

# The Independent Republican.

66 FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG.

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## WATCH AND PRAY.

*Lead us not into temptation.*  
Watch! In the daily path we tread  
A thousand wiles snare us laid;  
Temptations rise on every side,  
The love of wealth, unholy pride,  
Ambition, pleasure, even love,  
May tempt from duty, and may prove  
A snare to lure unwary feet,  
To paths of folly, or deceit.

Watch! For ye know not in what hour,  
Or with what storm, sudden power,  
Temptation may your souls assail;  
Or with what cunning, art prevail;  
In one unguarded moment, all  
The weary work of years may fall:  
Honor all crushed, and blessing all  
Love, virtue, hope, forever dead.

Pray! For the heart of man is weak;  
There will be a time to seek  
For aid to his frailty—tugged way,  
Warned us to watch—taught us to pray—  
Preserved by a thousand, and may prove  
Crushed beneath a thousand trial woes—  
Be this the burden of thy prayer:  
Power to resist, and strength to bear.

Watch! For the evil steps will stray  
Unnoticed, from the path of duty—  
That which be not all in vain.  
Not only pray! He will not give  
His aid, to those who do not strive.  
But guard thy footsteps, day by day,  
Be strong, yet trustful—Watch and Pray!  
S. C. M.

## ENGAGING A GOVERNESS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

One morning, during my undergraduate course in dear old Trinity, I arose, intent upon attaining for past indolence by a hard day's reading. All things seemed to favor my purpose. The weather being damp and gloomy, there was little risk of interruption from a visitor; and my wild fellow-student, Burrows, who used so often to break in upon my studies, having just taken rooms outside college, there was, I concluded, no fear of disturbance from him. Throwing myself back in my chair, and placing my slippered feet upon the fender in a state of delightful ease, I had just got fairly under way, when, much to my annoyance, the widowed old dame who attended me entered, and placed a letter in my hand. The address was in the hand-writing of the young gentleman I have just alluded to. And now a misgiving that my intentions were about to be frustrated gradually possessed me. My anticipations were correct. I opened it rather tentatively, and found it to be an urgent summons to attend immediately to my lodgings, where he had made arrangements for affording myself and other entertainment of the rarest possible kind. Again I read his note; and as I thought of the merry hours we had spent together, my better resolutions, like Bob Acre's courage, began to ooze through my fingers' ends.

"What a piece of folly can the mad scamp have on hand?" thought I, as I read the letter through a third time. An insidious gleam of sunshine at this critical moment stole through the dusky window.

"I must go and see." And, throwing aside my books, I prepared to equip myself for the walk.

Jack Burrows was, in the cant phrase of the day, a "fast" young fellow, just emerged from his teens, a flood of money, but very little brains, who lived extravagantly, gave champagne suppers, and had, in consequence, a numerous circle of acquaintances. His chief companion was a young man some seven years his senior, who had been at Oxford, a seat of learning which, according to his own statement, he had voluntarily relinquished for the more quiet haunts of the Irish University. Burrows, however, had it, that he had been expelled from Oxford, and that, too, for offences of no venial character. There was something disagreeable, and even sinister, about him, which, despite his studied efforts to please, rendered him an object of very general dislike. His name was Whitty, and this was all that was really known of him; for, though making frequent allusions to his Oxford acquaintances, his tone was vague and obscure, and he studiously evaded all attempts to draw from him particulars as to his past life. He was the companion and abettor of young Burrows in all his wild and extravagant courses; and such was the influence he had acquired over his pupil, as I may term him, that the latter had become a mere puppet in his hands.

On arriving at Burrows' lodgings, I met several young fellows, invited, no doubt for the same object as myself, but all as yet ignorant of the nature of the party, and ignorant of our reasons for enlightenment. Burrows opposed a steady resistance until the whole party should have arrived.

"No," said he, in reply to our entreaties, "Frank Mahon is still due. When he comes, I'll make a clean breast of it."

And now all had assembled, and the mighty secret was revealed. Whitty, as I had suspected, had planned it; and it was worthy of his author.

"We are going to treat you," said Burrows, looking slyly at his tutor, "to a lark with the governesses," and he burst into a roar of boyish laughter.

"How? What can you mean?" we demanded.

"Listen," said Whitty. "You know that every day there are scores of governesses—old and young, plain and pretty, strong-minded and simple-seeking for employment. We have made a selection from the newspapers, and written to a dozen of them, and sent off answers to them through the post. All our 'elegant extracts' will call here today, at the different hours named. We will meet them in turns, and if we don't strike out of them, I will only say that we are not good for much.

The ungentlemanly character of the scheme was so apparent, that young and thoughtless as we were, it was received with coldness. Some, including myself, even strongly condemned it; but Whitty having persuaded us that it was a harmless frolic, which would be productive of the utmost gratuity and amusement, it was decided, at length, that the joke, as he termed it, should be played out. I had been the first to condemn it, and was the last to yield; and, as a punishment for my obstinacy, it was voted that I should have the first reception, or, as Burrows termed it, "open the ball."

We had not long to wait, for before many minutes had passed, little Tom Hatchell, who was smoking a segar in the balcony, announced an arrival.

"By George! she's magnificent," said he, "Six feet high, at least, with clogs."  
The valet, who had been purposely placed on the watch, conducted her upstairs, while I, timid and nervous, feeling very much like a fool, and very unlike a gentleman, repaired alone to an adjoining room, to hold my reception. Making due allowance for the clogs, she was very tall, not young, and decidedly the worse for wear. Bowing very stiffly, she surveyed me from head to foot, evidently waiting for me to speak. Not well knowing what to say, I bowed her to a seat. An unaccountable fascination compelled me to keep my eyes steadily fixed on hers, which, in their turn, were fastened upon me, appearing to read into my very soul. There was a cool self-possession about her which threw me fairly out of the saddle. After some time she broke silence:

"I have received an answer," said she, "in reply to an advertisement in mine. Do you know anything of it?" and she fixed her large stony eyes upon mine.

"Oh! yes, I do," returned I, feeling like a culprit beneath the scowling eyes of Justice.

"My name is Magawley," continued the lady, "I believe I am true to the time named."

"Oh! quite punctual—remarkably so." "Punctuality, sir," she added, "has been the guiding principle of my life."

"That fact, ma'am," I observed, "does you much honor, it is a letter of recommendation in your favor."

"I was going to add more, but the faint sounds of suppressed laughter in the adjoining room banished it from my head, and threw me once more into a state of embarrassment."

"I am happy to find that you concur with me on so important a point," said the lady.

"Finishing governess, ma'am?" I asked, not knowing well what to say, yet anxious to exhibit *aplomb* to my critical companions.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "a finishing governess in the most extended sense of the term. My studies, sir, have not been confined to the narrow limits which fashion imposes hitherto prescribed for the female mind. The wide range of mathematics, English in all its ramifications, the dead and modern languages—"

"Irish, of course?" I timidly suggested. My dame shot seemed to take the lady aback.

"Why—no," said she, after a moment's pause, "not Irish. It's not customary, nor is it, in fact, gentler." "Ah! there, you see, is fashion," I remarked.

Here, with a view of reassuring me as to her capabilities, she entered into a minute detail of her acquisitions, overwhelming me, as it were, with a torrent of words, and producing as she did so, a voluminous roll of paper, which she handed to me, with a "Whist! smiling, smirking, and yawning by turns, submitted to my fate like a martyr."

"Heavily wishing for an opportunity of bidding her good morning, yet not knowing how to do so, a mode of terminating our interview suddenly occurred to me.

"Before we proceed further, ma'am," said I, "may I ask you one question?" "Oh! yes—your advertisement—yes," returned Whitty, smiling, as he no doubt thought, with a most fascinating expression.

"Please—ah—my dear, to take a seat." "As I am a gentleman—a sad and lonely one—who wishes for some one—like yourself to breathe on him his fragrance, to lead his wayward heart to virtue, to be his guide, his mentor, his governess."

This insolent speech so astonished the young lady, that for some time she stood perfectly still; then, heaving a sigh in the next apartment, she indignantly demanded an explanation.

"My dear young lady, will you be seated, and hear me?" returned Whitty.

"Dear young lady," she repeated, "contemptuously, while proudly tossing her head, and looking, as I thought, more beautiful than ever, in the continued scorn with which she regarded Whitty.

"Yes, indeed!" his likeness at once prodded her to explain; then, approaching her, he seized her hand and attempted to press it to his lips.

"I could resist no longer. 'This is outrageous!' I cried, and darting forward, I tore him from her side and hurled him to a distant part of the room. Recovering himself in an instant, he became deadly pale, and, 'scowling at me with an expression of anger and malignity I shall never forget, he followed the young lady into the room we had just occupied. If his object was to prevent her from raising an alarm he was too late; for, rushing to the open window, she screamed, at the height of her voice, 'Ho! Richard, come up here!' and in a moment afterward a noise was heard like the bursting open of a ball door, and the person summoned dashed into the room. He was a tall, fresh-colored lad, about nineteen, his likeness at once proclaiming him as the brother of the young girl to whose assistance he had come.

"What's wrong, Nelly?" he asked indignantly, in a tone redolent of the far West. His sister, clinging to his arm, rapidly detailed what had occurred, while the young man, seeming to swell with rage, glared around him, like a panther determined to attack, but uncertain upon whom to make the first spring.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the lady, looking ferociously around.

"The fact is, ma'am," said I, attempting an explanation, but failing, and again breaking into uproarious laughter.

"Hut, hut—impudent, audacious puppy!" she exclaimed, dealing me a blow upon the cheek with her hard fleshless hand that brought me to my knees, and rang like a trumpet through my ears; then, tossing the tray out of the servant's hand, and dashing the wine in his face, while the glass fell in fragments around, she strode majestically from the room, making a fearful clatter with her clogs as she descended.

My friends now gathered around me with congratulations on the creditable manner with which I had acquitted myself; while smarting with pain, my cheek burned as if it had been recently blistered—endeavored to appear cheerful, and to share in their mirth.

"That was a remarkable old monster," said Sheridan, one of our party. "I wonder, what kind of divinity mine will be?"

"I hope she won't have as hard a hand as my friend," I exclaimed, pressing my hand to my cheek.

"My turn next," said Whitty, rubbing his hands gleefully together; "and I think I can promise you a little variety," and, producing a newspaper from his pocket, he read: "A young lady from the country, who has been educated on the continent. 'My tastes are exotic,' said he, folding up the paper. 'Two is the hour named, so I suppose we shall have her here directly. People in want of employment are usually punctual,' and he ended with a short, disagreeable laugh.

Ever long the second arrival was announced. We took our places in the front drawing-room, and the young lady from the continent was shown into the adjoining room, one of the folding doors being left partially open to enable us to witness the interview. A glance convinced us that she was not the denizen of a city. Glowing with health, pretty and *plaisante*, and, above all, possessing that charm of youth which the French have applied the phrase, '*jeune de dix-huit*,' she impressed us all with admiration, and (such is the power of beauty) will fill a full sense of our dishonorable and unmanly conduct.

"What a lovely girl," remarked one in a whisper.

"Is she not beautiful?" exclaimed another. "By Jove! we are acting a shabby part." As for me, I spoke not, but bowed internally that if Whitty attempted to assault her, I would fill him to the floor, for I felt, for the time, endowed with triple strength. For a few moments she stood irresolute, expecting, doubtless, to see the lady who, as she supposed, had written to her, while Whitty, wearing an impudent air, yet looking rather sheepish withal, stood silent before her.

There was that peculiar dignity about the young girl which ever attends purity and innocence, when accompanied by good sense. The bold man felt awed; his tactics were deranged. Finding that no lady appeared, and that Whitty still remained silent, she asked, in a slightly foreign accent, to see the lady who had written to engage a governess.

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"What's wrong, Nelly?" he asked indignantly, in a tone redolent of the far West. His sister, clinging to his arm, rapidly detailed what had occurred, while the young man, seeming to swell with rage, glared around him, like a panther determined to attack, but uncertain upon whom to make the first spring.

"Who dared to insult you thus?" at length he asked.

"That man," she replied, pointing to Whitty. Then, overcome with excitement and with the sense of the outrage offered to her, she burst into passionate tears.

Roused at her grief, the brother disengaged himself from her arm, then, with quivering lip and dilated nostrils, his eyes seeming to flash fire, he advanced toward the offender, who, though evidently ill at ease, endeavored to appear calm and collected.

"So you are in want of a governess," said the youth, advancing toward Whitty and grasping with his left hand the lapels of his coat.

"Hands off, rascal! or you shall repent it," roared Whitty.

"Rascal!" exclaimed the youth, indignantly; then, raising the stout cane which he carried in his right hand, he applied it about the shoulders of the other with a force that must have cut to the bone.

Uttering a yell of mingled rage and agony, the latter dashed his clenched hand into his opponents face; they grappled, and rolled together on the carpet. The young lady, who had now recovered her composure, to our great surprise, contemplated the scene before her with the utmost satisfaction, and appeared only anxious that her brother should prove the victor. Her tears, like an April shower, soon dried, and gave place to sunshine.

In a few moments we separated them, but found it impossible to keep them asunder. Their blood was up, and they were madly anxious to rush at each other. Whitty stormed and raged like an angry tiger; the other acted like a young panther who had just tasted blood, and was sure of his prey.

Whitty, who was a strong, well-grown man, was wont to boast of his strength, and prided himself on being a patron of the ring. He was something of an amateur, too, and handled "the gloves" with some dexterity. Exasperated at the audacity of the youth who had thus dared him, he determined to visit him with condign chastisement; probably, too, he felt that his reputation was at stake, and that his influence over Burrows depended upon his successful termination of the contest.

"I'll give the lad such a dressing," said he in confidence to those near him, "as he'll remember all the days of his life. I'll send him whirling home like a beaten cart."

In truth, this result was only what we expected. So much was impressed with the inequality of the contest, that I declared it should not be proffered with, and threw myself between them to prevent a collision.

My efforts, however, were unavailing. "This, sir, is my concern," said the lad, maddened with his efforts to restrain him. "Believe me, that before I have done with him, I'll cause him to regret the day he offered an insult to the blood of the Martins."

"But you are a mere boy," said I, "while he is a full grown man."

"Don't mind that," returned he, indulging in a short dry laugh, in which, to my surprise, his sister joined. "Only see fair play, and I am satisfied."

The fact was, that the young lad, being fresh from school, where, in those days, boxing was still in fashion, was a perfect master of the pugilistic art, and, though inferior in size and strength, was vastly superior to the other in agility, and in vigor of lungs.

I could only yield, and, determined to see fair play, assumed to myself the position of second to young Martin, heartily wishing him success. And now commenced one of the most exciting scenes I have ever witnessed. In which the young lady, nervous to the point of insensibility, stood by, with strong feelings and strong resentments, seemed to take as deep an interest as ourselves. In the confusion of the moment, her bonnet had fallen off, allowing her dark, luxuriant hair, to fall around in graceful tresses. We now saw that, although in a staid woman, she was little more than a child in years. Intent upon the scene before her, passionately resenting the insult offered to her, and quite unconscious of our wonder at the net, she continued to animate her brother with voice and gesture, doubtless as, when children together, she had often before encouraged him in his juvenile frolics.

"Now, Richard, don't spare him! Give it to him," she cried.

"Don't fear, Nelly; keep back," returned the brother, desperately, parrying Whitty's blow, and sending it over his head, with a skill and precision which convinced me that apprehension on his part was wholly unnecessary.

It is not my intention to go through the details of the encounter, or to initiate my readers into the mysteries of "boxiana," which, happily, the refinement and good taste of the present age has rendered a sealed book almost every one, with a few and sincere expressions of the deep sorrow which I felt for my participation in this most unfortunate freak. Young Martin bore his laurels meekly, and, as we parted, handed me his card, adding his assurances of the pleasure he would feel if I would call upon them. As I gratefully pressed the hand which the young lady offered me, I felt that I was forgiven.

Intent upon following up the acquaintance thus inauspiciously commenced, I paid a visit to my new friends on the following day. We soon became very intimate, and so successfully did I ingratiate myself with the lovely Ellen, that before a year had passed I had obtained from her a promise, which was fulfilled, when, in two years afterward, she merged her own name in that of Mrs. —

Several years have passed since then, fleetly and happily. I will only add, in confidence to my readers, that before long I think it not improbable that I may again, and more legitimately, be employed in the task of "engaging a governess."

THANKS, THANKS, O LORD, for all that thou hast created for me! Thanks for the blue heavens, the sun, the stars, the murmuring waters, and the shade of embowering oaks—thanks for common flowers of the fields, the gilly flowers of the walls; thanks for the songs of the linnet, and the hymns of the nightingale—thanks for the perfumes of the air, and the sighing of the winds among the trees—thanks for the magnificent clouds, gilded by the sun at its setting and rising—thanks for love the most common sentiment of all—thanks for all the beautiful things thy stupendous bounty has made common.—*Alphonse Karr.*

## For the Independent Republican.

### IN THE COUNTY.

In New Milford's vale of beauty,  
Girt with mountain, rock, and tree,  
If a mistral can be mife he  
Might as well no mistral be:  
For the sun in his long journey  
Through the Summer's sultry sky,  
Wherever his face may turn,  
He sees not with his radiant eye,  
Hills upraised in grand grouping,  
Lovelier meadows at their base,  
While through rock-glees slowly opeing  
Silver brooks their cool way trace—  
White-walled houses and green lanes leading  
Devotely to shady dells,  
Flocks about the hillsides feeding  
To the music of their bells!

Guests, we solemn with "Squire Bartram"  
At the "Millford" Hall, hotel,  
And their souls and senses numb  
Who may not contage dwell  
Nearth the roof his presence graces,  
With his wealth of old-time lore,  
While kind hearts and fair young faces  
Greet you at the open door.

Bread-and-milk and bread-and-butter!  
Gods—ye who on nectar dine,  
Sparrows, for ye cannot utter  
Words so glorious, so divine,  
Deep, white howls, with rich milk brimming,  
Where the star-bright berries lie,  
Yet a child of nature, with  
In the luscious creamy sea!

Slice the bread-loaf broad and even,  
Round and round, and thick or thin—  
John and Julia, Jane and Stephen,  
Spread! In the yellow, delicate!  
Plenty reigneth, never fail—  
Human kindness cannot fail—  
Let more bless than to be here! D. W. C.

## A NEW BEDFORD JOKE.

A beautiful young lady, from another part of Massachusetts, was making a visit at a friend's, in the pretty town of New Bedford, famous then as now for whalers, rich merchants, spermaceti candles, and winter strained oil. One day this fair visitor was delighted by the attentions of the young man, who, in the evening, brought her a box of the most beautiful candles, and, in a tone of rillery, the young merchant said to his visitor: "Take one of the boxes you admire so much home with you." "Are you in earnest?" asked the fair belle. "Of course," he replied; "if you will take one of them home with you, your own hands will sell them." "That's a bargain," said she; "I'll call in half an hour for my candles." The box she selected weighed some fifty pounds.

Panfully at the time appointed, and it was mid day, when every body was astir in the neighborhood, the young man, in a tradesman's coat, and with a bundle of candles under his arm, was waiting to take home the candles she had selected. "She is in a carriage of course," said he. "No sir," was the reply, "she is walking, and alone."

He went down to the front door of his establishment, and there stood his fair customer, with one of those staid carriage drivers, nurses take babies to ride in, and all ready to fulfill her bargain. "Come," said she, "hurry up my candles!"

The merchant saw he was caught in a trap of his own setting, so he put the best face upon the matter, and ordered the fifty pounds of number one spermaceti to be delivered to the lady, who having tucked up the box carefully with covered and tied, as if it was a baby she was treating to an afternoon airing, drew it triumphantly through the streets to the house where she was staying, not one of the numerous acquaintances who meet on the way having the remotest idea that her burden was anything but her hostess' baby.

"What a pretty thing it was," said one of them, "in Miss ————'s baby box, to ride to-day!" But the staid story soon got out, and the laugh was decidedly against the galling gentleman who dealt in spermaceti.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MR. CHARLES SUMNER IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Sumner is here at Maurry's Hotel, in Regent street. I have not yet seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well. An American has ever been more popular in England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present floating on the top wave of London society. I heard the other day a good story of his arrival here. He entered his name upon the book as simply "Mr. Sumner, Boston," and was accordingly set down by the host and his flunkies as an ordinary traveller.

The next morning one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's room in some excitement, and said, "Lord Brougham is down stairs, Sir, asking for you." To the waiter's amazement Mr. S. quietly said, without exhibiting the least surprise: "Very well; show him up." Not long afterward the former came, still more excited, "Sir, the Lord Chief Justice has called, and he asks for you!" "Show him up," was again the cool reply. After his Lordship had departed the waiter came once more, bewildered and a little agitated, "Sir, the Lord Chancellor of England has called to see you!" "Show him up," repeated Mr. S. These astonishing facts were no doubt at once communicated to the landlord, for the next day's *Morning Post* announced the arrival of "His Excellency the Honorable Mr. Sumner" at Maurry's Hotel.—*Bayard Taylor.*

LIFE—Life is no speculative venture with those who lift its value and duties. It has a deeper purpose, and its path becomes distinct and easy in proportion as it is earnestly and faithfully pursued. The richest or the most refined pursuit, if adapted to the wants and capacities of the pursuer, has a truth, a beauty, and a satisfaction. All ships on the ocean are not steamers or packets, but all freight-bearers, fitted to their tasks, and the smallest shallop may fully fulfill its mission, while it pushes on toward its destined port, nor shifts its course toward larger crafts eager to other points of the compass. Let man right himself on the Ocean of Time. Let him learn whether he is by nature a shallop or a ship; a coaster or an ocean cruiser; and then freighting himself according to his capacity and the market he should seek, fling his sail to the breeze, riding with wind and tide, if they go on his course, but beating resolutely against them if they cross his path. Have a well chosen and defined purpose, and pursue it faithfully, trusting in God, and all will be well.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

## New Anecdote of Randolph.

ARTHUR Livermore, of New Hampshire and John Randolph, of Roanoke, Virginia, were both marked men in their way, and both members of the House of Representatives in Congress, together. Mr. Randolph was a man of overbearing pride and great hauteur of demeanor, and one who could not, with any tolerable degree of good grace, brook opposition, and whose ire was aroused to the last degree by defeat. Mr. Livermore had not been subject to the same degree of accidental and artificial stimulus of pride and arrogance; but his spirit was scarcely more submissive than that of his lordly compeer. Above all things, he was disinclined to be trampled upon by an arrogant despotism, roused to the most impudent excess by the habit of domination in the daily relations of life. Livermore once one day made a subversive onset upon one of Randolph's favorite pieces of invective irony and playful slang, which he always delighted to deal out for the amusement of the House, and which consumed more time and afforded less light than ought to have been expected from a gentleman of such distinguished learning and eloquence, according to the hero of Roanoke. Randolph turned upon Mr. Livermore with more than his ordinary measure of gall and bitterness; among other things, calling him repeatedly, "the member from Vermont," a State, at that time, of some what dubious estimate in the companionship of the original thirteen. Livermore, not a whit abashed, rose on the instant, and did battle so effectually as utterly to demolish all of John's glittering soap bubbles, all the time referring to him as "the worthy member from Rhode Island." He said he objected to that gentleman, even, privileged as he undoubtedly was, riding rough shod over the heads of his associates of the House with the imperturbable coolness with which he swung about the streets in his coat and cravat.

John arose and indignantly disclaimed assuming any such baronial airs as had been attributed to him by, by "the honorable member from New Hampshire," and at the top of his shrieking voice declared he never drew more than two, on any occasion.

Said Livermore: "I repeat a coach and six—two horses, two niggers, and two dogs!" The sudden *expose* of the usual routine of Mr. Randolph, brought down the house, and such hearty roars of laughter that he did not deem it prudent to enter into any more extended explanations at that occasion; and he seldom afterward invited the strictures of Mr. Livermore, whom he thereupon deemed, "my excellent friend from New Hampshire."

How to Avoid a Bad Husband.

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in ja, the things she possesseth.

2. Never marry a fan, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silver cane, and rings on his fingers, who looks and is never seen working. Beware!

3. Never marry a niggard, close-fisted man, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care, lest he stint you to death.

4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some few will jump into the fire, with their eyes wide open.

5. Never marry a mope of drone, one who draws and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.

6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a little, narrow view of the world.

7. Never on any account marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God. Such a man can never make a good husband.

8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

9. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

WINEYER STRYCHNINE IS PRODUCED.—The source from whence this poison, which has gained so world-wide a celebrity recently, is obtained, is thus noticed in Dickens' Household Words:

In Ceylon, and several districts of India, grows a moss-covered tree, with thick, shiny green leaves, and a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season, it is readily recognized by its rich, orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins. The rind is hard and smooth, and covers a white, soft pulp, the favorite food of many kind of birds, within which are the flat, round seeds, poor in inch in diameter, ash-gray color, and covered with very silky hairs. The German physicians can discover a resemblance in them to grey eyes, and call them "grey's eyes," but the likeness is purely imaginary. The tree is the strychnine *nux vomica*, and the nut is the deadly poison nut. The latter was, early used as a medicine by the Hindus, and its nature and properties understood by Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. Dog-killer and "fish-scale" are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present the natives of Hindostan do not take it for many months continuously, in much the same manner as opium-eaters eat opium. They commence with taking the eighth of a nut a day, and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect this precaution, spasms result.

A SAFE MAN TO ISSUANCE.—By a steamboat explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a by-stander and drawn out panting. "Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?" "Yes, pretty hard, considerin'." "Wasn't don't it for myself?" "It was a workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save them. I didn't care."

## A Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under overcast trial, said:

"Mother does God ever fret or scold?" The query was so abrupt and startling it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?" "Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the Good Man when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no." "Well, I'm glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."