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may 5

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Having refitted my stables and added a number of fine horses and vehicles to my stock, I am prepared to accommodate the summer travel in the most elegant and handsome style, at reasonable prices.
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I respectfully invite my former customers and the public generally to give me a call.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
may18-tf S. T. THORNBURG.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

USE TOLU ROCK AND RYE
mar22-1y eow

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE,
Is a sure cure for all the diseases for which it is recommended, and is always PERFECTLY SAFE in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.
It is a sure and quick remedy for COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CHILLS, and similar troubles; affords instant relief in the most malignant forms of DIPHTHERIA, and is the best known remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.
The Oldest, Best, and Most Widely Known Family Medicine in the World.
It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world for CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS that it is considered an unfailing cure for these diseases.
Has stood the test of Forty Years' Constant Use in all Countries and Climates.
It is RECOMMENDED by Physicians, Missionaries, Ministers, Managers of Plantations, Work-Shops, and Factories, Nurses in Hospitals—in short by Everybody, Everywhere, who has ever given it a trial.
IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL AS A LINIMENT.
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nb8-1yeow

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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jan18-1y

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SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.
The Cheapest, Purest, and Best Family Medicine in the World!
For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Billious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c.
This unrivalled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of MERCURY, or any injurious mineral substance, but is
PURELY VEGETABLE,
containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail.—It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.
THE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaints are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.
Sometimes many of the symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.
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"We have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us."—ED. TELEGRAPH AND MESSENGER, Macon, Ga.
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J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
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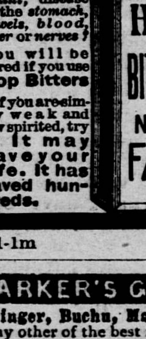
If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.
If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languish on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.
Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without *intoxicating*, take Hop Bitters.
Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters
Have you *dyspepsia, kidney* or *urinary complaint*, disease of the *stomach, bowels, blood, liver* or *nerves*? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters
If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.



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Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.
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Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known are combined so skillfully in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used.
It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, and all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints.
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The most reliable preparation in the world for Chapped Skin, Face, Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, etc. Prepared only by
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PRICE, 25 CENTS.
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QUITTENNIN!
An elegant preparation for smoothing the hair and FORMING FRIZZES. Price 25 cts.
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NONE BETTER. Price 15 cents each.
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POETRY.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its draping of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath his flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one,
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs, so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them
From *mine* so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin
As they carried him out to-day,—
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor;
The roses of health are blooming
On my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.

SUMMER WILL COME.

Oh, I wish the Winter would go,
And I wish the Summer would come,
Then the big brown farmer will hoe,
The little brown bee will hum.
Ho, hum!

Then the robin his fife will trill,
And the woodpecker beat his drum,
And out of their tents in the hill
The little green troops will come.
Ho, hum!

Now the blossoms are sick in bed,
And the dear little birds are dumb,
The brook has a cold in her head,
Oh, Summer takes long to come,
Oh, hum!

When in bonny blue fields of sky,
And in bonny green fields below,
The cloud-flocks fly and the lamb-flocks lie,
Then Summer will come I know.
Oh, hum!

Then around and over the trees,
With a flutter and flirt will go
A rollicking, frolicking breeze,
And away with a whisk, ho, ho.
Ho, ho!

Oh, the blossoms take long to come,
And the icicles long to go;
But the Summer will come, and the bees will hum,
And the bright little brook will flow,
I know. Ho, ho!

—H. O. KNOWLTON, *in St. Nicholas.*

THE OTHER SIDE.

Breakfast was just over at the parsonage, the table was cleared away, the chairs set back, and Mrs. Ashton in a neat morning dress, with a pretty little cap on her pretty little head, was standing with her arm over her tall husband's shoulder looking at the morning papers. And as fine looking a pair they were as you are likely to see on a summer day. The Reverend Clement Ashton was indeed regarded as the handsomest man in that part of the world, and that with good reason. Whether he ever had an idea of his own on the subject, was entirely his own affair.

Mrs. Ashton, as she was styled by the parish—Christiana as her godfather and godmother named her—Chrissy as her brothers and her husband called her—was not usually regarded as remarkably handsome. Her features was not very regular, and she was not very fair, but her eyes were so bright and so clear, her figure so elastic and trim; her abundant hair, above all, her frank, easy, manner, and the expression of sunny good temper and perfect openness lighting up her face made most people consider her a very attractive woman. Every one in the parish liked her, from the two old people who sat near the stove in church, and always came round to get their dinner at the parsonage on Sunday, to Mrs. Dr. Rush, who was by far the grandest lady in the parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton had been married but six months, after an engagement of almost three years, during which time they had corresponded vigorously, but had seen very little of each other, for Mr. Ashton was an assistant in an overgrown parish in one of our large cities, and could seldom be spared; and Chrissy was a teacher in another great city, where she supported herself and helped by her labors to educate one of her brothers for the ministry. It was not till this brother had finished his studies, and was on an independent footing, that she had consented to be married.

"George cannot support himself entirely," she said, in answer to the remonstrance of her lover; "he is not strong enough to labor as many of the young men do, and he needs my help. I know that he has talents that will make him eminently useful in the calling he has chosen; I know, too, that if he attempts any more than he is doing his health will fail and he will become discouraged. You must content yourself to board awhile longer with your good friend Mrs. Bickler, Clement."

And to this resolution she steadfastly adhered, despite Clement's persuasions and those of George, who was much distressed at the thought that his sister's marriage should be put off on his account. Under these circumstances the lovers did not see each other often, and they were finally married without Chrissy ever having suspected her husband of any infirmity of temper. She had suffered much on discovering that such was the case, and felt inclined sometimes to wish she had never been disenchanted; but she was a very wise woman; she knew her husband's intrinsic excellence, and his strength as well as his weakness, and altering an old maxim to suit her purpose, she resolved both to endure and cure.

"What do you set about to-day?" said she, as Mr. Ashton arose from the corner of the sofa, having exhausted the paper.

"Visiting," replied his reverence. "I must go up to old Mrs. Balcomb's and see the Joneses and try to prevail on Phil Taggart to let his children come to Sunday-school once more. Then I have to see Maggie Carpenter, who is much worse again, and if I have time I shall get into the omnibus and ride out to the mills to see that girl Miss Flower mentioned to me yesterday."

"What a round!" exclaimed Chrissy. "You will never get home to dinner at 2 o'clock. I think I will put it off till six and run the risk of being thought 'stuck up,' like poor cousin Lily."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you know they always dine at six, to suit the Doctor's arrangements. One day Lily called about some society matter on a lady who lived not a hundred miles from her street, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The lady herself came to the door, and Lily was about entering, when she thought she perceived the smell of roast beef in the hall, and said, very politely, "perhaps it is now your dinner hour?"

"No, indeed!" replied madam, with indignation. "We don't dine at this time of day; we are not so stuck up!"

"Poor Lily!" exclaimed Mr. Ashton, laughing. "What did she say?"

"O, she did her errand and retired, of course. There was nothing to be said."

Mr. Ashton turned to go into the study, and as he did so his foot caught in the carpet and he was nearly thrown down. Chrissy started in alarm, but he recovered himself and said pettishly—

"I wish you would have that carpet nailed down. I have stumbled over it twenty times in the course of a week, I really believe."

"I thought Amy had fastened it down," replied his wife, with mildness. "I am sure I saw her at work there. The door must pull it out of place, I think."

"O, of course there is some excellent reason for it being out of order. It seems to me that with all your ingenuity you might find some way to make it more secure."

He turned into the study, shutting the door after him with unnecessary force, and Mrs. Ashton returned to the fire and arranged her work basket for the day, with something of a cloud on her face. She was not long left undisturbed, for Mr. Ashton's voice was soon heard calling her in an impatient tone. She sighed, but arose and entered the next room, where she found her husband before his bureau, partly dressed, and with shirts, handkerchiefs and cravats scattered about him like a new kind of snow, while his face bore an expression of melancholy reproach, at once painful and ludicrous.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"O, the old story. No button where it ought to be! Not a shirt ready for wear! I do not mean to be unreasonable," he continued, in an agitated voice, as he tumbled over the things, to the manifest discomfiture of the clean linen, "but really, Chrissy, I think you might see that my clothes are in order. I am sure that I would do more than that for you; but here I am delayed and put to the greatest inconvenience, because you cannot sew on these buttons. I should think a little of the time you spend in writing to George and Henry might as well be bestowed on me."

This address was delivered in a tone of mournful distress, which might have been justified, perhaps, if Mrs. Ashton had picked his pocket of his sermon as he was going to church.

"What is the matter with this shirt?" said Chrissy, quietly examining one of the discarded garments. "It seems to have all the buttons in their places; and this one, too, is quite perfect; and here is another. My dear husband, how many shirts do you usually wear at a time?"

"O, it is very well for you to smile, my love, but I do assure you that I found several with no means of fastening the wristbands. We had breakfasted late; and now I shall be detained half an hour when I ought to be away. I know you mean well; but if you had served a year's apprenticeship to my mother before you were married it might have been all the better for your housekeeping."

"It might have prevented it altogether," thought Chrissy; but the thought was repressed in a moment. She picked up and replaced the scattered apparel, folded the snowy cravats, warmed her husband's overshoes, and saw that the beautiful little communion service presented by a lady of the parish, and consecrated to such sufferers as Maggie Carpenter, was in readiness. Before he left the house Mr. Ashton had forgotten both his fretfulness and its cause. He kissed his wife, thanked her for her trouble, and proposed that she should send for Lily to spend the day with her, and strode away with his usual elasticity of step.

Chrissy watched him from the door until he turned into the next street, and then went back to the fireside and her own reflections.

His fretfulness and tendency to be disturbed at little matters was almost her husband's only fault. He was self sacrificing to the last degree; faithful and indefatigable as an apostle, almost, in his professional labors, liberal to a fault, and in his administration of parish matters, wise and conciliating to all.—He could bear injuries, real injuries, with the greatest patience, and was never known to show resentment.

But with all these good qualities, Mr. Ashton had one fault—a fault which threatened to disturb and finally destroy the comfort of married life. If his wife by extravagance or bad management had wasted his income and involved him in difficulties, it is probable that he would never have spoken an unkind word to her; but the fact of a button being missed, or a book removed from its place, would produce a lamentation half indignant and half pathetic, which rung in Chrissy's ears and made her heart ache after Clement had forgotten the circumstances altogether. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Ashton never thought of this habit, of which he was but imperfectly conscious, as to its being a fault.

He thought, indeed, that it was a pity he should be sensitive, and sometimes said that he wished he had not such love for order and symmetry, for then he should not be so often annoyed by the disorderly habits of other people. He said to himself that it was one of his peculiar trials, that even Chrissy, perfect as she was, did not come up to his ideas in this respect; but that the temper with which he met what he was pleased to call his peculiar trials ever became a trial to other people he did not imagine. He had indeed remarked, in spite of himself, that Chrissy's face was not as cheerful, nor her spirits as light as when they were first married, and he regretted that the cares of housekeeping should weigh so heavily upon her; but nothing was further from his thoughts than that anything in himself could have produced this change.

Mr. Ashton, exhausted with his day's work, turned towards home with his mind full of what he had seen and felt. He said very little during dinner, but when the table cloth was removed, and he sat down in his dressing gown and slippers before the fire, he related to his wife, all the events of the day, describing with all the enthusiasm of his earnest nature the patience and holy resignation he had witnessed, and ended by saying:

"Certainly religion has power to sustain and console under all trials, and under every misfortune—"

"Excepting the loss of a button," replied Chrissy, seriously. "That is a misfortune which neither philosophy nor religion can enable one to sustain."

The Reverend Mr. Ashton started as though a pistol had been discharged at his ear.

"Why, what do you mean Chrissy?"

"Just what I say," returned Chrissy, with the same soberness. "Yourself, for instance; you can bear with the greatest resignation the loss of friends, and misfortune. I never saw you ruffled by rudeness or abuse from others, nor show any impatience under severe pain; but the loss of a button from your shirt, or a nail from the carpet, gives you a perfect right to be unreasonable, unkind, and I must say it—un-Christian.

Mr. Ashton arose and walked up and down the room in some agitation.

"I did not think, my love," he said at last, in a trembling tone, "that you would attach so much importance to a single hasty word—perhaps I spoke too quickly; but even if it were so, did we not promise to be patient with each other's infirmities? I am very glad to bear—"

Mr. Ashton paused; he was an eminently truthful man, and upon consideration he could not remember that he ever had anything to bear from his wife, aside from the shirt buttons, etc., which he was now becoming conscious he had not borne very patiently.

"If it were once, my dear husband, I should say nothing about it; but you do not seem in the least aware how the habit has grown upon you. There has not been a day this week in which you have not made my heart ache by some such outburst of fretfulness."

Mr. Ashton was astonished; but as he began to reflect he was still more surprised to find that his wife's accusations were quite true.

One day it had been about the front door mat, the next day about a mislaid review, and then a lost pair of gloves, which, after all, were found in his own pocket. He felt that it was all true, and as his own conscience brought forward one instance of unkindness after another—real unkindness—he sat down again and covered his face with his hands.

"But this is not the worst," continued Chrissy, becoming agitated in turn. "I fear—I cannot help fearing—that I shall be led to feel as I ought not towards you. I fear lest I shall in time lose the power of respecting my husband; and when respect goes, Clement, love does not last long. This very morning I found myself wishing I had never known you." Chrissy burst into tears, an unusual demonstration for her; and Clement springing up once more, traversed the room once or twice, and then sat down by his wife's side.

"Christiana," he said mournfully, "I have deserved—I feel that I have—but to lose your respect, your love—my punishment is greater than I can bear, Chrissy."

"It was but the thought of a moment," replied Chrissy, checking her sobs; but I am frightened that the idea should have entered my head. If I should, I would rather die this moment."

"God forbid!" ejaculated her husband as he clasped her in his arms. "But why, my dearest, have you never told me of this before?"

"It is neither a grateful or a graceful office for a wife to reprove her husband, nor a woman her pastor," replied Chrissy, laying her head on his shoulder; "and if I had not been left here all day, I think I should have hardly got up my courage now. But if you are not angry, I am glad that I have told you all that was in my heart; for indeed, my dear, it has been a sad, aching heart this time. And now I must tell you how those two unlucky shirts came to be buttonless."

"No, don't say one word about them, my love," said Clement, impatiently. "I will never complain again, if the sleeves are missing as well as the buttons."

"But I must tell you, because I really mean to have my housekeeping affairs in as good order as any one. I was looking over your shirts yesterday afternoon, and put them all to rights but the two, when Mrs. Lennox came in in great distress, to say that her sister's child was much worse, and they feared dying; so I dropped all and went over there. You know how it was. No one had any calmness or presence of mind. The child's convulsions were frightful to witness; the mother was in hysterics and Mrs. Lennox was worse than nobody at all. It was nearly midnight before I could get away, and in the meantime Amy had put the room in order, and restored the shirts to their places."

Here Amy put her head in the room.

"If you please, missus, a young woman in the kitchen would like to see you missus, a minute."

Missus arose and went into the kitchen, and Mr. Ashton, taking a candle from the table, entered the study, and locked himself in. Chrissy waited for a long time, and at last went and tapped at the door. It was opened to her with a fervent kiss, and though there were not many words said on either side, there was a light in the eyes of the husband and wife which showed the understanding was perfect between them.

QUESTIONS BEFORE US.—There is no little significance in the following paragraph taken from the Richmond *Dispatch*:

"The people of Virginia are tired of the discussion of the debt question. The northern people are supposed to be now applauding General Mahone. The bonds are held by the northern people. If they are ready and willing to accept the terms of the Riddleberger bill let them signify the fact to the people of Virginia, and these will surely not complain. Any settlement of the public debt that will meet the approbation of the creditors will please the voters of Virginia. If the bondholders are willing to look to West Virginia for thirty-six millions and to Virginia for only twenty millions, Virginia will count herself fortunately indeed."

The fact is, other and more urgent questions are looming up in the immediate future.

Can we afford to have a Governor over us who belongs to the Republicans in sympathy, purpose, and aspirations, if not in name?

Can we afford to have a Court of Appeals constructed for a special purpose, and made up as the special product of a special issue?

Can we afford to have our townships, our counties, our towns, our cities, our districts, and our State governed through the illiterate, non-tax-paying voters?

These are questions of supreme importance, and involve the very texture of our society and the continuity of our social order.

With these matters before them the people of Virginia, as our contemporary suggests, may well be "tired of the discussion of the debt question," and earnest above all other things to preserve their civilization.

There is no extravagance in announcing this as the supreme issue in the approaching campaign; and if we, especially in Eastern Virginia, are to escape the trials and miseries which are known to the people of South Carolina, we must realize the fact as here stated, and govern ourselves accordingly.—*Norfolk Landmark.*

The Democratic party can well afford to lose the Senate organization, when the party in Virginia is so much the gainer as to put it now beyond the reach of defeat at the next election. Mahone as a Democrat weakened the party by drawing to his readjuster faction votes from the regular organization upon the local debt question. As a Republican he has lost his power to do this. Hence the Richmond Dispatch correctly says: "We do not feel like complaining of him. He has placed himself where he can no longer profess to be a Democrat. As a Democrat, he drew off Democrats from their proper party. As he now stands, he will hereafter give the Republicans the trouble he has heretofore given us, or else he will have to go over to that party. In either event the Democrats will be the gainers."

"I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said an unsuccessful. "No, sir," she replied, "only in your farewell."

For the SPECTATOR.

The Three Existences of Mortals, OR TIME, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

"All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

Time is that portion of one's first existence which is allotted him to prepare for its successors—Death and Eternity. The "mysterious web of life" is spread out before each—its unwritten record is to be compiled, its first unsoiled page in the volume is ready for an impress, and as the unwearied footsteps of Time hurl us onward, we are either to fill it with charity, love, friendship, and true devotion to the principles of a high, noble, and illustrious life, or to blot and blur it with degrading, sectional, groveling acts, which, when it is laid away in the archives of the past and reviewed by others, when our bodies are cold and still, will cause a flush of shame to suffuse their cheeks, and, with burning tears of pity for our folly, let the clods of Time forever bury it from sight. When one reaches the period of life when he can discern right from wrong, and views "the scrolls of fate," which, like a creased and crumpled undeciphered parchment, confronts him, he is sensible of the vast importance of his every act, for the world is similar to a theater; we are ushered upon the stage of action, surrounded by millions of envious, glaring eyes, and, as we go forth each morning, we lay a moulding hand upon our destiny. Time is spaced by hours like scenes in comedies, each having its own peculiar form and responsibility.

Each recurring second adds a line to the chapters which will compose our history, and which will be carefully scrutinized by Death when its icy fingers turn its stained pages.

* * * * * * *

Almost every moment the aphorism is authenticated that "God's finger touched him and he slept."

Every passing breeze bears some infectious malaria, and catching upon the frail mechanism of the human structure, clings to it until crumbling within its iron grasp the mortal sinks into silence, and fame to the necropolis is seen no more on earth. The cherished memory of the loved one, brightened by frequent visits to the sacred spot where rests the faded jewel; the tiny mound bedewed with scalding tears, wreathes of fragrant flowers are implanted thereon—*gently strewn*, as if in awe of awakening harsh sounds to disturb the hushed one's repose. Tokens left in remembrance of sweet communion with the dead, which points to an existence beyond the tomb, "for the grave is not its goal." To one and all, "with a slow and noiseless footstep comes the messenger divine," and like a mighty rolling tide bears them away to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." The visits of the pale grim monster, Death, are in every form and render all circumstances sad; there is a peculiar air akin to it which impresses all of its presence; but how much more sad is it when it is known that the soul is "exiled from earth and yet not winged for heaven."

"Dust thou art and to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul;"

for—

"Graves are but beds where flesh till morning sleeps,
Or chests where God awhile one garment keeps."

Death is essential to mutual relationship, for when the clods are lowered upon the coffin lid, the sepulchral sound melts the heart to tears and draws friends and enemies together, and penitently binds their hearts in one common unison.

Is there a heart so hard that when standing over the yawning tomb, in which soon the precious remains of some dear loved one is to repose, that it cannot be touched by the feeling of another's sorrow and be moved to sympathy? Truly there is none, for at the grave all animosities, no matter how bitter, are forgotten, and tears of grief alike flow mingled down and moist the clay of the cold one's earthly bed. O, a new made grave can speak more than columns of voiceless paper! There is no sorrow, how e'er so light, that will not be shared by others. The great center of life, the heart, is moved to yearning pity when another is in distress, and when sore affliction and scathing misfortune is pressed heavily upon one, that heart goes out in love and tenderness to bind up those bleeding wounds inflicted by the unerring hand of Divinity.

* * * * * * *

"Our very life is but a dream, and while we look around eternity is at hand."

Time, Death, and Eternity are so closely allied that the one invariably follows the other. Upon the winged hours of Time hangs "the mantling pall of death." Had it not been for Death, Eternity would never have been created, and it is secondary to Death all know, for upon the path of Time, Death, and Eternity, hand in hand, come with a stealthy, sure, and silent tread. Just behind the threshold of Time lies Death, so also, sheltered by its impenetrable shroud, Eternity, like an ever convulsive volcano, stands ready to gulph down Time's inhabitants, Death's victims, Eternity's subjects.

Eternity foreshadows Time and Death; for the thought of dying would not appear half so horrifying did we not know that there is an existence beyond, where all the weary voices of earth will be forever hushed in "the deep silence of eternity."

Soon above the starry plains the periods of Time, the reign of Death, will be but the moments of Eternity. Though the hand of Time holds every second within its grasp, and as it seemingly unwillingly lets it fill its designed measure in the area of space, it also scrutinizes it as if afraid one little tiny moment would fly unguarded or escape unnoticed, and thereby fail to be added to the long register of innumerable columns of them that have been recorded in the countless cycles of the past, yet, with each vacancy left by their flight, Death comes closer and Eternity gains one step nearer the era which shall herald the appointed reign, and by unvarying promptness in assuming possession of its allotted place, left vacant by the flight of "golden moments," Time, with all its ostentatious short-lived glory, ceases to be. Death, grimly smiling, enters the arena, but soon tiring of the struggle, "with folded wings sinks on the bosom of eternity," which having banished all other foes sits as conqueror supremely enthroned upon the pyramid carved by the chisels of elements, in the hand of years, supported by the massive arm of Omnipotence. PRESTON.

March 29th, 1881.

Many years since Sidney Smith, in a note addressed to Parliament, said:

"Your conduct to Ireland is that of a man who subscribes to hospitals, weeps at charity sermons, carries out broth and blankets to beggars, and then comes home and beats his wife and children. * * * You have compassion for the victims of all other oppression and injustice except at home. * * * The very moment the name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common sense, common prudence, and common feelings, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots. And rapacious rulers have actually confiscated Ireland several times over."

A Connecticut Methodist preacher says less Congregationalists will be in heaven than there are icicles in the other place.

For the SPECTATOR.

Famous Large Strawberries.

Subjects of Interest to City and Country Readers.

BY R. H. HAINES.

Our thoughts very naturally recur at this time of the year to the subject of "strawberries and cream." The large size of some of the mammoth new varieties awakens many an exclamation of delight, as they are brought blushing in their delicious ripeness upon the table, while many a question goes round the circle as to the name of some immense berry, or as to where it was found. We at the North can almost picture the joyful scenes that are now or soon will be recurring in many places in the South, and the pleasant little rivalries as to who shall have the first ripe berries. Now that there are so many *very early* varieties of merit, the race is won or the prize attained by those who have been prudent enough to select the earliest ripening kinds, and who have learned that to obtain the earlest berries it depends more on the *variety* than on the treatment of the plants. Thus, those who have the early "Crescents," "Duchesse" or "Crystal Cities," are enabled to have ripe strawberries on their tables some days ahead of their less wide-awake neighbors. These three kinds that I have named are among the "earliest of the earlies," so I will leave them to their honors, and call attention more particularly to some of the new aspirants to public notice.

Mammoth Bush.—On most soils this new variety grows very differently from any others, so that even the least experienced in strawberry culture would very quickly notice that it is a distinct variety, and of unusual habits of growth for a strawberry. The plants almost invariably grow in a bush form, not with branches or unusually formed leaves or stems, but in round mounds or hills of foliage, so that a half bushel measure if inverted would sometimes easily be filled with the foliage of one plant. They make scarcely any runners, sometimes not over one or two in a season—a fact that will be appreciated by many persons. The fruit is of good size, and desirable for either market or table use.

Mount Vernon.—This is an unusually promising new variety, and is exciting great interest among fruit growers. Its wonderful productiveness can hardly help making it a favorite on soils where it will succeed, as it has produced at the rate of over 10,000 quarts to the acre, mostly good-sized or large berries, that have *averaged* 18 cents a quart in the wholesale markets. The fruit is of good quality, of a fine red color, and moderately firm, making it a fine berry for home use, or for not too distant markets. It continues to ripen until quite late in the strawberry season, in this way helping to prolong the time for having strawberries for quite a number of days.

Longfellow is also a very distinct variety from any other. It originated in Kentucky, where it has given unusual satisfaction, producing fine large berries of an elongated form, thus receiving the name of Longfellow. Last season they produced a fine supply of fruit on my grounds in July and August, which is an unusual thing for a strawberry to do. The fruit ripens late, is of a pleasant, sprightly quality, and I think will prove well adapted for shipping long distances.

Garden is a new variety that carried off the highest prize at the Long Island Strawberry Exhibition, as being "the best new seedling." The fruit is of roundish form, large, and may prove a friendly rival to the "Monarch of the West."

Huddleston's Favorite, Warren, and Marvin, are three new varieties of large size, that are possessed of considerable merit, but I would recommend planting them at first in small lots of only a dozen or two plants for trial, as they are rather *coy* or *fastidious* as to where they are placed. The Huddleston is quite a late variety, while the Marvin, together with the *Glendale*, are among the *very latest* sorts known. Other very large varieties are the *President Lincoln* and *Sharpless*. Some of these kinds have produced berries measuring all the way from 8 inches up to 11 and 12 inches in circumference. The above varieties should prove ample for making a nice selection, and the mere testing of them will afford much enjoyment to those who seek for recreation in their gardens.

Strawberry plants sometimes appear to have almost an iron-clad nature, as I have sent them two or three thousands of miles through the mails, and though jostled and tossed about, they have yet grown finely. To look at the plants one would hardly suppose that they could stand such rough treatment. Early in April is a good time to plant them out, especially if the plants are obtained from the North where their growth is more backward, as they do not even blossom in this vicinity until about the first of May. Place the plants about a foot apart, and the rows two or three feet apart; keep the ground free from weeds, and fine crops of delicious berries should make their appearance in due time.

Moorestown, N. J.

The Republican Senators in caucus on Tuesday determined to make an effort Wednesday to elect Senate officers, and among those agreed upon is Capt. H. H. Riddleberber, of Shenandoah county, Va., for Sergeant-at Arms. So, a part of the pay for Mahone's vote is the gulping down, without a wry face, if possible, by the republicans of Capt. Riddleberger—not only an ex-rebel, but the head of the readjuster Hancock ticket, and a democratic repudiator of Virginia's debt. Oh, how Mahone is humiliating the republicans! Is it a part of the bargain that Capt. Riddleberger shall renounce his democracy—shall change his political coat for the sanguinary shirt of the stalwart republican? Now the honest-minded masses who submitted themselves to the lead of Riddleberger in his readjustment in his readjustment with an eye half open can discern the fact that principle had nothing to do with the Captain's zeal, but that a red-hot passion for government pap—an unhallowed ambition for official place and power stirred all his energies in his unholy war upon the old Commonwealth's honor.—*Charlestown Free Press.*

THE EFFECT OF THE COALITION.—The Lynchburg *Virginian* says that, since the shameful coalition at Washington of the Republican Senators with Mahone the debt-payers of this State "think and say, that if the Republicans, who have always avowed themselves to be in favor of the observance of good faith towards both State and Federal creditors, can go into partnership with Mahone and his gang of Repudiators, there is no longer any use in their making sacrifices to hold Virginia to her obligations. And so, it is not improbable that many of the hitherto stalwart Debt-Paying Conservatives will, in the next contest, be pronounced in favor of ignoring this question altogether, will make their fight with Republicans strictly, on other issues, and leave the debt to take care of itself; or commit the bondholders to the tender mercies of William Mahone and his Republican associates. We say that this is the tendency of things in Virginia to-day."

The fine old hymn, "Rock of Ages," was translated by Mr. Gladstone into Latin, and fell into the hands of some monks, and was sung in the convent, they never dreaming that it was a Protestant hymn, and never having heard of Toplady.

For the SPECTATOR.

THE AGE CALLS.

The age calls,
It loudly calls,
To hearts that yearn.
In words that burn,
To do their country good.

The age calls,
It gladly calls—
Not to wake the cannon's roar,
Not to wage blood-red war,
Not to drench the earth with blood,
And sweep off plenty, like a flood.

The age calls,
It sweetly calls,
To keep aloft the flag of peace,
And bear the captive quick release,
To train the mind and prize the soul
And scatter knowledge from pole to pole.

The age calls,
It often calls,
To each enterprising heart,
To improve in every art,
And drive the wheels of science on
To perfection, as they run.

The age calls,
It earnestly calls,
To raise the moral standard higher,
And add fuel to that living fire
Which leads us on to richer glory,
Than burns in song or breathes in story.

The age calls,
It wisely calls,
To banish darkness from the world
And cause Satan's banner to be furled,
To send the Gospel far abroad
And win each throbbing heart for God.

The age calls,
It truly calls—
Let every ear attend the cry,
Let every tongue, in turn, reply,
"We will that call obey
Till reigns an endless perfect day."

TEJA ALBUS.

For the SPECTATOR.

AN IDEAL HAND.

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I awoke and found it only duty."

BY VIRGINIA.

I never thought that I could say,
Farewell with heart as free and gay
As the breeze that fans yon mountain brow—
Yet thus I break your sceptre now.

Years, years ago, with restless hand,
An Ideal came without command,—
That hand seemed but the fitting sign,
Of a spirit pure, and true, and kind.

Not large and strong, but small and fair,
That hand was made no toil to share,—
That slender hand an emblem true,
Of a passing ideal strange and new.

I touch that hand and say farewell,
To the ideal love in memory's cell,—
I am not sad—I feel no care,
That my ideal dies forever there.

For life is still as full of beauty,
Now that I know its highest duty—
As when I stood in youthful pride,
That ideal hand my trusted guide.

September, 1880.

According to Judge Hughes the South was solidified by the appointment of Northern Republicans to office in preference to natives, deeming this to have been offensive to moderate Democrats and to Southern men. In this the Judge is, we believe, mistaken. It is true there were a number of rascally carpet-baggers in the South, but the verdict of the Democratic party, we think, is that there were worse scalawags, and it is a well-known fact that the Southern people have treated the Northern Republicans who came among them and behaved themselves, with more consideration and respect than they did the Southern Republicans who were Confederates. The reason is plain. The Southern people regarded those of their comrades in arms, their neighbors—men born on the soil of the South—who joined the Republican party and attempted to organize the black vote, and lead it as deserters of their race and principles, and it was impossible to prevent the expression of such feelings. And while the feeling has everywhere been quieted and softened by time, there is still the same feeling, less violent and less offensive, existing among the people.—*Lynchburg Advance.*

General Mahone's advent to the Senate has been productive of much good to the democratic party of his State, and possibly of much harm to the republican party of the country. It has certainly brought back to the democratic fold in Virginia all those who followed the General out of that fold except the comparatively few who expect to receive office through his influence. As regards the republican party of the nation, it has shown that party that its representatives in the Senate are so intent upon obtaining possession of individual power, that simply and solely to get the chairmanships of the committees of that body, they have descended to the low trickery of ward politicians, to a regular bargain and trade, and that, too, with a leader of repudiationists and of those who want the principles of forcible readjustment applied as well to the national as to the Virginia debt.—*Alex. Gazette.*

Now, what has Gen. Mahone done? He has voted to give the Republicans the control of the United States Senate.

It is known that all important legislation is matured by the Committees, and that the party having the chairmanships and majority in the committees has greatly the advantage in shaping the policy and directing the legislation of the body. By Mahone's vote, this power has been transferred from the Democrats to the Republicans. He has voted for Conkling, Logan, Cameron, Hoar, &c., and to displace Ransom, Bayard, Voorhees, Hampton, and the rest of the Democrats. He has voted for such a composition of the committees as will enable the enemies of Virginia and the South to do us infinite harm. In other words he has deliberately betrayed the people of this State to their worst enemies.—*Winchester Times.*

GONE OVER TO THE BONDHOLDERS. Mr. Mahone, who is now so proud of his collar as "the Administration Senator from Virginia," owes whatever position he occupies in politics to his assumed hatred to "Bondholders" and "Shylocks." He has now gone over to a party of which Hugh McCulloch, Simon Cameron, James G. Blaine, and other Bondholders are leaders, and which includes nearly all the great Bondholders and Brokers in the country. And *this* is the result of the wild shrieks of the *Whig*, and all the stump speeches of the Repoodlers! Poor Mahone! He is now revealed as a political jack-in-the box, whose strings are pulled by "Bloated Bondholders" and "Shylock Brokers."—*Farmville Mercury.*

Food for the Brain and Nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves and brings good health quicker than anything you can use.—*Tribune.* See other column.

While the conduct of Mahone is loathed by good democrats, the negro republicans of the Petersburg convention were thrown into estatic and joyful excitement by the announcement that Mahone had voted with the republicans.—*Shenandoah Herald.*

The retired business man who declared that advertising was a humbug is now residing in the almshouse.