Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.
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BY R. MAUZY & CO.

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Staunton Spectator.
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Office and Residence, Hartman Building, 108 N. Augusta St., opposite Plecker Block.
OFFICE HOURS—8 to 10 A. M., 2 to 3 P. M., 7 to 8 P. M. jan29-tf

WM. A. HUDSON. WM. PATRICK.
HUDSON & PATRICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

J. E. GUY. R. L. PARRISH.
GUY & PARRISH, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.
Office in Sullivan Building 2nd floor, Augusta Street. dec1-tf

ALEX. H. H. STUART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Having recovered his health, and retired from public life, will hereafter give diligent attention to such causes in chancery, and in the Court of Appeals at Staunton, as may be entrusted to his care. no20-4t

JOHN W. STOUT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND Commissioner in Chancery, *STAUNTON, VA.,*
Will practice in the Courts holden in Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—Formerly occupied by N. K. Trout, dec'd. au14-tf

DR. S. H. HENKEL, New Dental Rooms,
No. 15, West Frederick Street,
mar13-1y* STAUNTON, VA.

J. R. TUCKER, Lexington, Va. H. ST. GEO. TUCKER, Staunton, Va.
TUCKER & TUCKER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and the adjoining counties. Also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and will attend regularly the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge. au22-tf

N. K. TROUT. W. E. CRAIG.
TROUT & CRAIG, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.
We have entered into Partnership as Lawyers, occupying the old Offices of the Senior member. The Junior member will aid in conducting the old business.
☞ Particular attention given to collections. je15-tf

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☞ Special attention given to Surgery.
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feb 4—1y

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MATHEWS & MATHEWS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, LEWISBURG, WEST VA.,
practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections nd to special cases anywhere in their State.
may 17—1y

GEORGE M. HARRISON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
will practice in all the Courts holden in Augusta county, and in the Circuit Courts of the adjoining counties.
☞ Strict attention given to the collection of Claims.
OFFICE—East of Court-house, over Clerk's office of Court of Appeals. oc 31—tf

THOMAS D. RANSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.
offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

MEADE F. WHITE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
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Refers, by permission, to the Law Faculty of the University of Virginia.
OFFICE on Court-house Alley. feb 6—1y.

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practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WARM SPRINGS, VA.
Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., nd Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for.
dec 23—tf

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OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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WESTWARD.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Staunton	2.00 P. M.	4.30 A. M.
Arrrive Goshen	3.36 " "	5.48 " "
" Millboro'	3.58 " "	6.05 " "
" Covington	5.38 " "	7.20 " "
" White Sulphur	6.50 " "	8.45 " "
" Hinton	10.00 " "	10.40 " "
" Kanawha Falls	3 20 P. M.	1.30 P. M.
" Charleston	5.45 " "	3.27 " "
" Huntington	8.30 " "	5.45 " "
" Cincinnati		6.00 A. M.

☞ Connecting with all lines West.

NORTH.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Staunton	1.35 P. M.	12.20 A. M.
Arrive Charlottesville	3.30 " "	2.25 " "
" Gordonsville	4.40 " "	3.25 " "
" Alexandria	8.50 " "	7.35 " "
" Washington	9.15 " "	8.00 " "
" New York	7.00 " "	4.05 " "
" Richmond	8.15 " "	6.45 " "
Lve Richm'd, Pied. A. Ln	1.40 P. M.	11.15 P. M.
" " Atlan. C. Line	8.40 " "	11.10 " "

For all points in the Southern States.
Passengers going South connect at Charlottesville by night Train No. 4, leaving Staunton at 11.20 A. M.
Freight and Passenger Train No. 22 leaving Staunton at 5.40 A. M., connect with Va. Midland at Charlottesville for Lynchburg and the South.
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(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.)
EAST.

Leave—	Accom.	Mail.	Accom.
Staunton	6.15 a. m.	11.15 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
Weyer's Cave	6.57 "	11.47 "	4.12 "
Arrrive—			
Harrisonburg	7.34 "		4.55 "
Leave—			
Harrisonburg	7.45 "	12.15 p. m.	
New Market	9.47 "	1.07 "	
Mt. Jackson	10.25 "	1.20 "	
Arrive—			
Woodstock	—	2.05 "	
Leave—			
Woodstock	11.29 "	2.30 "	
Strasburg	12.27 p. m.	3.06 "	
Winchester	3.00 "	4.11 "	
Arrive—			
Harper's Ferry	5.56 "	5.35 "	
Washington		8.00 "	
Baltimore		9.30 "	

WEST.

Leave—	Mail.	Accom.	Accom.
Baltimore	7.10 a. m.		
Washington	8.35 "		
Harper's Ferry	11.00 "	7.10 a. m.	
Winchester	12.16 p. m.	10.45 "	
Strasburg	1.00 "	12.18 p. m.	
Woodstock	2.05 "	2.15 "	
Mt. Jackson	2.38 "	3.18 "	
New Market	2.57 "	3.54 "	
Harrisonburg	3.44 "	6.10 "	10.30 a. m.
Weyer's Cave	1.12 "	6.57 "	11.30 "
Arrive—			
Staunton	4.45 "	7.50 "	12.20 p. m.

Mail Train through to Washington and Baltimore without change of cars, and makes close connection at Harper's Ferry with Express Trains for the West. The Accommodation leaving Staunton at 3.15 p. m., runs through to Harper's Ferry on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.
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S. of T., B. & O. R. R. jy2

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SHORT HORN CATTLE.—Two fine Bull Calves, 9 months old, 3 or 4 Cows and Heifers, also Berkshire Pigs, for sale at low prices.
A. M. BOWMAN,
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—SCALES.—
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OSCILLATING PUMP CO.'S PUMPS.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
FAIRBANK'S & CO.,
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FOR SALE BY PRICE & MILLER, STAUNTON, VA. sep3-4m

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Highest Award at the Centennial.
Diploma of Honor and Medal of Merit, for
Grand, Upright and Square PIANOS.
The principal points of superiority in the STIEFF Pianos are brilliant singing quality of tone, with great power—*evenness of touch* throughout the entire scale, faultless action, unsurpassed durability, and unexcelled workmanship.
A large variety of Second-hand Pianos, of all makers, constantly in store, and ranging in prices from $75 to $300.
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The best now made.
A full supply of every style constantly in store, and sold on the most liberal terms.
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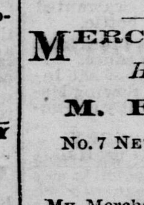

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My Merchant Tailoring Establishment has just been fitted up with a new and fine assortment of
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of the latest styles and best manufacture.
☞ Perfect fits guaranteed and orders promptly executed.
Call and examine goods and prices. jy2-tf

P. B. GRAVES, **Fashionable Tailor,**
No. 103 *E. Main St., Up Stairs, opposite W. L. Olivier's Book Store,*
is prepared to give the same satisfaction in all work as in former times.
Special Attention Paid to Cutting.
Work done outside of shop. Cutting and repairing done in best manner and on short notice. ☞ TERMS CASH. ☜ au27-tf

BARE & SPRINKLE, FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
New St., next door to Mrs. Scherer's Millinery Store, and 3 doors from Loeb's Corner, Staunton, Virginia.
All work in our line executed with neatness and dispatch. Special attention paid to cutting repairing and cleansing. aug 5—tf

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Near Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Depot,
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N. B.—No material but seasoned lumber used by us. dec 5—1y

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. apr2-1y

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
For Purifying the Blood.

This compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia, and the Mandrake with the Iodides of Potash and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ, or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as *Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa arising from internal ulceration and uterine diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility.* With their departure health returns.
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DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
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KIDDER'S Crude Carbolic Acid.
(STANDARD QUALITY.) *For Purifying and Disinfecting Water Closets, Drains, Sewers, Stables, etc.*
This Acid should be used where foul gases and disagreeable odors exist. It will instantly remove offensive odors, and will arrest decomposition, and being repugnant to insects and vermin, will prevent them from harboring. Put up in pint bottles at 25 cents each. For sale only by W. R. TYREE,
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DR. GEO. S. WALKER, so well and favorably known in Augusta and adjoining counties, is associated with
GEO. W. MAY & CO.
in their drug business on Augusta street, opposite the Augusta National Bank, and will be glad to see his many friends at his new place of business. oct8

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for economy, beauty of finish, desirability, is the cheapest and best Paint offered. GEO. W. MAY & CO.,
oct8 Sole Agents.

GEO. W. MAY & CO.
sell the
Jones' Ventilated Truss and Abdominal Supporter.
This truss is nickel plated and will never wear out, and is acknowledged to be the best in the market. Send for circulars. oct8

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Nature's Noblest Remedy, will positively produce a growth of hair on a bald head.

WE offer to families and contractors, and all who wish to paint,
PURE LEAD AND OIL
At BOTTOM FIGURES.
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Staunton Wagon Factory.
GIBBS & LICKLITER,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Farm & Spring Wagons,
BUGGIES,
CARTS, WHEELBARROWS, SPOKES
HUBS,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
Wagon Makers' Material generally,
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, &c.,
Lumber rough and dressed always in stock.
All Wagons Warranted for 1 Year.
☞ Horse-shoeing and Blacksmithing promptly attended to. ☜
Having in our employ none but
SKILLED MECHANICS,
who are thorough masters of their trade, we are prepared to
Execute all Work promptly,
and in the best manner, and
Guarantee Satisfaction
in style, finish, material and workmanship.—
Send for prices and estimates of work.
au27 GIBBS & LICKLITER.

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NEW BOOKS!!
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FIVE QUIRES Commercial Note Paper—good quality, can be bought for 25 cents, and five packs White or Buff ENVELOPES, for 25 cents, at
oct1 OLIVIER'S BOOK STORE.

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VALLEY MARBLE WORKS, STAUNTON, VA.
To the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.

Everything is at very low prices, and I am selling Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, as low for cash as any local or traveling agent, or any Marble dealer in the United States. Don't believe anything to the contrary, till you come and see.
J. C. MARQUIS.
P. S.—I also call attention to my Catalogue of Designs of the Wonderful Bronze Monuments and Head Stones. au27-1y

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities.—Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland Maine. apr2-1y

POETRY.

For the SPECTATOR.

LINA.

BY U. W. V.

No, I'll not forget you, Lina,
And the golden happy hours
That we here have spent together—
Where we've gathered many flowers.
Often tender thoughts will wander
To this dear, umbrageous spot,
And around a name will cluster
That we never can forget.

I have loved thee well, dear Lina,
And will miss the happy face,
Stereotyped within my bosom
Where it holds no menial place.
Oh! how many clouds you've driven
From a sky so often gray,
Making me forget my sorrows,
In your joyous, winsome way.

Yes, when I am sad and lonely,
And life's chalice filled with pain,
You come like a merry warbler
To cheer up my heart again.
I shall see you oft in fancy,
As you trip from place to place,
With the mirth of sweet Genevra,
And the fair Madonna's grace.

Oh! I hope that time may never
Bend that form of matchless grace,
And no dark unwelcome shadows
Mar the beauty of that face.
And may furrows never gather
On that pure and placid brow,
And long years forget to whiten
Tresses soft and glossy now.

O, dear Lina, search for knowledge,
Tho' the hill be rugged, high;
If you never reach the summit,
It is no disgrace to try.
In your mind all garnered jewels,
Bright as Moray's silver star,
And you may, by toil and patience,
Ride in the triumphal car.

None of Egypt's boasted treasures,
With the gems can e'er compare,
That are brought from depths of wisdom,
Where the mines of Oman are;
No, the royal crowns that sparkle
On the brow of haughty kings,
Cannot give the solid pleasure
That true wisdom to us brings.

May you be the pride and comfort
Of your parents' loving hearts,
And send back unto the fountain
Every tear that from it starts,
May the Lord in love and mercy,
Spare them, Lina, to you long;
I have learned the bitter sorrow,
That is in the orphan's song.

May they journey on together
In the paths where saints have trod,
And by gentle, sweet persuasion,
Lead their children up to God;
May form a band unbroken,
On that bright eternal Plane,
And be safely housed with angels
Never to go out again.

In that world there is no sorrow—
Mournful dirges never ring,
And no scattered leaves of Autumn—
For up there 'tis always Spring.
Fate and *Death*, the cruel monarch,
No dark seals there ever set,
And loved ones that here are parted,
Thank God, may be happy yet.

May the friends you love and cherish,
Cheer you to the end of life,
And with Pleasure's buds and blossoms,
May your days and years be rife;
At your feet may admiration
Cast her gilded trophies down,
And in every shining circle
May you wear the envied crown.

But in modesty and virtue
May your path in life be found—
Humble violets and daisies
Decorate palatial ground.
And the lustrous beams of Phœbus
That vie with Heaven's light,
And each day are guiding millions,
Need not tell us they are bright.

But I now must leave you, Lina,
To another give my place,
O, let not the sands of Lethe,
Golden memories erase.
Tho' *my* life be dark with shadows,
And my pleasures be but few,
There will be *one* lighted chamber
In my bosom still, for you.

When the golden bowl is shattered,
And we sleep beneath the sod,
May our freed and happy spirits
Hover round the Throne of God.
Yes, I hope when storms are over,
That I'll meet in realms above,
Where there is no bitter sorrow,
Those whom I so dearly love.

For the SPECTATOR.

THE JUDGE AND MYSELF.

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR TWO WEEKS IN PARIS.

[*Continued.*]

There is no conspicuous and famous object of interest in Paris better known and more frequently resorted to by visitors and strangers than this celebrated Napoleonic monument. The proud and permanent record (as we regard it) of that great soldier, statesman, and ruler, who raised France to a pinnacle of greatness never attained before or since by any other European nation. The—

ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ELTOILE—

looked grand and majestic enough, standing proudly at the summit of the "grande avenue des Champs-Elysees" in the sunlight of that July morning, when "the Judge and myself" made our visit. As we passed within the large iron chain and the granite posts which enclose and surround the Arc, the Judge, turning to me, remarked it would be well enough and *apropos for me* as guide, *interpreter*, and general expounder of "Idees Napoleonic" to relate something of the history of the monument before us. I told the Judge the task assigned, and the accompanying titles bestowed upon me, really deserved a better response than I could give, but if he would take a seat with me for a few moments before beginning the ascent, as we proposed doing, I would comply with his request as briefly and authentically as possible. Well, sir, we are now sitting in the shadow of one of the most noted historical objects in this great city, and, as you will observe, it occupies the centre of this spacious and elegant locality, known as the "PLACE DE L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE," from whence branch out a dozen splendid avenues or boulevards. You will also notice our Arch is surrounded by magnificent mansions of uniform style. It being the central object and the nucleus from which all these long, broad boulevards radiate like rays of light. It was begun in 1806 and finished under Louis Phillippe, and I think the cost was nearly 10,000,000 francs, or nearly $2.-000,000. The great arch measures 90 feet in the centre, and the total height of the monument is 152 feet, with a breadth of 157 feet. And, Judge, you will readily perceive and admit there is a perfect *bonanza* of art here, which I would describe to you at some length, giving you the benefit of my private views and opinions, if I did not fear another attack of the *tooth-ache*; so you can construe my apprehensions and consequent determination not to enlighten you now to the kindly feelings of the merciful fates who preside over your good health and general good fortune.—However, my dear sir, the task you impose upon me will be incomplete if I do not refer, never so briefly, to the artistic part of this superb structure. I will call your attention to the four magnificent trophies of colossal height in front of each immense pier, representing as they do respectively, the *Departure* of 1792, the *Triumph* of 1810, the *Resistance against the invaders of the country*, and *Peace*. And here in these four tympanums are figures of France by Pradier—a great artist who lived on the fifth floor of a house in the Rue St. Honore, eating crusty bread and drinking *vie ordinaire* twice a day, *I expect*. Judge, do you see those bass-reliefs between the cornice and establature?—Well, they represent, according to their location, beginning on the east, the *faneral of Marceau* and the *battle of Aboukir*; on the west, the *passage of the bridge of Arcola* and the taking of *Alexandria*; on the south, the *battle of Jemmapes*; and there on the frieze of that grand establature are sculptures depicting the *Departure* and *Return* of the French armies. (Ah, me! not armies like those at Metz and Sedan.) If you will now look up to the attic and vaulting of this great arch you will see inscribed thereon the names of the principal battles of the Republic and Empire. I told the Judge this was a brief and incomplete outline of the history of the Arc so far as I knew, and as it showed for itself; I did not think it necessary to mention the names of the different artists—not because I did not know them—who did the work so nobly and well, as in doing so I would be tempted into a discussion of the fine arts, recollecting as I would the merits of these great men, and this might weary my friend, as I had done on a former occasion. He expressed himself as being satisfied, thanked me for my short, simple statement of plain and visible facts, and proposed to go to the top of the monument without further delay. I gave the old soldier who kept the entrance to the winding stairs that led to the summit a franc, this being the fee charged us, and then up, up, and round, round we went, every few moments stopping for a breathing and resting spell. Thus we continued until the very top was gained. Here the Judge took a seat, at the same time declaring he intended to rest well before looking at all. He then doffed his silken tile, drew his red bandanna, and proceeded to wipe the moisture from his good, honest brow.

While my friend was thus engaged consulting his comfort, I was not idle, but had gotten out my field-glasses, and proceeded to clean and put them in good order for extensive observations.—The Judge soon joined me, when I handed him the glasses, and acting in my temporary capacity of guide, from my previous knowledge of the scene, I begun to tell him the different directions to look and of noted objects and localities to be seen. He was greatly interested and absorbed, looking intently and industriously, first in one direction and then another. I did all the talking—as guides generally do—while my patron was as reticent as a distinguished American, who was also traveling in Europe for his own health, or the *health of his friends*; just now I cannot positively assert which. We were fortunate in having a bright, clear day for our visit, and we most happily availed ourselves of it by making a stay of an hour on this lofty perch.

Paris, the gay and the beautiful, was beneath and stretching far around us, a most pleasant sight to the eye, filling the full measure of all our anticipations, and causing us to rejoice in realizing a glorious scene, a more than day-dream of earthly beauty. We have looked on many famous and historic scenes from noted points of observation in foreign lands, and with one exception—Monte Pincio at Rome—none have equalled or surpassed our view of Paris and the surrounding country from the top of the Arc de Triomphe. The Judge was delighted with the extensive view presented in all directions of the elegant city and its suburbs. It is well known that the view of Paris from this place is by far the best to be seen, unless it be seen from a balloon, as the writer once saw it. I finally suggested to my friend that it was time for our departure, in order to carry out our plan of visiting the next famous place we had decided on before the present visit was made.—The Judge was not more reluctant to leave this place, so well known, and so conspicuously situated, than myself.—But the glittering Dome des Invalides, raising its proud height in the sun-light, only a mile or so away, seemed to beckon us to come and gaze upon the object which it had sheltered and protected for nearly two-score years. We descended from our elevated position, and soon obtained seats on the top of an omnibus that took us very nearly to our desired destination. A few minutes' walk and we stood with uncovered heads at—

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

"It is my wish that my body shall rest on the banks of the Seine, among the French people I have loved so well." This wish of the great Emperor was only executed in December of 1840, fourteen years after his death, when the greatest pageant France had witnessed for many years was presented to the eyes of the assembled thousands, as his mortal remains were borne to the rich, grand, and magnificent mausoleum prepared by the nation The Judge was much impressed, as we stood above and looked down on the "*Tombeau de l'Empereur.*" It occurred to me that his stock of superlatives was greater than ever, for he was continually exclaiming how grand, elegant, superb, magnificent, splendid, &c., &c , everything was. At times he appeared to be almost awe-struck, and would talk to me in a low and modulated tone, nearly in whispers, and when he saw the inscription I have mentioned, as we stood near the grand altar, tears came in his eyes, and his feelings caused him to be silent for some moments. I knew his unlimited admiration for the first and great Napoleon; had heard him express himself often.—His father had told him so much about the Emperor that the brother had related who served under him. We walked about this rich and costly sepulchre with feelings of reverence and admiration for the departed greatness it represented. We looked upon the tomb of two of his great Marshals—Duroc and Bertrand. They occupy the right and left of the entrance at the base of the white marble staircase that leads to the open crypt, which contains the large and beautifully polished sarcophagus of purple porphyry which holds the remains of their distinguished Master.—"The Judge and myself" lingered at this attractive and noted place, for it is one of the most celebrated and interesting points in Paris; a great resort not only for strangers, but the French people, and the Parisians are constant visitors. France, of the present day, may not believe much in some who have borne and still bear the name of Napoleon, but the *first* great name of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE will never be forgotten.

The TOMB occupies the centre of an open circular crypt, 40 feet deep and 35 feet in diameter, in the space directly under the tall gilded dome of DES INVALIDES. Above the crypt and near by are the tombs of Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. Turenne and Vauban, two famous Marshals of France a hundred years or more back, are also buried in the *Invalides*. The tomb, sarcophagus, crypt, and all the surroundings composing this superb mausoleum of France's greatest soldier is on a scale of unprecedented splendor and magnificence, thoroughly impressing one with so much earthly grandeur and elegance.

It was not our plan or purpose in this sketch to describe to you in detail and minutia the TOMB OF NAPOLEON, but only to tell something of our visit, with some impressions and reflections suggested thereby. How great, grand, and glorious all this is, said the Judge turning to me with his face flushed and eyes sparkling in the real enthusiasm of the moment. Why, sir, he continued, Abbott could not write too much in praise of such a human prodigy, while Walter Scott really belittled himself and his own genius by the way he wrote of him. My friend was more excited and enthused on this subject than I had ever seen him on any other. I was in full sympathy with him, as I also admired the greatness of the man as soldier and statesman.

We took a last farewell look at the tomb and its surroundings, scarcely expecting ever to see it again, or least not look upon it together, such barely being probable in the course of human events. This same thought appeared to pass in the mind of my friend, for he even expressed as much, partly in words and partly in looks. I formally and finally asked the Judge (as we both hesitated) if he was ready to leave. In a very subdued manner he signified his readiness, and we started.

Stopping for a moment, before passing out, at the depository for canes and umbrellas, I handed the old woman in charge my check, with a couple of sous, and received in exchange my umbrella previously deposited

While crossing the spacious court as we approached the main entrance, I felt impressed by what we had seen, and proceeded to unburden my thoughts to the Judge in about the following manner:—

Napoleon Bonaparte was unquestionably a very great man—a genius of the universal order, and his fame rests not with posterity on his military renown alone, but there will also exist a lasting monument to his statesmanship in the Code de Napoleon. His was the rare combination of soldier and law-giver.—A mighty man in war, and a great ruler in peace. All the conspicuous elements of human greatness appear to have been embraced or included in the formation of his character. No man of mortal mold has ever left a name to the future that will be recorded oftener or longer in all the annals of time.

His genius did not shine more resplendently on the field of battle than in the councils of the nation. The CODE NAPOLEON that most complete, exhaustive, and elaborate system of jurisprudence ever presented to the world as a defence and barrier for human justice, as a clear exponent of human laws, was prepared under the personal aid and supervision of the great Emperor. The universal genius of this wonderful man shone pre-eminent among the profoundest lawyers and statesmen of his day whom he called together in the preparation of the work which bears his name. It is well known how justly proud he was of it. He is reported to have said to Count Las Cases on one occasion when some revision of it was suggested—"No, sir! tell them it shall not be done; it is all right enough; it suits me and my people as it is; no improvement is either desirable or necessary. After my death it will remain as a grand civil record, making my name as imperishable as my military fame." As a scular code of human laws, based upon equity between men it has never been excelled, certainly not in Europe, and for the most part it has been adopted by all the European powers. Having submitted these Napoleonic remarks to the Judge, and thinking them a fitting termination to our visit, I hailed a cab and told the driver to take us to No. 13, boulevard des Italiens, the *cafe Anglais*, as I knew this restaurant to be a first class one. I then remarked to the Judge that we could get a good lunch and a bottle of elegant wine and be resting at the same time, before starting for the third place on our list for the day. This met with my friend's approval and was consummated to our mutual satisfaction, so that while one of the large clocks of the city was striking the hour of three P. M., we were standing in front of the *cafe* waiting to engage a *voiture de remise* to take us to the noted cemetery—Pere Lachaise. A *voiture* was soon secured and a half-hour's drive found us at the extremity of the rue de la Roquette, boulevard d'Aunay, where this famous burial place is situated. We entered the

CEMETERY OF PERE LACHAISE

in a serious and solemn mood, remembering as we did at the very threshhold of this place, the host of distinguished dead who rested both above and beneath its sod. We knew this to be the richest and largest cemetery in Paris, being rich in costly and elegant vaults, tombs, monuments, chapels, statues, &c., being large in extent, embracing about forty acres of a commanding eminence; and famous for containing numerous tombs of the most illustrious and celebrated persons of all the various professions.—It has been a burial place for three-fourths of a century, and it receives the bodies of persons for whom their families have perpetual concessions of ground, this being different in this respect from some of the other cemeteries, where families only own the ground for a certain lease of years, say from twenty to thirty, the ground then reverting back to the municipal or State authorities, to be disposed of as they may see fit, regardless of the past capacity in which it was used. The Judge regretted that his uncle and several members of his family were buried at *Cimetiere Montmartre*, instead of Pere Lachaise. I proposed to my friend, since we had two hours to spend in this sad and interesting locality, that we take our time in looking about us and not be hurried in trying to see too much. We first visited the family vault—above ground—of the Thiers family, the l st body it received being that of the distinguished ex-President of the French Republic. Here we found assembled quite a number of people standing about the entrance and peering into the interior. Votive wreaths of mourning were thickly strown on the the tomb of the great statesman, and a large record book was lying open for visitors to register their names. We observed also that many of these people with pencils wrote their names on the stone and marble wall and pillars of the vault. We remarked upon the bad taste of this—there being hundreds of names, *all* "unknown to fame." scrawled on every available spot. The Judge was indignant; I felt certain if he could have spoken the French language the scribblers would have heard from him in a manner not to be misunderstood. This may have been a French method of showing respect to the illustrious dead, but it looked to our American eyes like a wanton and sacrilegious act, almost vandalism, all things duly considered. Of course, in a two hours' visit, we could not go to all the tombs and vaults containing the mortal remains of men so profound in science, so erudite in literature, so famous in the fine arts; men who had gained a lasting celebrity, a justly earned renown in all the proud and exalted departments of human researches and attainments. All of which a thinking, honest posterity, is compelled to admit imperatively required the possession of brains and intellect sustained by every manly energy for their proper development and successful prosecution.

From such a long and noble roll of fame as we here encountered, we felt necessitated to make a selection of the best known, simply to briefly look upon their earthly resting places during our present visit. We propose to enumerate some of them without observing any special order, and also without indulging any lengthy comments. After leaving the Thiers-vault, we visited the vault of the Ledru Rollin-family. You know Ledru Rollins was a noted man in French politics for a long time, and a truer, or more consistent patriot to his country never lived. (There! I was tempted to make this brief comment.) Then we saw the tombs of Racine, Moliere, La Fontaine, Laplace, Guy-Lussac, Eugene Scribe,—he who struggled and gained success,—Garnier Pages, then the Marshals Ney, Massena, Davoust, —bass-reliefs commemorating their heroism; Manuel and Beranger, (in the same tomb,) Casimir Perier,—he of the silver tongue; he who was just and strong, and while he could not do as much for France as Pericles did for Athens, the glory and renown of the great Greek orator and statesman will not suffer by the comparison—France has remembered him with a fine and appropriate monument consisting of a bronze statue and three bass-reliefs representing *Eloquence*, *Justice* and *Strength*. Heloise and Abelard—the French Romeo and Juliette—have quite an elaborate tomb, with a Gothic dais covering the recumbent statues of the two lovers. The astronomer Arago has a plain sepulchre, Alfred de Musset, (the cotemporary and rival of Lamartine,) has a white marble bust. Casimir Delavigne—at one time thought to be the greatest French poet; a simple marble slab bearing his name. Balsac, Barras, Benjamin Constant, Beaumarchais, plain and unassuming tombs mark their remains. Visconti, the architect, has an imposing mausoleum, white marble statue half reclining, and bronze bass reliefs representing the plan of the Louvre. General Gobert has an equestrian statue, and bass-reliefs indicating his military exploits—we were not impressed with the artistic performance to the General's memory. Not having the time at our disposal, and also feeling somewhat wearied by the day's programme as we had been filling it, "the Judge and myself" agreed to conclude our visit to this famous cemetery and resume it again at some other time before our departure from Paris. I suggested to my friend that before leaving the grounds we should spend a few minutes in the Chapel that stood near the middle of the cemetery, on the site of the ancient castle that once occupied the eminence. While within its sacred walls we noticed many people coming and going, only remaining long enough to offer up short prayers for the repose of the souls of friends and relatives whose bodies rested in the confines of Pere Lachaise.

We saw the tall tapers burning in their quiet, faintly way, about the altar, casting "a dim, religious light" adown the aisles, while the lingering fragrance of burning incense "from unseen censers" came to us, impressing us by such surroundings, almost stealing away our senses from all the charms of the outer world. We stood very still, even reverentially quiet, looking about us, in a manner subdued and modest in this lit tle chapel of Pere Lachaise. No grand Cathedral with all its solemn and impressive appendages had ever affected us so much or so truly, as did this small sanctuary during the short stay we made.

May something of this feeling, something of this remembrance long abide with us to remind and chide us in moments of earthly levity and thoughtlessness. Yea! may we not forget it wherever we may roam, however distant we may be from La Belle France and dear old Pere Lachaise.

PARIS, 1878. C. A. R.

(To be continued.)

For the SPECTATOR.

"Man Overboard!"

"Man overboard!"

This is one of the most startling, exciting cries, that occasionally breaks the monotony and stirs the blood, calling passengers and seamen to the deck of the ocean steamer, when the thrilling shout rings out on the air and through the vessel, telling as it does that some poor fellow, either accidentally or intentionally, is overboard and struggling in the ocean.

We know of an experience under this head, (an *intentional* one,) not to be easily forgotten.

The good steamship California had been five days out from New York. We were in mid ocean, July 11th, sailing at the good speed of thirteen knots an hour. It was the hour of noon, and we were all assembled in the saloon at the lunch table. Suddenly that terrible, penetrating shout of "Man overboard!" came to us. All were hushed into silence for a moment only. We knew full well the dreadful meaning of the cry, and with one accord rushed from the saloon and the scarcely tasted lunch up on the deck. In this time the immense screw of our steamer had stopped, and the huge strong ship that so recently had been hurrying along with so much speed laid idly in the great deep waters. On the deck the excitement of the occasion was confined to the passengers. The officers and seamen were busy in arranging the tackling necessary to lower two of the life-boats. This was soon done, the sailors working promptly by the quick, curt orders of the officers. The unfortunate man was seen several times by his different companions—for he was a seaman—after making the fatal plunge, caused by the reckless desperation, the fearful insanity of the moment.

The lowered boats, manned by men of strong arms and brave hearts, sped away over the late track of the steamer in the direction they supposed their recent comrade had either drifted or sunk. It was thought he had either drifted or floated (if not a suicide) a mile, or possibly several miles, astern, considering the rate of speed we were making when he was first seen overboard. We waited an hour in anxious expectancy, when the boats returned from their fruitless search. *The man was lost at sea.*

The life-boats were fastened up in their proper places The California continued her journey with *one man less* in her crew. There was a suspension of all amusements on the ship for the day. The passengers were gloomy and depressed.

In the evening at tea-time, when we were again gathered at the tables in the saloon, the Captain, the noble commander of our gallant craft, requested our attention while he read a letter that had been handed him by the mess-mate of the lost man. This letter was dated "At Sea, July 11th," and directed to his dear wife, who lived in Greenock, Scotland, on the banks of the beautiful Clyde. He told her in this, his last letter, of all his troubles and trials by land and sea; how he had failed to get work in New York; how he was friendless and moneyless; and finally, how he had re-shipped as a common sailor to work for his passage back to dear old Greenock and the loved ones. (All the golden visions of the American Eldorado had only been a phantom of the brain, a horrible dream, with a fearful awakening to him.) The letter, in conclusion, contained many messages of love to his family, without any allusion to the desperate and fatal act he was about to commit. He wrote his name—J. Furgusson—at the bottom of the sheet folded and directed it to Mrs. M. Furgusson, Greenock, Scotland, and placed it under the head-piece of his bunk, where it was found by his chum and companion, who knew how depressed and despondent he was, but who never once supposed he would do the rash deed he had done. This friend of the poor suicide saw him when he deliberately jumped into the deep blue waters of the restless, throbbing ocean; all in the wretched mood of a moment, ruthlessly destroying what was *not his own*.

When our Captain concluded the reading of this sad, sad letter, one of the gentlemen present rose to his feet and proposed that a concert be given in the saloon the next night, and a voluntary admission fee be charged, the same to constitute a fund to be sent to the family of the late deceased. This proposition received a hearty approval. The concert was held, and the sum of fifty-two dollars realized and given to the Captain to be placed in the hands of the dead man's widow.

During all our experience on land and water, at home and abroad, very few things in the way of natural events have ever impressed and shocked us more than that cry of "MAN OVERBOARD."

C. A. R.

For the SPECTATOR.

What We Have Seen in Churches and Our Comment Upon It.

We have seen some persons come to church, long before time announced for service to commence, if the bell chanced to be rung or the church to be opened, and sit and talk and laugh as if it was a place dedicated for that purpose. But we suppose that those who indulged in such conduct did not know any better, therefore, it will have to be attributed to their ignorance of church etiquette.

We have seen others come in church when the minister was in the midst of his discourse and create such a confusion that it attracted the attention of nearly the entire congregation.

But we suppose that those who did so, had on a *new* hat or portion of habiliment which they desired to show how becoming it was or how neatly it fited.

We have seen young ladies lay their heads upon their hands, which rested upon the back of the pew, as if they had a severe attack of the sick-head-ache.—But we suppose that they were up "in the parlor" late Saturday night consequently they were very much indisposed.

We have seen almost every person in a congregation turn around, if the door chanced to be opened, to see who came in; as if it made any difference to them who it was. But we suppose that those who did so, were afraid that some one might come in and that they could not see them or their dress upon which to pass their criticising sentiments.

We have seen the pretty misses cover their faces with their hands or a thick vail as if they were too handsome to be looked at or that it would affect their eye sight to look at the minister for 60 minutes. But we suppose that they were afraid that some one in the congregation might see the varieties and depth of paint upon their pretty faces.

We have seen persons fidgeting around upon the benches, no matter how earnestly the minister was preaching to them, as if they had a violent attack of chorea. But we suppose it was done in order to attract attention and to see how their neighbors were dressed.

We have seen persons write their names upon the back of the pews as if they were hotel registers or black boards put there for that purpose. But we suppose that those who did it were not unlike all other fools who desire to see their names in every public place.

We have seen gentlemen put their feet upon the spit-toons and spit tobacco juice upon the floor. But we suppose that that was the way they did at home consequently they thought the church a place in which they could find ample room to hold their loathsome saliva.

We have seen visitors of their churches ridicule and laugh at every thing they chanced to see in another church, if it did not accord with their church or fastidious notions. And even if the minister happened to make a mistake they would either try to correct it or make sport of his broken language by engaging in hilarious conduct. But we suppose that it will have to be attributed to their dificiency in church etiquette and good manners.

We have seen persons take offence at nearly every thing in a newspaper if it did not meet with their approbation, but if we hear of any one taking any offence at any of the above remarks we shall take it for granted that the "shoe not only fits but it also pinches."

P. A. R.

Mt. Sidney, Va., Oct. 26th, 1878.

For the SPECTATOR.

On the Rocks.

Joys of joys, just to sit here through the long, long Summer hours and dream and gaze and gaze and dream; happy in the coolness and shadow and solitude.

Good and holy thoughts come to these solitudes. Sitting here in these secluded recesses, screened from the sun, the atmosphere, moist and musical with the waters of the gurgling brook; crusts of worldliness and selfishness cleave off from the soul. The earnestness and truth of life flame up into serene but steadfast glow. Every attainment becomes possible. Even the unchangeable rocks that face the unstable water typify to us our struggle and our victory. Imperceptibly, weakness becomes strength, and persistence channels its way.

The evening and the morning were the first day and till time shall be no more, the evening and the morning will be all that there is of the day, and yet at noon, the most unfascinating hour, and in the afternoon as I sit in this lovely spot, I look upward and behold clouds, the most beautiful that eyes ever looked upon, nay verily, I could almost believe that they were created for me this summer day.

Such an intensity of brilliance and immensity of breadth they give that one is almost blinded with the flood of radiance. And then, the mountains. Only their rugged language speaking directly to the heart and eye can fully interpret their meaning. What have adjectives in their wildest outbursts to do with rocks upheaved, furrows ploughed, features chiselled, thousands and thousands of years back in the conjectured past.—The dear, little hills, more unpretending deepen in the distance, burning red in the glare of the sun, bristling with pines, mottled with the various tints of oak and ample relieving the sober evergreens, purpling on the slopes through a spiritual hazy glow. Next, comes dear, good old mother earth, restful and silent as the sky, rippling in little swells of light, breaking into luminous points, rising into shapely shafts, spreading in limped, molten silver, and all, bathed, transmuted, glorified with ineffable light and sacred with eternal silence. And now, midway between heaven and earth, snatched up from the turmoil of the one, into the unspeakable calm of the other, a great peace and rest sinks into the soul.

"Thanks to Heaven that of its grace
Hath led me to this lovely place."

LOCK HAVEN.

August 26, 1878.

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.—A correspondent writes as follows about the flower of a well known plant:—"I have discovered a remedy for consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is common mullen, steeped and sweetened with coffee sugar, and drank freely. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags The medicine must be continued from three to six months, according to the nature of the disease It is very good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens and builds up the system instead of taking away the strength. It makes good blood and takes inflammation away from the lungs. It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up and keep it in the house ready for use."

To speak the truth and perform good offices are two things that resemble God. Every man ought to speak and act with such perfect integrity that no one could have reason to doubt his simple affirmation.—*Pythagoras.*