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RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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I am prepared to furnish Gentlemen's suits, of the very best materials, made up in the latest styles and in the most workmanlike manner, at low prices, and satisfaction guaranteed. I also keep a full line of **Gents' Furnishing Goods.** ☞ Give me a call before making your purchases. Respectfully,
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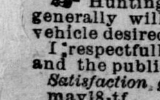

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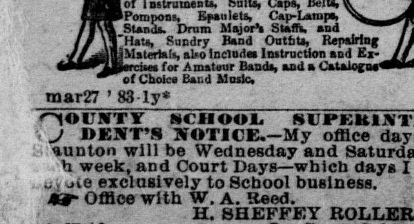

mar27 '83-1y*

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HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

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POETRY.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,
 Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
 In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
 God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
 Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
 And mightier far for woe than weal.

Were it not well in this brief life's journey,
 On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We gave him a fish instead of a serpent,
 'Ere folding the hands to be and abide
 Forever, and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roes saluting each other;
 Look at the herds all in peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
 And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
 Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
 Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all? Time too soon will tumble
 All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
 Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

IN THE OLD BARN.

Upon the old barn's scaffold high,
 With dreamy gaze on fragrant bed,
I watch the swallows come and go
 With twittering notes above my head.

Without, upon the half-shut door,
 The Phœbe sits in silent mood,
Prospecting for a place to build
 Her nest and rear her quiet brood.

The hens upon the seedy floor
 Are scratching for the scattered grain,
While chanticleer a challenge bears
 And answers back in deafening strain.

Old Charley in the stall below
 Keeps grinding at the clover hay,
And tries with many an angry stamp
 To drive the saucy flies away.

But, hark! a pleasant sound I hear,
 Of children coming down the lane—
And now they strive with flying feet
 To see who first the barn will gain.

A gush of laughter greets my ears,
 As up the ladder lithe and gay,
They come to seek for hidden eggs,
 And frolic on the fragrant hay.

The little rogues are wild with joy
 At finding father's hiding-place,
And thus my pleasant day-dream ends
 With smothering kiss and fond embrace.

—C. F. GERRY.

CREAM-WHITE AND CROW-BLACK.

There is a rattle and a rush and a roar; then a rough little home-made wagon rolls into sight. The rude wheels are cut out of plank, with holes in the middle screeching for axle grease; a long white oak sapling serves for a tongue, to which are harnessed, with odd pieces of chain and hickory bark, four little kinky-headed negroes. Perched upon the precarious seat of honor sits a bare-legged, freckle-face, bright-eyed boy, cracking a knotty leathern whip, and shouting like mad. In a cloud of dust, bouncing along, pattering, puffing, snorting, blowing, this cart clatters up to the gray stone steps of a great, squatty, gable-roofed house, bristling with snubnosed dormer windows, and porch-room enough to seat the Virginia Legislature.

Backward! turn backward a few decades, O Time! and this freckle-faced boy may be George Washington returning from a raid on the chincapin thickets of Westmoreland; Thomas Jefferson with a string of eels and catfish from the muddy Rivanna at Shadwell; a learned professor of the University of Virginia; or any one of those fine-looking, gray-headed old gentlemen you are certain to encounter in the streets of Charlottesville.

The small driver leaps off at the front door, while the equipage rattles off to the rear, and the foaming charges are expected to unhitch themselves and wait, while Mars' Tom partakes of his eleven o'clock lunch of hot ash-cake and buttermilk, and rests from his arduous labors of the morning.

"Ain't mammy got my lunch ready 'n' I'm hungry as a bear 'n' me in Joe 'n' Jessie started up a oldhar 'n' found a sittinhennes' 'n' all of 'm was rotten 'n' killed a snake 'n' had mo' fun 'n' nuff 'n' we all was settin' in th' bacca patch playing mumble-peg 'n' up come ole Dick th' overseer's son 'n' he reckon we all better stop scratchin' in th' bacca patch 'n' Jake he hollowed out

"'Old Mister Dick,
Stick stet stick,
Highboy Lowboy,
Skinny-headed Dick.'

'n' ole Dick he bet he wasen't goin' to stand no nigger sassin' him like that 'n' throwed a rock 'n' like to bust Jake's head open 'n' me 'n' Joe jumps on 'n' we all had it rollin' 'n' a pitchin' 'n' wher's mammy with my lunch 'n' I 'm hungry as a bear." All this rigmarole with never a stop or punctuation mark; and yet such boys learned to talk after a while, and won for themselves name and fame.

It is Virginia's proud boast to have produced Patrick Henry, the tongue; Thomas Jefferson, the pen; and George Washington, the sword of the Revolution; but, undoubtedly, as boys, they played with the little "niggers," domineered over them, talked the same lingo, and held the rules of grammar in very low esteem.

Presently, "mammy," who is crow-black, in a bright red turban dotted with square or yellow spots, comes with a brown pitcher of foaming fresh butter-milk and a platter of hot brown ash-cakes, to call the children to their mid-day repast; with some difficulty prevailing upon impatient Mars' Tom to wash from his grimy hands and face the river mud and odor of catfish and fishing worms.

"No, honey, youse not a gwine to eat none of dis milk,—not wid dem hands; not if I know it. Youse a disgrace to your brudders and sisters, wid *der* hands and faces like lillies." Rather brown lillies are the faces and hands of Kitty, and little Nan, Roger and Rupert, but they shine by comparison; and Mars' Tom meekly laves in the tin pan, and wipes on the roller towel, which hangs in the back porch from one year's end to the other.

There was no "going back on mammy." Papa was apt to be reading the *Whig*, and if you broke rules, laughed and said, "Boys will be boys." Mamma was hearing Lettie play her music lesson, and must not be disturbed. So it fell to mammy's lot to see to the manners and customs of the children of the family.

Dear old mammy! Had she not washed, dressed, scolded, nursed, and domineered over every one of them, from pretty Lettie down to the baby in arms?

Black mammy, tall and straight, as only "totin' water from the spring" can make one (and she could "tote" one bucket on her head, filled to the brim, and one in each hand, up the long hill, without spilling a drop); always with a bright turban, a long white apron, a straight, short gown of striped cotton-gown, spun, and woven on the plantation for summer wear, and gay-colored [illegible] in winter. No goring of [illegible] no flounces, [illegible] sensible tuck, to allow for [illegible] bonnets or hats for mammy, so that [illegible] can scarce tell mistress from maid. There was always a big pocket to mammy's [illegible] of which, as from [illegible] could produce at will [illegible] sticky pepper-[illegible], boiled eggs, [illegible] She kept a [illegible] up a cut finger or "stumped toe" at a moment's notice; could find lost articles from the "scissors" up to old marster's keys, which he was constantly losing or forgetting, and could pick out splinters without hurting a bit.

That was mammy. Little Nan, shining like a lily blossom in her bath-tub, puts up two chubby hands to the kind old mahogany face, and lisps, "Mammy, you ith tho thweet, you ith tho lubly."

Very close were the bonds of affection between mammy and her foster children. Many a childish fault she condoned and many a wildescapade excused, spurring their flagging ambition by the pride and interest she took in their attainments. "Dar now, Miss Lettie, your cousin Sarah played a longer chune than a're one you kin play! Larn your books! I clar, I'se mortified to death if I see tother folks' children wid' farrer skins and larnin' bigger books and playin' longer chunes than mine. Larn de books, and war your bonnets, and keep freckles off your faces!" Mammy never approved of her young ladies putting their hands in the dough, or performing any household labor that might harden their skin or injure their beauty. She had a favorite story she used to tell about a [illegible] princess who refused to "hold her hands like a lady," but insisted on learning to spin; and although she only spun the purest gold, "*it made her thum broad.*" The moral of this story was that if a lady turned the door-nobs it spreads her hands; if she handled the tongs, it would harden her fingers; and a brown skin was far too suggestive of "po' white trash" to suit mammy's aristocratic ideas.

The office of "mammy" in a Southern family was often hereditary; little mammy, that is to be, beginning her profession as playmate, and then waiting-maid, of pretty Miss Mary. But when young mistress goes off to boarding-school for the finishing touches the maid rises a step in rank. "Old miss" promotes her to the task of holding hanks, winding broaches of cotton, and teaches her to knit yarn socks for the "hands." She also becomes exceedingly expert at finding old miss's spectacles, sees company coming a long way off, keeps the key-basket in place, gets water-melons out of the ice-house when called for in a hurry, and not infrequently finds a pleasant solace as well as a gentle mental stimulus in the "b-a-t-s" and "c-a-t-s" of the First Reader. Higher learning than this, mammies did not aspire to; being satisfied with having their love-letter written by proxy, when Miss Mary came home for the holidays, instead of, as is the present custom, "taking pen in hand at this present opportunity," to let the beloved one know "that she is enjoying good health, and hopes these few lines will find him the same," as ninety-nine hundreths of the colored folks' letters begin.

At the close of the war, it so happened that one of these incipient mammies applied for service to a bustling, strong-minded woman, one of King Solomon's paragons, "who riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat unto her household." Well pleased with the girl's honest dark face, Mrs. Allen asked her name.

"Alcinthy Fitzallen de Montague, marm."

"Well, Cinthy, I suppose you can cook?"

"Oh, no, marm! Aunt Melindy was de cook at our house."

"Can you wash and iron?"

"*Me* wash and i'on! Law, no, marm! Aunt Big Tildy, she did de washing and i'ning."

"Can you attend to the table?"

"He! he! Dat was nobody's business but Unkle Solomon's, and he dinn't 'low no children to fool long o'his dinin' room."

"Can you make up beds and attend to the chambers?"

"In course not, marm! Little Tildy and Cousin Pat was de house gals, and dey didn't want nobody to ten' to *der* business."

"Then what under the sun was your occupation?"

"*I did keep flies off old Miss.*"

Only fancy a woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," who "considereth the field and buyeth it," and turneth off such a lot of spinning; that busy, energetic housekeeper, who scarcely sits still long enough for a fly to light on her, imagine such a woman hiring a half-grown girl to *keep flies off her!*

It was a matter of course that mammy should marry the butler, who, dressed in old marster's cast-off clothes, walked like him, talked like him, looked after the carriage horses, and was considered quite the "upper crust" by the field hands of the plantation. By dint of catching up the table conversation and parlor manners of the guests of the house, this functionary was given to great elegance of language and long dictionary words, and was very high-toned indeed. He was called, through respect, "*Uncle*" Peter or "*Uncle*" Solomon, as the case might be, by all the rising generation, and considered an oracle of wisdom. In those days, though,

"The butcher, the baker,
And candlestick-maker"

all dwelt together in unity, there were nevertheless many grades of gentility and it would have been quite a *messalliance* for mammy to have married any other than Uncle Solomon. As Uncle Solomon waxed in years he would become very fervent in preaching and exhorting, though to his dying day he *would* claim Noah as "one of de twelve apostles."

Uncle Solomon said things now and then well worth repeating. Being engaged as head-waiter by some ambitious young officer at a banquet far beyond his means, "Uncle Sol" was called on, at the close of the feast, for a sentiment. "Gentlemen," he said, "in proposing the health of your very persequential host, I shall call to my remembrance and rekoleet what I remember, and select my text from the midst of Revolutions. May the scissors of experience cut the wings of extravagance."

During the trying period of the war there were innumerable instances of the fidelity and affection subsisting between master and servant. When Sheridan swept through the South on his celebrated raid, it was mammy who "planted" the hamper of silver plate in the old burying-ground, and made a baby-grave mound over it, headstone and all, while Uncle Solomon lay groaning, like one possessed, on a rickety bed in the darkest corner of his cabin. Had the raiders thought of searching under him, they would have been astonished to find instead of "nothing but old clos'," piles of tobacco, bags of meal, flour, coffee, sugar-cured hams, and other delicacies, tempting enough to soldiers on the march.

When young Mars' Tom, glowing with patriotism, volunteered in the army, no one was deemed so trustworthy as Uncle Solomon for looking after his welfare. But a very few days of the shelling around Fredericksburg sent the old man hurrying home.

"Marster," he said solemnly, "send for the boy to come home, and quit sech foolishness! Them balls and shells comes a fizzin' and bustin' and exploring along, and 'pears to me had jest as soon hit Mars' Tom as not. It is onpossible for me to be 'sponsibility of the chile in such a pernickety association."

But when at last the Northern troopers swept down upon Stonewall Jackson's men, and left young Thomas with his face to the stars and a bullet through his heart, Uncle Solomon, his gray head bowed in sorrow, returned alone.

"When hame cam' the saddle a' bloody to see,
Hame cam' the guid steed,
But hame never cam' he,"

there was not one in that grief-stricken household who yearned more lovingly than mammy for her foster-child, and "refused to be comforted, because he was not."

Mammy loved dearly to sing hymns. She would lay down her corn-cob pipe, the constant use of which had worn a grove in her front teeth, and clasping baby Nan in her arms rock back and forth, singing in a high cracked voice,

"Nobody knows the trouble I've had,
 Nobody knows but Jesus;
 Nobody knows the trouble I've had,
 Sing glory hallelujah!
"What makes the debble love me so?
 Oh yes, Lord,
 He hilt me in a chain of woe,
 King Jesus sot me free!
"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
 Oh yes, Lord,
Sometimes I am upon the groun',
 Oh yes, Lord,
"Nobody knows the trouble I've had," etc.

But when mammy was "up" she was perfectly triumphant in

"I'm goin' up to heaven!
 Bright mansions above,
Where my Jesus went before me,
 Bright mansions above,
To argue with the Father,
 Bright mansions above,
To chatter with the sun,
 Bright mansions above,
To talk about the world.
 Bright mansions above,
That I just came from,
 Bright mansions above.
"I know you want to go,
 I see a cloud a rising.
 Ready for to rain,
 But it's not a gwine to snow,
 Catch the eagle wing,
 Fly away to heaven.
"Silver slippers in the heaven,
 Don't you want to put them on?
 Long white robe,
 Bright starry crown,
 Try 'em on, they'll fit you well,
 Bright mansions above."

Farewell, good old mammies! With the institution of slavery they have passed away, but very pleasant is the remembrance of them. Simple and faithful in their lives, they have passed into the presence of the great Master, who alone can disintergate the evil from the good, to reward faithful servants, who wearing the "long white robe," with "starry crown," may stand waiting to receive the foster-children in the "bright mansions above."—*E. M. DeJarnette, in Atlantic Monthly.*

[Mrs. E. M. DeJarnette of Spotsylvania County, the author of this sketch, as we learn from the Charlottesville *Jeffersonian*, is a daughter of Col. B. H. Marguder of Albemarle.—Ed. SPECTATOR.]

The Boy and the Man.

Many years ago a poor shepherd boy, clad in an old plaid mantle, went into a book store in Edinburgh and asked for a second-hand Greek Testament, being unable to buy a new one. The bookseller having handed him one, the boy asked the price.

"For whom do you want it?" asked the bookseller.

"For myself," answered the boy.

"Can you read Greek?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply.

"Then," said the bookseller, "if you will read and translate a few sentences I will give you the book."

The boy, highly pleased with the proposal, read the Greek text and then translated into English.

"Take the book, my boy," said bookseller; "you are welcome to it."

The boy thanked him, clapped the book under his arm and walked off in triumph to the pasture to attend the sheep.

Many years afterward that same boy (ah! he had become a man now) stepped into that same book store, entered into a conversation with the bookseller and asked him if he remembered giving a second-hand Greek Testament to a poor shepherd boy one morning.

"Yes, I remember it well," said the bookseller, "and I should like to know what became of that boy, for I am certain he has risen to eminence in some profession or other."

"Sir," said the man, "you see him before you."

Now, who do you think he was? The Rev. John Brown of Haddington, one of the most eminent authors and commentators of the Scriptures the world has ever produced.

It is a well known fact that the children in humble circumstances often succeed better than the children of the rich; and their being stimulated by their scanty means to improve to the utmost the talents which God has given them.

To the sons of the poor man, then, I say, in the language of Solomon: "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule, but the slothful shall be under tribune." Be industrious, be frugal and attentive to every duty. To the sons of the rich I would say: "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; and seest thou a man diligent in business he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Poultry Yard—Eggs in Winter.

To produce eggs well, fowls must be comfortable, and must have animal food. When the ground is open, and worms and insects abound, they get their own material. They must have gravel to keep their grist mills in good working order, and lime to make the shells. Sometimes a hen drops a shell-less egg, but she is ashamed of the skinny, unprotected thing, and seldom does it twice. Sometimes she will drop an egg where its life will surely be frozen out, but her instinct teaches her better, and she stops doing so if possible. Here is the whole secret of having plenty of eggs all winter—we have tried it long, and so have others, with good success always; and as eggs will sell well this year, owing to the high price of meats, we advise attention to the matter:

1. Give the fowls some warm, thoroughly sheltered place of retreat, and keep it clean. Take out all the droppings at least once a week; they are excellent guano, worth half the cost of the food. (We have a nice plastered, warm room, in the sunny southeast corner of the second story of the barn, provided with roosts and laying boxes, having the entrances turned so as to be out of sight of the rest of the poultry. Hens are modest animals, always seeking hidden places for nests. A narrow, enclosed stairs, leading up from the barn-yard, is freely used.)

2. Let them have unfrozen water always accessible. Semi-fluid eggs cannot be made out of dry grain.

3. Hens are not gluttons. Let them have grain in abundance, and they will eat only what they need.

4. Provide a wide box of gravel, earth, sand, ashes, and old plaster or finely broken oyster shells, for them to roll in, and to pick out such materials as they require.

5. Give them two or three times a week, if not daily, a moderate supply of *fresh* meat, (never any salt.) Nothing comes amiss—bits of cartilage, intestines, any waste scraps. They will pick bones very clean. We depend upon a cake of scraps from the bone or glue boilers.—*Silver's Poultry Book.*

DEATH OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.—A correspondent of the State in giving the circumstances attending the death of the poet, Edgar Allen Poe, says:—

"He left Richmond on October 4, 1849, for Philadelphia; arrived in Baltimore at what is now the Maltby House, on the 5th, and took the train that evening for Philadelphia; was found by the conductor in the baggage-car insensible, and at Havre de Grace or Wilmington was transferred to the train going back to Baltimore, where he is supposed to have arrived during the evening of the 6th; found early on the morning of the 7th lying upon a bench on Light-street wharf, and was taken to Washington University Hospital, Baltimore, where he died about midnight, October 7, 1849, and was buried on the 9th in Westminster burying-ground, where

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

If disease has entered the system the only way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood. To this end, as is acknowledged by all medical men, nothing is better adapted than iron. The fault hitherto has been that iron could not be so prepared as to be absolutely harmless to the teeth. This difficulty has been overcome by the Brown Chemical Company of Baltimore, Md., who offer their Brown's Iron Bitters as a faultless iron preparation a positive cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney troubles, etc.

Judge Trunkey for President.

[Copied by request from the Rockingham Register.]

A correspondent of the Rockingham (Va.) *Register* nominates Judge Trunkey, of this State, for President, with Governor Cleveland for Vice-President. It is truthfully said by the writer that Judge Trunkey has a name to which no dishonor attaches; that he has no factious entanglements in Pennsylvania or elsewhere, and that he has no congressional record to cavil at.

Judge Trunkey would have been the Democratic candidate for Governor last year had he not peremptorily declined the position, and if he had accepted he would have been elected, not by Pattison's plurality, but by a majority of the whole vote, and he would have been to-day at the head of a respected and heartily supported Democratic administration, with his State firmly anchored in the Democratic line; but Judge Trunkey declined, and the rest is known to all.

Judge Trunkey would make a strong candidate for President under any favorable circumstances, but he would be a feeble candidate at home and in other States if started upon a Free Trade platform. All his popular strength would perish like the mist of the morning if loaded down with the Free Trade millstone, and no one better understands that fact than Judge Trunkey himself. He is not a candidate for a political position of any kind and he is about the last man who would yearn for a chance to victimize himself as a Free Trade suicide.

When the policy of the national Democracy shall have been declared by the primary action of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, the Virginias, North Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, and Louisiana, it will be time enough to discuss candidates. If it be a Free Trae suicide, let the Boss suicides enjoy their own funeral by making their own candidates. If it is to be a battle for the maintenance of our free institutions by maintaining our free industries, then the name of Judge Trunkey will be in the list from which a hopeful and eminently worthy candidate may be selected.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Will the Philadelphia *Times* allow me to proffer my grateful acknowledgments for its notice of my proposal of Justice Trunkey of Pennsylvania and Governor Cleveland of New York as Presidential nominees? declaring the Judge worthy of every meed of praise. During the war, this gentleman, being a fearless opponent of all extra legal and unconstitutional partizan legislation, was the object of much vindictive obloquy.

After the war in a little while the Republicans themselves began to be frightened at this wasteful vocation, they sought men of firm integrity in their own ranks to check it. Corruption went on farther and faster. 'Twas then they turned to the upright judge, whom they could not drive from duty by war clamor. They elected him—their old enemy—and found him as well invincible to the seductions of power and money. Such is John Trunkey to-day; revered as an eminent jurist, an accomplished scholar, a pure man, a courteous, clever gentleman, an upright judge, alike able to breast the clamor of war, and the blandishments of wealth and power. As a statesman, of such popularity and following was he that the bare suggestion of his name as a candidate for Governor last spring so thrilled his State with electric pleasure, an immediate acclaim came back from every hamlet of his State: Trunkey can be Governor if he will have it! Wait a bit and see if the same acclaim comes not back from every hamlet in this broad land: Trunkey can be President if he will have it! From Pennsylvania an immense majority; in New York an overwhelming one.

If New York is tired of her honest and faithful Governor Cleveland and will ostracise him, as did the Athenians Aristides, "because they were tired of hearing him so often called the 'faithful,'" New York has Gen. Averil, a soldier of excellent fame, a gallant commander in many battles, a soldier, a scholar, an orator and a gentleman, who held back the torch in Gen. Hunter's hand in Virginia, in popularity in the army inferior to none. New York, bring out your favorite son yourself, and if you can bring out a better than the splendid Trunkey, be honest and truthful about it. Then I must say *io triumphe* New York! Blessed Republic! Happy future!

Col. McClure put forth the *Times* after the close of the war, when corruption festered in every department of the government, municipal, State, national. A corrupt Congress, Senate, and officials, every one with a willing, itching palm for bribes. Venality, extortion, corruption everywhere. In the victorious North a corrupt ballot, in the South the carpet-bagger, with the bayonet in one hand and the negro ballot in the other, to crush us down and keep us so, to just this tyranny, the Anglo-Saxon under the rule of the negro, the lineal descendants of the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Madisons, Rutledges, Pinckneys, Marions, Lees, Witherspoons, to the dominion of their slaves.

It was in just this state of things Col. McClure put forth the *Times* to say these things shall not be. The Democrats North were wholly without influence or power; worse, they were hated themselves. There was no independent Republican party there on yesterday, on the morrow there was a party of just one man—no two to it except No. 1—moral courage—No. 2, magnanimity. Who was then this independent Republican party? It was Col. Alexander K. McClure. Who was this independent Republican party, this Col. McClure? He was a soldier, a Republican. To his genius, backed by his friend, Tom Scott, with all the power of the Pennsylvania railroad, every avenue of political promotion was beckoning to him to come and walk in it. What did he? In disgust he said, *a bas* the tyrants corrupt and reeking honors. I was a soldier, I will be worthy of the name, alone, if it must be, then alone, I will beard these tyrants in their lair, honor, mercy, and right his battle cry till I hold back the tyrant's hand from south of the Potomac. He soon put forth his captains, Curtin, Judge Kelly, and Sam. Randall, battled for their election, won it. The tariff his platform, see how the independent Republican party grew, till last election he carried through that party New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Ohio Democratic, and we in our southern homes are blessed and happy, the tyrant's hand of all that hate us held back by the strong arm of Col. McClure alone. That is magnanimity and princely chivalry.

Our Lynchburg platform says protection to American industries. Every man I have heard speak says it shall stand there.

EX-OFFICIO.

A STREET CAR EPISODE.—Two gentlemen resigned their places in a Cass avenue car to a couple of ladies, one of whom, as she took the proffered seat, was distinctly heard to say in a low but firm voice, "Thank you, sir."

The gentleman thus addressed started and turned deadly pale; then he grasped a strap in the car, and, leaning forward, inquired of the lady in question:

"Are you a resident of Detroit, madam?"

"Sir!" queried the lady in an offended tone.

"Answer me, madam, I implore you," besought the agitated man. "This is no time for trifling. Are you a stranger here, or a native Detroiter?"

"I have always lived here," she answered hurriedly.

"Can it be possible?" murmured the stricken man, "and yet you wear no medals—no insignia of honor—nothing to show that you are not like others, but, good heavens, the difference! Why, madam, I have traveled on this road since it was built, and no member of your sex ever thanked me audibly for a seat before this moment!"

Then kind and pitying friends led him very gently from the car. It was too, too much. His brain was turned, and not even the assurance that such a thing would probably never happen again could restore him. Reason had fled.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Morse's Experiment.

TRIALS OF THE TELEGRAPH—LEARNED MEN FIGHTING SHY OF THE INVENTION—THE RIGHT OF WAY AND THE CONGRESSIONAL APPROPRIATION.

The history of the invention and introduction of the electric telegraph by Prof. Morse is one of inexhaustible interest, and every incident relating to it is worthy of preservation. The incidents described below will be found of special interest. The article is from the pen of the late Judge Neilson Poe, and was the last paper written by him. He prepared it during his recent sickness, the letters embodied in it from Mr. Wright and Mr. Latrobe being of course obtained at the time of their respective dates. It is as follows:

REMINISCENCES OF THE TELGRAPH.

On the 5th of April, 1843, when the monthly meeting of the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was about to adjourn, the president, the Hon. Louis McLane, rose, with a paper in his hand, which he said he had almost overlooked and which the secretary would read. It proved to be an application from Professor Morse for the privilege of laying the wires of his electric telegraph along the line of the railroad between Baltimore and Washington, and was accompanied by a communication from B. H. Latrobe, Esq., chief engineer, recommending the project as worthy of encouragement.

On motion of John Spear Nicholas, seconded by the Hon. John P. Kennedy, the following resolution was then considered:

"*Resolved*, That the president be authorized to afford to Mr. Morse such facilities as may be requisite to give his invention a proper trial on the Washington Road, provided in his opinion and in that of the engineer it can be done without injury to the road and without embarrassment to the operations of the company, and provided Mr. Morse will concede to the company the use of the telegraph upon the road without expense, and reserving to the company the right of discontinuing the use if, *upon experiment*, it should prove *in any manner injurious*."

"Whatever," said Mr. McLane, "may be our individual opinions as to the feasibility of Mr. Morse's invention, it seems to me that it is our duty to concede to him the privilege he asks, and to lend him all the aid in our power, especially as the resolution carefully protects the company against all present or future injury to its works, and secures us the right of requiring its removal at any time."

[In view of the fact that no railroad can now be run safely without the aid of the telegraph, the cautious care with which the right to remove it if it should become a nuisance was reserved, strikes one at this day as nearly ludicrous.]

A short pause ensued, and the assent of the company was about to be assumed, when one of the older directors, famed for the vigilance with which he watched even the most trivial measure, begged to be heard.

He admitted that the rights and interests of the work were all carefully guarded by the terms of the resolution, and that the company was not called upon to lay out any of its means for the promotion of the scheme. But notwithstanding all this, he did not feel, as a conscientious man, that he could, without further examination, give his vote for the resolution. He knew that this idea of Mr. Morse, however plausible it may appear to theorists and dreamers, and so-called men of science, was regarded by all practical people as destined, like many other similar projects, to certain failure, and must consequently result in loss and possibly ruin to Mr. Morse. For one, he felt conscientiously scrupulous in giving a vote which would aid or tempt a visionary enthusiast to ruin himself.

Fortunately, the views of this cautious, practical man did not prevail. A few words from the mover of the resolution, Mr. Nicholas, who still lives to behold the wonders he helped to create, and from Mr. Kennedy, without whose aid the appropriation would not have passed the House of Representatives, relieved the other directors from all fear of contributing to Mr. Morse's ruin, and the resolution was adopted. Of the president and thirty directors who took part in this transaction only three, Samuel W. Smith, John Spear Nicholas, and the writer, survive. Under it Morse at once entered upon that test of his invention, whose fruits are now enjoyed by the people of all the continents.

It was not, however, until the spring of 1844 that he had his line and its appointments in such a condition as to allow of the transmission of messages between the two cities.

THE TURKEY.—It has been chronicled by trustworthy writers that turkeys were first introduced into England, in the time of Sebastian Cabot, from America. They were found in this country, running wild in large flocks, by the first settlers; and the pioneers, especially in the middle States, found them handy game, easily captured, and furnishing luxurious food. They were domesticated without much difficulty and have ever since occupied an important position on festive occasions, a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner hardly being complete and satisfactory unless a roast turkey, in its mammoth proportions, occupied a conspicuous position on the table. For over three hundred years the turkey has held the position as king of table poultry, and his aristocracy seems in a fair way to continue in an unbroken line. It seems that domestication has not accomplished so much a change in the size of these birds as in color. Those breeders who furnish the largest and most hardy specimens at the present day resort to the wild stock for a cross, and the progeny are mostly bronze or black in color. The black, white, buff, and gray varieties have been obtained by selection. The black turkey should be black in every feather; the shanks also black or nearly black. It is an easy matter to breed turkeys of a uniform color by rejecting those showing a variation from the desired color when making selections for breeding. A flock of black turkeys well bred presents a pleasing appearance on account of the juxtaposition of the bright red of their wattles and the jet black of their plumage. The subject of color being so easily settled according to the taste of the breeder, he should be careful to maintain size, and increase the same if possible by choosing the largest for breeding purposes, only using males of large frame, not nearly related to the females.—*Poultry World.*

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—A Memphis daily pays a high compliment to the newspaper literature of our country, and says it has "seen in litttle country newspapers prose articles of genuine merit—articles in which were displayed the highest order of capacity, and yet beyond the narrow circle of country, where, perhaps, they were not and could not be appreciated, were never read, or even heard of. We open every week in our office country papers whose editorials would adorn the great city papers and make their reputation. But they pass away after being looked over, and are seen no more. There is a great amount of talent in the country that could be made the basis of splendid reputation. But it wants a theatre for display. Like the cold steel, it must be smitten to produce fire. It is modest, timid, and retiring, and lives in oblivious shade while contemporaneous and arrogant ignorance takes the lead in all public matters and gathers all laurels to be won. Look at the second and third classes of conspicuous men among us.

What they lack in capacity they make up in an article commonly called 'brass.' They have stepped in where the highest capacity feared to tread. They reap honor, emolument, and wealth, while the timid children of genius, like the glow-worm, shine in obscurity, and go wanting all their days. He will indeed be a benefactor who shall teach true merit how to be courageous."

MR. W. J. JONES, MANCHESTER, VA., says: "I took Brown's Iron Bitters for poor appetite and general weakness and found it a good tonic."

For the SPECTATOR.

YOUNG LOVE'S DEFEAT.

Young Love by chance
 Passed by one day—
He spied a lad—
 "Now for some play,"
Exclaimed Young Love,
 And poised his dart,
Aimed at the lad
 And pierced his heart.

Another day
 When passing by,
He saw a maid
 Who heaved a sigh.
"My pretty miss,
 Why be so sad?"
He said to her.
 Then she was glad.

A widow next
 He paused to view.
"Why, sure, Young Love,
 This can't be you!
I'm sore bereaved."
 He only smiles.
She, too, has yielded
 To his wiles.

A man bereaved
 Of wife so dear,
Young Love next greets
 His heart to cheer.
"You're lonely now
 You need—ah, me!"
Young Love has conquered,
 Don't you see?

A maiden lady
 He next acquaints,
(You'd see her blush
 But for the paints)
With his intents
 They seem so true—
Her only chance,
 She takes it, too.

Flushed with success
 He scorned defeat,
Feared no advance,
 Owned no retreat;
Where'er he went,
 He victims found,
His fame has spread
 The world around.

A bachelor gay
 Attracts Young Love—
"Another chance
 My power to prove."
Then aims his dart,
 The deed is done,
He struck his heart
 But—*struck a stone.*

Thus victors, too,
 Must own defeats,
However brave
 Must make retreats.
So Love has learned,
 Experience taught,
A skillful teacher,
 Is she not?

D. L. BLAKEMORE.

Lily Langtry's Family.

A bronze memorial slab in one of the church windows is dedicated "to the glory of God and the memory of" six Le Bretons, who for 200 years have been the deans of Jersey and have officiated in the pulpit of the church. A vacant place in one corner of the slab has been left for the present dean, the Very Rev. W. C. Le Breton. The crest of the family, a shield surmounted by a rose, is graven above the names. The people of St. Helier's say the present one will be the last member of the Le Breton family to officiate as dean of the Island and rector of St. Helier's parish church. He is the father of Mrs. Langtry, and like his noted daughter, his name has been too freely and lightly spoken of. For failure to answer satisfactorily some accusations, the Bishop of Winchester, of whose diocese his deanery is a part, a year ago suspended him from exercising his sacred functions for a space of three years. He lives in retirement now at St. Brolade's, ten miles from St. Helier's. He is said to be the handsomest man in Jersey, tall and upright in bearing, with a dignified mien and features that closely resemble those of the famous Lily. He is not without many friends in Jersey, however, who attribute his downfall to the extravagant ambition of his family. He long ago was separated from his wife, who, I understand, is now chaperoning Mrs. Langtry in America. Mrs. Le Breton gave big dinners to visiting dignitaries from England and broke the dean up financially, and from this, say those who sympathize with him, began his downward career.

When Mrs. Langtry came back here from her school in Paris her beauty attracted much attention. As the Dean's daughter she went into the best society in Jersey.—She began to look down on the simple islanders. "She was what we call a spoilt child," said Mr. Blampied, the registry clerk of her father's church to me. Then came Mr. Langtry, a wealthy Londoner, who anchored his yacht in the harbor. He met the Beauty and married her. The ceremony took place in the evening in the Church of St. Saviour. The entire population of the island turned out to witness the wedding, and packed the space in front of the church. The bride, with six bridesmaids all dressed alike, walked down the centre aisle between a double row of sailors from the yacht, swinging alternate red and white ship's lanterns. After the knot was tied the couple went on board the yacht. The next morning the vessel steamed away to London. That was ten years ago, and since then the Lily has only once returned to her native Island. Three years since she spent a month at St. Brelade's, where she kept proudly aloof from the Island society and passed her time in deep-sea fishing.—Of what her career has been the people here have only a faint idea. They know she has been a grand lady in London, and acquainted with the Prince of Wales. "But don't you think it is a shame," said Mr. Blampied, "for a Dean's daughter to go on the stage? Nain as she was, we never believed she would do that."—*New York Tribune.*

A NEW USE FOR EGGS.—Everyone is familiar with the value of the yolk of an egg as a hair wash, but perhaps may not be aware of its virtue in clothing cleansing.—Beaten up with alcohol, eau de cologne, or ether, like ox gall, it keeps better and is more powerful; or in simpler cases, it may be used alone, or merely mixed with water, to be rubbed on with flannel, for removing from colored materials the stains of mud, or of coffee and chocolate, when prepared with milk. It is frequently applied to velvet collars and cuffs, &c., and proves a cleanser as well as a spot extractor. When it has done its work it is washed off with soap, and the material thoroughly rinsed in pure water. Egg has a specially good effect on those annoying patches of wheel grease belonging to the compound class of satins, as they represent a mixture of stale grease, iron and other substances. For removing stains—not grease—from white or light-colored material, glycerine may be tried, especially with coffee stains. Milk, immediately applied, is the best remover of ink. Sour milk is the best. Put the article in a saucer and let it soak in the milk.

BEHAVIOR OF THE NEGROES IMPROVED.—The Washington correspondent of the Alexandria *Gazette* says:—

"A gentleman from King George county, Virginia, here to-day, says it is hard to find a white Mahoneite there now, and that the improved behavior of the negroes since the election is apparent throughout the [illegible] They had become a most unbearable [illegible] ous to the election, and but [illegible] election went, he says, [illegible] been bloody work, for [illegible] stood about as much as [illegible] and if driven any fu[illegible] fair would not have [illegible] As it is, he says, th[illegible] having themselves [illegible] ti[illegible] every [illegible]