceived you?"

"Sure, an I did, nor it didn't for I have a hundred on it."