Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RICHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1857.

H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER-VOL. 3 NO. 34.

For the Independent Republican WATCH AND PRAY.

" Lead us not into Temptation." Watch ! In the daily path we tread 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 stern, resistless power, Temptation may your soul assail, Or with what cunning, art prevail; In one unguarded moment, all The weary work of year's may fall; Love, virtue, hope, forever die!

Pray! For the heart of man is weak : Who trod for us life's rugged way, Warned us to watch-taught us to pray-Pressed by a thousand angry foes-Crushed 'neath a thousand bitter woes-Be this the burden of thy prayer: Power to resist, and strength to bear.

Watch! For thy erring steps will stray Pray that thy soul receive no stain; That watching be not all in vain. Not only pray! He will not give His aid, to those who do not strive; But guard they footsteps, day by days Be strong, yet trustful—Watch and Pray.

From the British Banner. ENGAGING A COVERNESS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

One morning, during my undergraduate course in Jear old Trinity, 1 arose, intent upon atoning for past indolence by a hard days 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. Barrowes, 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 case, I had just got fairly under way, when, much to my annoyance, the withered old erone 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 testily, and found it to be an urgent summons to attend immediately at his lodgings, where he had made arrangements for affording myself and others an 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 onze 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

Jack Burrowes was, in the cant phrase of the day, a "fast," young fellow, just emerged from his teens, with plenty of money, but. very little brains, who lived extravagantly, gave champagne suppers, and had, in conscquence, a numerous circle of acquaintances. His chief companion was a young man some seven years his senier, 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 he had been expelled from Oxford, and that, too, for offences of no venial character.

There was something disagreeable, and even ied efforts to please, rendered him an object of very general dislike. His name was Whitby, and this was all that was really known of him; for, though making frequent tone was vague and obscure, and he studiousin 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 Burrowes' 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 promised amusement. To our requests for enlightenment, Burrowes 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. Whitby, as I had sus speaking spasmodically, "the lady who re- and malignity I shall never forget, he followpected had planned it; and it was worthy quires the governess has sons—three young led the young lady into the room we had just

"We are going to treat you," said Burtoar of boyish laughter.

"How? What can you mean?" we de-

"Listen," said Whitby. "You know that every day there are scores of governessesold 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.— abandoned. And now the "spouse of litera-All our 'elegant extracts' will call here to-ture" rose with dignity, and looked defiantly day, at the different hours named. We will around, while I, not knowing how to act, meet them in turns, and it we don't strike stood before her like a statue. The cold perfun out of them, I will only say that we are spiration burst upon my forehead; my tongue not good for much.

The ungentlemanty character of the scheme us that it was a harmless freak, which would

minutes had passed, little Tom Hatchelf, who tion, and, regardless of consequences, I joined coat.

"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 re-ception. Making due allowance for the clogs, ception. Making due allowance for the clogs, she exclaimed, dealing me a blow upon the she was very tall, not young, and decidedly cheek with her hard fleshless hand that brought the worse for wear. Bowing very stiffly, she surveyed me from head to foot, evidently through my cars; then tossing the tray out

waiting for me to speak. Not well knowing of the servant's hand, and dashing the wine accountable fascination compelled me to keep around, she strode majestically from the the victor. Her tears, like an April shower, my eyes steadily fixed on hers, which, in their room, making a fearful clatter with her clogs soon dried, and gave place to sunshine. turn, were fastened upon me, appearing to as she descended. read into my very soul. There was a cool self-possession about her which threw me fairly congratulations on the creditable manner with Their blood was up, and they were madly out of the saddle. After some time she broke

"I have received an answer," said see, "inknow anything of it?" and she fixed her large stony eyes upon mine. "Oh! yes, I do," returned I, feeling like what kind of divinity mine will be!" culprit beneath the scowling eyes of Jus-

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

"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

ing room banished it from my head, and with a short, disagreeable laugh, threw me once more into a state of embarrassment.

me on so important a point," said the lady. | nent" was shown into the adjoining room, not knowing well what to say, yet anxious open to enable us to witness the interview .to exhibit aplomb to my critical companions. erness in the most extended sense of the pretty and piquinte, and, above all, possessterm. My studies, sir, have not been con-fitted to the narrow limits which fashion has hitherto prescribed for the female mind.

"Irish, of course?" I timidly suggested.— My chance shot seemed to take the lady whisper.

"Why-no," said she, after a moment's pause, "not Irish. It's not customary, nor is it, in fact, genteel."

her capabilities, she entered into a minute doubtless, to see the lady who, as she supdetail of her acquirements, overwhelming me, posed, had written to her, while Whitby as it were, with a torrent of words, and pro ducing, as she did so, a voluminous roll of papers in verification of her statements; sheepish withal, stood silent before her. There was that peculiar dignity about the whilst I, smiling, smirking, and yawning by turns, submitted to my fate like a martyr. Heartily wishing for an opportunity of bid- The bold man felt awed; his tactics were deding her good morning, yet not knowing how ranged. Finding that no lady appeared, and to do so, a mode of terminating our interview that Whitby still remained silent, she asked. suddenly occurred to me.

"Before we proceed further, ma'atn," said , "may I ask you one question?" "Sir, a dozen-a hundred," was the reply.

"Well, then, madam, will you inform me, are you a married or a single lady?" The question seemed to disconcert he and for a moment she seemed to doubt my looked at him haughtily and in silence. seriousness; then, satisfied that I was in earnest, she answered-

"I am single, sir-yet still hardly so-Nay, I may even say that I am wedded." "Oh! you are engaged," said I, rather

puzzled at her statement. "I will explain," she continued: "Possi-University. Rumor, however, had it, that bly you think I have uttered a paradox, but you shall see, You must know, then, that I was born a literary character. My parents are literary people. The one was the Bacon sinister, about him, which, despite his stud- of his day, the other was the De Stael of her lead his wayward heart to virtue, to be his time. From my father I inherited the love guide, his mentor, his governess." of abstruse knowledge. I drank the classic

flame of ancient Greece with my mother'sallusions to his Oxford acquaintances, his has been a laborious one. I have been a de- next apartment, she indignantly demanded vout worshipper at Minerva's shrine, and an explanation. ly evided all attempts to draw from him have not wooed the goddess in vain. Thus any particulars as to his past life. He was absorbed, I have not found thoughts of matthe companion and abettor of young Burrowes | rimony, in its actual sense. You see before you one who, in common parlance, is unmarried, but who can yet lay claim to be the

spouse of literature." Here, to my dismay, boisterous roars of laughter pealed and echoed again from the adjoining room, which I vainly strove to raged with her. "Only listen to me and to sob like a child. smother by a feigned fit of coughing.

" Madam," I replied on regaining my composure, "I regret to hear your statement, for to his lips. it deprives me of the power of engaging so accomplished a lady.

"How so," she said, with evident disappointment.

"The fact is, ma'am," said I, breaking into quires the governess has sons—three young led the young lady into the room we had just for my participation in this most unfortunate men of my own age—my cousins. She has occupied. If his object was to prevent her freak. Young Martin bore his laurels meekthe terror inherent in all mothers, of their from raising an alarm he was too late; for rowes, looking slyly at his tutor, "to a lark forming unhappy attachments and marrying, rushing to the open window, she screamed, at with the governesses;" and he burst into a She will not permit an unmarried lady to rethe height of her voice, "Ho! Richard, come feel if I would call upon them. As I gratecame audible,] and her instructions were to noise was heard like the bursting open of a Could I possibly so far depart from my or into the room. He was a tall, fresh-colored a lady as I have the honor of addressing—"

"Ho! ho!" to my inexpressible mis girl to whose assistance he had come. ery roared the voices within-all efforts to check their laughter having apparently been became dry and thick, and seemed paralyzed; I could have wished the floor to have given was so apparent, that, young and thoughtless | way and buried me beneath. The thought as we were, it was received with coldness - of throwing myself on my knees and implor-Some, including myself, even strongly con-demned it; but Whitby having persuaded add the climax to my embarasement, the valet—a boy of fifteen, a greater scamp than his be productive of the utmost gayety and master—entered, and presented the lady with umusement, it was decided, at length, that refreshment, in the shape of a cumper of the joke, as he termed it, should be played champague, a renewed peal of laughter from

out. I had been the first to condemn it, and within hailing the feat as one of exquisite was the last to yield; and, as a punishment drollery. There is but one step from the for my obstinacy, it was voted that I should sublime to the ridiculous, so there is but a to appear calm and collected. we may the first reception, or, as Burrowes harrow line dividing the grave from the gay; and the trees—thanks for the magnificent clouds, olutely against them if they cross his path, and, as I surveyed the scene before me; my hard, and, as I surveyed the scene before me; my hard, and the lapels of his thanks for love the most common sentiment pursue it faithfully, trusting in God, and all considerin. Wasn't doin it for myself the considerin. have the first reception, or, as Burrowes narrow line dividing the grave from the gay;

"Eh! 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, tut-impudent, audacious puppy !" me to my knee, and rang like a trumpet

My friends now gathered around me with That was a remarkable old monster,"

"I hope she wont have as hard a hand as my friend," I exclaimed, pressing my hand to my cheek.'

hands gleefully together; " and I think I can young lady from the country, who has been ed upon his successful termination of the con-educated on the continent." "My tastes are test. much honor; it is a letter of recommendation in your favor."

exotic," said he, folding up the paper. "Two is the hour named, so I suppose we shall have I was going to add more, but the faint her here directly. People in want of employsounds of suppressed laughter in the adjoin- ment are usually punctual;" and he ended

Ere long the second arrival was announced. We took our places in the front drawing-"I am happy to find that you concur with room, and the "young lady from the conti-"Finishing governess, ma'am?" I asked, one of the folding doors being left partially A glance convinced us that she was not the "Yes, sir," she replied, "a finishing gov. denizen of a city. Glowing with health, ing that charm of youth to which the French have applied the phrase, "beaute de diuble," she impressed us at once with admiration, The wide range of mathematics, English in and (such is the power of beauty) with a full all its ramifications, the dead and modern sense of our dishonorable and unmanly con-

"What a lovely girl," remarked one in a

"Is she not beautiful!" exclaimed another. By Jove! we are acting a shabby part." As for me, I spoke not, but vowed internally "Ah! there, you see, is fashion," I re- would fell him to the floor, for I felt, for the other in agility, and in vigor of lungs. nocence, when accompanied by good sense. in a slightly foreign accent, to see the lady who wished to engage a governess.

"Oh, yes-your advertisement-ya-s," returned Whitby, smiling, as he no doubt thought, with a most fascinating expression. 'Please—ah—my dear, to take a seat.".

" Why-ah," continued Whitby, running hs hand through his bair, "it is not exactly a a lady—it is I who require a governess." "You!" she returned, in a tone of cutting satire; "I thought you were the footman." Here, no doubt to Whitby's discomfiture,

we opened with a most provoking titter. "No, my child, you mistake," continued he, "I am a gentleman-a sad and lonely one-who wishes for some rose-bud like yourself to breathe on him her fragrance, to

This insolent speech so astonished th young lady, that for some time she stood shem !- that is, I imbibed it. My life, sir, perfectly still; then, hearing our voices in the

"My dear young lady, will you be scated, and hear me?" returned Whithv. "Dear young lady!" she repeated, contemptuously, while proudly tossing her head, ane looking as I thought, more beautiful than ever, in the indiguant scorn with which

she regarded Whithy. suffer me to explain;" then approaching her,

tant part of the room. Recovering himself in an instant, he became deadly pale, and, perspiration at this crisis of my fate and scowling at me with an expression of anger side in the house, [here the laughter again be | up here!" and in a moment afterward a select a married lady and an elderly one .- hall door, and the person summoned dashed ders as to select so gifted and accomplished lad, about nineteen, his likeness at once proclaiming him as the brother of the young

> "What's wrong, Nelly?" he asked impatiently, in a tone redolent of the far West. His sister, clinging to his arm, rapidly detailed what had occurred, while the young merged her own name in that of Mrs. 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 Whitby. 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 imself from her arm, then, with quivering ip and dilated nostrils, his eyes seeming to flash fire, he advanced toward the offender, who, though evidently ill at ease, endeavored

"Rascal!" exclaimed the youth, indignanty; 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 appearwhat to say, I bowed her to a seat. An un- in his face, while the glass fell in fragments | ed only anxious that her brother should prove

In a few moments we separated them, but found it impossible to keep them asunder which I had acquitted myself; while smart- anxious to rush at each other. Whithy ing with pain-for my cheek burned as if it stormed and raged like an angry tiger; the had been recently blistered-I endeavored to other acted like a young parther who had reply to an advertisement of mine. Do you appear cheerful, and to share in their mirths just tasted blood, and was sure of his prey. Whitby, who was a strong, well-grown man said Sheridan, one of our party. "I wonder, 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 audscity of the youth who "My turn next," said Whitby, rubbing his had thus dared him, he determined to visit him with condign chastisement; probably, promise you a little variety;" and, producing | too, he felt that his reputation was at stake, a newspaper from his pocket, he read: " A and that his influence over Burrowes depend-

"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 whining homeward like a beaten cur." In truth, this result was only what we expected. So much was I impressed with the nequality of the contest, that I declared it should not be proceeded with, and threw myself between them to prevent a collision. My efforts, however, were unavailing.

'This, sir, is my concern," said the lad, naddened with my 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

prise, his sister joined. "Only see fair play, ind I am satisfied."

Here, with a view of reassuring me as to few moments she stood irresolute, expecting, fair play, assumed to myself the position of The box she selected weighed some fifty second to young Martin, heartily wishing | pounds. him seccess. And now commenced one of the most exciting scenes I have ever witnessed, in which the young lady no ficticious head, in which the young lady no ficticious head, in which the property of the property roine, but a child of nature, 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 stature a 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 act, she continued to animate her brother with voice and gesture, doubtless as, when children together, she had often before encouraged him in his

juvenile feuds. "Now, Richard, don't spare him! Give it

to him !" she cried. "Don't fear, Nelly; keep back," returned the brother, dexterously parrying Whitby's blows, and sending in his own with a skilland precision which convinced me that apprehension on his part was wholly unnecess-

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 to almost every one. It will be sufficient to say that, after a contest of nearly half an hour, during which neither the superior strength nor the dogged pertinacity of Whitby were a match for the science and activity of his younger opponent, the former—bleeding, disfigured, and discomfitted, lacking the excitement of our sympathics, which were now undisguisedly with young Martinthrew himself into a seat, dropped his head upon the table, and exclaiming, "Have I "Yes, desrest!" he continued, inwardly en- then, no friends left!" actually commenced

The salutary lesson we had just witnessed he seized her hand and attempted to press it to a due appreciation of the dastardly plot I could resist no longer. "This is outrag- to which we had lent ourselves—the charms eous?" I cried, and darting forward, I tore of the young lady, its victim, tending considhim from her side and hurled him to a dis- enably to induce this conviction. The scene was now becoming awkward. I could only conduct the young lady and her brother down the staircase, with many and sincere expressions of the deep sorrow which I felt ly, and, as we parted, handed me his card, adding his assurance of the pleasure he would fully pressed the hand which the young lady offered me, I felt that I was forgiven.

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

Several years have passed since then, fleetly and happily. I will only add, in confidence gaging a governess.

THANKS, Thanks, O Lord, for all that thou hast created common! "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 of all—thanks for all the beautiful things thy | will be well.

For the Independent Republican. IN THE COUNTRY.

In New Milford's vale of beauty, Girt with mountain, rock, and troe, If a minstrel can be mute he Might as well no minstrel be: For the sun in his long journey Through the Summer's sultry sky, Wheresoe'er his face may turn, he

Sees not with his radiant eye; Hills upheaved in grander grouping, Lovelier meadows at their base— While through rock-glens slowly scooping Silver brooks their cool way trace White-walled homes and green lanes leading Deviously to shady dells; Flocks along the hill-sides feeding

To the music of their bells! Guests, we sojourn with "Squire Barnum' At the "Milford-Vale Hotel," And their souls and senses are numb Who may not contented dwell Neath 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-Speak not, for ye cannot utter
Words so glorious, so divine!
Deep, wide bowls, with rich milk brimming, Where the star-bright berries ha: Wheaten loaf-cuts lightly swimming

In the luserous creamy sea! Slice the bread-loaf broad and even, Round and round, and thick or thin-John and Julia, Jane and Stephen, Take your places and begin.

Spread! the yellow, the delicious!— Plency reigneth, never fear-Human kindness cannot wish us Lot more blest 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 delighting one of the young dealers in these articles by allowing him to show her all over his well-stocked establishment, and by taking a very deep interest in all that she saw there. "Don't mind that," returned he, indulg. She was particularly pleased with the picing in a short dry laugh, in which, to my surtures que style in which the clear white, polytical his picture. ished candles were packed in their boxes. In a tone of raillery, the young merchant The fact was, that the young lad, being said to his visitor: "Take one of the boxes fresh from school, where, in those days, box. you admire so much home with you." "Are ing was still in fashion, was a perfect master you in carnest?" asked the fair belle. "Of of the pugilistic art, and, though inferior in course," was the reply; "if you will take one that if Whitby attempted to insult her I size and strength, was vastly superior to the would fell him to the floor, for I felt, for the other in ngility, and in vigor of lungs. In the seldom afterward invited the strictures of them home with your own hands, you shall have it." That's a bargain," said she; instead from Now. 'I'll call in half an hour for my candles.'

> Punctually at the time appointed, and it was mid day, when everybody was astir in tradesman was told by his clerk that there was a lady at the door 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 es tablishment, and there stood his fair customer, with one of those straw carriages that 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 spermaceties to be delivered to the lady, who having tucked up the box carefully with coverlid and blanket, 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 staving, not one of the numerous acquaintances she met 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—to take Mrs.—'s baby out to ride to-day !" But the true story soon got out, and the laugh was decidedly against the gallant gentleman who dealt in spermaceti.-N. O. Picayune.

MR. CHARLES SUMNER IN ENGLAND. -Mr. Sumner is here at Maurigy's Hotel, in Regent street. I have not yet seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well. No 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 nore excited, "Sir, the Lord Chief Justice nas 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 aggravated: "Sir, 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 Intent upon following up the acquaintance Post announced the arrival of " His Excellenthus inauspiciously commenced, I paid a visit cothe Honorable Mr. Sumner" at Maurigy's to my new friends on the following day. Hotel.—Bayard Taylor.

Life.—Life is no speculative venture with those who feel 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 rudest or the most refined pursuit, if adapted to the wants and capacities of the pursuer, has a truth, a beauto my readers, that before long I think it not ty, and a satisfaction. All ships on the improbable that I may again, and more legitimately, be employed in the task of "en-freight-bearers, fitted to their tasks, and the ocean are not steamers or packets, but all smallest shallop nobly fulfils its mission. while it pushes on towards its destined port, nor shifts its course because larger crafts career 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 crosser; and then freighting himself according to his for the songs of the linnet, and the hymns of capacity and the market he should seek, fling like a porpoise all the while. He reached because their conduct exhibited them as particle mightingale—thanks for the perfumes of his sail to the breeze, riding with wind and the bank almost exhausted, and was caught sons not litted to associate with genuine lathe nightingale—thanks for the perfumes of his sail to the breeze, riding with wind and the air, and the sighing of the winds among tide, if they go on his course, but beating res- by a by-stander and drawn out pauting. dies, and she would not recognize them as

New Anecdote of Raudolph.

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 demeaner, and one who could not, with any tolerable degree of good grace, brook oppos tion, 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 disdained 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 had 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 ability as are, and always were, by common consent, accorded 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 somewhat 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 Johnny's glittering sorp bubbles, all the time referring to him as "the worthy members 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 mperturbable coolness with which he swung

long the streets in his coach and six! John arose and indignantly disclaimed as suming any such baronial airs as had been attributed to him by, by "the honorable member from New Hampshire;" and at the top of his shricking voice declared he never rove more than two, on any occasion.

Said Livermore: "I repeat a coach and ix-two horses, two niggers, and two dogs!" This sudden expose of the usual retinue of Mr. Randolph, brought down the house in such hearty rours of laughter that he did not deem it prudent to enter into any more extended explanations on that occasion; and he seldom afterward invited the strictures of inated, "my excellent friend from New Hampshire.

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's

life consisteth not in the things she possess-2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silver cane, and rings on his fingers, who loafs about and is never seen working. Be-

ware! there is a trap. 3. Never marry a niggard, close-fisted nean 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 haracter is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open.

5. Never marry a mope of drone, one who drawls 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, 7. Never on any account marry a gambler, 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 regligent 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 ddicted 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 poluted, and whose vitals are being

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

hold Words:
In Ceylon, and several districts of India,

gnawed out by alchohol.

grows a moderate sized tree, with thick, shin-ing leaves, and a short, crooked stem. In the fruit season, it is readily recognized by its rich, orange-colored berries, about as large smooth, and covers a white, soft pulp, the favorite food of many kind of birds, within in diameter, ash-gray color, and covered with 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 Hindoos, and its nature and properties understood by Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. "Dog-killer" and "fish-scale" House just at the dinner hour, entered the that at present the natives of Hindoostan of the party alfuded to itimediately not ten take it for many months continuously, tire. The party alluded to immediately, not in much the same manner as opium caters eat opium. They commence with taking the appearance, and spoke indignantly, because 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 apasms result.

explosion, on a Western river, a passenger who Mrs. N. was. They immediately sent was thrown unhart into the water, and at abject apologies, which she refused to receive once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing not on account of personal resontment, but was smoking a segar in the balcony, announced in the balcony, announce

A Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the per-plexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe

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

"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 scold-

"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." The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard as forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers: and Lizzic, seeing the effects of her words,

hastened to inquire: "Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?" "No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I am to scold so much, when my girl could hear and be troubled

about it. "O, no, mamma, you are not bad; you are a good mamma; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away, from you so far as if I could not come near you as I can when you smile and are kind, and O, I fear I sometimes shall be put off so far I never can get back again." "O Lizzie do not say that," said the moth-

er, unable to suppress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect her parent, but instinctively seeing that it was a case requiring sympathy, she put her little arms about her

you love me?" "O, yes, llove you more than I can tell," replied the parent clasping her child to her bosom. "And I will try and never scoldagain before my little sensitive child."

"O, I am so glad. I can get so near you when you don't scold; and do you know mother, I always want to love you so much."
This was an effectual lesson, and the moth-"Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

""Norming to Da"-A spirited little polished in reply to one previously published, called "Nothing to Wear," and about the authorship of which quite a dispute has arisen. The following from "Nothing to Do," will give some idea of its quality. It was written by a lady of New York, who is likely to know something of the motives that actuate ladies in dressing so extravagantly. It thus lets us into the secret:

"And the cause of this dressing I'll whisper to you, Tis to please the young men who have nothing to do? Tis a fact undisputed from Pekin to Cadiz,
That the taste of the men is the guide for the ladies.
And the idols of fashion would shortly expire, If the male devotees would cease to admire; And I ask those who reason from natural laws,

Which should first be removed—the effect or the cause?

The question is fairly put, and now let the gentlemen give such a practical answer, as their honest judgment may dietate. If they really like wide-circling skirts, and a "flut-tering maze of "base and ands" better than sless do a good, sensible, and useful woman, clad with simple grace in such fabric as moderate means can command, why then let them continue to admire the present flowing fashions, and encourage the ladies to "go it."-But read the work. - Lancaster Times.

The following incident was parrated Lieut, Beckwith, of the Pacific Railroad Expedition party, by a Delaware Indian guide, as they were traversing a mountain pass which was marked by numerous gullies. and ravines :- " He was traversing this pass at midnight, accompanied by his squaw only, both mounted upon the same horse, and the night so dark that he could neither see the outlines of the hills nor the ground at his horse's feet, when he heard a sound (which he imitated) so slight as to be scarcely per-WHENCE STRYCHNINE IS PRODUCED. The ceptible to an Indian's car, of an arrow carsource from whence this poison, which has ried in the hand, striking once only with a slight tick against a bow. Stopping, he could gained so world-wide a celebrity recently, slight tick against a bow. Stopping, he could is obtained, is thus noticed in Dickens' House hear nothing, but instantly dismounted—his squaw leaning down upon the horse, that she might by no possibility be seen—and placed his ear to the ground, when he heard the same sound repeated, but a few feet distant, and was therefore satisfied that however imminent the danger, he had not yet been seen as golden pippins. The rind is hard and orcheard, for no Indian would make such a noise at night in approaching his foe; he therefore instantly arose and took his horse which are the flat, round seeds, not an inch by the bridle close to his month, to lesson the chances of his moving or whinnying, and very silky hairs. The Germans fancy they can discover a resemblance in them to grey but the him within arm's reach, while he remained unobscryed."

A Long Branch correspondent of the Tren ton Gazette gives account of a rebuke administered to a party of fishionables at that place. Gov. Newell, of New-Jersey, and his wife, having arrived at the Mansion knowing her, made audible remarks on her waited on him? Various insulting allusion were made in the table conversation. In the evening, when Mrs. N. appeared in the parfor in full dress, she was saluted by a gentle man who happened to be a friend of the la dies in the fashionable party, and who, sub-A SAPE MAN to Inscree. By a steamboat sequently, on their inquiry, informed the

A Parent who strikes a child in anger, is like a man who strikes the water—