

# The Independent Republican.

66 FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG. 67

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MONTROSE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1856.

FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS. VOL. 2. NO. 8.

## Poe's Corner.

Evelyn Hope.

From Robert Browning's New Poem, "Men and Women."

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!  
Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed.  
She tucked that piece of geranium flower,  
Pleading to die, too, in the glass.  
Little has been changed, I think—  
The shutters are shut, but may pass  
Save two long rays through the hinges' link.  
Sixteen years old when she died!  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—  
It was not her time to love, beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough, and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now as still,  
Till God's hand beckoned her away,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?  
What! your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars mark in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—  
And just because I was three or four,  
And our paths in my own estimation so wide,  
Each was thought to die, must I have  
We were fellow-mortals, might beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
Is great to grant, as might be said,  
In creases the love to reward the love—  
I claim you still, for my own sake!  
Dearest, it may be, for my soul's full scope,  
Through words I shall reverse, not a few—  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will.  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your youth of your own estimation so wide,  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
As the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I tell you, so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ranched the ages, spoiled the times,  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
And I wish I missed you, Evelyn Hope!  
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was place and to spare for the frank young  
So, hand—will give you this leaf to keep—  
So, I put it inside the sweet cold hand.  
There, that is our secret; go to sleep;  
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

Scenes of Winter.  
The following lines telling the horrors of Winter,  
from Anna Longfellow's new poem:

O, the long and weary winter;  
O, the cold and cruel winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,  
Fill the snow above the landscape,  
Fill the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the trees, and over the  
O, the famine and the fever!  
O, the wasting of the famine!  
O, the blinding of the fever!  
O, the waiting of the children!  
O, the hunger of the women!  
All the earth was sick and famished;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the life in their eyes,  
And the hungry stars in Heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Tales and Sketches.  
THE BLANK HOME.  
A New Year's Story.  
BY A. S. LEXBY.

"Here, James," said Mr. Usher, "it is five o'clock, and you will trouble us after this hour. Take this, my boy, and a happy New Year to you and your sister and mother—And, James, you need not come down at all to-morrow. Don't thank me. Is the shutter heavy? Here let me help you; and John Usher bustled about the shop, until everything was closed and barred; and after bidding James good-night, with a light heart the man of honest soul wended his way to his little home.

His little home! Yes, it was a little home, but in the same manner that his five-foot frame contained a heart large enough to fill the universe and dispense happiness everywhere, the soul of that little home was his life, and more than the grandest palace to him.

What were the outside movements of the world to him, save so far as that he heaved a sigh of sympathy for the distressed, and smiled with the happy, when that little home engrossed his heart, his head, and hand.

And his heart is honest, and his brain is thoughtful, and his hands labor-loving for the repose and peace of that little home.

table was set, with its white cloth, but no Mary. "I have it," he muttered, running to the oldest, "she has gone to get something for our merry New Year. But I wish the dear, good little woman would come back. It'll be dark before long."

He took hold of the frons and heartily shook the dripping faggots. The flames burst forth again, more lively. "Blaze away! It's like my feelings now." And Usher looked through the mirror of the past.

It was three years ago, and he had said to the daughter of his dear friend: "Mary, dear, I love you, truly, honestly, and constantly—I am comfortably situated in life, though not able to offer to you all the affluence that a more favored suitor might. I ask you to take my heart to make you happy, so long as Heaven shall spare us together. Will you be my little wife?"

And her blue eyes gazed up into his, while her lovely countenance beamed a blush of truthful modesty, and she answered him, "I will."

His heart throbbled with a self-given love and gratitude. He pressed a virtuous kiss upon her brow, and so—they were married. It had been so happy ever since, and she appeared so, too, till within a day or two, and now some event of which he had no knowledge, appeared to have cast a slight shade over her countenance.

He never that if it were proper he would have learned from her own lips what had occurred to cast a ray of gloom over the sun of his life. Oh, there was no doubt here—no room for doubt!

"I wonder if Henry will ever join himself in wedlock to some dear woman?" "Ah! if he knew how happy I was, he would not live the rambling reckless life he does! He is a noble fellow though, and I wish him all good fortune. Ah! what is that? A note—and directed to me? I suppose some business letter, and Mary has placed it on my plate that I may get it immediately on my arrival. Good, careful soul! Who can it be from? It's unusual for a business letter to be directed to my residence."

He unlocked the seal and reads. As he peruses the note his face flushes, then turns pale, and for a moment he sits like a statue, gazing upon the hand that held the letter. The letter basfallen on the floor.

"Great God! It cannot be! And he strives to reach the missive, but is unable to move. The note reads thus:

"I have gone, God knows that I am wretched. Do not mourn for me, I am unworthy your thought or remembrance. But I love you, your cousin, and have gone to share his lot. Pray for the erring, Mary."

Gene fled from the heart that had almost wrenched her—the hand that had constantly been lifted upward in prayer for her peace and perfect happiness.

It cannot be! Oh, no! He rises, goes up stairs, returns, and falls into a chair. Her wardrobe was stripped.

"This is no plot for me." He started from his chair and seized his hat. A knock came at the door. It is she—she has returned. Oh, Heaven, I thank thee. He again fell back and buried his face within his hands.

"Oh, can we do anything for you, dear Mr. Usher?" The voice was sweet and plaintive—so like hers!

"James and I have called on you because—because—the light form approached close to his side—we had a note from her—the wretched man groaned.

It was a short note; it only said you had met with an affliction—that we must come and comfort you, because you loved us; and I am sure we love you, do we not James?"

er. I have journeyed many, many miles to ask your forgiveness and your blessing, and then to die."

She ceased for a moment, and he nervously grasped the hand of the frail child—who stood by him looking up into his noble face, as though to join her pleadings with those of the supplicating unfortunate before him. She spoke again:

"He who was so treacherous to you, his best and dearest friend, lured me from you and then desisted me. I have begged my way here. You cannot refuse me."

He still looked upward. "This was once my happy home. Here, a long, long time ago, your arm protected me—your love nourished me, and I was happy in doing good—I banished the happy spirit from your dearth stone; but I am miserable and want to die. Will you not forgive me?"

"Mary," he ejaculated. He looked, and before him stood her he had loved so well—his darling wife. On the chair by his side was the hood and cloak, and the basket set upon the table.

"Here, dear John," she said, "see, here is a nice pie and cake I have brought from my friend Hattie's who visited upon my calling for them for your supper—and they are so nice!" She laid them upon the table.

John stood motionless. Had it all been a dream, then! The door opened, and Ellen and James entered.

"See, dear husband. Here are your proteges. I insisted upon their joining us, and my calling for them was what kept me so late. You did not get anxious, did you dear?"

He answered nothing, but pressed a kiss upon her lips. It was a happy supper to John Usher, for the light of his life was there. God bless them both!

He never realized his dream of the BLANK HOME.

The Newfoundland Dog's Vengeance.  
BY OLD GRAY.

I was always fond of dogs. Goldsmith, in his touching and eloquent plea for the dog—where, alluding to a sort of mania for dog killing, which prevailed at the time of which he speaks, in consequence of an unreasonable apprehension of hydrophobia—says, among other fine things, that the dog is the only animal which will leave his own kind voluntary, to follow man.

It is true, and the truth should bind man to the dog's protector and friend.

The American brig Cecilia, Capt. Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions—his intelligent and broad white chest, white feet and white-tipped tail—the rest of his glossy body being black, made him as beautiful as his peerless namesake—who would, no doubt, have been proud to possess him.

Capt. Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and especial repugnance to dogs, as much as, indeed, as all his ancestors had died by hydrophobia, and he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day manifested in a very shocking manner; for Napoleon had several times entered his room, and by the waving of his great banner of a tail, knocked over and ink off his desk. On the next occasion, the captain seized a knife and cut the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation he fell the captain to the floor with a sledge hammer blow, which had hit the temple, would have forever prevented the captain from cutting off any more dog's tails.

the mate, as the boat now followed the dog, whose huge limbs propelled him gallantly to the scene of danger.

Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way, ever and anon his head sinking in the waves and behind him the back of the ferocious animal told him what fearful progress he was making, while Lancaster in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer and the faithful dog which had saved his own life.

There was a fixed look of determination in his face, which convinced all that should the dog become a sacrifice to the shark, Lancaster would revenge his death if possible, even at the risk of his own life.

"God God! what a swimmer!" exclaimed the mate, who marveled at the speed of the animal. "The shark will have them both if we don't do our best!"

The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous monster had arrived within three or four lengths of the captain, and suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man, and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their rows of long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, seemingly inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh while the boat swiftly neared him.

"Saved! if we are half as smart as that dog is," cried the mate, as all saw the ferocious monster shoulder in the sea, and starting with the pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster with his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water, where the captain had also sunk from view.

But a few moments elapsed ere the dog arose to the surface, and soon after Lancaster with the immense form of the captain.

"Pull them in and give them a bar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water into his eyes as he came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's legs, as his body was drawn into the boat.

For a second time, the shark passed the boat, plunged, and was seen no more, but left a stream of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the wound from Napoleon.

The boat now pulled towards the Cecilia, and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, feeble from his efforts, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament his own cruel act, which had mutilated him forever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland, who stood by his side, "if I could only repair the injury I have done to that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are avenged, and so is he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

A WHITE MOTHER FOR SALE.  
Mr. C, a dry goods merchant of Boston, was with me at the little city of M., where he went to visit a partner in trade. He had not been in a Slave State before and was bitterly opposed to emancipation. Two merchants—Slaveholders—had been in our company on the way to the city. When conversing with them, Mr. C. uniformly concurred with them.

The next morning after we arrived, we saw a handbill in a bar-room, in which four female slaves were advertised for sale. Stepping out into the street we found those girls sitting on the sidewalk. At the further end of the row was a very beautiful girl, apparently perfectly white, and neatly dressed. The moment Mr. C. discovered her, he exclaimed, "What do you think that white girl is sitting there with those negroes for?"

"That can't be!" replied Mr. C. "just look at her! I never saw a prettier girl in my life."

ing that Mr. C. did not comprehend the superior value of female beauty, to physical ability in a slave, he added—"but you know she is a high-priced fancy girl."

"By Heavens!" vociferated Mr. C., "it is too bad!" and turning to me with clenched teeth, he said, "I will never say another word against the abolitionists so long as God lets me live."

ANNE LAURIE.  
We give below the words of "Anne Laurie," now the most popular ballad in the British Camp. It was sung by the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the night prior to the attack on the Great Bazaar. A correspondent who was present on the occasion writes: "Hundreds of voices, in the most exact time and harmony, sang together—"

"And for Bonnie Anne Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and die."  
"The effect was extraordinary; at least I felt it so. I never heard any chorus in an Oratorio rendered with greater solemnity. The heart of each singer was evidently far over the sea. It was more like a psalm than a ballad; for at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier only thinks of his love and his God."

Maxwell brass are bonnie,  
Where early he's the dew,  
And for Bonnie Anne Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snow drift—  
Her throat is like the swan—  
Her face is like the fairest  
That ever came from heaven—  
That's her complexion—  
And dark blue is her eye;  
And for Bonnie Anne Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
And like the wind in summer evening,  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And for Bonnie Anne Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and die.

BAD ENGLISH.  
If the publication of grammars and the incessant repetition of grammatical rules in school could make a people acquainted with the language they speak, we, the people of the United States, should be the most grammatical of nations. But we are not. We speak villainous English habitually, and write worse. We use too many words, and use them inelegantly, and ineffectually—a fact which we attribute to the prevalence of compelling pupils to express ideas ("in compositions") before they have any ideas to express.

"Words, words, words," said Hamlet, when Polonius asked him what he was reading, and the remark is an accurate description of a majority of modern books. Our literature is full in words; our history is a fourth-of-a-page in countless volumes. But this is nothing to our present purpose.

Burgess & Co., of this city, have published a little volume called "Mistakes of Daily Occurrence in Speaking, Writing and Pronouncing Corrected," from which we have selected a Column or so of the most common errors, for the benefit of our readers. Let no one be offended, for these errors are committed by the educated as well by the ignorant. The other night we heard a noted orator pronounce *antipodes* with the accent on *tip*, and let *de* rhyme with *case*; it is a word of four syllables, and not of three, as most persons make it.

They committed a heinous crime: pronounced *he-nus* or *hain-us*; NEVER as *one* or *one* in the *Tribune*; pronounced *advertisement* with the accent on *ver*, and not on *tise*.

Have you seen the *Miss Browns* lately? We keep them at various prices; pronounce *prices* exactly as written, and not *prize*. *Jalap* is of great service; pronounce *jalap* exactly as it is written; seven *jollap*, pronounce *dought* so as to rhyme with *snout*, and not *drowth*.

I prefer *radishes* to *cucumbers*; pronounce *radishes* exactly as spelled, and not *radishes*, and the first syllable of *cucumber* like *du* in *duel*, and not as if the word were *cucumbar*. The *horizon* is the line that terminates the view; pronounce *horizon* with the accent on *ri*, and not on *ho*, which is often the case.

Not as I know it, say *I know*. *Sardano-pala*; pronounce it with the accent on *pa*, and not on *ap*, as is almost invariably the case. He always preaches *extempore*; pronounce *extempore* in four syllables, with the accent on *tem*, and never in three, making *pore* to rhyme with *score*; but with *story*.

You have *seen* it very badly; *write*, *used* it; pronounce *used* to rhyme with *road*. I doubt not but I shall be able, say, that I shall.

It is not improbable but I may be able to procure you a copy; say *that I may*, etc. There can be no doubt but that he will succeed; leave out *but*. Who do you mean? say, *Whom*. Who do you know who this book belongs to? say, *Whom*, etc., or, *to whom* this book belongs? Who do you think I saw yesterday? say, *Whom*. Who do you know who you are speaking to? say, *Whom*, etc., or, *Do you know to whom*, etc. Who did you inquire for? say, *Whom*. For whom did you inquire? say, *Whom*. Who did it *unknow* to us; say, *unknow*, etc. The *duke* discharged his *duty*. Be careful to give the slender, clear sound of *u*. Avoid saying *duok* and *duy*; or *duo* for *du* or *duw*.

John went with *James and I*; say, *James and me*. Between *you and I*, he is not very generous; say *you and me*. Let *you and I* take a walk; say, *Let you and me*, or *Let us*. Who would think of saying, *Let I go*?

A steam engine; pronounce *engine* with *en*, as in *pen*, and not like *in*, *ap*, *gine*, like *gin*. A courier is expected from Washington; pronounce *cour* in *courier* so as to rhyme with *too*; never pronounce *courier* like *currier*.

I fear I shall *disconmode* you; say, *inconmode*. I can do it *equally*, as well as *he*; leave out *equally*. The man was *hung last week*; say *hang-ed*; but say, I am fond of *hung beef*. *Hang*, to take away life by hanging, is a regular verb.

He made out the *inventory*; place the accent on *inventory* on the syllable *in*, and never on *ven*. If you are a Western man, you are liable to give your vowels too great breadth. You should not say *far* for *lear*, *lum* for *lone*, *dauter* for *dollar*; and it is better to avoid using such expressions, as *I reckon*, *I guess*, *I calculate*, too frequently.

The affair was *compromised*; pronounce *compromised* in three syllables, and place the accent on *com*, sounding *misad* like *priced*; the word has nothing to do with *promised*. *Rinse* your mouth; pronounce *rinse* as it is written, and never *rease*. "Wrench your mouth," said a fashionable dentist one day to a patient.

The *Bedouins* are a wandering tribe of Arabs; say, *Bedoo-ins*—*Arabs*, accenting, in such instances, on the first syllable. I shall have finished by the *latter* end of the week; leave out *latter*, which is unnecessary.

His language was quite *blasphemous*; be aware of placing the accent on *ple* in *blasphemous*. A very common mistake, and by no means confined to persons of ordinary education. Place the accent on the syllable *blas*.

Gibbon wrote the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire"; pronounce *Rise*, the noun, so as to rhyme with *price*; *Rise*, the verb, rhymes with *price*. I saw him *somewhere* in the city; say, *somewhere*. N. B.—*Whether*, *everywhere*, and *anywhere* are more frequently heard.

You are very *mischievous*; pronounce *mischievous* with the accent on *mis*, and not on *chie*, and do not say *mischievous*. She is a *matron*; say, *may-tron*, and not *matron*.

There are many more errors in very common use among us, some of which are not set down in the work before us. Truthful is, that a large number of our best read people, become acquainted with words through the medium of the eye alone. They never hear a word correctly pronounced, and it is no wonder that they should pronounce such words as *optima*, *antipodes*, *Penelope*, *Pegasus*, and others, according to the usual analogy. We suggest to the publishers either to enlarge their book so as to embrace within it all the common mistakes, or to prepare another volume in plain directions for the correct pronunciation of all words likely to be mispronounced by those who derive their knowledge of words from reading only. The rapid sale of the present collection shows that such a work is needed.—*Life Illustrated*.

Leap Year.  
The recurrence of leap year has called out many interesting reminiscences of the privileges of the ladies. Among other things of the kind, it is mentioned that—

"By an ancient act of the good old Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Margaret, about 1288, it was ordained that during the reign of her maist beaist Majesty, lady Maudie, lady of both high and low estate shall have liberty to speak to man she likes; if he refuse to take her to be his wife, he shall be waded in the sum of a hundred pounds or less, as his estate may be, except, and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman; then he shall be free."

From the *Sieur de Beaujan's* "Description of the Kingdom of Poland," published at Rouen, in 1682, it appears that, at that period, the Cossack damsels also made proposals of marriage. M. Beaujan says:

"Here, then, contrary to the custom of all other countries, may be seen young girls making love to young men; and a superstition prevalent among them, and carefully observed, causes them scarcely ever to miss their object, and, indeed, renders them more sure of success than the men would be, should the latter attempt the wooing. They proceed somewhat after the following manner:

"The maiden goes to the house of the father of the young man whom she loves when she thinks the family are all together, and says, on entering, *Pomogoboy*, which means, God bless you. She pays her compliments to him who has made so great an impression on her heart, and tells him she thinks he will know how to govern and love his wife. 'Thy noble qualities,' she continues, have led me to pray thee very humbly to accept me for thy wife.' She then asks the father and mother to consent to the marriage. If she receives a refusal or some excuse, as that he is too young and not ready to marry, she answers that she will not depart, until he has espoused her. This she perseveres and persists in remaining until she has obtained a favorable answer to her demands.

"After several weeks the father and mother are not only constrained to give their consent, but also persuade themselves to look upon their more favorably. At the same time, the young man, seeing the maiden so determined in her affection for him, begins to regard her as the one who is destined to be the mistress of his desires. Finally, he prays his father and mother to permit him to espouse her. Thus she accomplishes her purpose, and the entire family, through fear of incurring the wrath of God by expelling her from their house, are constrained to give their consent to the union."

This is the eighth week since the commencement of the present session of Congress, and yet no Speaker of the House is elected.

## AN HONEST MAN.

Many years ago there lived on the bank of the Potomac, just at its confluence with the dark waters of the Chesapeake, an eccentric old man by the name of Bodge. Bodge was a man of considerable wealth. The people there, especially those who had known him in better days, had a sympathy for this decayed old citizen, and were not disposed to criticize his somewhat erratic conduct with much particularity. Moreover, whatever other failings he had, "Old Bodge" was a man of truth. There was a theory that he would sometimes steal, but he scorned a lie. This was a distinction upon which he stood with something like pride.

One summer's afternoon there came up upon the lazy tide the old schooner, which was then the chief communication with the metropolis, and among the crowd of men and boys waiting her arrival on the shore, was our friend. A worthy deacon of the village church took him aside and informed him, with his business-like frankness, that he had a large variety of merchandise on board, particularly a lot of fine salt fish; and he proposed to give Bodge five of the latter, with the understanding that he was not to take anything else.

Bodge hesitated. "It was a hard case," but if the deacon would allow him to select none of the best fish on board, he would pass the word—"and so the compromise was made."

It was a larger cargo than Bodge expected. The shades of evening began to fall before it was half landed, and opportunity seemed to serve better than he had supposed. He repeated his bargain, but never thought of breaking his word. He left a course-like this to his betters; but he deliberately brought back the fish he had received, laid them on the wharf and said:

"Deacon, I've brought back those fish. The fact is, I think I can do better."

Dr. CHARLES ROBINSON OF KANSAS.—The Springfield Republican has an extended sketch of this gentleman nominated for Governor by the Free State party of Kansas. Mr. Robinson was born in Hardwick, Worcester County, Massachusetts. He was a medical student in the office of the late Dr. Timothy G. Gridley, of a schoolmaster for five years, and wife a daughter of the late Hon. Myron Lawrence, of Belchertown, has been an agent of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, and accompanied one of the first parties that emigrated from that region. The settlement at Lawrence City was made, and Dr. Robinson was chosen the Mayor—an office he still retains. His history since that time is intimately interwoven with the history of the Territory. He has carried a cool head, a steady judgment, and a fearless spirit, throughout all the difficulties in Kansas.

The illustrious Madison lived his family in a grave yard and a short distance from the old family mansion; the family cemetery is surrounded by a brick wall the gate of which is broken down. Not a stone marks the great man's resting place. A dark running green vine wraps it with verdure and 'tis a solemn calm and peaceful spot. Mrs. Madison's remains are in the vault of the congressional burying ground in Washington—her direct line, and the time is not far distant when her husband but her son has never fulfilled her request.

FENNY REASON.—In the Arrison trial at Cincinnati, says the Columbian, one of the gentlemen who was chosen as a juror; and who lives almost within a stone's throw of the place where the infernal machine exploded, stated in his examination, that he had never "heard of the case," and in excuse for this want of knowledge of what was going on—said that "he had a house rented to a lot of Irish, and they gave him so much trouble that he couldn't think of anything else."

During the search instituted by the editor of the *Times* for female composers, it is reported that the following short dialogue took place:

Brister—Good morning, Mr. Henpeck, have you got any daughters that would make good typesetters?

Henpeck—No, but I've got a wife that would make a very fine devil. —*Zanesville American*.

CONSEQUENCES OF SMOKING.—A lady once declared that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "Certainly, short-cut their lives," said the lady, "in procession in honor of the largest vegetable of the species, which can be discovered. The 'King' of the present year was grown at St. Maude, and weighed 348 pounds, being a little less than seven feet in circumference."

The religious world of England is just now excited by rumors that Prince Albert has embraced Unitarian Doctrine, and that his wife, the Queen sympathizes with him in sentiment; and therefore the visible or temporal head of the Church of England has become heterodox.

CASSIN TAKES.—Well, Mrs. Finnigan, how many have you in the family?

Mrs. Finnigan.—Well, let me see, there's me, and Misher Finnigan, and Mary, and Meg, and John, and Michael, and Patrick, and eleven chickens, three geese and a Dootchman.

WASPED.—By a maiden lady, a local habitation and a name. The real estate she is not particular about, so that the title is pretty good. The name she wishes to hand down to posterity.

He who goes to bed in anger, has the devil for his bedfellow. A wag desires us to say he knows a married man, who though he goes to bed meek and gentle as a lamb, is in the same predicament.

Among other blessings, says Dr. Franklin, a man should thank God for his vanity, because it makes him feel happy.

A manufacturer has been established in New York for the production of watches entirely of American manufacture.