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TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE]

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1859.

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## POETRY.

From the Southern Field and Firside.  
BALLAD AT SEA.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.

The jewel'd breast of night  
Swells calm beyond the breeze—  
While, like a bird, we take our flight  
O'er wild and lonely seas!  
Yet many a prayer is given,  
To ward the tempest's wrath;  
And hearts laid bare to Heaven,  
(Dear hearts! sweet hearts!)  
Send blessings on our path!

One home, I know, in sleeping:  
One dear, sweet cottage home!  
Ah! there, one heart is weeping  
Within a silent room!  
Her fancies follow fast my flight—  
She strains her eyes throughout the dark,  
And shuddering, fears, in storm and night,  
(Sweet heart! fond heart!)  
That wild seas wreck my barque!

Ah, me! how still we doubt,  
Even of the hope possess'd;  
As rips lips will perk and pout,  
Though pleased to be caress'd!  
A sudden doubt, if weeping now,  
That loved one watches sad and lone;  
A jealous fancy racks my brow—  
(Fruit heart! false heart!)  
Am I forgot as soon as gone!

We vex our hearts with idle fears;  
For, ah! too well we know how soon  
The smile will chase away the tears,  
To loving memories such a boon—  
And thus we doubt if they are sad,  
The distant dear ones whom we fly;  
We fancy that each face is glad,  
(Vain hearts! false hearts!)  
With thoughtless joy in every eye!

That, through the gay saloon they rove,  
While mirth and music glad the sense  
Hear other lips in speech of love,  
To other hearts make recompense;  
That, circled by a stranger's arms,  
The faithful loved one, shaming both,  
To other words of pleading warms—  
(Fruit heart! false heart!)  
And all forgets her plighted troth!

Let me not doubt the maid I love;  
Yet, ah! what hours of true delight  
Would I to fortune now forgive,  
To know absconding through the night!  
Hears rising winds with rising tears,  
Watches each cloud-wreath through the day,  
And in her chamber, pale with fears,  
(Sweet heart! dear heart!)  
Weeps the slow, weary night away!

ORR HATTERAS, MAY, 1859.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

TUNE—"Old Folks at Home."

Sad, sad! is my poor heart, and weary  
Lonely am I,  
How slow the cheerless days and dreary,  
Mournfully they pass by;  
Always thinking of the sad to-morrow,  
Bitter tears will flow,  
Still sitting in my home of sorrow,  
Thinking of my days of woe.

CHORUS.—Once I had a home of gladness,  
But now, lost to me,  
Now, 'tis filled, with grief and sadness,  
Oh! how I mourn for thee.

Once happy in the cheerful dwelling  
Edwin was kind,  
But now, my heart with anguish swelling,  
Prays for a better time;  
Once how I dearly loved to meet him,  
At the cottage door,  
But now, my wretched heart is beating—  
For me, he smiles no more.

CHORUS.—Once I had a home of gladness, &c.

One hope within my heart is swelling  
God is kind,  
He will hear me in my humble dwelling,  
Happiness, may yet be mine,  
All my hope is in the blessed Saviour,  
He is my trust,  
And all who pray and seek his loving Saviour  
Surely will be blest.

CHORUS.—Once I had a home of gladness, &c.

HUMAN LIFE.—Ah! this beautiful world,  
Indeed, I know not what to think of it—  
Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine,  
And heaven is not far off; and then it  
changes suddenly and it is dark and sor-  
rowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In  
the lives of the saddest of us there are  
bright days like this, when we feel as if we  
could take this great world in our arms—  
Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire  
will neither burn in our hearts or on the  
hearths, and all without and within is dis-  
mal, cold and dark. Believe, every heart  
has its secret sorrows which the world  
knows not; and oftentimes we call a man  
cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

Why is a man eating soup with a fork  
like another kissing his sweetheart?  
Because you give it up!  
Because it takes so long to get enough  
of it.

The first petticoat mentioned in history was  
worn by a boy. It is recorded that Sam-  
uel's mother "made him a little coat," and  
of course it was a pretty one.

Love Letters are, generally, only a spe-  
cialist's newspaper.

## THE VOICE OF OLD TIME; OR, THE FOUR PILES OF GOLD RINGS FOR BRIDES.

It was with mingled feelings that Marion  
Ellesmere retired to her room the night  
before her wedding. A light cloud of self-  
reproach rested on her mind; a cloud so  
light that she scarcely knew whence it rose,  
or would have been aware of its presence  
but for the shadow which it cast over her  
spirits. Her sister's smile, as she bade her  
good night, had been all brightness—why  
should there be less joy in heart of the  
bride of Atherton? With her long, fair  
hair over her shoulders, and her eyes shad-  
ed by her hand, Marion sat in her own  
arm-chair, and gave herself up to thought.

"To-morrow I day long hoped for, and  
yet half-dreaded. I am at last indeed on  
the eve of that great change which must al-  
ter the whole current of my life! What  
new duties! what responsibilities! But  
hever will be near to guide, to encourage,  
to make the path of duty delightful to me,  
I shall lean on him and trust him. I am  
indeed the most blessed of women in his love.  
I would not change my lot, no not to be  
empress of the world. And yet—Marion  
heaved a deep sigh, alone as she was, with  
the still night around her; the color rose  
to her cheeks, as if in indignation at her-  
self—and yet I am not worthy to be his  
wife! He, whose spirit is so pure, so lofty,  
so far above the world and all its vanities,  
could title or riches, or anything raise  
him? When I am beside him, how deeply  
I feel this; I seem to breathe a purer at-  
mosphere, see things as they really are; but  
when I am surrounded by others, then—  
I know not how it is—but there is an influence  
which they exercise, an almost insensibil-  
e power—trifles move me. I know them to  
be folly and vanity, yet I cannot despise  
them as I ought to do. Oh! how weak I  
am, how worldly; how unworthy of him!"

Marion sank on her chair and her long  
lashes were wet with tears.

She sat long, her light burned low, every  
sound in the house was still. Presently  
the walls of her apartment seemed to recede  
around her with the same indistinctness of  
a dissolving view; marble pillars arose on  
every side, gradually assuming form and  
size, while the carpet on which Marion's  
feet had rested spread into a wide pavement  
of mosaic. And Marion was no longer  
alone; a strange form was beside her, of  
more than human stature and mien, unlike  
that of mortal man. His long silver hair  
gave to him the appearance of age, but an  
unclearly fire glowed in his deepest eyes,  
from beneath the white eye-brows which  
overhung them. His dress was dim and  
insignificant, ever changing in form and hue;  
now dark as the lowering thunder-cloud,  
now like the white mist which curls  
around the mountain anon tinged with the  
dying tints of the rainbow. In his hand  
the old man grasped a scythe, dark and  
glittering. Marion felt that she was in the  
presence of Old Time.

"Look, there!" he exclaimed; and the  
strange tones of his voice sounded like the  
wind through the articles of a ruin. Marion  
beheld before her what appeared to be an  
altar of white marble, sculptured and  
fostered with many colored flowers, of a  
fragrance not like those of earth.

"What sees you before you?" said Time,  
what glitters on yonder marble?"

"I see nothing but piles of bright golden  
rings, like that which I shall wear to-mor-  
row," replied Marion. It was strange that  
in the presence of such a companion she  
felt neither wonder nor fear.

"And are they all alike?" said Old Time  
"All are alike, save that they are divided  
into four different heaps."

The old man laughed—how wild and  
unclearly sounded that laugh. "They have  
been framed by different makers," said he;  
"I carry the touch-stone to prove them."—  
See the first heap—a goodly array I show;  
They are Folly's workmanship; while pas-  
ionate lovers choose from thence, who  
would barter life for a bow or a smile!—  
Flatterers and the flattered draw from the  
pile. Folly gives and vanity receives.—  
Poets string their fancies on rings like these,  
and lay them at the feet of romantic loving  
damaels, who look upon life as a drama,  
of which they themselves are the heroines.  
Stand back—Althea approaches—she must  
have a ring from that pile."

Then Marion beheld advancing toward  
them a youthful couple, radiant with hap-  
piness and love. The maiden was surpass-  
ingly fair, her white veil half concealed her  
blushing countenance, but her soft eyes  
were fixed upon her companion, whose  
every look and tone expressed the most ar-  
dent love. He kissed the white trembling  
hand upon which he placed the ring, and  
Marion watched the pair as they slowly re-  
tired to a remote part of the temple. "Sure-  
ly they are happy," thought she. She was  
aroused by the voice of Old Time.

"Mark you the second heap," said he  
pointing with his scythe. "These rings  
have been fashioned by worldlyness—each  
one covards the earth, was young.

Those who seek money, those who seek  
trading, who sell themselves for a title or an  
estate; maidens who dream to become  
nights, the fortune hunter, the ambitious,  
the proud—these choose from the second  
heap. Of such is Julia, whose bridal pro-  
cession is drawing near. Jewels upon her  
brow, no love within her heart, she gives  
herself away to a carriage and a mansion,  
and strives to forget a fool is their master."

Marion sighed as the procession passed;  
it is a sickening sight to behold beauty  
sacrificed to mammon.

"And who framed the rings that shine in  
the third heap?" said Marion, to her mys-  
terious companion.

"They are framed by Self-will, and the  
Evil One breathed a spell over them.—  
When the fifth commandment is broken,  
when a parent's will is despised, when there  
is clandestine wooing, and the wedded ones  
dare not ask God's blessing upon them, then  
these rings are born.

Even as he spoke with fearful, hesitating  
step, a maiden approached the pile, led,  
half reluctant, by one of graceful form, who  
was whispering soft words in her ear. Oh!  
could it be love that led him to act the  
part of temptation to the woman who  
trusted him, or did he fondly hope to find  
the faithful wife in the wretched sinner?  
"And what is the name of the master of  
rings which no finger has," said Marion.

"The voice of Time sauk to the soft whis-  
per of the western breeze, and milder light  
shone in his eyes as he replied—

"They are for those whose marriages  
have been made in heaven, every circle of  
gold has been formed by Esteem. When  
two devoted to one service meet, heirs to one  
hope, followers of one Lord, when loving  
and beloved, they would share each other's  
joys, nor shrink from each other's sorrow;  
when helping each other on a heavenlyward  
road, then those rings unite them here,  
emblems of that eternity which will unite  
them in bliss never ending!"

A voice behind Marion seemed to echo  
the last words; she knew that voice. It  
thrilled to her heart; she knew that the  
hand that pressed upon her the pledge of  
conjugal love. Could all the diamonds of  
Golconda have made it more precious to  
the youthful bride?

Then again the voice of Old Time rose,  
as the rushing sound of the angry blast—  
"I come—I come!" he cried. "Thrones  
melt as snow before me; the peopled city,  
the obscure village, the home of the peasant,  
the palace of the monarch, bear the marks  
of the deep foot-prints of Time! And is  
the touchstone that tries the gold; it is  
my hand that draws back the veil of Truth;  
I touch the bubbles of Folly, and they  
break and leave but a tear behind."

Marion watched, as with stealthy but rapid  
step Time approached Althea and her  
husband. Now lines appear on the  
smooth brow; the glossy ringlets were  
strewn with gray, the fairy form had lost  
all its grace. And the ardent lover how  
cold was his look—how changed from the  
bridgroom was the husband! Time laid  
his hand on the ring which still glittered  
on the finger of Althea; at once the circle  
lost all its brightness, the gilding vanis-  
hed; naught remained but the dull worthless  
metal beneath; the ring had never been gold.

Haughty Julia! amid thy wealth and  
thy state, Time is also creeping on thee.  
Bars of gold will not bolt him out—he  
tramples earth's treasures beneath his feet.  
He touches the working's hand, and the  
dull heavy fall of iron is heard. Man may  
see naught but the loop of gold, but the  
weaver feels the galling chain. Hopeless  
and unpitied must she drag its weight;  
she has chosen her fate and she must bear  
it; her ring has never been gold.

With mournful interest Marion watched  
the wedded pair, who had sacrificed duty  
to love. There were looks of suspicion, the  
words of reproach, as the shadows of Time  
fell across the path; but when his cold hand  
touched a fatal ring a faint cry escaped  
from the pallid lips, a viper was coming  
where the circle had rested; her ring had  
never been gold.

And now Marion felt Time approaching  
herself, yet still she clung to the husband  
beside her with deeper and more confiding  
love. Time held out his hand; she did  
not shrink, she felt his touch, trembled not.  
The ring she wore grew brighter than ever,  
it was formed of the gold that changes not  
in the furnace of life, or beneath the grasp  
of Time. And the voice which she loved  
was sounded in her ears like soft music from  
the sphere above.

"For richer, for poorer, in sickness and  
in health, to love and to cherish till death  
us do part." "Till death us do part," re-  
peated the bride, "united in life and be-  
yond it." Even as the words burst from  
her lips, the whole scene appeared to melt  
before her, the image of Time had vanished,  
she suddenly opened her eyes and wondered  
at the dimness around her. The light had  
burned out in its chamber, and she was  
dying, like the love which men say is re-

traction inspired; but a soft rosy glow was  
tinging the East; bright harbinger of a  
brighter radiance; it was the dawn of Mar-  
ion's wedding day.

And so our little wreath was finished  
and presented with a suitable speech by the  
bride. And what shall I add, but that on  
the following morning the sun shone so  
gaily on the wedding that it seemed as  
though November were assuming the style  
of May in compliment to the joyous occa-  
sion.

## EXTRA CAUTIONS.

The unfortunate people of Columbia, Ala-  
bama, who are suffering from small pox, have  
called on their neighbors of Abbeville for  
provisions suitable for the nourishment of the  
sick. The plea has been heard, and the  
provisions are to be furnished under the  
following stringent relations, which we find  
published in the Abbeville Advertiser:

Mr. Thomas Matthews, who has had the  
disease, and of course is free from all liabil-  
ity to it hereafter, was employed to convey  
the articles sent, under the following regula-  
tions, which we think promise perfect secu-  
rity, especially as those to whom the relief  
is sent have been informed that any violation  
will cause a withdrawal of correspondence,  
and on Mr. Matthews part will forfeit his  
pay:

The Messenger is not to approach within  
a mile and a quarter of the place, and if the  
disease should appear there the point will be  
removed to another equally distant from the  
disease.

The provision is to be there deposited on  
regular days by the messenger, who is to  
place it where it can be obtained, and leave  
it in charge of a well person who has not  
been with the sick; the Columbia commit-  
tee will then receive and dispose of it  
among their sick.

The messenger will not approach within  
ten feet of any person after passing the  
11-mile post from Columbia; will not wait  
more than half an hour to see that the com-  
mittee receive the supplies, and upon the ar-  
rival of their messenger will remain no longer  
than is necessary to affect the delivery of  
the articles, and receive of health and  
wants and then return without entering any  
house or coming in contact with any per-  
son below the 11-mile post.

No correspondence will be carried from  
Columbia, except the report of health, to be  
made by some person who is not diseased,  
and has not waited on or been with the sick.  
Mr. B. L. McCarter, druggist, is the cor-  
respondent; his letters will be laid down  
ten feet from Matthews, who on the retir-  
ing of the Columbia messenger, will wrap  
the letter in paper carried by him for that  
purpose, and bring it to within five miles of  
this place, where he will be met by a party  
expressly selected, to whom the letter will  
be delivered, received with gloves to be used  
only for that purpose, and opened with  
pinners, read, and, if necessary, copied and  
then destroyed. As soon as the messenger leaves  
the neighborhood of the infected district,  
he will throw away and destroy the clothes  
worn down and put on others.

Under these regulations we think we  
have perfect safety against communication  
of the disease, and may relieve much suf-  
fering, and probably save valuable lives.  
As no money will be received from the suf-  
ferers while the sickness is among them,  
those who desire to aid in this object by  
donations or by forwarding suitable sup-  
plies, will confer with either of the commit-  
tees or with J. W. Stokes, Esq., treasurer of  
the relief committee.

SWEARING IN THE PULPIT.—Above all  
things, my young friend, do not swear in  
the pulpit! I have heard the sacred name  
used in a manner that left a doubt whether  
the preacher had ever read the Ten Com-  
mandments. Your brother, Gubbingschins,  
is given to the bad habit of denouncing  
certain crimes as "damning villainy without  
a parallel on God's Earth," or, once in a  
while, for the sake of harsher emphasis, he  
will say, "God Almighty's earth." Now  
I have disliked to give you this specimen,  
for the repetition of such language is like  
handing pitch, it leaves a defilement and  
stench upon the mind. I have given it  
however, that you may know just what I  
mean. A clergyman who rants at this rate  
ought first to be advised by a friend, and if  
he show no sign of repentance, he ought  
then to be dealt with as in other cases of  
immorality; that is, set aside as a profane  
fellow, dangerous to good morals. It may  
perhaps, give some force to this counsel,  
when I tell you, that not long ago a preacher  
used this style of reproach toward a noisy  
drunkard who had strayed into church—  
He was not so drunk, however, as to be  
forsaken of his wits, for he sharply retorted,  
by saying that he would have no such swear-  
ing there!—*National Magazine.*

You have a very striking resemblance, as  
the donkey said to the elephant, when he  
saw him over the bank with his trunk  
up.

"Pooh! pooh!" said a wife to her ex-  
pecting husband, as he strove to utter a few  
parting words, "don't stop to talk to me  
now, I'm in a hurry."

## THE SEAT OF WAR.

The following details respecting the prob-  
able theatre of hostilities in Italy are inter-  
esting at this moment:

If Alessandria, which was dismantled by  
the Austrians in 1835, when they gave it  
up to Piedmont, but which has recently  
been fortified, were made the basis of oper-  
ations of an invading army against Milan,  
the army would have two routes to follow:  
the first, in which there are a number of  
torrents, up to Ticino, which separates  
Lombardy from Piedmont; and the second,  
the easier one, presenting an obstacle in the  
Po, which is the southern limit of Lom-  
bardo-Venetia. Now Austria, which occu-  
pies Piacenza, on the right bank of that  
river, has established an entrenched camp at  
that place. Lower down are Cremona, and  
on the left bank Mantua, to defend the Pas-  
sage against an army which should leave  
Piacenza in its rear. On the first road to  
Milan, behind the Ticino, is Pavia, which  
seems to have been lately fortified in  
order to be made a base of operations  
against Alessandria, if besieged; on the  
north are Bergamo and Brescia, strong  
places, but not impregnable, and able to  
disquiet an army passing them to attack  
Verona and Mantua, which are the key  
of the country.

The territory was the theatre of the cam-  
paign of 1796, and Austria has accumulated  
defences there in the belief that in a future  
war the same plan of attack would be fol-  
lowed; but that is perhaps, doubtful. On  
the Mincio, which is only ten leagues long  
from the lake of Garda, in which it rises, to  
the marshes which surround Mantua,  
where it falls into the Po, and which can  
be forded in several places, means of defence  
have been accumulated, and Peschiera and  
Mantua protect its two extremities. The  
Adige is in the rear, and flows parallel to  
the Po for a certain distance. It is perpen-  
dicular to it behind the Lake of Garda  
from Verona Legnano, a length of fifteen  
leagues. It can nowhere be forded, and its  
banks, on the side of Verona, are covered  
with gardens and vineyards, and these on  
the side of Mantua with rice fields and  
marshes.

The road from Verona to Legnano runs  
between the Adige and a canal, and an  
army placed within the square formed by  
Peschiera, Mantua, Verona and Legnano,  
protected by the water which is found on  
the East and West, by mountains to the  
North, and by marshes to the South, is free  
in its movements, and can march on any  
point that may be menaced. Peschiera,  
of which the defences are somewhat scattered,  
is the refuge of the flotilla, which, acting on  
the Lake of Garda, would menace a *corps*  
*d'armee* desiring to cross the Mincio, and  
protect the locks which enable the banks  
of the lower part of the river to be inunda-  
ted. By an inundation the flying bridge  
constructed by the enemy would be carried  
away. Mantua is like Peschiera, on an  
island in the Mincio, surrounded by a lake,  
which should be drained in order to  
allow the town to be taken, and drain-  
ing would leave a pestilential marsh which  
would render the place uninhabitable. The  
fortress is reached by raised causeways pro-  
tected by forts. It is very difficult to take,  
but can be easily blockaded. As this place  
appears to Austria too unhealthy and too  
far from the Tyrol, she has established her  
head quarters at Verona, and has disbursed  
a large sum in fortifying the place. Verona,  
like all the positions fortified by Austrian  
engineers, comprises, in addition to numer-  
ous fortifications, an entrenched camp, cap-  
able of containing an army. It is believed  
that the fate of the place will be decided  
rather by a battle than by a siege, which  
last would require a vast force.

Legnano is a tete-de-pont fortified by  
Napoleon, which would enable the army of  
Verona to proceed to Mantua, as Peschiera  
on the north would give it an issue on  
Brescia and the northern part of the  
Milanais. Moreover, an Austrian army,  
defeated and obliged to remain at Verona,  
could be relieved by troops arriving from  
the Tyrol on the front and rear of the be-  
siegers. The numerous roads in the Tyrol  
are protected by forts which a handful of  
men would be capable of defending against  
a victorious army. If, however,  
Verona were to be taken, the conquest of  
Venetia would not be difficult. As to the  
Adriatic, Austria has taken the precaution  
of protecting herself against an attack on its  
coasts. From the bank of the Po to the  
frontiers of Istria, the shores of the Adriatic  
are very insalubrious. In some places it is  
impossible to pass a night without being  
attacked by fever, and the sea is shallow to  
a considerable distance from the coast.

Venice, in fact, is the only place which can  
receive vessels of a secondary size, and  
they must enter by passes which are pro-  
tected by strong forts. If the city were  
taken, Fort Marghera would remain, and it  
cannot be approached either by land or  
water. In 1848, the Austrians in that fort  
resisted the besieging Austrian army, until  
men and ammunition were exhausted.

Those are the best instructions whose lives  
are at stake, and which are the result of  
experience.

## AN INCIDENT OF REVOLUTIONARY HIS- TORY.

A correspondent of the Southern Christ-  
ian Advocate relates the following interest-  
ing incident in South Carolina Revolutionary  
History. The heroine, Mrs. Trammel,  
died several years since, in Alabama.

Mrs. Trammel was old enough to have  
been familiar with many of the bloody  
events which occurred near the close of the  
Revolutionary War, in the immediate neigh-  
borhood of her home, which was near King's  
Mountain, in South Carolina. Her husband,  
Thomas Trammel, had unhesitatingly iden-  
tified his fortunes with those of the "Lib-  
erty Party," as they were familiarly called,  
and being a good shot and of unflinching  
courage, he was a terror to all the friends  
of the King, as far as his name was known.

At the time of which we write, that sec-  
tion of country was overrun by a band of  
Tories, encamped in large numbers at  
King's Mountain, under Gen. Ferguson.—  
There was in this command a noted Tory,  
by the name of John Towns, who had long  
been the neighbor and professed friend of  
Trammel. At this time, Towns was a ser-  
geant, and constantly upon the scout for  
the purpose of capturing men, horses, &c.  
Young Trammel could not feel much afraid  
somehow of Towns. He thought, surely  
he will not injure me; but in this he was  
mistaken, as he afterwards had occasion  
painfully to learn. He had been for some  
time hiding and keeping out of the way as  
best he could, until one night he ventured  
to sleep in his own house. Just before day,  
he was aroused by the heavy tramp of hor-  
ses, and on rising he found the house sur-  
rounded by a troop, which proved to be  
sergeant Towns and his band. Trammel  
was at once seized and bound, and carried  
out into the yard for execution. Towns  
produced his authority, executed in du-  
form, and flourishing it over Trammel's  
head pompously offered to free him if he  
would take the oath of allegiance to the  
King, and take up arms against his own  
countrymen. This proposition Trammel  
met with merited scorn, and said in reply—  
"You can carry me bound to the King's  
army, but you can never make me fight  
against my countrymen."

After some consultation, they concluded  
to try to get hold of some of Trammel's  
horses, knowing that he owned some very  
fine ones which were hid out, and they  
knew not how to find them without using  
him as a guide.

So very anxious were they to get them,  
that they proposed to relieve Trammel  
upon condition that he would go and drive  
them up. He went and found them, but  
rode and drove them another way.

After waiting until all hopes of his re-  
turn had vanished, drinking and pillaging  
everything they could turn to account, and  
feeling no little chagrin at their disappoint-  
ment, sergeant Towns called on Mrs. Tram-  
mel for some clothing for his men, or goods  
out of which to make some. She replied,  
"Sir, you have already stripped me of all.  
I have nothing more for you, except your  
nephew there," pointing to his sister's son  
an orphan boy, whom they in charity had  
taken some time before to keep from suffer-  
ing, "he has a few clothes, which I made  
for him; you can take them if you will."  
But they did not suit.

About this time, his eyes rested upon a  
strong box, which sat near the fire place,  
and he said, "What have you in that box?  
She replied, indignantly, "Sir, it is none  
of your business." "Well," said he, "it is  
my business, and I'll see what it contains."  
"No, sir," said she, "you shall not look into  
that box," and seizing a heavy iron poker,  
she placed herself between Towns and the  
box, and planted herself firmly, resolved to  
defend her little treasure. The box con-  
tained a few quilts and counterpanes, the  
work of her own hands. Towns advanced  
and drew his sword to intimidate her, but  
she maintained her position without mov-  
ing a muscle. He presented his sword, and  
sneeringly said, "Now would you hit a  
fellow?" She said, "Do you advance a  
step further, and you will see." He looked  
her in the eyes, and saw plainly what her  
determination was, and retired and left her  
in possession of her little treasure.

"Come, Bill, it is ten o'clock; I think  
we had better be going, for it's time honest  
folks were at home."

"Well, yes," was the reply; "I must be  
off, but you needn't go on that account."

"You would be very pretty indeed," said  
a gentleman patronizingly to a young lady,  
"if your eyes were only a little larger."

"My eyes may be very pretty, sir, but  
such people as you don't fill them!" She  
chawed him that time, didn't she?

A teacher wishing to explain to a little  
girl the manner in which a lobster cast his  
shell when he has outgrown it, said, "What  
do you do when you've outgrown your  
clothes?" "You throw them aside, don't  
you?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we  
let out the ticks!"

Those are the best instructions whose lives  
are at stake, and which are the result of  
experience.

## JOHN RANDOLPH.

Doctor Miller who still lives in all the  
earnestness of a life that has denied rest or  
quiet to itself for almost four score years  
and ten, was seated in the gallery of the  
House of Representatives, when his atten-  
tion was given to the occurrence of a young  
person engaged in conversation with the  
Speaker. From his boyish look he pre-  
sumed him to be one of the pages of the  
House. The interview was a brief one, but  
it was historic in the annals of Congress.  
That was the hour when John Randolph  
appeared to present himself before the  
speaker to take the constitutional oath, and  
when that presiding officer asked him, of  
course in pleasantry, whether he was of the  
age defined by the Constitution, and when  
Randolph gave him such an answer as Pitt  
would have made—Ask my constituents.

Long buried beneath the dust of his na-  
tive State, the boy grown to be a man, and  
mind and body decaying—coming to a  
premature grave, has been this wonderful  
Virginian, while he, who saw the start-  
ing point of his extraordinary career, has  
lived until above the Randolph's death-bed,  
no laurel like unto the Randolph's own  
Virginia's soil. The orator who could talk  
of nothing for hours, and talk so well, so  
beautifully, that over the memory it passed  
as quick glittering water, pours over the  
agate strewn bed of Minnesota's streams,  
indicating the precious stone, but not bear-  
ing it on—the statesman who almost by in-  
stinct knew the affairs over whose elabora-  
tion working other men must toil long before  
they obtained an analysis, who was a cyclopaedia  
in variety, who had the eye that saw the  
lovely, and tongue that talked it, is of Vir-  
ginia's Past, and no man of her Present re-  
new his memories.

There was an earnest intimacy existing  
between Randolph and the late Hermanns  
Bleeker; of Albany, commencing during  
the latter gentleman's term in Congress, and  
enduring into the last years of life. One of  
the occasions in the statesman's latest years,  
when he renewed his intellectual vigor, and  
blazed at his dinner-table with that variety  
of knowledge, gracing all he touched and  
glowing in all departments of conversation,  
was when he entertained Mr. Bleeker and  
Mr. De Witt of Albany. No two men  
could possibly be more unlike than were  
these two gentlemen. Mr. Bleeker was the  
philosopher of the calm, Mr. Randolph of  
the storm, but both were earnest men in  
their way, and they were linked by mind,  
and consequently never disagreed.

A portrait of the Virginian was a cher-  
ished possession of Bleeker. At his death  
it was acquired by a gentleman of Albany,  
who, with full appreciation of its worth, re-  
tains it. And who has Virginia like him?  
who of all the men that yet answer when  
her roll of statesmen is called can respond in  
tones of true oratory, can kindle the thought  
and brighten the brain, by their voice of  
eloquence? When that great Constitutional  
Convention held its session, what wealth of  
response might have been made! But the  
Past is Virginia's only treasure, and when,  
in its enumeration, the record of the men  
wonderful in intellect is made—he whose  
name heads this article, will be among the  
highest written.—*New York Courier.*

"MAY, SWEET MAY."  
May is "the happiest month of all the  
grand New Year," says the ballad which  
Demeter has rendered immortal in song.  
It surely ought to be, for it is the season of  
loves of the birds, of the bursting forth of  
birds and flowers, of the growing of the  
grasses, of the awakening of Endymion  
Summer to full and passionate life. Good  
reason, then, why the poets have laid rhymes  
innumerable upon the May Queen's altar.  
If we had a poet's pen, it should inhospitally  
the month, for our fancy is away to the  
"fields and woods, and