

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

## "HE WILL NOT COME TO-NIGHT."

Her hair is twined in glossy braids,  
And wreathed with fragrant flowers,  
Yet from her face the sunlight fades,  
As pass the weary hours.  
But still she seeks the misty pane,  
To watch the fading light,  
And strains her eyes, but all in vain,  
He will not come to-night!

The light hath faded from the sky,  
The stars come one by one,  
Yet, with a sad and wistful eye,  
The girl keeps watching on.  
Yet often turns to brush away  
The tears that dim her sight,  
Oh! 'tis sad to hear her say,  
"He will not come to-night!"

She calls to mind his parting words,  
And breathes them o'er and o'er,  
But now they fall on quivering chords  
That never thrilled before.  
She throws aside the braided hair,  
Her cheek is ashy white,  
Oh! 'tis the pangs of despair—  
He will not come to-night.

Well, many a lip of brighter red  
Hath lost its rosy glow,  
And many a fairer, prouder head,  
Hath bowed in anguish low.  
And tears have flowed, and scalding tears,  
From eyes as dark and bright,  
And many a passing angel hears,  
He will not come to-night.

From the Lowell News.

## FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

How few of our young females truly understand the meaning of the word "accomplishment." They think it merely an outward show, a something which may gild the surface, but not take root in the soil; shown off like sweets that are "wasted on the desert air" at every opportunity. The mind is not cultivated, though the form may be, the understanding is not bettered though the complexion be whitened or painted to suit the various tastes of the wearers. It seems as though some of our girls never had an ideal of present time; as though they knew not that beauty would fade, or else that their every aim must be to make a "market," and when that is accomplished, there is nothing more to do. What ignoramus! What man is there, that, after having been deceived in a wife once, will not ever after have a mistrust that she may deceive him again. If her face be painted, why not her actions likewise? Let us say to the girls that a plain face with a well stored mind is far more preferable on a long acquaintance, than the most beautiful features with ignorance. Good breeding is just as essential to happiness in life as good bread and butter; and when this or that young fellow, if he has any sense, finds that a Miss who, on a casual acquaintance, he takes a "shine" to, is intent on palming off on him a base counterfeit of manners for the genuine, it does not take him long to become disgusted and leave for some more attractive spot. Outward show, ogling, simpering, sighing and caper-cutting, may do for a first visit; so may gingerbread, soda crackers, and milk toast do for a working man, for one dinner, but the next time they both want a more substantial fare. If he has any gumption, a man will marry you such woman, and if he hasn't any, why, he is no fit to marry, —so, girls, the odds are against you either way.

We were much amused with the remark of an acquaintance, the other day, who had been favored (f) with an introduction to a young lady, in the city, who evidently desired to be considered one of the belles. It was at her house, and in recounting the visit to us, said he—"She displayed her every accomplishment to me in less than five minutes, running them over one after the other, in the same manner that she did the keys of her *labeled* three hundred dollars piano." And so it is. Instead of sitting down to contain the real valuable acquirements, there are girls foolish enough to get a smattering, and then think they are angels. No reading but that of novels, no conversation but that of mere frivolity, no thought but on dress, beaux, dancing, and concerts; not the thing, by a long chalk, for our girls. A knowledge of human action, an acquaintance with the past and present world, a cultivated taste for reading, a judicious system of exercise, labor and amusement, well-formed and correct habits and deportment, are some of the studies which young ladies should go through with before they can begin to call themselves "accomplished;" and even then they will seriously doubt their claims to the title; for it is a fact that the more a man knows—and the same of a woman—the less confidence does he have in his abilities and attainments. We like to see beautiful—handsome girls, as well as anybody; and we like to see them neatly and prettily dressed; but, at the same time, we should as lief, (a word which should take its *lie*) sit down in a nicely furnished apartment and talk a half hour to a lithograph print of a pretty French girl, as to spend the same length of time in conversation with some young ladies we have seen during our short lifetime. Man was made for a noble purpose, and it is nowise supposable that a woman was made for a less.—Therefore, we would say to our girl readers, if you would be loved and respected by yourselves and the opposite sex, mix less of this alloy with the pure gold and you will pass the better among those who are accustomed to the true coin.

This paragraph from the German, most happily hits the attributes of wife, mistress and lady. It is just as true as wit:  
"Who marries for love takes a wife, who marries for consideration takes a lady.—You are beloved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and its friends; a lady for the world. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will accommodate you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will enquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and join parties with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you are dead, your wife will shed tears, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning."

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

## TRY, TRY AGAIN.

In the month of May, 1839, a new family moved into the village of Saintes, in France. The father, Bernard Palissy, was quite celebrated for paintings on glass. They lived comfortably and happily. Bernard was industrious, and earned enough to provide for all the wants of his family. After they had been two years at Saintes, Bernard one day saw a very beautiful cup, and was determined to make a vase similar to it, but stronger and more useful. So he went to work and mixed different kinds of earth, and kneaded it, but it was not what he meant it should be.

He laid aside the painting of glass, which had supported his family so comfortably, and spent all his time trying to make this vase, which he was very sure he could do.  
Every day his family grew poorer and poorer, but he comforted himself by saying that to-morrow he should have more gold than his strong box could hold. To-morrow came, but its brought no relief to the suffering household. Many to-morrows passed away, but still the strong box was empty. His starving wife and children clasped their thin hands, and with streaming tears besought him to return to his trade; but he would not. Twenty years glided on in poverty and suffering. Bernard's hair was gray, and his form bowed, but still he thought only of his darling object. His children were scattered here and there, to earn their daily bread. His neighbors called him a madman, a fool, and a villain.

Suddenly, the apprentices, who had served him patiently for many years, declared he would not remain another hour. Poor Bernard was obliged to give him part of his own clothing in payment of his wages, and was now obliged himself to attend his oven. It is in the cellar, and he anxiously gropes his way down the dark staircase.

"More wood! more wood!" There is none in the little shed; there is none beside the cottage door. What is to be done? Almost wild, Bernard tears down the frail garden fence, and hurries it into the fire. The flames rise high and hot, but still there is not enough. "A chair, a stool, a table, whatever the frantic man can seize, is thrown into the glowing furnace. Suddenly, a loud shout rings through the heated cellar. His trembling wife hastens to obey the call. There stands Bernard, gazing with mute joy on the vase so long desired, at length obtained! The news of his discovery spread far and wide. Henry III., then King of France, sent for him to come to Paris, and received him in his palace. Here he lived for many years, a rich and honored man. At length, a persecution arose against the Protestants. Bernard refused to give up his religion, and was, therefore, placed in prison, where he died in 1589.

Children, did you know that the invention of common crockery cost a wise and good man so many years of toil?—*Child's Paper*.

## FAITH—AN ANECDOTE.

A few weeks ago, a little boy called daily upon the waters of the St. Lawrence. He was but six years old, and images of beauty floated for him on every distant cloud. His favorite reading for many months had been De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, and as the boat passed in and out among the many thousand islands of the river, he painted to his father, in glowing colors, all that it would be possible to do, if thrown adrift upon the spar, he should by some strange chance find himself alone upon the pebbly beach. Very charming, he thought the fairy-like island, with their tender screens of birch and maple, veiling just enough from feeble human sight the wondrous glory of the sun.

The day wore on, the islands were passed, and now the boat began to descend the rapids. A head wind lifted the breakers, the sky darkened, but the child and mother felt the excitement of the scene. Like a living human creature the strong boat kept its way. It took a manly pride, it seemed in mastering the obstacles to its course, and as it rose and fell with heavy swing, a sense of power, half divine, filled the hearts and souls of the passengers.

The boy stood still. Tighter and tighter he grasped his mother's hand, and with blue eyes darkened by earnest thought, looked upon the face of the water. Soon the rain began to fall heavily, the water was still more agitated, and the mother felt that when the keel of the vessel grated against the rocks, visions of storm and wreck passed through the little one's mind. She saw that he was frightened, and began to question whether it would not be best to carry him to the warm cabin, and by song and story beguile his excited mind. Just at this moment, he gently pressed her hand, and as she looked down upon him, she saw the expression of serious thought give way, a sweet smile drawing on his lips, as he said softly to himself, rather than to her, the following lines:

"Then the captain's little daughter,  
Took her father by the hand,  
Saying, is not God upon the water,  
Just the same as on the land?"

The pleasant poet who wrote the simple lines of which the above were the child's broken remembrance, is now in a foreign land. The drawing-rooms of the noble open readily to his genial presence, and the tables of the literati ring with the cheer and merriment his joyous tones excite; but no words of courtly compliment, though spoken with royal lips, will fall more sweetly upon his ear than those words of that trusting child could have stood by his side and watched the dawn of faith in his pure soul as he spoke. Oh, little children, God teaches us in many ways that to make others happy is one of the truest objects of life. It is better to make others good, but it is best of all to turn the heart of the child in trusting love to its Heavenly Father. If, like the absent poet, we are ever able to speak or write one word which shall do this, let us bless God for the high privilege.—*Montreal Juvenile Magazine*.

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on the slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took her pencil, and wrote in reply, "Prayer is a wish of the heart."

SON FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor "stops the press to announce," what would he do if it was a pound?

## FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

## AGRICULTURAL SONG.

ADAPTED TO THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR, FROM AN EXCHANGE.

Plow deep to find the gold, my friend,  
Plow deep to find the gold!  
Your farms have treasures rich and sure,  
Unmeasured and untold.

Clothe with the vine our Southern hills,  
Our broad fields sow with grain,  
Nor search the Sacramento's rills,  
For Californian gain.

Our land o'flows with corn and bread,  
With treasures all untold,  
Would we but give the plowshare speed,  
And depth to find the gold.

Earth is grateful to her sons  
For all their care and toil;  
Nothing yields such sure returns  
As drained and deepened soil.

Science, lend thy kindly aid,  
Her riches to unfold!  
Moved by plow, or moved by spade,  
Stir deep to find the gold!

Dig deep to find the gold, my friends,  
Dig deep to find the gold!  
Your farms have treasures rich and sure,  
Unmeasured and untold.

(From the Mobile Tribune.)

## GRASS FOR THE SOUTH.

COLUMBUS, GA., July 28.

MESSRS. McGUIRE, BALESTINE, & Co.:—You will see an article in the Soil of the South for August, about foreign grass, the seed of which I have eliminated, which I respectfully ask you to republish in your valuable journal, should you feel so disposed. I do in all candor assure you that there is no humbug in this matter, as actual experiment for three years has proved its value over any other in every respect. As you say in your issue of the 26th inst., "It remains to be seen who in the South will prove himself such a benefactor to the farmers and 'planters' in discovering the kind of grass adapted to the soil and climate, &c." I feel that I am warranted in saying that for the South, and for grazing through six months of the year, and for reclaiming exhausted fields, and rendering us independent of the North in the article of hay, this grass will do the work. I neglected to state in my article in the Soil of the South that this grass does not spread or run so as to make it difficult to be gotten rid of.

This grass grows like wheat or barley, and can be as easily destroyed. It goes to seed in June; sheds the seed which are over abundant, (by which I mean their immense quantity,) falling and covering the ground with a dense mass of foliage, and the seed lies all summer, till the last of September, and in autumn. When the seed come up in the fall it is easily destroyed by ploughing up, should it be desirable to do so. It grows very rapidly, and no grass is more nutritious, and upon very rich land, or on poor, it produces a very large quantity of hay per acre. I know that horses, mules and cattle prefer it to the best Northern; and but for the cotton, which requires attention at the time of saving hay, (to wit: June,) this grass would render saving corn fodder entirely useless, and would take the place of it. But fodder can be saved when the labor can be well spared; so I doubt the practicability of its taking its place; yet this is not the fault of the grass.

This grass has the following claims to our attention: 1st. It is never injured by the greatest cold; no freeze hurts it at all. 2nd. It stands the heat of our summer's sun. 3d. It is uninjured, and unretarded by heavy rains, overflows, or ordinary drought. 4th. Sown in September, it is ready for grazing in November. 5th. It will graze horses, cattle, mules, sheep, hogs, goats and chickens (from November to June, stock being then turned off, it will (6th) yield as much hay per acre as the clover or timothy of the North, or the blue grass of Kentucky in quantity, quality and weight. 7th. It does not spread or run, so as to be difficult to be gotten rid of. 8th. It will do well in any soil in the South. 9th. It will reclaim worn out fields; and 10th, it requires to be sown but once, ever afterwards reproducing itself ad infinitum. For sheep, it is invaluable, and as a winter-grazing and soiling grass unequalled. You just remark, "we are now more in need of fodder and green food than anything else on our farms." If this grass does not supply it, then it is useless to try any further.

Should persons in your section desire to get seed they can write me postpaid, so I can enter their names, and next year will send the seed, and my mode of cultivating it. I do not think it necessary for any person to order more than one peck, as that will produce seed enough to sow several acres the second year. My price will be \$5 a peck, put up in cotton bags, and I pledge myself to return the price if it don't come up to what I say; certainly, that is fair. You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think proper, as I feel that every farmer and planter, and, indeed, every person in the South who owns a cow, should have it and use it.

Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
B. V. IVERSON.

The following is Mr. Iverson's letter to the Soil of the South:

## THE RESCUE GRASS.

GENTLEMEN:—I have seen and read a letter from Mr. Wm. S. Lewis, of Red River, near Shreveport, addressed to one of you, and published in the July number of your very interesting and valuable journal, in which Mr. L. asks for information about red clover as a grazing grass for stock, &c. I know very little about any kind of clover, but I profess to know something about a kind of grass which I am satisfied will suit Mr. L., and that too in latitude 32.40. I read Mr. L.'s communication with interest, as in fact I do all recitals of southern effort to make the South independent of every other people. Why should we pay "tribute" to any set of men for articles which we can and should produce at home? Very few of us have any idea of the immense sum which is paid by the (oh, unfortunate) South, annually to the North, for the single article of hay. It is enormous, and yet it is but one drain. It seems to me that if there is any one thing great-

ly needed by us, in an agricultural way, it is the possession of a grass, by every Southern planter, which would reclaim his worn out land, graze and improve his scrubby stock, and render the South independent of the North now and forever in the matter of hay. I am aware that many have tried of late years (and they deserve the thanks of all) to get a foreign grass acclimated, which would stand our winter's cold and our summer's heat; a grass which would graze stock from November to June, and would then yield as good hay as timothy, clover, or the blue grass of Kentucky.

But as yet their success has not been equal to their zeal. We have, it is true, many grasses, most of them valuable no doubt, yet the experiment with them has failed to drive Northern hay out of southern markets. We are still "heavers of wood and drawers of water." Now, in order to succeed; in order to stop this heavy outlay; in order to keep our money at home to help educate our children; build our churches; open our railroads;—clear up and improve our lands, and do a great many other good things, we must have a grass that will yield as much to the acre; it must be as certain a crop, and it must be as nutritious as theirs. Is it possible for us to obtain such a grass? I answer, yes, I have the seed of a foreign grass (now acclimated to the South) which is never injured by our severest cold; which stands our summer's heat; which is neither injured or retarded by heavy rains, overflows or ordinary droughts; which will graze horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs and poultry, from November to June; which will then yield as much hay per acre, in quantity, quality and weight, and which is as nutritious as timothy, clover, or the blue grass of Kentucky. Seed which will produce a grass out-growing millet or lucerne; which will do well in any kind of soil in the South, which will reclaim worn out fields, and which will require to be sown but once, ever after producing itself, ad infinitum. It is an annual, and the roots die in the same way as wheat and rice. On very rich land, it grows from three to four feet high, is easily crumpled, and stock prefer it to the best Northern hay.

From actual experiments, made for the last three years, I know this grass will answer the above ends. I shall have the seed for sale during the next year, as I shall seed down one hundred acres this September.

Persons who may wish to procure this seed, can address me at Columbus, Ga., post paid, stating the quantity wanted, when the price will be given, with the mode of its cultivation. With every wish, gentlemen, for your success, I remain your friend and fellow citizen.

B. V. IVERSON.

N. B.—Those of the South who may be fond of rich milk, yellow butter and tender beef steaks, to such I say, this is the grass to make them; and what a blessing for poor cows during the cold and wintry months!

Finally, I must beg to say to your correspondent, Mr. L., that for the rich bottoms of Red River, he need only to procure this seed, and he and his descendants may laugh at any body who should name to him or them anything about red clover for such grazing, or indeed any other clover in latitude 35.40.

In some future number, if permitted, I will show how this grass will reclaim the poorest of the poor, worn-out, washed, robbed and butchered of our fields and make them produce good crops again; and that it will be wholly unnecessary hereafter to save corn fodder as food for horses, mules or cattle, by those who will take the trouble to sow it. I have named it "The Rescue Grass" of the South.

B. V. I.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

## A KNIFEBOARD.

Housekeepers will thank our lady correspondent of Vicksburg, Miss., for the following excellent description of an article indispensable in every pantry:

"Wanting a knife-board, a short time since (having left mine at my old residence near Woodville) I had one made which answered so good a purpose that I thought immediately of the *Cultivator*. You know, Messrs. Editors, that 'little things are great to little men,' and a sharp, bright knife is no contemptible accompaniment to a roast turkey or smoking sirloin. For the bench, take a plank two inches thick, two feet wide, and three feet long. Insert (of two inch square scantling) four legs—the two on the right hand should be three inches shortest, giving the bench a gentle slope downward. Get slips of plank one inch by one and a half; nail the thickest side down about eight inches apart, so as to separate the different knives and forks. On the side next you, nail some of these slips around exactly to fit tight a bath-brick, and so as to allow it to be lifted out and replaced by another, when so much worn as to be no longer useful. This brick is a wonderful brightener of notions. At the lowest end of the bench is a slip of stout yellow leather, tightly stretched across and nailed securely down. On the rough side of this leather spread, with a knife, lard, in which a good deal of emery or steel-dust has been previously mixed. This will polish well. I believe this knife bench is my own invention. If it is worth being tried by others, you have the consent of an old Housekeeper.

M. B. C.

The following, from the same hand, is also well worthy of particular attention:

## TO SAVE FRESH MEAT.

While on the subject of table economy, I will give you an idea of my own, letting it pass for only as much as it is worth, for I have no intention of imposing on your readers, unless you think it may save a poor man a few pounds of meat. I have often had the mortification of seeing part of a fine mutton spoil, and that, too, after dividing with a neighbor. To remedy this was a matter of consideration. The various suggestions of charcoal were resorted to without success, until I reduced them all to the annexed manner of using.

I take a large tin box (mine is the boiler of an old cooking-stove) perforate it with holes sufficiently large and abundant to admit a free circulation of air, and yet so small that a fly cannot get in. This box I suspend by the handles and a piece of cord, in a dense shade where no sun can reach it; the limb of a spreading tree is a good place. The air must circulate around it. I cut up and rub my meat with salt in which a little allspice has been mixed. Between every layer of meat I lay a bag the size of the box, made of musquito muslin, filled with pieces of charcoal the size of walnuts (as Dr.

Primrose says—I like to give the full name.) The muslin prevents the meat being discolored, and yet admits the absorbing qualities of the charcoal to act upon the meat. Do not think I intend this to be imposed on your readers; it only may do if nothing better is suggested.

M. B. C.

SWEET POTATO VINES.—A correspondent of the "Georgia Telegraph" states that the vines of the sweet potato may be saved during the Winter and used in the Spring for propagating a new crop. In the Fall, any time before frost takes place, the vines may be cut in any convenient length, and placed in layers, on the surface of the earth, to the depth of twelve or eighteen inches; cover the vines, whilst damp, with partially rotten straw, (either pine or wheat will answer) to the depth of six inches, and cover the whole with a light soil about four inches deep. In this way the vines will keep during the Winter, and in the Spring they will put out sprouts as abundantly as the potato itself when bedded. The draws or sprouts can be planted first, and the vine itself can be subsequently cut and used as we generally plant slips.

## THE FARMER'S BANK.

Vault—Mother earth.  
Exchanges—The transplanting of the nursery and garden.  
Deposits—Happiness, sobriety, and manly independence.  
Assets—Shining fields, waving with a golden harvest.  
Liabilities—Indebted to God alone, who sends the sunshine and the rain.  
Dividends—Health, wealth and honest patriotic hearts.

TO MAKE PURE WHITE SOAP.—Take soda crystals, and put it into a barrel with a layer of quicklime, and pour warm water upon it, suffering the liquor to leach out in the same manner that ashes are leached out in the woods for making crude potash. This liquor should be filtered through straw, so as to have it pure and clear. Its specific gravity should be 1,010 in the hydrometers. To every gallon of this, 11 lbs. of melted suet or white tallow should be added, and it should be kept boiling gently in a clean kettle for four hours. It should then be completely saponified, which can easily be tested by immersing a flat knife in it. When completely saponified it will shake on the spatula. The fire should then be drawn from the furnace, and a handful of salt, dissolved in cold water thrown in. This is to cool the soap and to separate it from the water. It can then be run off into frames, and when cool, cut it into proper cakes. This is good soap, and is well adapted for making into toilet and other soaps.—*Scientific American*.

DISEASE AMONG SWINE.—A correspondent at Sheshequin says, I noticed, from a Jefferson County correspondent, an inquiry in regard to a disease among hogs. The same commenced among a lot at this place. The first one attacked, died in a few days. The second one attacked, was immediately fed on sulphur, and a pair of cold water thrown directly upon the head and throat every hour, effecting a perfect cure. The remainder, I presume, were saved by the use of sulphur—a most excellent antidote against disease among hogs.

COLIC IN HORSES.—Mr. J. W. Dent, of Crawford county, writes to the "Soil of the South," giving the following prescription for this disease:

Take a handful of Jamestown leaves, make a tea of it, put it into a common black bottle, and drench the animal. If the tea appears too strong when made, weaken by putting cold water to it. This he has seen given when the horse was on his side perfectly helpless, and in half an hour relief was afforded.

A Tennessee correspondent says: The best remedy that I have tried for colic in horses is, one pint of whiskey and two-thirds of a tumbler of gun powder. Mix well and drench the horse. In ordinary cases the horse will be well in half an hour.

## CURE FOR THE BLIND STAGGERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In your August number, I see a recipe for Blind Stagers in Horses, from Isham Dansby. Bleeding and No. 6. And Mr. Dansby is of opinion that blind staggers in horses is the same as apoplexy in man. I will give you a recipe, also, the virtues of which I have tried in several cases; and if the animal is taken in hand before he falls, or gets to that state in which he cannot stand, I believe it infallible:

Bleed freely once a day; smoke the animal with pine tops, feathers, and a little tar. Put the pine tops, feathers and tar into a barrel, and hold the animal's nose over the barrel for ten or fifteen minutes. Twice a day steam the animal, by boiling half a bushel of corn, say ten minutes; put the corn into a close bag or sack, drawing the same over the animal's nose, closing it well around the lower part of the head, that none of the steam may escape—continue until the animal is relieved. On the second day, large clots of matter will escape from the animal's nose.

Now if, according to Mr. Dansby, blind staggers in horses is apoplexy in man, why this discharge from the nose?

Yours respectfully,

JOHN R. TEBEAU.

Southern Cultivator.

CURE FOR SWINEY.—A Tennessee correspondent of the Philadelphia Post, gives the following as a certain cure for Swiney:

I see in your paper of the 12th ult., inquiry made for a remedy to cure swiney in horses, and as I have one on hand that I know from long experience will cure and won't fail, I will request the favor to have it inserted in the Post, for the benefit of your inquiring friend and the numerous readers of your valuable paper.

Take a half pound of blistering ointment and a half pint of spirits of turpentine, and simmer them over a slow fire until intimately mixed—it is then ready for use either warm or cold. Take up the skin on the shoulder of the horse where it is diseased, between the thumb and forefinger, and puncture it six or eight times, through and through, with a sharp-pointed awl; then rub in well a portion of this preparation for three or four successive mornings, until the shoulder blisters. When the blister heals, the horse will be well.

B. R. I.

## HUMOROUS.

## THE WAY TO GET AN OFFICE.

The following has come to us through a messenger that entitles it to entire credit:

A huge, tattered, broad-shouldered man of Carolina, appeared, a few days ago, at the residence of a building, and inquired for the secretary. He was directed to the proper door, but when about to enter the room, was stopped by the messenger, who was not observing the usual ceremonies.

"What's the matter now?" asked Rip. "Winkle."

"You can't go in sir," replied the messenger. "We'll see about that," replied Rip, as he entered the messenger in his brawny arms, and carried him aside.

Arrived at Mr. Guthrie's room, and finding several gentlemen present, he asked:

"Which is the secretary?"

"I am," said Mr. Guthrie to the intruder sternly. "How did you get in here?"

"Oh, we'll talk about that after awhile," said Rip. "I've come on business, and we'll talk to that first. You see, Mr. Secretary, I am a Democrat from North Carolina, and there is a large boat at —, and a whig has the keeping of it now, and I want it. Mind, now! It won't make any difference in my voting, if you don't give me it. I always vote right anyhow. Here's my papers; look at 'em and speak out!"

Mr. Guthrie was quite taken with his simplicity, and replied that he would give him the answer at twelve.

"Mind now," said Rip, showing his watch to the secretary, "you see that little finger? when it gets to 12 I'll be here, certain. Now take, now!"

"Where are you stopping?" asked the secretary.

"Stopping, you may well say that. I've got money to fool away stopping anywhere. I went breakfast at the market house this morning, and you see I want to start home in the mail boat, so if I stay here long I can't get home. Now mind, Mr. Secretary, 12 o'clock, now!" So saying he took his leave.

During his absence Mr. Guthrie examined the papers, and finding him properly recommended, directed his commission to be prepared immediately. Punctual to the minute, our friend appeared, and was handed his commission. He was thanked the Secretary, took his leave, and was doubtless at home, attending to his duties. We dare say that Uncle Sam has not a letter from — Wash. Star.

COULD'NT DO IT.—The Cleveland Herald is the following: As a matter of course it is true.

"Recently, upon the cars running out of Cleveland, a lady was peddling tracts, playing the colporteur. The tract which engrossed her special attention was entitled, 'Give me thy heart,' and was undoubtedly an orthodox and valuable production. Without a word she presented the quiet looking homo, who read the title and replied, 'No, Madam, I cannot give it; this woman is my wife.' The heart seeker vanished and the peddler's roared."

A very thin audience attending the tragedy Richard III., at Windsor Theatre, some time since the croak-back tyrant had not sufficient philosophy to endure this neglect of his powers; for, being patient in the text scene, he exclaimed, with phlegm—"I'll forth, and walk awhile," and was composedly went home to supper.

The "bit of stripped bunting" is still keeping, says the Boston Post. The Postmaster General has appointed Mrs. Susan M. Bunting postmistress at Cottage, Montgomery county, Mo., after Mrs. Bunting deceased.

Long may she wave.

"Say have you seen what's his name this morning?"  
"Yes, I saw him at what d'ye call 'em'?"  
"Oh, was thingenob with him?"  
"Yes, and he had his what d'ye call 'em' pocket."

Sir Josiah Barrington in his Sketches in Ireland says, the only three kinds of death regarded as natural by the lower Irish are dying of cold at home, being hung, and dying of starvation while the potatoe crop fails.

"A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared that he never was drunk, but meant to be, for it always made him feel so the next morning!"

The following is one of the toasts given at the celebration of the 4th of July out west:—"American youth—may their ambition reach as high as their standing collars."

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman after days since to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a 'running spring' inside."

For the Southern Weekly Post.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

BY A DEAF-MUTE.

I AM composed of 21 letters.

My 2, 5, 11, 5, 10, a goddess worshipped at Rome. Her first temple was erected by Scipio Africanus, and another was afterwards by Claudius Marcellus.

My 4, 6, 11, gives light to all the world.