

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

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Editors and Proprietors.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

WHO'S THE LADY!

All was bustle and confusion among the fashionable of a quiet little town in one of the western counties of our State, on the day preceding the evening for a Select Ball. The ladies became great pedestrians, and were on foot for hours together, whilst husbands and fathers were at home waiting in awful suspense for their return with the shopkeepers' bill. The shopkeepers were more polite than usual, inasmuch as gauze, lace, and ribbons were the only articles in demand, and were bought without the irritating query, "can't you take less?" and not a milliner could complain at night of a want of custom and a full purse. Evening advanced and the bustle increased. Beaux just from the hand-bag might be seen with a glove in one hand and courage in the other, tapping at the door of the wealthy, and tipping and bowing as if made of vibratory material, with as much cash in their pockets as brains in their noodle, and more brass in their face than either.

One of these mushroom gentry who had the faculty of talking nonsense, had captivated the charming Mehitabe Clarissa Adeline Bacon, third daughter of the wealthy Captain Jacobus Bacon, of the invincible volunteer company of heroes vulgarly called "bare-foot," who, with remarkable valor, effected a bloodless (not a mudless) retreat through a swamp two miles wide with the enemy in expectation at their heels. At the appointed hour and according to promise, this sprig of the beau monde alighted, to pull the bell at the door of the redoubtable Captain, which was answered by the female servant, who, among the rest was preparing for the ball, and in her "best-bird and tucker," made a polite bow and invited the young coxcomb in. The light deceived his already defective vision, (defective, for it is sometimes said that love, like wine, makes men see double, especially if they run against a lamp post) and he mistook the servant for his Mehitabe. Doffing his hat, and describing with his body all the figures of Euclid, such as circles, squares, and triangles, he at last completed his bow in *la mode*, and hoped the fact that he had "the money to bring in readiness to escort her to the Athenian Room."

"I am engaged sir," said the kitchen belle.
"Engaged?" exclaimed the youth, chopfallen.
"With Bacon engaged!"
"Oh! it's Miss Bacon you wish to see then," replied the girl.

"Why yeth—am I mistaken—faith—the devil's bowing and talking to a thierval girl! Werth your witrness!"
"Walk into the parlor, sic," answered the insulted girl, "I will call her."

Reader wouldst thou know who this servant girl might be, of whom we have been chatting? Well, listen and I will tell thee. Dost ever thou hear of William K—, once a very wealthy shipping merchant of New York, who through multiplied losses was exiled from the dominions of wealth and consequently, fashion, and for many years dwelt obscurely in a country village with the only remnant of a once large family, a charming daughter. This was the very child. At the age of ten she became an orphan, but not friendless. The gentlemanly character of her father, even in poverty, had won the esteem of all, and this last survivor of his accumulated misfortunes found a home and a friend with a country gentleman. She grew up to womanhood beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by all the family as a sister and a child. But death claimed her adopted mother as his, and her prospects changed. The woman who supplied her place a few months afterwards was her anti-podes, and Amanda K—, stepped forth into the wide world dependent upon physical strength alone for subsistence. But the good wishes of her adopted family went with her, and a situation in the family of Capt. Bacon was secured to her, at which place the reader will recollect he or she found her. But I will resume my story.

At an early hour the ball room was filled with a truly brilliant assemblage. There were red cheeks in profusion, some painted by nature and others by art. Bright eyes in abundance, some sparkling with intelligence others with joyous excitement, and among the roughest sex many with wine. Mirth and hilarity bore regal sway, until a discovery was made—a discovery, considered by that Assembly of equal importance to Herschell's Lunar observations. The dance was suspended, notwithstanding the same still saved his cat gut, and a whisper ran through the crowd. The purse proud ringard, Mrs. Z—, had the honor of making the discovery—a discovery in which was involved the reputation of all present. It was nothing less than the lamentable fact, that Amanda K—, the servant-girl of Capt. Bacon, had imperiously intruded herself into the company of her betters, and actually danced two cotillions with them before the degraded truth was known.

"Did you ever see such impudence?" says one.
"What a hezzen thing!" said another.
"Why see how she's dressed?" said a third.
"Such a character!" whispered a fourth.
"They say—but never mind now!"

"A pot-stewer in our company; the wench!" chimed in Mrs. Z— with that elegance of expression which characterized her, and turning up her nose, advised the ladies to leave the room and no longer be insulted with her presence. This admonition was assented to by the intelligent company, and the poor, but infinitely superior girl was left alone—blushed, confused, and almost overcome with emotion. He who invited her thither was

the son of her adopted father, who united with intelligence a graceful and gentlemanly deportment and the command of extensive possessions in one of the most fertile portions of our State. He was absent when the revolution in the ball room took place, but returned just as it was evacuated by the ladies. Astonished at the change, and perceiving Amanda standing with her face suffused with blushes, he hastily inquired the cause. A friend drew him aside, and communicated the facts as I have penned them,—the young man was enraged and with an emphasis adequate to his just excitement, he exclaimed, "What's that purse proud fool that ignorant parrot of fashion worth, who scorns virtue, because it is coupled with poverty?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered his friend.
"Ten thousand dollars! oh. Well, Amanda is worth that sum and the haughty fool in the bargain. Ten thousand dollars! and that forsooth, balanced against virtuous respectability. Here, Amanda, my girl," said he, taking her by the hand and bowing respectfully to the gentlemen present, let us leave this place where haughty pride, pampered and fed with crumbs of wealth, exercises an influence superior to the dictates of good sense, when virtue is endangered."

So saying, they left the place and returned home. The very next morning after the ball, Amanda K—, the poor, the slighted, the abused girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society because she wore the russet mantle of poverty, received from the hands of the indignant young man, an instrument of writing, securing to her, possessions to the full and undivided amount of ten thousand dollars. This gift, and the motives which prompted it, were soon made known to the haughty Mrs. Z—, and envy, more ranking and painful than disdain, supplied the place of the latter. Nor was the cap of bitterness yet full. With all the solicitude of a mother, she had laid snares to entrap the young man in question, as a husband for her own charming grey-eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that his untimely was an evidence that she had caught him in her meshes. But alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall from high stations. Ere two months had elapsed, the humble Amanda became the wife of the wealthy Edgar N—.

Time rolled on in its silent course, bearing upon its tide sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every ingredient of happiness for the youthful pair, and those who turned their backs upon Capt. Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning sycophants of Mrs. N—, who in her new station, was no more amiable, no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good. Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost of age are gathering upon the temples of her fond husband. Yet love, pure and holy, still warms the domestic circle wherein the altar of true benevolence is reared. The good things of life are poured into her lap in abundance, while she distributes with a prodigal hand their blessings among the children of cheerless poverty, and it may be truly said, "that her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

What an instructive moral may be gleaned from incidents of this kind—incidents which occur almost daily in the great mass of society. The simple tale I have told is not the filigree work of fancy, wrought up from the tinsel material of fiction, but based upon fact. How often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intellect and worth! Virtue, beauty, intelligence, moral worth, the highest attributes of intelligent creatures, are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of Mammon, whose altars are often built up amid the mouldering ruins of Genius, and whose sacrificial fires consist in the utter prostration and destruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

THE OLD CHURCH AT QUINCY, MASS.

The 200th anniversary of the gathering of this Church was celebrated a few days since, and appears to have been an occasion of great interest, though, as it fell on the Sabbath, few ceremonies were observed. A discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Lunt, Jr., pastor of the Society, a hymn furnished by the Hon. J. Q. Adams, one of the members, &c. The exercises were, in fact, on the simple plan of those observed one century before, when the Rev. John Hancock, father of the illustrious patriot of the Revolution, was the sole pastor of this venerable church. This gentleman's ministry lasted from 1720 to 1745. The present senior incumbent, Mr. Whitney, has occupied his situation about forty years.

Many circumstances correspond to give interest to this commemoration. Mount Wallaston, as Quincy was first called, was settled as early as 1626, five years only after Plymouth, and five before Boston; and it is supposed to have been the first permanent settlement in the Massachusetts Colony. Great names too are connected with this humble institution. We are told by the Boston Register that among the early baptismal records of the century now closed, is written the name of "John, son of John Adams."

A name which has since deeper written in the history of our nation and in the hearts of men.—The church counts him among her sons—his father waited at her table; and he was at his death her oldest member. Rarely was he absent from the services of the Sabbath, and he now lies beneath the stone Temple which his munificence endowed, and which but lately has risen, a connecting link between the centuries which have gone and the future. Inscribed on the same records, and from the pen of the same pastor, is the name of "John Hancock, my son."

Again, it appears that from this ancient church, in July, 1767, John Quincy Adams received the sign of baptism, and on the list of her communicants his name is enrolled. Thus hath this little Society, founded in feebleness, nurtured in its bosom two of the Presidents of this Union, and the President of that glorious body which issued the Declaration of American Independence. To these names may be added that of Quincy also, hardly less distinguished. Edmund, the progenitor of all that race, was one of the earliest members and founders of this church.

Those of our readers familiar with the accustomed observances of our New England brethren on these occasions will be prepared to hear that the psalms were sung from the Collection published

at Cambridge in 1640, by Messrs. Weld and Flot, ministers of Roxbury, and Marther, of Dorchester—the first book printed in America, and used by the early church. The psalms at the close of the afternoon service was after the ancient manner, line by line, alternately read and sung by the minister and choir.

The following is the hymn written for the occasion by the Hon. John Q. Adams:

THE HOUR GLASS.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!
How flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by;
The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age with furrowed brow;
Time was—Time shall be—drain the glass—
But where in Time is now?
Time is the measure but of change:
No present hour is found,
The past, the future, fill the range
Of Time's incessant round.
Where then is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.
Then, Pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.
To God let votive accents rise:
With truth, with virtue live;
So all the bias that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

We observe that the second centennial celebration of the town of Quincy occurs in May next. It was common in the first settlements for the Church to be gathered before the civil system was matured.

EDUCATION.

The calling of a teacher should become the first in respectability. In the most able men should spend their time. Youth should be educated according to their capacity, and advanced steadily in all the useful sciences. Rewards in commendation, standing, and privilege, should be held forth; but penalties invariably and effectually inflicted for delinquency. The teacher should have supreme authority over his pupil so far as salutary correction is required. The idle, the mischievous, the thoughtless, and willful, whenever this is not the case, disturb the order of the school, double the labor, and disappoint the best intentions of the teacher. Let pupils be classified and have tasks according to their capacity; and make them, without one solitary exception, perform them. Let them be advanced intellectually, the judgment strengthened, the comprehension enlarged, and the memory burdened as little as possible. A judicious instructor of the languages (and without these we cannot know our own language) will throw no unnecessary burden upon the memory.

In this way, one-half the time that is spent in academies and colleges might give us an almost liberally-educated population. Our language would receive nerve and vigor, beauty and elegance, instead of fashion, from those who are to succeed us; and civil and political liberty, in such a population, would, through a fertile soil, strike their roots in solid earth. Such a system as this, would make us one of the first scientific nations in the world.—Out of the millions thus thoroughly educated, there would arise stars of the first magnitude. We are now laughed at, and are regarded as fantastical in science as we are in display. The *Penny Magazine* has within its pages more solid matter for information and interest, than all the publications in the United States. We make the declaration fearless of contradiction from men of judgment and literary taste, and for the rest we care not a straw. Let the wise think of these things. There can be no change till you make the calling of a teacher as respectable as that of any other calling, however elevated. Give him this authority and superintendence this system. And this will do it.—and what a change! — *Boston Investigator.*

From the Rural Repository.

AUTUMN.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and bare."

Oh how swiftly time passes away! and how each succeeding year of life seems to depart on a fleetier pinion, as our hearts become impressed with a better sense of its exceeding value. But a little while ago and it was summer; the earth wore her green velvet mantle with grace; the birds warbled their melodies in the draperies of trees, and the rills and rivers danced joyfully on their sunny course. And now, it is autumn! Already has the earth donned her robe of russet, the skies assumed a deeper, colder blue, and the mournfully sighing winds tell of the fast coming winter. The leaves like the dying dolphin, put on the varying colors which precede decay, and then lie dried and mouldering upon the ground. The flower-stalks are bent and broken by the blast, and their wan, discolored petals, strew the garden walks.—How sadly now does the thought come o'er us that the bright and the beautiful must thus ever fade away. We can no more wander forth to inhale the perfumed breath of the dewy morning, when every flower-cup holds its pearls, and every spear of grass is sparkling with a diamond; we can no longer stroll in the quiet fields and shady lanes, hearing no sound but the hum of insects, the song of birds, and the music of waters; or sit musing for hours upon the hill-side, watching the flying clouds that come over the soft blue sky, like a shade of sorrow o'er the face of laughing childhood, and as quickly pass away—alas! how unlike those laden masses that now spread their broad fields o'er the azure heaven, like the grief of age, to end in settled gloom and tears.

But a few more summers—how few, none can tell—and we too shall sleep the wintry sleep; and may we go to our resting place like the flowers, with the perfume of virtue around us, rejoicing in the hope, that as they will again open their petals to the sunshine, so shall we awake in the light of our heavenly Father's smiles.

Bleeding at the nose, if it be ever so violent and protracted, may be permanently stopped by the individual using some salted beef, which has been grated fine with a gaiter, in the same way he would use snuff. Two or three pinches are said to be sufficient to stop any fit of bleeding.

LAUGH, LADY, LAUGH.

A SONG.

Laugh, lady, laugh;
There's no avail in weeping;
Grief was never made
To be in beauty's keeping;
Tears are of a stream
Where pleasure lies decaying;
Smiles like rays of light,
O'er sunny waters playing.
Laugh, lady, laugh.

Sing, lady, sing;
There is a charm in singing,
When melody its spells
Upon the air is flinging;
Sweet sounds have often won
More than the fairest faces;
And harp have always been
The playing of the graces.
Sing, lady, sing.

Love, lady, love;
There's always joy in loving;
But sigh not when you find
That man is fond of roving;
For when the summer bee
Takes wing thro' beauty's bowers,
He knows not which to choose
Among so many flowers.
Love, lady, love.

STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM LEGGOTT.

If you bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here;
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar,
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through such radiant spheres,
We fail to find the loved of this:
If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone could sever;
And then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be, each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere.
Than this bleak world that holds us now,
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers dry thy tears,
The purg in heaven shall meet again.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

YOUNG MEN AT THE COUNTER.

Young men, whose duty it is to attend in stores and offices, should endeavor to study ease and urbanity, both of manner and speech, if they would cultivate the good opinion and secure the patronage of the public. Avoid abrupt speech and short answers in which there may be no harm, but it is the manner of giving them that causes the offense, and gives rise to ill-natured retorts, bad feelings, and finally terminates in pecuniary loss. A cross, sour look, coupled with a rough speech, will drive more from the counter than the ill reputation of your goods, leaving an unamiable impression, which will always stand in the way of your future good.

Understanding human nature, and the character of those with whom you deal, we would not blame that man, if he can so subject his spirit, who, for his own advantage, seems more servile than independent in his intercourse with his patrons. And, if a person really believes he is doing us a favor by giving us his patronage, we would sooner strengthen than weaken the impression, so long as he is not overbearing and impertinent. A great many think that their patronage is not to be slighted; and when they find that we court it, they, out of self-esteem, will be pleased to continue it.—Another portion, among which are the ladies, are bought and actually bound by a fair speech and kind looks; and the article which they purchase, however good it proves, will not outlast the favorable impression made by the kind attentions and gentle behaviour of the young man at the counter. R. D.

Age of Early Risers.—The following is a catalogue of above twenty early risers. Their age has been mentioned, when it was known.—The average age, as far as ascertained, is about 70.

Franklin was an early riser. He died at the age of 84 years.

President Chauncy of Harvard College, made it his constant practice to rise at 4 o'clock. He died at 81.

Fuseli, the painter, rose with or before the sun. He died at 81.

Wesley rose at three or four o'clock, and slept but six hours. He died at 88.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, says he was indebted to the habit of early rising for all his knowledge, and the composition of all his works. He studied fourteen hours a day; died at 81.

Frederick the Great rose at three or four o'clock. Samuel Bard, M. D. of Hyde Park, rose at daylight in summer, and an hour before in winter, say about 5. Died at 79.

Dr. Priestley was an early riser. He died at 71. Parkhurst rose at 5 in the summer and 6 in the winter. Died at 74.

Bishop Jewell rose at four o'clock. Bishop Burnett commenced rising at four while at college, and continued the practice through a long life. Died at 72.

Sir Matthew Hale rose at 4 or 5. Died at 81. Dr. Adam rose at 5, and for a part of the year, at 4. Died at 78.

Paley, though naturally indolent, began early to rise at 5, and continued the practice through life. Died at 63.

Bishop Horn was an early riser. Died at 62. Bishop Scott was an early riser. Died at 52. Brougham is said to rise at 4; he is now about 55.

Stanislaus I. of Poland, always retired at 9, and rose at three. Died at 80.

Alfred the Great, it is believed, rose at four.—Died at 52.

Sir Thomas Moore, in his Utopia, represent the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before daybreak. He himself rose at four.—He was beheld at the age of 55.—*Library of Health.*

In the St. Louis, (Mo.) police reports for the 29th ult., we find the following romantic story of a Mexican found homeless, and asleep in the streets at night:—

Antoine Bezarrar, a Mexican, had been in the army of Urra, and at the storming of San Juan d'Ulton. He had been an officer of some considerable importance, but being suspected of treason by the government, was thrown into prison, where he suffered the most excruciating tortures. Having got a glimpse, through the loop-hole in the cell, of the governor's daughter, a beautiful Spanish maiden, of about sixteen, he succeeded in inducing her to furnish him with pen, ink and paper. Being an excellent scholar, he wrote so moving and pathetic an account of his sufferings, and the admiration he had for the fair girl, that her heart melted in pity. She was induced to visit him in his solitary cell. He protested and made love to her in the old Spanish fashion, and after much entreaty, she was persuaded to conceal a large quantity of jewels about her person to bribe the sentinel upon her lover's prison doors, and flee with him beyond the limits of her father's power. Their mules failed them, as they were just on the point of ensuring their escape, and they entered Texas faint, famished and perishing. Here they were relieved by the hospitality of an American emigrant, who nursed the maiden faithfully and tenderly, until she died—the victim of a violent fever, which she had contracted during her journey. The poor Bezarrar, distracted with grief, sought only to die. He left the cabin of his protector, and took his lonely way through the wilderness, unknowing and uncaring whether he went.—He was beset by a band of braves, and nearly murdered. For several days he lay on the ground without subsistence of any kind, except the waters of a little brook, to whose bank he crawled. These seemed to possess some medicinal property, for they healed his wounds and retracted his strength, and he pursued his way, until he arrived at Galveston, where he embarked as fireman on board the Cuba—was wrecked and thrown ashore by a wave unconscious and apparently dead. But fortune was not yet done tormenting him.—He recovered, and was taken to New Orleans by a steamer. Here he shipped as deck hand, and arrived at St. Louis without friends, or money, and entirely ignorant of our manners and language. He was fined \$1, for sleeping in the street.

A Fact in confirmation of Phrenology.—We have seen it stated in some phrenological work, (perhaps Mr. Combe's,) that the organ of conscientiousness is generally more largely developed in women's heads than in men's.—We have a fact to offer that clearly establishes the phrenological conclusion.

Upon our subscription list there is quite a number of "Heaven's last best gifts to man," and with scarcely an exception, they have not only paid up to the present, but have sent their contributions into the future for the Recorder. This fact bears out phrenology triumphantly in assigning to women's head a superior organ of conscientiousness, to say nothing of benevolence; and in directing the Recorder, we always feel a lovely emotion as her name drops from our pen, for

"—it lingering, haunts the greatest spot
On memory's waste."
[Columbus (Ohio) Recorder.]

The American Indians are all of royal blood; for the people are sovereign, and they are the descendants of the people.

The Deacon for me.—"Papa," says one of his boys to the deacon, "I had a funny dream last night."
"Well, Tommy, what was your funny dream?"
"Why I dreamed that the devil come into your store."
"The devil!"
"Yen Pa, the devil, that he found you drawing a glass of gin for poor Ambo James who has fits and who broke a little baby's arm the other day, because she cried when he came home drunk. And I thought the devil came up to the counter and laid the end of his long tail on the chair, and leaned over towards the barrel where you were stooping to draw it out, and asked if you wasn't a deacon. And I thought you didn't look up, but said you was, and then he grimed and shook his tail like a cat that has a mouse, and says he to me—"That ere's the deacon for me!"—and ran out of the shop laughing so loud that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up.

This dream was more than the father could stand; it put an end to his delusion and to his trade in ardent spirits. Of course the pig had not entirely eaten up his conscience.—*Striped Pig.*

Here are beautiful sentences from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent—suching more true.

Comfort of Children.—Call out that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—*even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow; but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth, defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.*

Happy Reply.—A pedagogue in Berkshire not long since enquired of a boy, "what part of speech is Oh? and Ah?" the knight of the red attempted to illustrate by again asking, "What would you say if a man seized you violently by the arm?" "Why, I should tell him to let me alone, damnation quick!"

Preventive of Jealousy.—A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."