Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Staunton Spectator

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feb28-1y

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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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may 5

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TO THE PUBLIC!

Parties wishing to buy BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c., both home-made and Western work, can do so of us on and after the 10th of January, 1882. We have made arrangements with one of the largest and best Cincinnati manufacturing establishments, by which we will keep on hand a large assortment of the very best of Cincinnati work. We have just returned from Cincinnati where we thoroughly examined all the materials of which the vehicles are made, and we took special care to select

THE VERY BEST.

Having had a life-long experience in this business, we know what carriage work is and how it is made, and we are satisfied we can give you a better buggy for the money than any other shop in this city or in the Valley.— We ask you to call and examine and we will make it to your interest to buy of us.

☞ We will also manufacture any vehicle to order, of the best materials, and in the most workmanlike manner, at LOWEST PRICES.

CLINEDINST & BODELL, NEAR VIRGINIA HOTEL, Staunton, Va.

dec27-tf

SEEDS, PLANTS, &c.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS. My illustrated Catalogue for 1882, of New and Rare Plants, free to all. Address— ROBERT J. HALLIDAY, BALTIMORE, MD.

mar21-2m

ROSES BY MAIL post paid TEN for $1.00, viz: Catharine Mermet, rosy pink; Perle des Jardins, golden yellow; Niphetos, snow white; Douglas, bright cherry; La France, sat ny rose; Bon Silene, brilliant carmine; General Jacqueminot, brilliant crimson; Marie Van Houtte, delicate yellow; Cornelia Cook, large white; Marechal Neil, large yellow. Address,— ROBERT J. HALLIDAY, BALTIMORE, MD.

mar21-2m

JOHN SAUL'S Catalogue of NEW, RARE & BEAUTIFUL PLANTS FOR 1882

Will be ready in February, with a colored plate. It is full in really good and beautiful Plants, New Dracænas, New Crotons, New Roses, New Pelargoniums, &c., with a rich collection of fine Foliage and other Plants, well grown and at low prices; free to all my customers, to others 10 cents, or a plain copy free.— free. Catalogues of Roses, Seeds, Fruit Trees, Orchids, &c., free.

mar21-1m JOHN SAUL, Washington, D.C.

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feb14 4m

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apr4-1y

POETRY.

[From the N. Y. Independent.]

VIA SOLITARIA.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM. BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June.
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty
And, therefore, health and life must crave,
Though she, who gave the world its beauty,
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

September 13, 1869.

Now that our best and sweetest poet has left us, rending by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been sacrilege before, the above touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife, in 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart, he has waited at the "station," till now, at last, "the parted" are made "one." H. M. GOODWIN.

OLIVET, COLLEGE, MICH.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

Beautiful faces are those that wear
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient graces and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

[From Potter's American Monthly.]

The Love-Life of John Randolph.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

"The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglect."
—*Hamlet.*

"I too, am wretched," wrote John Randolph, of Roanoke, to a confidential friend. "My whole name and race lie under a curse, and I am sure I feel the curse cleaving to me."

Thus, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, wrote the most brilliant young man of his day. Gifted as few men have ever been gifted, the heir of a distinguished name, the possessor of a noble estate—why was John Randolph wretched?—Not idle curiosity, not a vulgar desire to penetrate the hidden and mysterious, has impelled us to tell the sad but interesting story, and to discover the cause of the blight that came over the mind and heart of this strange being, and crushed into shapeless ruin the "most beautiful, moral and intellectual fabric that ever came from the hands of the Creator."

John Randolph was a more remarkable character than any that has been attempted by the masters of fictitious composition. The daring genius of Shakespeare alone has furnished a parallel to the brilliant and marvelous Virginian, in the mad and melancholy Dane. Both were warm friends and bitter enemies; both loved intensely; both were disappointed, and both went mad at last.—Randolph's life was crowned with incidents which made it a romance stranger than any fiction. If the proper study of mankind is man, surely a phenomenon is deserving of the most careful examination. Yet, his biographers have failed to supply the world with the materials that might have afforded at least some approximation to an understanding of the extraordinary being who lived and died a mystery to his most intimate friends.

In order to trace the love-life of John Randolph, it is necessary to go back to his early boyhood. Like Dante, who, when a child of nine years, saw for the first time his Beatrice at a family gathering, John Randolph, when a child of seven years, saw for the first time Maria Ward at a family gathering. The time and circumstances well suited the beginning of the acquaintance which was to end in misery and madness. It was the winter of 1781. The traitor, Arnold, after spreading ruin and desolation through his native State, was sent to ravage Virginia. Early in January he landed at the mouth of James river and advanced towards Petersburg. Matoax, the home of the Randolphs, was directly in the line of the invading army. On the third of January news arrived that the enemy were rapidly approaching, and it was necessary to remove at once to a place of safety. The family set off early on the morning of the fourth, and towards evening found a hospitable shelter at Wintopoke, the residence of Benjamin Ward, Jr. Then it was that John Randolph first saw the child who was destined to influence his whole future life. Maria Ward scarcely five years old at that time, was remarkably beautiful and fascinating. The impression then made upon the tender hearted boy was never effaced while his tortured soul and body held together.

In the days of John Randolph's happy youth old Virginia was the home of a proud provincial aristocracy, composed of elegant and polished gentlemen and beautiful and accomplished ladies Wealth was general; society was refined, and hospitality was boundless. How changed the Virginia of a hundred years ago! It has been happily suggested that a statue of Niobe would be a fit emblem for Virginia now; her sons gone, her hearts cold, her fields deserted! Among the gallant cavaliers with whom John Randolph grew up, none bore a prouder escutcheon than he. He could trace his descent in an unbroken line to the Norman Conquest, and on the side of his paternal grandmother he was the sixth in descent from Pocahontas. A proud Virginia ancestry!

It is admitted on all hands that John Randolph was the most beautiful and gifted youth of his time. He was a happy, careless, joyous boy, at least until his fifteenth year, when he was left an orphan by the death of his mother, "the only being that ever understood him," as he himself said. His father died before he was old enough to remember him. Like Byron, he was thus

"At an age when too young such loss to know,
Left lord of himself that heritage of woe."

Attempts have been made to institute a comparison between the Master of Roanoke and the Lord of Newstead, and some have fancied they saw a resemblance between Randolph and Poe. No, John Randolph was a man whose counterpart this world has never seen.

Like Shakespeare, Franklin, Patrick Henry, and other extraordinary men who have stood in the van of the world John Randolph was self educated. His broad and brilliant intellect was not contracted by the drudgery and discipline of the schools. Two years at a private academy in Virginia, three months at Princeton, and at Columbia College, New York, were all the instructions he ever received. But his education began early, and only ended with his life. His glowing, Oriental imagination was precociously developed. At seven years old he read Shakespeare, Don Quixote, and the Arabian Nights. There was an old closet at Matoax, filled with books of poetry and romance. The boy loved to hide himself in this place, which opened to him the riches and wonders of Aladdin's cave. Here he passed hours and hours every day reading Gil Blas, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Plutarch, Pope's Homer, Goldsmith, Rasselas, Orlando Furioso, and Thompson's Seasons.—These were his enchanting companions, his familiar friends, his daily associates These were the sources whence he derived the beautiful and striking images with which he afterwards embellished his speeches and brightened his conversation.

In the summer of 1796 John Randolph found himself alone in the world; his father, mother, and brothers—all those near and dear relatives which gave existence its value—were gone. Richard the last of his brothers, died in June of that year, and then it was that he compared himself with the ancient mariner, who was on the wide sea.—"Alone—alone—all, all, alone." After the death of his brother, he took up his residence at Bigarre, where Richard's family resided. This estate was not many miles from Wintopoke, the home of Marie Ward. Their former acquaintance was renewed. The lovely child was now a beautiful woman; so wondrously beautiful that Lafayette, who saw her years afterwards, said her equal was not to be found in America. The wounded heart of the ardent young Virginian sought in her love "surcease of sorrow." He found in Marie Ward, all that even his heart demanded. His affection for his mother was a feeling of admiration, sympathy, fraternal love His love for Marie Ward was an intense, absorbing, enthralling passion. It engrossed all his being—his heart and soul. In his own thrilling language, he loved her better than his own soul or him that created it! "The necessity of loving and being loved was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau and Byron's creation more imperiously than by himself," said Randolph. "My heart was offered up with a devotion that knew no reserve."

The vehemence of his love swept away all opposition, and he became engaged to the object of his adoration. We do not wonder at the lady's engaging herself to her brilliant and impetuous lover, for, terrible as he was to his enemies, to her friends he was gentle, kind and enchanting. His power of fascinating in private, when he chose to exert it, was wonderful. He was never loud or boisterous. In this he showed his gentle blood. Even in the excitement of political debate he uttered the most terrible sarcasms in the most polished manner, and with a voice that resembled the music of the spheres. He could be pathetic, too—so sweetly, touchingly, tenderly pathetic as to make the tears roll down the cheeks of men who hated him and would curse his memory now if he were named in their presence.

He was, at this time, exceedingly attractive; he was tall, straight, thin, but singularly graceful. His eyes were remarkably brilliant, and proud in their expression. His manner was lofty, but charming; stately, but gentle. His head was small, but beautifully shaped. His hands were white and delicate as a cardinal's. His whole appearance was striking and commanding. Add to all these personal advantages extraordinary gifts of fortune, wealth, birth, genius, an eloquence that few could resist, and we will not wonder that Marie Ward engaged herself to John Randolph She knew not then the secret that crushed his proud spirit to the earth.

Let him enjoy his brief season of love; the summer of his life will soon pass, leaving to him henceforth an everlasting winter. Let him tell his eloquent love-tale to his captivated listener; it will be repeated to no other woman, for his was a heart that could know no second love. Let his tortured heart find a momentary rest, for henceforth his days will be spent in pain and sickness, his nights in travail and sorrow. Let him possess this gleam of happiness, for soon he will utter the despairing cry, "On the terms by which I hold it, life is a curse, from which I would willingly escape if I knew where to fly"

The summer of 1798 was the happiest that John Randolph had known since the death of his mother and brother.—His solitary and miserable existence was cheered by the love of her whom he fondly called his angel The depth of his noble heart was stirred by the best of all the passions—love Persons who early saw this unhappy being, after the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune had turned his milk of human kindness into vinegar and gall, could not believe that he once possessed a womanly tenderness of heart and a susceptibility as delicate as the sensitive plant All the wealth of his heart was lavished upon his first and only love. "I loved aye, and was loved again, not wisely, but too well," he wrote long after the death of Marie Ward. It had taken two years to win her love, and in a few months it was gone forever. But let us not anticipate the mournful story. At least those summer days were happy! Every morning John Randolph mounted his horse and rode to the home of his beloved. All contemporary accounts of Marie Ward declare her to have been as fascinating in mind as she was beautiful in person. The glowing and brilliant imagination of her lover found in her a congenial and responsive listener. Into her charmed ear he poured his rich, glorious, and captivating eloquence which was afterwards to dazzle and astonish the world for a third of a century. But how different was his eloquence when inspired by love and when inspired by hate. To Maria Ward he was ever sweet, gentle and tender. To mankind in general he was fierce vindicative, merciless. Like Swift, he inspired fear, not love. But even in his fiercest moments he was outwardly cool, calm, and self-possessed. He has been compared to the enraged tiger, whose eyes burn and flash with fiery vengeance, while he prepares to make his spring with the greatest deliberation. Then it was that he showed that he possessed the fatal and fearful gift of a poisoned tongue!

The summer days of that most memorable year were rapidly passing away; the autumn days were coming which were to witness the end of John Randolph's dream of love. For dream he should have known it could only be.—Bright, delicious, heavenly as it was, he, at least, must have known that it could not last.

This was all an idle dream which no other human being except John Randolph, could have cherished. But he clung to it desperately, it was his last hope; that gone, he knew that all his life would be dark, sad and miserable. This love was his sun, which made light, joy, and warmth. It was gone, and henceforth he lived in a desert alone. All the brightness, gayety and sweetness disappeared from his forever. From a frank, free hearted, joyous youth, he became the cynic, the misanthrope, the sardonic and eccentric being that the world knows as John Randolph of Roanoke—a strange combination of Hamlet and Mephistopheles.—From that time he was like the unhappy master of "Raven," "whom the unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," and his life became one long, despairing wail for peace and rest which he was never to find in this world. "I am sick of life, and only wish to find some resting place where I may die in peace," "What a fate ours would be if we had been condemned to immortality here." "I look forward without hope; clouds and darkness hang upon my prospects; and should my feeble frame hang together a few years longer, my best friends, as well as myself, may pray that a close be put to the same."—"Whichever way I look, I see no cheering object; all is dark, comfortless and hopeless." "No punishment, except remorse, can exceed the misery I feel. My heart swells to bursting at past recollections; and as the present is without enjoyment, so the future is without hope—so far at least as respects this world." "I dare not look upon that 'blank waste of heart' within. Dreary, desolate, dismal, there is no word in our language, or any other, that can express the misery of my life. I drag on like a tired captive at the end of a slave-chain in an African coffle"

Such expressions as those are painfully predominate in the private letters of John Randolph. No wonder he said that "genius often rendered its possessor miserable"

We have ventured to suggest a comparison between the early love of Dante and the early love of Randolph. This comparison may be continued. They were both disappointed in their loves. In the bitterness of his disappointment Dante sought solace in the calm study of philosophy; Randolph sought distraction in the excitement of politics.—Had Dante been successful in love the world would have lost one of the masterpieces of poetry. Had Randolph won the hand of Marie Ward, this country would not have had the most brilliant and most remarkable man that has ever appeared in public life upon this continent. Like the lover of Maud, ruined in heart and tortured in mind, John Randolph plunged desperately into the political arena, neither asking nor receiving favors, but proudly declaring that he "was descended of a race that neither forget or forgive an injury."

From his first appearance in public, at the early age of twenty-six, he dazzled the world by the splendor of his genius. At a single bound he reached the top of the political ladder. He was the leader of the House of Representatives, though its youngest member the idol of his party, although so youthful in appearance that, when he presented himself for admission to the House, the Speaker asked him whether he was of the required age. For thirty years he was the most conspicuous man in American politics, flashing like a meteor, burning like a comet. His mind was expansive enough to embrace the intellectual world; his soul was contracted to the limits of Virginia. "When I speak of my country, I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia," he said In other words, he put his State above his country. He was a Virginian rather than an American.

Randolph was a negative answer to the much discussed question of the present day, "Is life worth living?" His bitter and terrible experience preached an eloquent sermon *de contemptu mundi*. If the highest pleasures of the world and the keenest enjoyments of life have always proved utterly powerless to make men happy, how could John Randolph, tortured in mind and body as he was, wrecked in heart and absolutely, and hopelessly wretched, derive any happiness from this life, which to him was nothing but vanity and affliction of spirit? He was fitted by his genius to have written Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and by his melancholy to have been its hero; but his imagination, glowing, brilliant, oriental as it was, could not have conceived a character so voluptious, so sensual as Don Juan. He might have sung the exquisite lines:

"'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky;"

but he could not have ended these lines as Byron did, because he could not have felt such love,

"But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love."

Such was not the love that John Randolph felt for Marie Ward. His love was not of the earth earthy; it was purified of all passion; it was a soul worship. The image of the beloved object never left his heart. Like some angelic being, it hovered over his life, and was the solitary star that shone in the midst of the ever deepening gloom that overwhelmed him. Long years after his early disappointment, when she was dead and he an old man, while his body was locked in a feverish sleep and his soul wandered in dreams, the name of his only love was frequently uttered in a tone of pathetic tenderness, showing how deeply and immovably Marie Ward had formed the love life of John Randolph.

MANURE THE GARDEN.—The cost of doing this is so trifling, that it is a matter of wonder that those who desire a fair harvest of fruits or vegetables do not treat the soil more liberally in this respect. Before getting seeds, plants, splittings or cuttings get manure. Study the character of the soil and seek to give it the manure best calculated to enrich it, and there is nothing better than well-rotted stable manure. Let it be well worked into the soil. It is of little use to a gardener to throw it upon the ground and there leave it. Let there be as thorough pulverization as possible and then intermixture of the manure, and the land will show its gratitude in the results

The incongruities of nature are well illustrated when a man, whose life from the cradle has been one stupendous error, points out a small mistake in a newspaper and then asks the editor why he can't get things straight in his paper?

For the SPECTATOR.

Responsive Sentiments.

We are furnished with the appended beautiful and thrilling tribute to our honored dead, suggested to Mr. P. A. Ross while in the Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester, Va., attending the unveiling of the Maryland monument and the decoration of the graves of the Confederate soldiers, which occurred June 5th, 1880:

In Stonewall Cemetery are the multiplied graves of the brave sons of earth, whose bodies, though long since, have decomposed and mingled with their mother dust, yet whose noble deeds will ever stand as monuments to perpetuate their memory and to mark the sacred places where the loved ones sleep. Pages of this Valley's history will be crowded with the names, actions, and deeds of those who so willingly sacrificed their lives upon the blood stained field of battle for the maintenance of the sovereignty of the country they so devotedly loved. The pale moon, which has ridden through the blue serene of heaven for centuries, shed her soft, mellow light over many a gory plain, and seen generation after generation quickly swept away and hastily interred beneath her silver face, has never looked upon a body of braver, more resolute and self-sacrificing men than those who calmly repose beneath the green sod, which on that day was decorated by loving hands and proud admirers. They rest under the daisies; beneath the velvet-covered turf lie "the countless dead," slain while fiercely wrestling with a bitter foe, but let us not revive those sore grievances which have made a great dark-red blot on this Nation's record, rather "let the dead past bury its dead;" let us carefully fold the worn and tear-bedewed scroll which contains them, and lay it away in the deep library of eternity, and, aspiring to higher and more ennobling aims and purposes, in commemoration of those achievements, and not the cause which produced them, let the living offer their tributes and strew the mounds of lost friends with garlands of fragrant flowers, which shall, in but a faint manner, demonstrate the high appreciation of the great victories won by those who devoted their lives to the stupendous work and made us a free people; and let the deeds be so executed that they will speak volumes of praise and cause the hallowed memory of the cherished dead to rise as sweet incense and prompt the living to acts which will make them a blessing in their day and generation. In that spacious necropolis, whose stately monuments and carefully attended ornaments make it a parterre of exquisite loveliness, moulder the remains of near twenty-five hundred heroes, who, being actuated by the same impulse, shared the same fate of the gallant warriors who were mercilessly swept away in the surging tide of the hotly contested conflicts for which that area is noted, and to the substantiation of which the thousand bullet-scared head-stones attest.

Whilst monuments are in good taste and appropriate, and the pathetic inscriptions are pertinent and terse, yet those dead comrades—two armies sleeping side by side—need no enduring memorial to perpetuate their memory and remind us of their sacrifice, when it is remembered that they were warriors in the campaign of 1861. Nineteen years ago the hearts of those who now compose the phalanx of "Unknown Dead" beat with sentiments responsive to our own, and with the great work at heart, went forth to conquer or to die, and, having been slain, they now rest crowned with honor and immortal praise. What tremendous events have crowded the days of those years; events that have blanched the cheeks and wrung the hearts of the men of this generation; events that have clothed in mourning and crushed remorselessly the affections of the women of our land. There has been a marching and counter-marching of armies. Battles have been fought. A nation was born in a day, baptized in blood; and though its name has been blotted from the catalogue of States, it shall never perish from the annals of time, so long as men love to hold in fond remembrance the brave deeds that brighten with their glory the gloomy history of the martyrs to liberty. P. A. ROSS.

Staunton, Va.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—At the battle of Groveton, Stonewall Jackson tried an experiment which nearly frightened a Federal division out of their boots. Bars of railroad iron were cut up into foot-lengths and fired from some of his heaviest guns, and the noise the missiles made as they went sailing through the air was a sort of a cross between the shriek of a woman and the bray of a mule. The Federals listened in wonder at the first few which banged through the tree-tops, and presently one of the pieces fell just in front of a Pennsylvania regiment. A captain stepped forward to inspect it, and after turning it over he rushed to the colonel with the news:

"Colonel, them infernal rebs are firing railroad iron at us!"

"No!"

"They are, for a fact!"

"Captain, advance your company to that ridge and deploy, and the minute you find Jackson is getting ready to fire freight cars at us, send me word. I don't propose to have my regiment mashed into the ground when it can just as well be decently exterminated in the regular way!"

BE HAPPY.—It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is another name for love—for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not; even tho' it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door loves flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted, is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with an enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surrounding search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by clouds of discord and unamiability.

Two sides to it: "There are two sides to everything," said the lecturer. "I repeat it, there are two sides" At this juncture a tired-looking little man stood up in the front seat to say: "Well, if you have no objections, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.

Whenever you see a woman with a great deal of Italian sunset in her hair and considerable aurora borealis in her cheeks and nose, you will experience less stormy weather if you let her alone.

The good that men do may be interred with their bones, but the coffins of some men are not crowded.

For the SPECTATOR.

Meg Merrilies.

The mysterious, the unfathomable, in fiction, as well as in real life, always commands our sympathy and interest. How much more engaging is Scott's great delineation, Meg Merrilies, made by the impenetrable background of mystery upon which we view her limited, but well marked, virtues, truth and fidelity. We do not know whether it is the nobility or the wild sublimity of this character which gives it its conspicuous place in the history of fiction, and creates within us so great a desire to fathom its depths and reduce to a rule its irregularities and inconsistencies. We see her, on one hand, only a half-mad gypsy vagrant, but on the other, an example of constancy and fidelity such as is seldom found, even among those who are taught to call the right right and the wrong wrong.

True, she was "the mad, randy gypsy, that had been scourged, and branded, and banished—that had begged from door to door, and been hounded like a stray tike from parish to parish," but in not one single instance has she proved unfaithful, either to her vagabond tribe or to the outraged, banished heir of the old laird, her benefactor. We see her guilty of many dark deeds—theft, witchery, incendiarism, yet we ever see her true and firm, true to her blood thirsty companions, true to their enemies, true to the good and bad indeed alike, and always true to the end. Dying, she says: "I keepit that oath which I took to them, [meaning her unworthy companions,] but I made another vow to mysell, and if I lived to see the day of his return, I would set him on his father's seat, if every step was on a dead man. I have keepit that oath too; I will be ae step mysell." When we bring before us the tall, masculine figure, shrouded by dark red drapery, leaping with firm and determined steps over the Scottish "Highlands," long and tangled black hair falling in elf-locks from the folds of her curious head-gear, dark eyes flashing with such uncommon lustre, the mixture of insanity and wild pathos stamped upon her countenance; when we think of the strange mixture of fidelity, insanity and ingenuity which her character affords, we are inspired with an awe, an anxious solicitude, which even Hamlet, with his wisdom, cultivation, and philosophical ravings, does not awaken. There is wrapt about her a sublimity, an indescribable, inapproachable something peculiarly her own, which the author never meant us to penetrate. Upon her death bed, her actions and words impress us with the same mysterious fascination, and we see the same fidelity and firmness which characterises her life. Well do we feel the truth of her dying words: "But ye'll no forget me! for if ever the dead come back among the living I'll be seen in this glen many a night after these crazed bones are in the mold." O.

A Reminiscence of Byron.

In Florence we resided at a large boarding establishment, kept by a Mme. du Planti, in a house which had formerly been Mmme de Stael's, in the Via Scala. There were some thirty boarders in the house, and here we remained two years, occupied with our studies. During a part of this time the poet Shelley, his wife and infant, were inmates of the same house; and [illegible] soon made [illegible] kind to us, and Shelley proposed to mamma that if she would accompany them to Pisa, where Lord Byron was resident, he would undertake William's education, but mamma declined, saying she was fearful her husband would be displeased if she allowed an intimacy between her family and Lord Byron's. (Indeed, she was half afraid he would not approve of our friendship with Shelley and his wife.) During my leisure hours I was always in the Shelley apartments. The poet would place his infant in my lap and bid me amuse myself with a live doll, while he continued his writing. Both Shelley and his wife were delightful, and when they left, some months afterward, we were very sorry. One day Shelley told me Lord Byron was coming next day to visit him. In vain I implored mamma to let me be with them when the great poet came, but she would not hear of it. I told Shelley this with tears in my eyes, and he said: "Well, little woman, if mamma won't let you be in the same room with the ogre, if you are very anxious to see him, look through the keyhole, and I will place him so that you will have a full view of him." So, next day Willie and I went on tiptoe to Shelley's door and peeped through the keyhole. We were so fascinated, alternately watching the great poet, that we remained there some time. At last Byron began to figet, and said: "I say, Shelley, I don't know how it is, but I feel as if some one was watching me." Shelley smiled, and pointing to the door told him what we were doing, and who we were, and also that mamma would not allow us to make his acquaintance "I had no idea," said the poet, "I bore such a very bad name. I would be very glad to know the young people and their mother, too, if she would permit it." He then got up and came toward the door; but we fled down the passage, while he and Shelley stood laughing This was the first and last I saw of Byron.—*All the Year Round.*

DON'T DO IT.—Don't sleep in a draught; don't go to bed with cold feet; don't stand over hot-air registers; don't eat what you do not need just to save it; don't try to get cool too quickly after exercising; don't sleep with insecure false teeth in your mouth; don't start the day's work without a good breakfast; don't sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind; don't stuff a cold lest you be next obliged to starve a fever; don't try to get along without flannel underclothing in winter; don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse; don't try to get along with less than eight or nine hours' sleep; don't sleep in the same undergarments you wear during the day; don't toast your feet by the fire, but try sunlight friction instead; don't neglect to have at least one movement of the bowels each day; don't try to keep up on coffee and alcohol when you ought to go to bed; don't drink ice-water by the glass, but take it in sips, a swallow at a time; don't eat snow to quench thirst, as it brings on inflammation of the throat; don't strain your eyes by reading or working with insufficient or flickering light; don't use the eyes for reading or fine work in the twilight or evening or early morn; don't try to lengthen your days by cutting short your night's rest, it is poor economy; don't wear close, heavy fur or rubber caps if your hair is thin or falls out easily; don't eat anything between meals except fruits or a glass of hot milk if you feel faint; don't take some other person's medicine because you are troubled as they were.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden sharp cry of fire in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity, and brace every muscle to its hightest tension.

Maggie dear, if I should attempt to spell cupid, why should I not get beyond the first syllable? Maggie gave it up, whereupon William said: "Because when I come to C. U., of course I can go no further."

"SHALL I EVER GROW OLD."

BY MARTHA REMICK.

With words like these the little child,
With wondering eyes so blue and mild,
Pressed close to her mother's knee,
Pensive and sad awhile to see
An aged woman, wrinkled, gray,
That passed so feebly on her way.

"We cannot tell," the mother said,
Smoothing the locks on the bright head.
"God only knows how long the way,
'Tis He who gives and takes away;
The faded brow, the silver hair,
My love, may be very fair."

The child gazed in her mother's face,
Which shone with every tender grace,
With noble days, and love and truth,
The essence of eternal youth,
And half she knew the lesson told
How some we know ne'er grow old.

Not all the gods love best die young,
The tender theme of many a tongue;
The child, like manhood's years, we praise
When were cut short its tender days,
A few through life's rough pathway tread
Who blessings all around them shed.

ACROSS THE GARDEN WALL.

BY MAY BROWN.

I looked across the garden wall,
And saw her there—I see yer yet!
A little thing that played at ball.

What mattered fright? what mattered fall?
I climbed—I broke the peach tree's net—
I looked across the garden wall.

And, curls and pinafore and all,
Beheld her—never to forget—
A little thing that played at ball.

Grave has she grown, discreet, and tall,
Since when the morning dews were wet,
I looked across the garden wall—

Since she was five years old, and small,
With slipping sash all crooked set,
A little thing that played at ball.

But still, sweet wife, when I recall
How first we loved, how first we met,
I watch across a garden wall
A little thing that plays at ball.

Adjournment.

The people of Virginia can understand now what the people of England thought of that famous Parliament which they justified Cromwell in turning, neck and heels, out of doors. Here in Richmond—and everywhere else, we would fain believe—everybody is rejoicing over the adjournment of the worst Legislature which the Commonwealth ever suffered from. We need not recite its history. It is familiar to the whole Union. Thirteen millions of the State debt repudiated; the judges of the Court of Appeals turned out; Readjuster judges chosen to fill offices which the highest court in the Commonwealth had decided were not vacant; the election of H. H. Riddleberger to the United States Senate; the displacement of all the officers of all the lunatic asylums; the removal of the Boards of Visitors and Boards of Directors of all the State institutions of learning, charity, &c.; the changing for the worse of city charters; and, generally speaking, the doing of whatever ought not to have been done, and the leaving undone of whatever ought to have been done.

Every Virginian ought to feel particularly, [illegible] field, for the signal services which they rendered their country in a great crisis. But for them, the State would have been outrageously gerrymandered; the circuit courts converted into places wherein to pension Mahoneite partisans, and so converted in open violation of the Constitution; and the bill passed to fasten upon every county a Mahone commissioner of sales at a large salary. In fact, nobody can form any correct estimate of the harmful legislation which would have resulted had the five gentlemen we have named been willing to carry out the programme of the Riddleberger-Mahone clique of the Readjuster party.

Thank Heaven, the Readjuster legislators are gone. May they be so well satisfied at home that they will never desire to return to Richmond as lawmakers.—*Richmond Dispatch, April 23rd.*

THE READJUSTER PARTY.—The proud position of independence, assumed by General Mahone, in his great speech in the United States Senate, on the 28th of March—a little over a year ago—and which the General has maintained until recently, was endorsed by the people of Virginia in our State election. But it is doubtful whether the people would now so heartily endorse him in his present attitude towards the National administration. It is certainly a great stride in political versatility, to step down from a position of proud independence—defying caucuses and dictating terms to national parties—and assuming one of SERVILITY, submissively in the lead and doing the bidding of others.

The endorsement of Arthur's administration, and a pledge to its support, is an endorsement of the Republican party, with all of its traditions, and an abandonment of the Readjuster party and its organization. It is simply a blind adhesion to the Republican party, irrespective of its measure of government; IRRESPECTIVE OF THE POLICY TO BE ADOPTED AND ENFORCED IN THE YEARS TO COME.—*Virginia Readjuster (Front Royal.)*

General Mahone's party seems to be "all broke up." The "firm five" in the State Senate cannot be purchased; Judge Finnell cuts loose from them; in Norfolk and this city, and almost everywhere else they are divided; those of its members who have failed to obtain offices are deserting it daily; the republicans who joined it are going back to the straightouts, and dissension has even invaded its Congressional delegation, for the General in the Senate votes against the Chinese bill, while Messrs. Paul and Fulkerson in the House vote for it, and it is reported that between the General and Mr. Fulkerson war was declared some time ago.—*Alex. Gazette.*

BREAD OMELET.—Take a slice of bread an inch thick, cut off the crust, pour half a pint of boiling milk on it; season with pepper and salt to your taste. Beat it up and when cold put to it five eggs. Beat the yolks very light and add them to the bread and milk, then add the whites, well beaten. Fry in hot butter. This makes two omelets.

TO MAKE STEAK TENDER.—Put three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar, well mixed together, on a large flat dish, and on this lay the steak. Salt must not be put on the steak before it is cooked. The steak must lay on the tender-making mixture for at least half an hour to a side; the toughest steak will succumb to this and be perfectly tender when cooked.

"In old times," says the Boston *Post*, "it was the custom when a youth and maiden crossed a bridge for the gallant to take toll in the shape of a kiss, and somehow those were the times when a brook not over six inches wide was promptly bridged, and the roads so laid out as to cross water-courses very often."

"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "Sue the insurance company," promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out once or twice.