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WHOLE NO. 119

SELECT POETRY.

SING OF LABOR, THE MINER.

The eastern sky is blushing red,
The distant hills-top glowing;
The brook is murmuring in its bed,
In idle frolic flowing:
Tis time the pick-axe and the spade
And iron "Tom" were ringing;
And with ourselves, the mountain stream,
A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is cool and fresh;
Uncloaked skies bend o'er us;
Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us:
Then lightly ply the pick and spade,
With sinews strong and lusty;
A golden "pill" is quickly made,
Wherever claims are "dusty."

We ask no magic Midas' wand,
Nor wizard-rod divining;
The pick-axe, spade, and branny hand
Are sorcerers in mining:
We toil for hard and yellow gold,
No bogus bank-notes taking;
The bank, we trust, though growing old,
Will better pay by "breaking."

There is no manlier life than ours,
A life amid the mountains,
Where from the hill-sides, rich in gold,
Are swelling sparkling fountains:
A mighty army of the hills,
Like some strong giant laborers
To gather spoil by earnest toil,
And not by robbing neighbors!

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fire returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning.
The mountain sod our couch at night,
The stars shine bright above us;
We think of home, and fall asleep
To dream of those who love us.

ORIGINAL STORY.

For the Southern Weekly Post.
THE CHANGES IN FORTUNE.
OR,
THE MISERIES CAUSED BY A Grog-shop.

BY LODDY.

Twenty years ago!—alas, what change a take place in the destiny of the human race during that period!—as I was wending my way from the quiet village of S—, to the capital of the State of North Carolina, my attention was attracted by one of the most beautiful country seats that his eye ever beheld; it was just the place in which a lord or nobleman would like to spend his summer days. It was situated upon a high promontory, in the midst of a beautiful oak grove of natural growth, and known as "Pleasant Hill." At the foot of the hill, on the eastern side of the house, a gurgling brook, whose sparkling waters glided over its pebbled bed with majestic grandeur, might be seen winding its course to its final goal; whose source was a spring of pure water, the beverage prepared by God himself. On the western side was the valley of a small river, in which the setting sun seemed to sink, in all the grandeur of golden hue, from the view of the inmates of this lovely spot, which was composed of Mr. R—, his wife, two daughters and an only son.

Mr. R— was truly a happy man, for he was an affectionate husband and a kind father, with a plenty of this world's goods,—in fact, he was a rich man. His purse was ever open to the needy, and his name swelled in praises on the lips of his neighbors. But, alas! he was one of those who took no interest in religion, and when his wife, who was a pious member of the Baptist Church, would urge the importance of the subject of religion on him, he would treat her sometimes harshly, and almost with contempt, although in every other instance he would yield to her wishes with implicit obedience. Mrs. R—, finding it impossible to turn his attention to this important subject, resolved never to broach it to him again. He did not worship at the altar of king alcohol, and his doting and pious wife had a hope for him. How vain, this hope, time will tell.

Mr. R— was guardian for a nephew, who was left an orphan at an early age. He was a young man of promise, with an inheritance of only five hundred dollars, which he was to receive when he reached the age of twenty-one. He too was a sober man. When he became of age, he wished to go into the mercantile business, but his patrimony was too small to go into it as extensively as he desired, but his uncle obviated the difficulty by proposing to loan him the requisite amount, provided he would set up the store near his residence; which the nephew readily consented to do. The next thing the Uncle did, was to advise the nephew to add spirituous liquors to his stock; (alas! what advice), and gave as a reason, that it would add to the sale of other articles. The young man opposed it at first, but finally consented. From that moment commenced the downfall of the R— family.

Mr. R— was often at his nephew's store, where he met his friends and acquaintances, and often took a social glass with them. At length he began to love it and henceforth refused not to take a glass to quench his thirst.

Mr. R— went security for his nephew to a large amount, which he borrowed for the purpose of making purchases, instead of collecting from his customers. The young merchant see-

ing that he was losing rather than gaining, gathered all the cash he had, after borrowing one thousand dollars and giving his uncle for security, left for parts unknown, leaving papers in the hands of a friend, which gave his uncle possession of all the remaining property, which was not enough to pay half what was due him. Every note signed for his nephew he was obliged to pay.

Mr. R— having all the remaining property of his nephew in hand put his son Willie into the store as clerk, and he himself, when he was sober enough tried to collect what his nephew had booked against his customers, but some of them had become drunkards and bankrupt since they commenced trading with the young merchant; and he gave up the idea of collecting them, and did nothing henceforward but lay drunk in his own house; and in a few months he filled a drunkard's grave. In a few weeks his wife followed one of his broken-hearted daughters to the tomb.

Mr. R—'s estate was divided between his widow, son and daughter. The grog-shop was purchased by a man, who kept up the liquor traffic. The son followed in the steps of his father. The heart-stricken mother was now more than ever bowed down by having a drunken son; who, instead of being a comfort to her in her old age, was fast sinking her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

The morals of the neighborhood had become so bad, that a few patriotic gentlemen established a division of the sons of temperance in the immediate vicinity of the grog-shop. They were opposed by nearly all the neighbors, but the faithful few persevered, and many a poor drunkard was rescued from a drunkard's grave by this noble institution. Among these was James D—, one of Willie's principal associates—a young man of fortune—but who like Willie, had got the taste of liquor in his youth.

Day after day, Willie was found at the grog-shop; when he returned home at night he often found his mother on her knees praying for him; but he was too drunk to be conscious of the fact. On a cold winter's night the mother sat by the fire-side every moment expecting the return of her son. Hour after hour passed, but still he returned not; and she fearing some accident had happened to him, sent a servant in search for him. The servant found him in a wet gully, near the grog-shop; almost frozen to death, and carried him home and placed him upon a bed by the fire, where he lay until morning unconscious of having received such a kind favor as a servant.

Next morning, as Willie was about leaving as usual, his mother fell upon his neck and begged him not to go to the grog-shop that day. He pulled away from her, and went off without saying a word, and left her weeping for fear he had gone to his usual place of debauch. But at length, to her surprise, he entered with James D—. His mother desired James to be seated, but he refused, saying "I have merely called to inform you that, while I was on my way to the division room, I met Willie near the grog-shop, and I thought of the by-gone days, when we associated together there, and thought perhaps I might persuade him to accompany me to the division. He refused at first, but at length he said, 'I will renounce this cursed practice and become a sober man. I will join the pledge. Go tell my mother.'" As James was speaking, Willie said not a word, but stood still with his head hung down. Words cannot express the joy she felt while he was communicating the good news. She rushed to Willie and embraced her repenting son, saying as she did so, "go my son, and turning to James she added, "may the Lord go with you both."

James and Willie, and Willie did sign the pledge, and returned home that night sober for the first time in many months.

A few months after this, Willie made a profession of religion and joined the Baptist Church, of which his mother had been a member for several years. She did not long survive to enjoy the company of her son after this. The troubles and trials she had gone through prostrated her on the bed of affliction; and shortly before she died, she called her son to her bedside, and admonished him to prove faithful to his profession, and stick to his pledge, and meet her in heaven: when she ceased speaking her "spirit fled to the God that gave it."

Oh, what a curse a grog-shop produces in the neighborhood in which it is located.—Twenty years ago this family was prosperous and happy; but now behold the change. Go with me to the family grave yard and there behold the grave of an affectionate daughter, who died of grief; the final resting place of the once kind husband and father, who now fill a drunkard's grave; and the grave of the wife and mother who died broken hearted. All this is *Ran's* doings! But the wife and mother had a prayer hearing God, and he in his providence answered her prayers in behalf of her son and permitted her to live to witness his reclamation.

Two months after the death of his mother, Willie married the only sister of James D—, and now lives happily with his wife at "Pleasant Hill,"—the same beautiful spot where the happy family lived twenty years ago, though not possessed of so large a fortune as his father, and yet he is a happier man, and prizes the religion he scorned.

Reader, my story is ended; and in conclusion let me say to you, shun the grog-shop as you would a deadly poison, and touch not the enticing bowl, for, "at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

SELECTED STORY.

From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.
BENJA-IN FROM HOME.
NUMBER I.

Every body travels—that is a settled point—if he can ever scrape together money enough to pay his railroad, stage, or steamboat fare, a man will certainly take a peep at the world and "the elephant." He may be as green as a potato vine, but what matters that to him? If his voracity is a source of amusement to others, he ought to be thought the more of on account of this quality, for something is needed, now and then, to relieve the dull monotony of life in this every-day world of ours, and to drive away the blues. Men sometimes travel for pleasure, and sometimes business calls them away, and then again a fellow will take a trip without having any definite object in view, unless it be an intention to "spurge."

Well do I remember, when the Railroad was first put in operation between Petersburg and Blakely, what a stir was created among the good folks of a certain village not a hundred miles from Roanoke river, by the declaration on the part of some villagers of an intention to go to Petersburg. Several weeks, or longer, notice was given, and preparation made, and sundry bits of paper were sent in, containing memorandums of articles to be purchased for the different families and friends, while broken jewelry and watches wanting repair were stowed away in his trunk and about his person in sufficient quantity and numbers to justify the idea among strangers that he was an itinerant Peter Funk. But, if the same strangers could have seen him on his return they would have instantly concluded that he had changed his vocation, and become a regular pedlar. Here was a bundle of calico for one, there a pair of shoes for another, here a roll of carpeting, there a bundle of stockings, here a package of toys, there a box of confectionaries, besides handkerchiefs, gus, pocket knives, and "various other articles too tedious to mention."

Then a trip to Petersburg was all that was necessary to give a man a polish, and as for a young Miss who had taken the important trip, she would put on more airs than a Yankee school mistress. For days, weeks, and months afterwards the railroad and the city were standing themes for conversation. And if you happened to ask a gay young lady if she had ever visited Petersburg, and she was unable to reply affirmatively, you would be apt to receive for an answer, "No, sir, but sister Sally has," or "brother Peter went there once," as if she was determined to impress upon your mind the fact there was at least one in the family who had "seen sights."

This was the state of affairs at one place, and we may very naturally suppose it was so elsewhere.

But I set out on this letter, with the settled purpose in view of introducing "a character as a character." Did you ever hear of Benjamin? Perhaps you have heard of a Benjamin, but did you ever hear of our Benjamin? No; then I will "by your leave" introduce him to your acquaintance, and, as I can not transfer him to paper, nor transmit him in a letter, I must satisfy myself by chalking him out as nearly as I can. Imagine then a tall, lean, spare-built, hook-nosed youngster, with long hair and grey eyes, and dressed in a full suit "bran new" of grey—or "pepper and salt"—homespun. His pantaloons appeared to be trying to cut him in twain, but a couple of stout thong-cut from old bridle reins, kept them down in their proper place, though they looked dangerous if the "straps" should give way. Benjamin's shirt collar was broad—very broad—and when turned down completely hid his collar, though not exactly visible itself all round, owing to the redundancy of head covering, that reminded one of hay well cured and hung upon a fence all. To crown all, Benjamin wore a hat as was a hat indeed, and if Genin or Beebe could get the style there is no telling but they might each make a princely fortune by following it in all its ramifications. My descriptive powers are none of the best, and when I get to that I give right up and let you draw on your imagination for the picture to represent the original.

This sir, in brief, is Benjamin—our Benjamin—and you see him arrayed now for a trip from "hum." Other folks had been to Petersburg, but our Benjamin was going to astonish the world and "the rest of mankind" by a trip clear to Baltimore. He had heard tell of Baltimore, felt certain there was such a place, and had got his wages and determined to go and see for himself. Now, Benjamin had a most contemptible opinion of town dandies, and perhaps one of them had given him cause to dislike them, by "setting up" to his sweetheart, and filling her head with notions gathered in a trip to Petersburg.

"Petersburg! Petersburg!" thought Benjamin, "It's everlastingly and eternally Petersburg; and unless I can beat 'em, and go further side o' 'ar, these town butterflies will outshine me. Its settled, and I'll find some place to go to just as soon as the crop's gathered." And so he did, for he was now on the eve of purchasing a ticket to Baltimore, and he fairly chuckled at the idea of going ahead of these town fellows, and beating them at their own game. He began to think about the time he would be sitting

by the side of Miss Judy, and hearing the town jays singing their song "Petersburg." "Petersburg!" and how triumphantly he would say to them, "Fshaw, don't tell us any more about your little pen of a town, go to Baltimore; that's the place to go to, and then you may talk!"

Well, after inquiring all the particulars about the cars, which he called "shops," Benjamin at last took his seat in one of the "shops," and away they went, but had not proceeded far before he bounced, and swore they had left his saddlebags, and all his new yarn stockings, that mother had been knitting especially for him to wear to Baltimore. But it turned out that his saddlebags were in the other "shop," and that was whistling along with them. Nothing occurred worthy of note on the route to Petersburg, except once or twice the noise created by the cars in running through bridges, frightened Benjamin so much as to cause him to come high jumping off. (The fact is, Benjamin was tolerably verdant.) When the polite conductor came to him for his ticket, "Ticket," says Benjamin, "Ticket for what?"

"Ticket for thunder! Is this 'ere thing going to Petersburg?"

"Yes, sir, this train is going to Petersburg."

"Stop her then, sir, stop her, for I paid my account to Baltimore, and have got a receipt; I don't want to go to none o' yer Petersburgs."

"You must go through Petersburg to go to Baltimore, sir, and perhaps your receipt includes all; please let me see it."

Benjamin fumbled away, and at last drew from his bosom a leather pocket-book, old and sleek, and opening it, drew forth his "receipt," from which the conductor, after explaining the matter, tore a little strip. Benjamin opened eyes wide but said nothing. In due time the cars arrived at Petersburg, and Benjamin was besieged by boys inquiring if he had any baggage to carry to the hotel. He beckoned one of these aside, and asked him if this was Baltimore; upon receiving an answer he desired to know how far it was to Baltimore, but the boy could not tell him. Says he, "Look here boss, how 'm I going to git to Baltimore; I've paid my account, and I'm going 'ar, then if that man did tear a piece off." The bugle sounded, Benjamin was directed to the omnibus, and away he went to the Richmond Depot, where he took the cars again. Here, when the Captain called for his ticket, he handed out his "receipt," from which another bit was torn. He would have expostulated, but the conductor did not have time to wait to hear his complaints, and he turned to a fellow traveller and enlightened him thus:—"These railroad folks must be a rough set, for here I paid my account clean to Baltimore, and they kept tearin' it up, and bimeby they'll be comin' after me to pay it all over agin, but I'll swear I won't pay another red, stranger! How far is it to Baltimore. Kin you tell me?"

"Near two hundred miles, sir, I believe."

"Two hundred, what?"

"Miles, sir."

"Thunder and cornstalks! Why, stranger, if I had thought it was half as far as that I should'n't never started. I'll wear out all my clothes before I git there."

"Oh no, I reckon not; you have more besides what you have on."

"I reckon so too, for I've got four new pair of yarn stockings two clean shirts, another pair of trousers, and a new waistcoat, and I had a notion to buy me a pair of new shoes when I got there. Can you tell me where I can git a pair cheap?"

"Oh! you will find no difficulty about that—"

"There," said Benjamin, cutting the conversation very suddenly, "I do reckon they've left my saddlebags. Don't you reckon so?"

"Very likely; where did you see them last?"

"Why, the tuther man told me he put 'em in one of the shops."

"And didn't you get them?"

"No, they hurried me off, and I forgot all about it. I'd love I'll get out, and go back and get 'em. It ain't more'n a mile or so back, is it?"

"Oh, yes, it's over twenty, for here we are at Richmond."

"Over what? and where? Why stranger, I be dad-fetched if they ain't got to go back and get my saddlebags if it takes um a week, for the man told me this ere piece of tin was good for it."

Just then the Captain appeared. "Passengers breakfast here before going over to the other Depot."

"Breakfast thunder! You better take your thing, and go back and get my saddlebags."

"Where are they sir?" asked the Captain.

"How should I know; I aint seen 'em since they give me this piece of tin."

"Oh! they're checked, are they. Well, sir, they're all right, and will go through safe; don't give yourself any trouble."

"Are they in that tuther shop, there?"

"They are in the forward car, sir."

Benjamin went into the hotel and ate breakfast—a very hearty one by the way, but upon being asked at the door for half dollar, he disputed the account.

"Half dollar!" said he; "for what?"

"For breakfast, sir."

"Why, I paid my bill clean through, board and lodgin', and it was such a big one, and I've been thinkin' they will lodge me and board me even after I get to Baltimore."

"That, sir, was only for your traveling, not your eating."

"Do you charge extra for eating?"

"Of course, sir; we are not connected with the Railroad at all."

"Well, couldn't you take less than half a dollar? I didn't eat four pence worth."

"No, sir, we have a regular price; and you had better make haste, the omnibus is about to leave."

Benjamin paid up, and hurried out to the omnibus, and hunching his nearest neighbor in the side, asked him, "Look a here, did they make you pay?"

The man hunched and addressed, proved to be a very gruff, fat old fellow, and as the omnibus was very much crowded, and Benjamin got the last chance at a seat, and was squeezed into about six inches of space, the old fellow thought an insult was meant by what he had said, and turned very gruffly on him and replied,

"Do you mean to insult me, sir, by your impertinence?" and was in the act of putting the poor fellow out, but some of the passengers, who witnessed the scene at the breakfast room door, interposed and explained the matter to the old gentleman.

"Now," says Benjamin, "if you are satisfied that I did not intend to insult you, you must apologize for trying to put me out o' here. Is this 'ere your thing? If it is, sir, I'll get out, but I paid my account through, and I'm going too. You're a big man and I'm away from home, but I'll be dad fetched if you can walk over me, sir."

He was fairly getting "riled up," and would have pitched into the old fellow "in a minute," had not the latter after whispering aside, that "it was best to humor a fool than be plagued with him," made all necessary apologies, and thus restored peace and quiet.

It was resolved among several mischievous young men to have a little fun at Benjamin's expense when they again got in the cars, and accordingly they got seats near him. They had not got fairly seated before a newsboy came in to the cars with his papers. "Baltimore Enquirer, sir," said he, poking one at Benjamin.

"Thankee," said Benjamin, and taking the paper, he commenced spelling the words, very much to his own satisfaction, but the little boy reminded him that he had not paid for it.

"Do you give a filler a thing, and then ask him to pay for it? Well that does beat."

"I didn't give it to you, I only showed it to you to buy, and you took it, and must pay for it."

Here one of the young bloods suggested that he might get into a difficulty with the town authorities and be detained, unless he paid for it, since he took it from the boy, and he had therefore best pay for it. Benjamin paid him, and the little fellow went on. Pretty soon another came in, and poked the New York Herald at our friend. But he shut his eyes and turned his head away.

"New York Herald, sir," screamed the boy in Benjamin's ear, at the same time holding the paper before him. But our Benjamin wasn't going to be sucked in by any more of these little pests, and he sat as still, and apparently as deaf and dumb as a statue. The little fellow passed on, and in a few moments the cars started. Benjamin opened his eyes.

"Where are you from, my friend?" asked one of the young men.

"Raccoon Range," said he.

"What is your name, if you will excuse me for asking?"

"Benjamin, and that was my father's name, and my grand-father's, his father's tew they tell me."

"A very nice name. Have you travelled along here often?"

"No, sir, I never was along here before, and I'll be blazed if I come along agin soon."

"Why, don't you like the route?"

"I don't know nothin' about the route, but the folks take all sorts of advantages of strangers. That feller back there where we ate, told me I didn't pay for nothin' but my travelin' and must pay extra for eatin' just as if a feller could travel without eatin'."

"What? He didn't charge you for breakfast, did he?"

"Yes, and made me pay a half a dollar, too, when I would a 'swore' I didn't eat nine-pence worth."

"Why in the world, did you let him take you in so?"

"What! didn't you pay?"

"Yes, but I didn't have a through ticket. I suppose you have a through ticket?"

"I'll show you what I've got. I know I paid my account clean to Baltimore."

"If that's the case then, you need not show your ticket. The fellow should not have charged you."

"There, dad fetch his picture, I knowed it; I knowed it, and told him so; but he said I must pay, and the embelous, as he called it, was about to start, and if I didn't make haste, I would be left."

"Did you show him your ticket?"

"No."

"Ah! that explains it; but you will see him, probably, on your return, and may succeed in getting your money back."

"I'll try it, any way, and if he don't pay me, my money, I'll git another breakfast, best him, stranger, how far is it to Baltimore—do you know?"

"I have never been here before, but they tell me that it is about seven hundred miles."

"Seven hundred miles! Well, if I'd a known that, I never should a started. A man told me a piece back, it was two hundred, and I thought that enough in all conscience. Why Judy'll get married, and have children before I get back."

"Oh, no, I hope not; you can get back in less than seven months, and you can write to her in the meantime."

"Seven months! Why, I should be grey in that time, and Judy would'n't have me, and there'll be them town fellers flyin' round her, like crows 'round a corn-hill, and knockin' all my fat in the breeze. Seven months! Well, I'll git off at the next stoppin' place and turn back. I told mother I'd be home in three weeks, or four at the outside."

"You say you paid to Baltimore?"

"Yes, and took a receipt."

"Then you will have to go through an 'low; you can't turn back; it's a pity you didn't know this."

"It's my opinion, sir, that gittin' my money was what they were up to, and after they got that, they didn't care three shakes of a sheep's tail what become o' me."

"Yes, but my advice to you is, to take it all quiet, and make no fuss about it till you git back."

"Tickets, gentlemen!" shouted the Conductor.

"I've paid my bill, sir, and have got a receipt," said Benjamin.

"Show it, if you please."

"Well, sir, if you doubt my word, you can see it," and fumbling away in his bosom, (the Conductor in the meanwhile disclaiming an intention of questioning his veracity,) he drew forth the same old pocket book, and the same ticket, from which the Conductor, while Benjamin was not noticing, tore off a piece, and handing the remainder to him passed on. Benjamin examined it closely, and said to himself,

"I do believe that feller tore my receipt; but I aint sure about it; I reckon I had better not say anything, but I'll watch the next one, certain."

"When did you leave home, my friend?" inquired one of the young gentlemen before alluded to.

"Why, I thought I left last night, but I don't know for certain."

"Impossible! Why, Raccoon Range is some six hundred miles from here. You must have left about the first of November."

"Well, sense I come to think of it, I believe it was the third of November when I started."

"I thought so, that will make it about two months since you left home, as this is the fourth of January."

"Two what? Where have I been? And here it is after the first of January too. Oh! goodness, stranger! can't you get them stop this thing till I can write a letter to Caleb. They'll all think I'm dead, and the old lady'll leave me out o' the will, for I told 'em I'd certainly be home to the Christmas-quitting, and Judy'll think I'm married, and she'll get married, and oh! I'm a ruined man. I wish I'd never seen one of these ternal things. Stranger, if ever I do git home agin I'll stay 'ar, Judy or no Judy. But I can't account how I lost time so."

"Perhaps, you never travelled on a railroad before," suggested his friend.

"No, and had fetch me ef I ever git on another."

"Well, you see, they 'kill time' with the thing that pulls us along, and, therefore, we don't see it pass away."

"Well, stranger, a man's got a heap to learn; but blazed ef I wouldn't rather stay at home after this. Fourth of January! The hogs not killed, the low ground not cleared the corn not all gathered, the cotton not picked out. Well, I'm done with your railroads. Stranger you must be mistaken. Two months! Six hundred miles! I aint eat but one meal that I kin remember of; do find out a mistake somewhere stranger; if you don't I'll go crazy, that I will."

"No mistake, sir, you must have passed through Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia South Carolina, North Carolina."

"That's whar I live, stranger. Raccoon Range is in North Carolina, and that's whar I come from."

"That makes a great difference, then; I was talking about one Raccoon Range and you another. Oh, yes! you left home last night, I guess, if you are from North Carolina, and, since I think of it, it is November instead of January. This seemed to relieve Benjamin's mind very much, and set him to thinking. As the cars hurried forward he soon fell into a sound nap of sleep, from which he did not wake till he arrived at the steamboat wharf at Aquia Creek.

And here, for the present, I propose to leave him, promising, however, to give you in a subsequent letter his "travels" from the Creek to Baltimore, and his sojourn in the Monumental City.

AC THORNTLY.

A LADY, a regular "shopper," who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the shop—they were all goods—objected that none were long enough. "I want the very longest hose that are made."—Then madam you had better apply to the next general house."

PRECEPTS.—"Tommy, my son, run to the store and get me some sugar."

"Excuse me, ma, I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco along."

MISCELLANEOUS.

M'LE RACHEL'S NOSE.
We often find very sprightly scraps of gossip in the "Echoes from Paris" of the French Courier. The following amusing anecdote of M'le Rachel, we translate from that journal.

PARIS, Jan. 19, 1854.
The Theatre Francaise has received for its Christmas-box the resignation of M'le Rachel. A letter from St. Petersburg conveys to us, in reference to the great tragedien, the following anecdote:

One day in the latter end of December last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, M'le Rachel was passing through one of the principal streets of the city. She alighted from her sleigh and walked along on foot in order to observe the Christmas displays in the richly adorned warehouses. The snow had ceased to fall since the evening before; the air was clear and calm, but excessively cold. Enveloped in ermine the tragedien, braved with her habitual courage the rigors of the temperature, and courageously exposed her delicate visage to the sharp and biting frost. With much less indifference did she appear to endure the gaze of a gentleman who had just met her, and who stared at her with an embarrassing attention. His fixed and continued gaze seemed naturally to her to be a most extraordinary impertinence, and already were her eyes flashing with rage when the gentleman springing towards her caught her in his arms, held her tightly to prevent resistance, then stooping, he gathered up a handful of snow, and began scouring with it the celebrated lady's nose.

M'le Rachel screamed fearfully, a crowd gathered around, but none among the spectators exhibited the least desire to oppose a proceeding that they observed with so lively an interest. One of them even offered a second handful of snow to continue the operation.—This was done very promptly, and when the gentleman had rubbed until he appeared satisfied, he restored to the lady her liberty, and saluting her with a respectful bow, said to her, "excuse me, Madame, but your nose was freezing, and it was the only means of saving it." The assistants confirmed by their voices and gestures the truth of his words, and M'le Rachel now comprehending that what she had taken for an offence was an important service, passed from anger to gratitude, and gracefully returned her thanks to the saviour of her nose.

The above is an incident that occurs frequently in Russia during the winter.

The person whose nose begins to get frost-bitten does not himself perceive it, insensibility being the first effect of the freezing, but others perceive it for him, for the peril exhibits itself by evident and well known signs.—Then and upon the spot the homoeopathic remedy is at once applied, by vigorously rubbing the place infected with snow, which, very comfortably, is always on hand in that country.

From the Saturday Evening Mail.
LATE TURMIPS.
The common English Turnip, when sowed early, is generally "corkey" and unfit for culinary purposes; but when sowed late, say after the vegetables have been removed—say peas, beans or early potatoes—this objection cannot be urged. The purple-top is a very desirable species for this purpose, growing smooth and fair, and possessing all the qualities required in the Turnip; either for table use or as a winter feed for stock. When cultivated in this way, we have found it a good plan to cleanse the surface carefully, removing all obstacles in the form of stones, weeds, &c., and after spreading on a liberal quantity of compost, in which ashes are freely mixed, to drill in the seed with a seed-sower, the soil having been previously prepared for its reception by harrowing with a heavy harrow, ploughing for this crop being unnecessary. Gypsum is also a good ingredient in compost intended for Turnips, unless the soil is of a gypseous character. Guano and podrette have a favorable action, also, on the crop, producing a rapid development, and giving superior weight and soundness to the roots. As soon as the seed germinates, and the plants are fairly developed, a slight dressing of sulphur should be applied, say in the morning when the dew is on the foliage; or, it may be mixed with stable urine, or that which has undergone a partial fermentation, and applied in irrigation. This tends not only to preserve the plants from the attacks of insects, from which, notwithstanding the advanced state of the season, they are not wholly exempt, but stimulates the secretory and assimilating organs, and thus insures a more vigorous and healthy growth.—Soot, or pulverized charcoal, has often produced highly beneficial effects, when applied liberally during the first week after the plants make their appearance. Cleanly cultivation is quite essential in producing a good crop of this vegetable. As soon as the bulbs begin to develop, the hoe should be introduced, and the plants slightly earthed up; but care should be taken not to cover them too deeply, as the action of the soil prevents their bottoming, and exposes them to the attacks of worms and other vermin.—The quantity of Turnips which may be raised on an acre of good soil, in this way, is much greater than those who have not had experience in Turnip culture would be disposed to believe; and as the Turnip is a valuable auxiliary in wintering stock, it is surprising that it has not received more attention. The presumption, now quite prevalent, that the English Turnip, in all its varieties, is not deserving of systematic or extensive cultivation as a food for domestic animals, deserves to be severely deprecated. No root, taking into consideration the expense of raising it, is more deserving the attention of the farmer and stock-raiser, as none, when managed in the way above recommended, will yield a larger profit from the capital and labor invested. For proof, the Turnip is unsurpassed.