Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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C. A. JACKMAN, M. D., HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, STAUNTON, VA. 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

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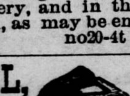
ALEX. H. H. STUART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Having recovered his health, and retired from public life, will hereafter give diligent attention to such causes in chancery, and in the Court of Appeals at Staunton, as may be entrusted to his care. no20-4t

DR. S. H. HENKEL,



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

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

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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.

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DR. JAMES JOHNSTON, DENTIST, MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA. OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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On and after December 13th, 1878, Passenger Trains will run as follows: Mail Train daily except Sunday. Express daily.

GOING EAST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	2.20 p. m.	1.50 a. m.
" Charlottesville	4.20 "	4.05 "
" Gordonsville	5.20 "	5.00 "
Ar. Richmond	8.50 "	8.50 "
" Junction	7.30 "	7.20 Breakfast.
Le. Junction		9.10 a. m.
Ar. Washington	9.40 "	1.10 p. m.
" Baltimore	11.55 "	3.05 "
" Philadelphia	3.40 a. m.	6.50 "
" New York	6.45 "	10.05 "

☞ Passengers by the Express Train connect at Hanover Junction for all points North. By Mail Train at Gordonsville for points North.

GOING WEST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	2.40 p. m.	2.50 a. m.
" Goshen	4.25 "	4.21 "
" Millboro'	4.49 "	4.41 "
" Covington	6 50 Supper	6.08 "
" White Sulphur	8.11 p. m.	7.03 "
" Hinton	11.05 "	9.25 "
" Kanawha Falls	3.10 a. m.	12.50 p. m. dinner
" Charleston	5.41 "	2.37 "
" Huntington	9.00 "	Ar. 5.15 "
Ar. Cincinnati		6.00 a. m.

Connecting with the early trains leaving Cincinnati.

No. 22 leaves Staunton daily, Sundays excepted at 7.45 a. m., connecting at Charlottesville for Lynchburg, arriving in Lynchburg 2.30 p. m. Round Trip Tickets on sale to Jacksonville, Florida, good until the 15th day of May,—price $40.00.

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SCHEDULE OF TRAINS ON VALLEY AND B. & O. RAILROADS.

(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

EAST.

	Accom.	Mail.	Accom.
Leave— Staunton	6.15 a. m.	11.15 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
Weyer's Cave	6.57 "	11.47 "	4.12 "
Arrive— 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.

	Mail.	Accom.	Accom.
Leave— 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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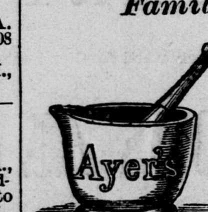

CURING *Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach and Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and Purifying the Blood,* are the most congenial purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure.—They purge out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or disordered organs into action; and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of every body, but formidable and dangerous diseases. Most skillful physicians, most eminent clergymen, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills. They are the safest and best physic for children, because mild as well as effectual. Being sugar-coated, they are easy to take; and being purely vegetable, they are entirely harmless.

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NOT A DRUG but Nature's own life-giving element. It does not cure by substituting one disease for another, as when drugs are taken, but by a NATURAL PROCESS OF REVITALIZATION.

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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

WADSWORTH, MARTINEZ & LONGMAN'S PREPARED PAINT, for economy, beauty of finish, desirability, is the cheapest and best Paint offered. GEO. W. MAY & CO., oct8 Sole Agents.

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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.

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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.

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MARBLE WORKS.

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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

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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, mar9-tf Waynesboro', Va.

POETRY.

[From the Richmond Standard.]

The following weird and graceful lines, the maiden, and, as we believe, the sole essay in the service of the Nine of their author, Colonel John Lewis Peyton, now of Staunton, Va., so widely known in other fields of literature by the productions of his graphic and finished pen, were written by him some thirty years ago under a provoking banter made in the presence of fair friends by a jolly companion of the author's youthful days, who charged him with the possession of a hopelessly prosaic nature, utterly barren of sentiment and poetic conceit. The immediate stimulant was a wager, which it is needless to add was awarded the aspiring candidate for Parnassian honors.

In our humble estimation the poem resembles closely in rhythm and style the productions of Saxe. The imagery is undoubtedly most happy, and the moral unexceptionable.

The Diamond Ring.

'Twas near the closing of a summer's day,
The sun was ling'ring with a parting ray;
In hues of fading light he took his leave,
With all the glories of a sunset eve;
When, dusky as the shadows of the night,
A horseman, in his clanking armor bright,
Rode to ancient Abbey of St. Pierre—
'Twas said much treasure had been buried there.

* * * * * * * *

Through solemn aisles, with slow and cautious tread,
He eager sought the treasures of the dead;
And as he moved with silent step to trace
The dark recesses of that hallowed place,
He saw a human skull beneath his feet—
A shattered throne, proud reason's vacant seat.
He quickly paused to lift it from the ground,
And musing as he turned it round and round:
"Thou must have been what fallen men call great,
To have been buried in this church of State;
But whether good or bad, a fool or wise,
An honest man, or demon in disguise,
No one beyond the limits of this cell,
Of all thy fellow-men, can truly tell."

* * * * * * * *

He sought among the dead for jewels rare,
And long he sought—not finding any there.
At last, in snowy shroud, a maiden fair
He saw, with pallid face and glossy hair;
And round the virgin's calm, unclouded brow,
He saw the garland flowrets faded now.
"Thou beauteous maid," he thought, "hadst thou not died,
I would have woed thee for my cherished bride."
Then on her hand, a tiny taper thing,
He saw a brilliant gem—a diamond ring.
He siezed the prize, and hurried from the spot,
O'ercome with joy at this happy lot.
Once poor, now rich, but filled with silent dread,
He placed the costly gem beneath his head.
To sleep he essayed, but 'twas all in vain;
For startling fears, and gloomy, anxious pain,
Disturbed his visions with their varied train
Of ghastly forms, to rack his tortured brain,
Until he dreamed, on this unhappy night,
A robber seized the ring and took to flight.
He started wildly in this troubled scene
To get the "Gem of purest ray serene."
'Twas safe; and while he gazed upon the bauble—
The wretched source of all his nightmare trouble—
He vow'd that ere the sun again should dawn,
Upon that same fair hand it should be drawn.

* * * * * * * *

But soon the light, through "eastern portals borne,
Bedeck'd with gold the roses of the morn."
The guilty knight now hurried to St. Pierre,
But not with the resolve he formed in fear;
For cursed avarice filled him with desire,
And steeped his senses in her raging fire,
Forgetful of his vow, the arrant knave
Resolves again to rob the silent grave.
He moved toward the chambers of the dead,
Regardless wholly of his former dread.
But hist! he hears a softly tender moan!
Perhaps the wind between the blocks of stone.
Ah, no! he felt no "breath come o'er his cheek;"
Then what did that unbidden sound bespeak?
He turned around and saw a startling sight;
There stood the maid in youthful beauty bright.
He turn'd to fly, to leave the hallowed spot;
But no! to leave the place she bade him not.
She laid her icey hand upon his arm.
It chilled his blood, 'froze him with alarm.
"Unhappy youth," in hollow tones she crid,
"To wealth thou'rt wedded! 'Tis thy chosen bride!
Thou'st gained the dearest object of thy heart;
But thou and thy lov'd bride must quickly part.
In fleeting shadows thou hast sought to win
Enduring happiness while steeped in sin.
'Tis now too late to mend thy erring ways,
For now is filled the measure of thy days."
And then she siezed and bore him through the gloom,
Beyond the portals of the silent tomb.

J. L. P.

Testing their Christianity.

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."

If Hiram Lynde had been an Irishman, he would have been amply satisfied with his position as gardner and hostler for Mark Harrington, Esq., which yielded him good wages; but he was a staunch Northern Vermonter, who found it hard to realize there is a wide social distinction between the employer and employee in the suburbs of New York. To be considered an upper servant, and to be forced to eat in the kitchen with Bridget Malone and Ann McCarty chafed his pride terribly.

Every Sunday, Hiram harnessed a pair of superb black horses in a costly, soft-cushioned carriage, and drove the Harrington family to church. While they were worshipping within he waited outside or rode slowly around the streets to pass away the time, but was always promptly back when the congregation dispersed, to take them home.

Month after month went by. Bitter feelings in the meantime had gained the mastery in Hiram Lynde's heart, and angry mutterings were often on his lips, which he found hard to suppress.

One fine morning he drove with the Harringtons to church as usual. As they slowly ascended the steps, and disappeared within the sanctuary, a strange light shone in his eyes, and shaking his hand fiercely after them, he exclaimed:

"Proud hypocrites! There they go to worship God and advertise their fine fortune, through their velvets, silks and laces. They put money into the contribution box for the poor with jeweled hands; but nary a farthing do they care for the souls of one of them. Nearly a year I have brought them regularly to church, but nobody has said a word about my going in. If preaching is good for them, why isn't it good for me, too? Ah, I'll try an experiment. I'll bring their fashionable religion out in a strong light, or prove it all a sham. Ha, ha! yes I will."

Four days passed. A purpose had ripened in Hiram's breast and he longed to put it into execution.

One morning as he was weeding in Mr. Harrington's garden, he saw Joe Phelps leaning against the gate.

"Hello, Joe! come here," he called pleasantly.

Joe skipped up the gravel walk to his side. His mother was a hard-toiling widow, who earned a scanty livelihood for herself and six children by washing. Joe's clothes were so worn that great patches covered his knees and elbows, and only great skill in mending and darning held them together. Hiram surveyed him closely.

"Pretty poor clothes you wear; hardly fit for a pauper," he remarked, sneeringly.

"They are the best I have," replied Joe, the hot blood mounting to his face from wounded pride.

"Want a chance to earn a new suit in an easy way, in one hour?" asked Hiram.

"Yes, indeed," answered Joe, joyfully.

"Joe, I'll make you a fair, square offer. Next Sunday morning, if you'll wear these same old clothes and be barefooted just as you are now, and go into the church just after the Harringtons get in, and take a seat in their pew with them—its number is 105—I'll give you the best suit of summer clothes in Darrow's store."

"Oh, you are fooling me," laughed Joe.

"Never was more serious in my life," said Hiram, earnestly. "I want to see how these big-feeling people will act, to be in a row with a poor boy, half covered with patches and darns."

"Oh, I don't want to go into their pew," said Joe, quickly. "'Tisn't using them well; it's mean."

"As you please," replied Hiram, indifferently. "There's plenty of other boys who'd jump at the chance."

Joe reflected a moment and said:

"Yes, I'll do it. Mother would have to do a great deal of washing to get me a summer suit. I'll do it to save her; but I hate to awfully."

When Sunday came, Joe waited till he saw the elegant carriage of Mark Harrington go by, and then followed hard after it. He reached the church just after the family had entered it.—Hiram was holding the horses in front of the steps. Giving the reins to a friend standing by, he and Joe made their way through the vestibule, up the stairs to the inner door.

Here Hiram waited and watched, with a chuckling heart, the boy as he timorously went through the broad aisle till he came to the pew 105. Mr. Harrington was sitting at the foot, and Joe slipped in between him and his daughter Helen, while the faces of both showed great surprise.

"That was capitally done," thought Hiram exultingly. "Joe is a trump anywhere. Now the rich and the poor are side by side, and in God's eyes one is no better than the other."

On the way home the odd incident of Joseph Phelps sitting uninvited in their pew was glibly discussed by the Harringtons.

"Poor boy," said Miss Helen, pityingly, "it is plain his starved soul is reaching out for something higher. We must encourage him."

"But it was so funny to see him pop down by you. I thought I should laugh outright," said Miss Fannie.

Hiram listened in astonishment. No word of indignation or mortification came from the lips of those he had called fashionable Christians His plan to humble their pride had failed.

On Monday Joseph called around to receive the promised remuneration for his service. Hiram was true to his word, and gave him a good summer suit of clothes, which made him very happy.—Towards evening Joseph Phelps received a notice through Bridget Malone, the cook, that her master, Mark Harrington, wished to see him.

He entered that gentleman's presence tremblingly. He had committed a grave offense by taking a seat beside him uninvited, and he was quivering in expectation of being accused of it.

"Joseph, did you enjoy hearing Mr. Catlin preach yesterday?" asked Mr. Harrington, with a smile.

"No—yes—I guess I did—I don't know, sir," was the stammering reply, with wild frightened eyes, and a face spotted like an adder.

A low giggle came from Miss Fannie, who was sitting in the bay window with Miss Helen.

"Do you want to keep on going to church?" asked Mr. Harrington, kindly and encouragingly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you shall. I'll give you an order to take to Mr. Darrow, and you may select such a suit of clothes as you need, and I'll pay for them."

A joyful light bounded in Joseph's eyes.

"Father," said Miss Helen, "he will need a hat, and boots, stockings and handkerchief. Let me get these," and turning to Joseph she inquired; "How would you like to go into Mr. Crawford's class of boys in Sunday school?"

"Oh, very much, md'am," said he, in a choking voice.

"I'll ask him to receive you."

"I own a pew, No. 40, in the gallery," said Mr. Harrington. "You can have a seat up there. You are a good boy. All you need is a chance to rise in the world."

"Thank you, thank you, sir. Thank you, Miss Harrington. I shall never forget your kindness, never, never; and with gratitude shining in his eyes he left the house.

In twenty-four hours after, Joseph appeared before Hiram Lynde dressed in his best.

"Do I look like a pauper now?" he questioned proudly.

"No, you look like a gentleman's son. Where did you get all those clothes?"

"Mr. Harrington gave me this suit, and Miss Helen gave me my hat, stockings and boots; and I'm going to keep on going to church, and I'm going into the Sunday school."

"By jingo, this beats all creation!" exclaimed the amazed Hiram.

"I'm in luck," went on Joe, gaily.—"You gave me a suit of clothes for sitting in Mr. Harrington's pew, and they have given me another. It was a tiptop bargain you made with me."

It cost me a half month's wages," responded Hiram. Well, they have done handsomely by you, that's a fact. They never took no more notice of me than if I'd been a worm. I thought their religion a sham. Well, my experiment didn't humble them after all; it just set them up higher."

This conversation had a listener least expected. Miss Helen was standing behind a spruce tree and every word came straight to her ears. She went into the house and faithfully reported them.—"It was a trick of Hiram's," she said. "He wanted to prove our profession.—We have not been kind and considerate enough to him. He is a good man and we ought to treat him differently—just as if we were in his place, and he in ours."

Hiram Lynde's experiment proved beneficial in three ways. He learned by it that "fashionable Christians" even, who wear velvets, silks and jewels have often noble hearts which beat in helpful sympathy for the needy. It was the means of introducing Joseph Phelps to Mr. Harrington and his family, and they afterward took a deep interest in his welfare. Finally, it revealed to the Harringtons the duty of being considerate toward those serving them, and the lesson was never forgotten.

On sped the years, bringing many changes. Hiram Lynde is a respected, useful man. By carefully saving his earnings and the loan of a few dollars from Mr. Harrington, he has been able to purchase a fine little farm which made him very happy.

Joseph Phelps is a successful merchant. He is always loyal to the right, a light to his church and a blessing wherever he goes.

Col. Virginius H. Rodes, a native of Lynchburg, Va., and a brother of the late Gen. Robert Rodes, of Confederate renown, died a few days since at Winona, Miss. Col. Rodes was a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, and served with distinction in the Confederate army.

The Letter H.

[New York Journal of Commerce]

We have been asked by several correspondents to repeat our publication of Miss Catherine Fanshawe's enigma upon the letter H, but were unable to respond at the moment, our manuscript copied from the Deepdene Album (in which Miss Fanshawe wrote it in 1816, while on a visit to the late Thomas Hope, Esq., at Deepdene), having been destroyed in the fire which consumed our library. A friend who has preserved a copy of our original publication has supplied it, and we hope that all of our readers who may wish to refer to it, will be careful to preserve it. It has often been ascribed to Lord Byron, and indeed, has been published in a cheap edition of his poems. A recent extract from it, contained in the *World's* questions, is from a garbled version of it which found its way into several different publications. The following was copied from the original;

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell!
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him at death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honors and health;
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth,
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care.
But is sure to be lost by his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound
With the husbandman toils; with the monarch is crowned,
Without it the soldier, the sailor may roam.
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwin of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart; though deaf be the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear;
But in shades let rest like a delacate flower;
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

Extract from the Biennial Message of Gov. H. M. Mathews.

WEST VIRGINIA'S LIABILITY FOR A PORTION OF THE ANTE-WAR DEBT OF VIRGINIA.

Public attention has frequently been directed to the debt of Virginia, and to the question whether it would be fair and equitable for this State to assume any portion of that debt. In the discussions of this question which have taken place, certain important facts connected with the subject seem to have been altogether overlooked.

The convention which assembled in Wheeling, in June, 1861, to re organize the government, and for other purposes, and which must now be considered the first legal convention of Virginia held since the convention of 1851, on the 29th day of August, passed an ordinance providing for the formation of a new State out of a portion of the territory of Virginia. The ninth section of this ordinance provides that the new State shall take upon itself a just proportion of the public debt of the Commonwealth of Virginia, prior to the first day of January, 1861, to be ascertained by charging to it all State expenditures within the limits thereof, and a just proportion of the ordinary expenses of State government since any part of the State debt was contracted; and deducting therefrom the moneys paid into the treasury of the commonwealth from the counties included within said new State during the same period.

The first Constitution of this State contained a provision declaring that "an equitable proportion of the public debt of the Commonwealth of Virginia, prior to the first day January, 1861, shall be assumed by this State; and the Legislature shall ascertain the same as soon as may be practicable, and provide for the liquidation thereof by a sinking fund sufficient to pay the accruing interest, and redeem the principal within thirty-four years."

Under joint resolution adopted by the Legislature on the 15th and 24th days of February, 1871, the Governor appointed commissioners "to treat with the authorities of Virginia on the subject of the proposed adjustment of the public debt of that State, prior to the first day of January, 1861." These commissioners proceeded to Richmond, made known their mission to the Governor of Virginia and proposed to treat with commissioners he might appoint, and their proposition was declined, upon the ground that the Governor of Virginia did not feel authorized to appoint commissioners. They, however, proceeded, as stated in their report, to ascertain "upon fair, just and equitable principles, what proportion of said public debt of Virginia should, in their opinions, be paid by West Virginia." They adopted as "the principle, if not the only basis of the adjustment of the debt, the benefit conferred" on the two States by the proceeds of the bonds which represented the debt, and "not terrritory and population," and they arrived at the conclusion that the balance due to Virginia was $953,250.33.

The Senate Finance Committee, in their report of the 23rd of December, 1878, state that the true rule of settlement is that prescribed by Virginia herself in the ninth section of the ordinance of August 20, 1861, which I have already quoted, and that upon a settlement according to this rule a balance will be ascertained in favor of West Virginia of $525,000. This sum is the excess of the payments into the Treasury of Virginia by the counties now composing this State since the first Virginia bonds were issued, over the public expenditures within the limits of this State, and our proportion of the current expenses during the same time.

The Act of the Legislature of Virginia, of March 30th, 1871, known as "The Funding Bill," proposed to the creditors of Virginia holding bonds issued prior to the first day of January, 1861, that they should first surrender these bonds and receive in lieu thereof for each bond, or for the aggregate of these bonds, two obligations of Virginia—one, a bond for two-thirds of the amount of the bond surrendered; the other, a certificate of indebtedness for the remaining third, signed by the Treasurer and Second Auditor of Virginia, payment of which was to be provided for in accordance with such settlement as should thereafter be had between the States of Virginia and West Virginia. In response to this proposal, many bonds were surrendered and new bonds received therefor. West Virginia was in no way a party to this arrangement. If it were true, as has frequently been asserted, that the original bonds, issued before the creation of this State, are to be regarded as the joint and several obligations of both States, yet when the creditors have voluntarily surrendered these bonds and accepted the obligations of Virginia only, have they not released West Virginia from any legal obligation to them?

It has been represented that the certificates are statements merely of amounts due from West Virginia, and that they do not bind Virginia. This is a grave error. They are, as is shown on their face, the promises of Virginia.

It is not probable that Virginia will urge a settlement. Whenever an adjustment of liabilities is had, Virginia can be called upon, under the terms of her contract, to settle with her creditors, and she cannot recover from West Virginia a sum approximating one-third of her *ante*-war debt.

The Governor of Virginia—Gov. Kemper—in his message of October 5th, 1877, says: "Virginia can never become liable for any part of 'West Virginia's third,' except by virtue of a settlement hereafter to be concluded between the two States. Clearly and unquestionably, such a settlement is impossible to be had without the co-operation and assent of Virginia. If we ever become liable for any part of the debt thus remitted to West Virginia, then it will be no otherwise than by her own voluntary act that Virginia will incur that liability. Until the coming of the millennial era, it may scarcely be supposed that one State will volunteer to assume the burthens of another State."

It is scarcely credible that when Virginia induced her creditors to accept her promises of money to be paid when she settled with West Virginia, that she then intended that such a settlement should never take place, in order that, when payment was demanded, she might be able to say that the condition upon which her promises were to be redeemed, had never been performed.

West Virginia has always desired to act in this matter in good faith and fairness, and is interested in having it finally disposed of. The fact that these Virginia certificates are constantly called "West Virginia's third, "West Virginia bonds" and "West Virginia certificates," worth only from five to ten cents on the dollar, creates neither a favorable nor correct impression of the financial condition of the State, and may tend to prevent immigration, and the influx of capital seeking investments. Persons in search of homes are not inclined to select them in a State whose securities are reported to be of so little value.

The convention which re-organized the government of Virginia, and assented to the creation of this State, and the convention which framed our first constitution, seemed to have assumed that, upon a settlement, a balance would be ascertained to be due from this State.

If we are indebted to Virginia, the debt should be promptly recognized, and provision should be made for its payment; and whatever may be the result of an adjustment of accounts between the States, the matter should be finally set at rest.

In view of the misrepresentations which have been made, concerning the disposition of our State, and her conduct as to her alleged indebtedness, I have considered it proper to direct your attention to the subject, and to present to you the foregoing facts.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

Words of Warning.

The following communication is from one of the gentlemen most prominent in organizing the Conservative party of Virginia. We commend his warning to the attention of the General Assembly:

TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY OF VIRGINIA—THE PUBLIC DEBT QUESTION.

I have been an attentive observer of the proceedings of the Legislature since it reassembled on the 7th instant, and I have come to the conclusion that there is but little prospect of this doing anything effectual towards the settlement of the debt question.

This would, in my judgment, be most unfortunate, not only to the Commonwealth, but to the Conservative party.

The people, at the last election, elected a large majority of so-called Conservatives in both branches of the Legislature. These gentlemen were elected, as they have admitted, with special reference to the settlement of the debt question. The power to settle, and the responsibility of making a settlement, therefore, rest with them. A failure to settle will be a grievous disappointment to the people. It will also be a serious injury to the commercial and financial prosperity of the State. And, I fear, it will be a death-blow to the Conservative party.

Whenever a party proves itself incompetent to deal with a great measure of public policy the people will require that it shall give place to another that can deal with it.

If the Conservative party should now acknowledge its inability to settle this question of the public debt, what will be the consequences?

It will go into the next contest hopelessly divided into two factions of nearly equal numerical strength, and exasperated against each other by angry feelings. Is it not plain that under these circumstances the Republican party will hold the balance of power, and turn the scales as they may choose?

Will not the failure of the Conservative party to settle this question be a virtual abdication of its authority and an appeal to the Republicans to do what they admit they are unable to do?

Can any man, calling himself a Conservative, desire to bring about such a condition of things? Yet it is plain that unless the Conservative party succeed in settling the debt question the tendency is inevitably to transfer the power of making its settlement to the Radicals.

It must also be remembered that when you once bring a fragment of the Conservatives to co-operate with and rely on the Republican party for success on one particular question, a fusion with that party on other questions will soon follow; and as the Republican party is more numerous than either fragment of the Conservative party, the faction which co-operates with and relies on the Republican party will ultimately be absorbed into and controlled by it.

It may, therefore, be set down as a "fixed fact" that unless the Conservative party determines to sacrifice minor differences of opinion and settle the question, in less than three years from this date the Republican party will substantially, if not *eo nomine*, be in the ascendant in Virginia.

If we persist in remaining divided on this question, and go before the people with our controversies about it, the Republicans must vote on one side or the other. Both factions will seek their votes, and whichever succeeds in winning them will be successful, and owe its success to the Republicans!

The Republicans will thus become the controlling element in the new combination, and it will have to choose its candidates and shape its platform to suit their taste.

No one can fail to perceive that this must end in the surrender to Republican rule. Are Conservatives prepared to make this surrender? The events of the next few weeks will show.

SPECTATOR.

The Pennsylvania couple who were married a few days ago at the ages of eighty six and eighty-seven are considerably outdone by two representatives of the Jewish race in Russian Poland. The bride was a widow precisely one hundred years old; the groom was a youth of eighty-eight. Indeed the bride has a daughter, with whom she has lately lived, whose age is as great within four years as her step-fathers, while a great great-granddaughter is a girl of thirteen. Notwithstanding her advanced age, this bride is said to be strong in her faculties. She goes out of the house alone, hears and sees "perfectly well," and retains all her mental powers.

The Prince of Wales always gives the Princess an immense box of bon-bons at Christmas, and they are placed on tables around the royal nursery and kept there through the year.

What Will They Say at Vienna?

The Germans tell a story of a traveller who, on visiting the Springs of the Danube, and noticing what an insignificant rill trickled at the source of that great river, formed the bold resolution of stopping up the stream. He put his hand across it, and, as he fancied the various cities upon its course deprived of their supply of water by his means, he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart, "What will they say at Vienna?"

This simple traveller is a type of a large class of people, who have very indifinite notions of the relations of cause and effect. A man conceives a grudge against a neighboring mechanic or merchant, and determines at once to drive him into irretrievable ruin by—"withdrawing his patronage," as the phrase goes. "What will they say at Vienna?" he chuckles to himself, as he walks stiffly by his old friend's place, and trades at a new store. From his bearing, one would suppose him "big with the fate of empires;" but his enemy survives the loss of his customer, and laughs at the impotent attempts of the "bolter" to break up his business.

A newspaper subscriber takes umbrage at an editor, for daring to express an opinion counter to his own. Having nurtured his wrath to the requisite degree of strength, he dashes off a few words on a letter sheet, the most prominent of which are, "stop my paper," and speeds it on its way to the luckless editor, imagining "what they will say at Vienna," when the direful document is received. The letter arrives, the name of the wrathy gentleman is quietly expunged from the mail book, and the circumstance is never heard or thought of again.

"What will they say at Vienna?" exclaims Mrs. Grundy, as she resolves to absent herself from a tea party, in the getting up of which she has not been allowed to have her own particular way. She anticipates nothing less than a regular failure, in consequence, but the party comes off, and nobody misses Mrs. Grundy.

The old lady who pulled up the stakes for the new railroad, probably wondered "what they would say at Vienna?" but the railroad was built in spite of her opposition. Much of the opposition to railroads is of the same sort. A disaffected stockholder turns his dozen shares into the market, and then very patiently and very knowingly watches for the ruin of the corporation, or at least a general panic among the shareholders.—Alas! he never hears "what they say at Vienna"—for the reason that they said nothing.

"What will they say at Vienna?" exclaims a noisy politician, as he determines to withdraw his support from his party, and give it to those who will reward him better. His prophecies of political ruin to his old confederates fall upon on the ear and are forgotten. The fierce bugbear which he discovers in the heavens is nothing more than an animalcule begotten in the corrupt humors of his own eye, and invisible to all but himself.

The error of these people is, not so much in showing their resentment, as in overrating its effects on the destinies of mankind. We hold that every man may lawfully indulge in an occasional fit of "virtuous indignation;" but let him not imagine that he is going to blow up a granite mountain with a pinch of snuff, or move the world from it foundation by the stamping of his foot. It is poor philosophy to expect great results merely because the antecedent is small, though it is some times true that small causes are connected with momentous events. The three tailors who held a meeting in Tooly street, London, had a right to issue their address to the world, but when they began it, "We, the people of England," they rather over estimated their importance. This comes of "living in a barrel and looking out at the bung-hole," as Rabelais describes it. To take a conceit of this kind out of a man, all that is necessary is a little observation, a little common sense, and a little modesty. When these commodities become more abundant, we shall hear fewer people inquiring, on frivolous occasions, "what will they say at Vienna?"—*Boston Rambler.*

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.—1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness.—Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3 Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

SOMETHIMG BETTER THAN WEALTH.—Sensible men feel as a friend of ours expressed himself a few days since. He is the father of a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who was betrothed to a young man of character and supposed wealth. Before the wedding day arrived, however, the young man, without fault of his, was overtaken by misfortune, and he was left without means. He went immediately to the father of the young lady, explained the situation to him, and offered to release the young lady from her engagement. "So far as I am concerned," said the father, "you can go right along; I did not give you my daughter because I thought you had money;" and some time after he gave the reason of this decision to some of his neighbors, who were expressing surprise that he should have assented to the alliance under the circumstances.—He said: "Gentlemen it is not every day that a man gets a son-in-law who does not drink, who is not profane, and who is honorable, upright and industrious. I have such a one, and as long as he remains as he is now, he can share with me my last dollar."

ABOUT ADVERTISING.—Frequent and constant advertising has brought me where I am.—*A. T. Stewart.*

My success is owing to liberality in advertising.—*Elizabeth Tilton.*

Printer's ink did the business for me. —*Agnes Jenks.* Also for me.—*James Anderson.*

Free advertising has made a man of me.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

My son, I know of nothing better than advertising, provided it is not left handed advertising.—*S. J. Tilden.—Derrick.*

General Joe Lane, of Oregon, celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday last month. He ran for Vice-President on the Breckinridge ticket in 1860.

THE BRIDE'S QUESTIONINGS.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM

I.

Can we grow old together, John?
Can we grow old together?
Will love, that blossoms in life's glad spring,
Brave its cold and wintry weather?
When the rose and lily of cheek and brow,
With the frosts of age shall fade,
Will your strong hand, just as tenderly
On my weaker hand, be laid?
When my soft brown hair, that you praised to-night,
Shall be white, like the fleecy snow,
Will you love the silver as well as the brown,
And, O, will you *tell* me so?
Will you love me *then* as now, John,
Will you love me then as now?

II.

Can we grow old together, John?
Can we grow old together?
Will the sun, that gilds our wedding-morn,
Tint all the work-a-day weather?
For life is not all a gala-day,
And care the lot of all;
Some smiles, some tears, some weary hours,
The happiest homes befall;
And when the grace of my youthful charms,
Shall pass like a dream away,
Will you clasp me close to your faithful heart,
With the joy that yo do to-day?
Will you love me *then* as now, John?
Will you love me then as now?

III.

Can we grow old together, John?
Can we grow old together?
Will the look of love that thrills at morn,
Light evening's chilling weather?
We may walk together up life's hill,
But adown the other side,
Will you kindly care for the old, old wife,
As you care for the youthful bride?
Will you smooth for my feet the path *all* the way?
Will you shelter me with your love?
And ever, though death our *lives* may divide,
Shall our spirits be joined above?
Will you love *then* as now, John?
Will you love then as now?

THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN.—When he pops the question.

When his wife wants to talk and he doesn't.

When he writes to his best girl and has to wait two weeks for a reply.

When he pokes his head through his last clean shirt and finds no button on behind.

When he walks two miles to see his girl, and then finds her out with his rival.

When he buys a new pair of shoes and discovers two big nails sticking up in the heels.

When he hurries around the corner and lands square in the arms of a man who holds his I. O. U.

When he takes his girl out and discovers that he has left his pocketbook at home in his old trousers.

When he comes home early in the morning and his wife wants to hold a little debating society in the lower hall.

When he goes home at night, finds a house full of company, and his wife blissfully ignorant of the fact that dinner is not ready.

When in his dreams he is standing upon the verge of a precipice, and his wife suddenly reminds him that he is not, but that he is jerking her "banged hair" all to pieces.

NEWSPAPERS AND SHAMS.—One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession is that its members are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, all the weaknesses of the world; all the vanities that want to be puffed; all the revenges that want to be reaped; all the mistakes that want to be corrected; all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent; all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns; all the men who want to be set right, who are never right; all the crack brained philosophers, with stories as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger nails in mourning because bereft of soap; all the bores who come to stay five minutes, but talk five hours. Through the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day after day, and the temptation is to believe neither God, man or woman. It is no surprise to me that in this profession there are skeptical men; I only wonder that journalists believe anything.—*Parson Talmage.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.—It does no good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology—a present gratification of some sort—but anger has none. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool, and has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of socity. He may do some good but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a fire-brand, and it is a wonder that he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out.—He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only in the bosom of fools, why should it be indulged at all.

"I hab hearn," said a colored preacher, while enforcing the duty of liberality on his congregation, "ob many a church what hab died bekase it gib away too little for de Lord, but I neber hearn ob any what died bekase it gib away too much. Ef any ob you know ob any church ob dis kind, what died from liberality, jes tell me where it is, and I will make a pilgrimage to it, and by de soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon its moss-covered roof, and write upon its topmost shingle: 'Blessed am de dead what die in the Lord.'"

When an English lord bishop visited an Episcopalian clergyman lately, the latter instructed a colored boy in his service to knock at the bed-room door of the bishop early in the morning and say: "My lord, the boy." Accordingly, the next morning the boy, somewhat dazed by so much grandeur, knocked at the door of the bishop, who called out: "Who's there?" The boy responded: "The Lord, my boy."

A full-bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three-year old grand-daughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eyes, and finally ejaculated: "Grand-father, whose head you got on?"

The late Caleb Cushing's will will soon be probated. It is supposed that he left property worth $1,000,000, much of it being land in the South and West.

It is a well known fact that every man in this country who has made a large fortune by trade, has advertised his trade extensively in the newspapers.

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young man boastfully. "Very true," replied his waggish companion; "for you can't please any?"

Gen. "Tige" Andersen, who commanded a Confederate division, has been chosen chief of police of Atlanta, Ga.

It requires strength and courage to swim against the stream, while any dead fish can float with it.

Garlic is said to be a sovereign remedy for gout. There is no remedy for garlic.