Staunton Spectator.

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Nov 7—tf

of the adjoining counties.

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STAUNTON, VA.,
Office in rear of Court House, adjoining David
Aug 15—tf

glad to see his old patrons. Staunton, Oct 24-tf

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TIRGINIA INSURANCE COMPANY. Books and Subscriptions to the Capitol Stock of this Company are now open at the Banking House of W. H. Tams & Co., and at the offices of the two Banks in Staunton. The attention of Capitalists is called to the merits of this Stock, which is recommended to them as probably the

most remunerative investment of money now of-fering. By Order of the Jan 9-tf COMMISSIONERS. THRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned, representing the "Maryland Life," and the "Merchants and Mechanics Fire' Insurance Companies, of Baltimore, Md., (two of the most reliable companies in the U. S.) is prepared to issue Policies, for any amount desired, egainst loss of life or property. O. SMITH.

Solicies in rear of "Spectator" building, Nov 14—tf Staunton, Va.

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H. F. RICHARDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, &C., Corner New Street and Court Alley, STAUNTON, VA. Pure old Cognac and other Brandies,
Pure old Jamaica Rum,
Pure old Holland Gia.
WINES.

Superior Old Port, very fine,
Superior old Sherry, very fine,
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Superior old Madeira, very fine,
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WHISKIES.

WHISKIES.

Pure old Family Rye Whiskey, 8 years old.

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Pure old Monongahela Whiskey, 5 years old,

Pure old Bourbon Whiskey, 10 years old,

Pure old Rye Whiskey, 10 years old,

Pure old Scotch and Irish Whiskey.

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PUNCH ESSENCES, &C.
Sootch Whiskey Punch Essence,
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Tom and Jerry, Egg Nogg,
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Demijohns, Flasks, &c. Also a large and aplendid assortment of Choice Cigars. Dealers,
Physicians, Druggists and Families are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock. fully invited to call and examine our stock.

Noy. 14-1y

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Photographs.

THOTOGRAPH GALLERY! The subscribers have opened permanently a PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!

The subscribers have opened permanently a PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY in Staunton, over the store of Roane & Alby, opposite the Virginia Hotel where Pictures of every style can be had. Their rooms are newly and neatly fitted up for the accommodation of all who may favor them with a call. They are thankful for past patronage and hope, by close attention to business, to merit as much or more in future.

The open of Steif's celebrated Pianos will be found in the reception room for the amusement of friends and patrons.

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of friends and patrons.

Sept 12— J. H. BURDETT & CO.

PHENDIDLY EXECUTED PHOTOGRAPHS, (large size), of Leading Southern Generals, &c., at less than the frames can be
purchased at anywhere else. Only \$1,75 each,
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Boots and Shoes.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY!



[From the Louisville Journal.] The following majestic poem, furnished to us by request, is from the pen of Rev. W. H. PLATT, the accomplished and able Rector of Calvary Church in this city:

The Years of Time.

The years go by us like a trooping band Of Pilgrim Prophets, chanting requiems Or dirges o'er buried hopes and joys, They, mocking, promised. As behind Their tomb-ward feet, the dusty veil of dim Forgetfulness enshrouds their paling forms, We hear the dying tones of man's sad hymn And the trampings of their muffled feet, far down The Everlasting Aisles. They come like kings And go like skeletons. The one just passed Wore blooded armor,—clanging—treading o'er A bleeding, tearful, horrified humanity. This Nemesis of Time, with mailed hand, Smote creeds and politics and forms of State—It smote the true and beautiful and good—It smote on sea and shore—on hill and plain—It smote with brand and blade and hostile hosts, Infernal enginery, and all that gold The Years of Time. Infernal enginery, and all that gold
And brain and energy of Hate invoked
To wreak its ghastly will.

Remorseless war—
All pitiless and dire and big with woe—

All pitiless and dire and big with woe—
Enwreathed the faded year with gory crowns,
Engorged its maw with brother's flesh and blood,
Lit up its path with torch of burning homes—
With blazing trains of flying shot and shell—
With lurid Phlegethons from guns and mines,
And midst a wasted empire, paused to consider
Its work of blood.

Let its wailing die
Like echoes heard in childhood's troubl'd dreams.
Think not of nameless graves. of agonies

Think not of nameless graves, of agonies From mothers, wives, and maidens wrung; of

From mothers, wives, and maidens wrung; of groans
From man's great heart; of wasted hall and hut—
Prolific fields in wilderness. Let some divine
Nepenthe give a swift oblivion!
The Miserere ends. Its record is
With God. In solemn thought, the human heart
In silence ponders sorrow's Epic past,
And wails, in faith, God's future benedictions.
The year is gone for aye. Far down the steeps
Of ancient time it stalks, in aspect grim,
To join the Brotherhood of Centuries.
Behind it drop the leaves and flowers brushed
By sweeping of its dabbled robes: while winds
And waves and light and sounds and blasted

hopes— While griefs and tears and bursting shricks, and

While griefs and tears and bursting shricks, and groans
Call out to its departing form, "Leave us Thou messenger of ill."
Another year—
Another cheat—with necromantic spells, With visage wreathed in blandest smiles of hope, Behind the screen of Future Life, invokes Our faith. Shall we be credulous again, And trust to bubbles, nothing at the touch? Let disappointments disenchant our hearts, And kit them up to God. Redeem the year. With self-suppressions, prayers, and high resolves!
Live humbly, trusting God for future good! Live not for Time, but for Eternity. See far Beyond these eddies of events—these hours Of joy and years of pain—the guerdon bright—

Beyond these eddies of events—these hours
Of joy and years of pain—the guerdon bright—
Immortal youth and changeless love and peace
And ever growing thought and deep ning fields
Of grandour—angels, seraphs, jeweied hosts,
And uncreated light. O, man! O, worm!
O, quenchless soul! O, child of God! These, these
Survive the passions, names and deeds,
And proud report of man—survive the globe—
Survive the lofty stars and moon and sun—
Survive the years—survive the grave—survive
In God, the trophies of redeeming Love.

Select Story.

MARK MERIDEN.

house is a pretty thing, but hang it! one must have a little of life!"

Mark Meriden stood at his desk, giving a But to return to Mark. When he had set-

claims of a projected frolic that evening. Now, Ben was precisely the messenger for such an embassy. There was fun in the magic twinkle of his blue eyes, and a world of waggery in the of his blue eyes, and a pair of broad roguish dimples that went merrily in and out of his cheeks every time he spoke, and he laid hold of Mark's arm to drag him away. But Mark shook off his hand, and finshed summing up a shook off his hand, and finshed summing up a ter supper—but still Mark was invincible, and the blotting paper into his pen, and, at last, turning to Ben, said:

"I think I won't go this time!"

"Now, why not?" said Ben eager!y.

"Because—because," said Mark smilingly,

"because I have an odd fancy that I should
like the pleasure of Mrs. Meriden's company

better this evening."
"Hang Mrs. Meriden—beg pardon, Mark hang myself for saying so—but one don't like to see a fine fellow like you buried alive!—

come take a real wake up with us.

"Thank you, Ben, but I haven't been asleep, and don't need to. So I'll go home and see my wife," and thereat he turned a resolute step homeward, as a well trained husband ought.

"Now," says one of our readers, "who was Mark Meriden?" You would not have asked, after all. good reader, if you had lived in the town of when his name first appeared on the outside of one of its most fashionable shops, tonished at it, for with all his ideas of the powen igns of grace and fashion so that young belies and fives and tens and ones, which on greater need not have their eyes turned off from behelding it. Everything in the tasteful estab-lishment told of a well arranged business, and Mark himself the, mirror of fashion, faultless was going well—his business machinery moving Mark himself the, mirror of fashion, faultless in every article of costume, quick, attentive, polite, was every day to be seen there winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people."— Mark's shop became the resort for high ton— the fashionable exchange, the promenade of beauty and wealth who came there to be enightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue-to see and be seen .-So attentive, polite and considerate was Mark, so profound his bows, so bright his eyes, so unexceptionable his whiskers, that it might have proved a dangerous resort for ladies, had not a heat tasteful house going up in the neighborhood been currently reported as the future residence of an already Mrs. Meriden, and in a few months the house, neatly finished, and tastefully furnished, received the very lady who called herself to that effect. She was as truly refined and lovely a woman as ever formed the centre flower in a domestic boquet, and Mark might justly be pardoned for having as good again an opinion of himself for having been for-

tunate enough to secure her.

Mark had an extensive circle of business and Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of continued, "Confound it, Mark! what's the the social companionable sort, whose money sense of living if a person is to be so very poor? generally found its way out of his pocket in Here you, Mark, born in the same town with very fair proportions to the rate it come in. In me, and younger than I am by some two years; short, he was given to clubs, oyster suppers, you have a house as snug as a man need askand now and then a wine party, and various other social privileges for elevating one's spirits and depressing one's cash that abound in en-

FAGAN & SIMPSON
have fitted up a shop on main street, next door to A. M. Pierce's grocery store, and opposite J. B. Evans', Tocacconist, where they will manufacture Boots and Shoes, of all kinds and of the best materials. Gents' Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Shoes and Gaiters, of all styles, and warranted to give satisfaction, all of which will be sold as cheap for cash as can be bought elsewhere. Country Produce taken in exchange. Give us a call [jan2-tf] in love with, and engaged to a very ling, and one s cash that abound in enlightened communities.

But nevertheless, at the bottom of Mark's head there was a very substantial bump of a certain quality called common sense, a trait which, though it was never set down in any with all her swectness and patience, waiting till such luckless scapegrace as I can give her a faculty, and one, too, which makes a great difference as the world goes. In consequence of being thus constituted, Mark, when he found himself in love with, and engaged to a very ling, scrambling, out-of-clow, slip-shod life." lightened communities.

pretty girl, began to reflect with more than or-dinary seriousness on his habits, ways and man-ners of life. He also took an accurate survey of his business, formed an average estimate of his future income on the soberest probabilities, and determined to live a little even within that. He also provided himself with a little account book, with which he intended to live in habits of very close acquaintance, and in this book he designed to note down all the savings conse

designed to note down all the savings consequent upon the retrenchment of certain little extras, before alluded to, in which he had been in the habit of pretty freely indulging himself.

Upon the present occasion it had cost him something of an effort to say "no" for Mark was one of your easy "clever fellows" to whom the enunciation of this little syllable causes as much trouble as the gutterals of the Germans. However, when he came in sight of his parlor windows, through which a bright fire was shining—when he entered and tound the clean ning—when he entered and found the clean glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers waiting for him quite at their leisure, and, above all, when he read the quick glance of welcome in a pair of very bright eyes, Mark forgot all about Bon Sanford and all bachelor friends and allurements whatever, and thought himself about the hap-

piest fellow on earth. The evening passed off rapidly, by the help of music, reading and a little small talk of which newly married people generally find a supply, and the next morning found Mark at early bus-

Late in the afternoon, Ben Sandford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all to rally Mark on losing the glorious fun of the evening before.

"Upon my word, Mark," he began, "we must have you put up for Selectman, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in

then, ladies! you would see."
"But speaking of money," said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some laces he had just thrown on the counter-"what did your glorious fun cost you?"
"Pooh!—nothing! only a ten dollar bill, I've

nothing in my purse now, you know!"
"Nothing in your purse?—not an uncommon incident after these occasions," said Mark,

"Oh! hang it all," said Ben-"too true! I can get no remedy for this 'consumption of the purse,' as old Falstaff says; however the world owes me a living, and so, good morning!"

Ben Sandford was one of that class of young

men of whom common report goes, that they can do anything that they please, and who con-sider this point so well established that they do not consider it necessary to illustrate it by do-ing anything at all. He was a lawyer of good talents, and would have had an extensive run of business had he not been one of those kind of people who can never be found when wanted. His law books and office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort, where "Come, Mark Meriden! don't settle down logne water," and for the rest he seemed vastly into an old grandfather before your time—a pretty wife's a pretty thing, Mark, and a pretty me a living," forgetting that the world can

Mark Meriden stood at his desk, giving a last look at his books, while Ben Sanford—the roguish, the merry, the song singing, the Ben of all Bens, was thus urging on him the \$10," which being done, he locked his desk,

and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still from time to time he was asssailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was "Mark, my dear scene, he silently committed the amount of expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark synical or unsocial. His refusals though firm were good natured, and though he could not be drawn abroad, yet he was unquestionably open-handed at home. No house had so warm a welcome-no dinner table could be more bounble presented more unexceptionable toast, and there was no evening lounge more easy, home like and cheerful than in the snug parlors of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was tasteful and well ordered; and in fine, notwithstanding his short comings, Mark was set down as a fine openhanded fellow

Mark Meriden," surrounded by those having er of numbers, he had no idea that the twos in extact touch and time-his house-where was there a prettier one?—where a place more replete with every home drawing comfort?"— Had he lost anything in pleasure the year past? Mark thought not, and therefore as he walked homeward he stepped into the bookseller's and ordered some books of superb engravings for Mrs. Meriden, and spoke to a gardener to send some exotics, for which he had heard her ex-

press an admiration some evenings before.

That same evening came in Ben Sanford, he expressed it, "in the very depths of indigo! for young gentlemen whose worldly matters in-variably go on wrong end foremost, will some-times be found in the condition, however exuberant may be their stock of animal spirits.
"Pray, Ben, what is the matter?" said Mark,

kindly, as the latter stretched himself at length, in an arm chair, groaning audibly.

"Oh! a bill-ious attack, Mark—shoemaker's bills! tailor's bills! boarding house bills! all of them sent for New Years' presents!-hang'

"Why don't I to be sure, use my tailor's bills for fuel, my board bill for bread and butter—hey? Would you recommend a poor girl to try me. Mark—all things considered?" said Ben, bitterly.

Mark reflected a little while in silence, and

then drew out his book—his little book, to which we have before referred.
"Just look at this account, Ben," said he, "I know you hate figures, but just for once." Ben glanced at it impatiently—laughed when he read over the two or three first items, but his face lengthened as he proceeded, and Mark detected a sort of whistle of astonishment as he read the sum total.
"Well, Mark!" he exclaimed, "what a con-

siderate trick this is of yours, to sit behind your counter so coolly netting down the "cost and come too" of all our little frolics; really it is edifying! How much you must have enjoyed

your superior discretion and forethought!" and Ben laughed, but not with his usual glee.
"Nay, you mistake," said Mark. "I kept this account merely to see what I had been in the habit of spanding myself, and as you and I have always been hand and glove in everything, it answers equally well for you. It was only vesterday that I summed up the account, and I assure you the result surprised myself, and now, Ben, the sum here set down, and as much more as you please is freely at your disposal, to clear off old scores for the year, provided you will accept this little book as a New Year's gift, iness hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such things as lift at the end of that time you are not ready to bachelor frolics in existence.

Ben grasped his friend's hand, but then Mrs. Meriden prevented his reply. Mark, however, saw with satisfaction, that he put the book carefully in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the air of a man buttoning up a new resolution.

one point, and it is this:

If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who ununderstood what is called "catching a beau," better than securing a husband, if she had never curled her hair except for company, and thought it a degradation to know how to make thought it a degradation to know how to make could have desired, it has been marked, steady, her house comfortable, would these things have and practical; and that although we are not yet happened!

Scraps from Prentice.

A woman shouldn't be like a shark-all jaw. Thad, is a "snapper" himself, but he is lo-

sing his teeth.

'Thad. Steven's whip is losing its snapper; its crack is more feeble.—Boston Post.

Two gambler's fought in Detroit. One was killed, the other unfortunately, not.

It is a bad thing for an old man when his head is silvery and his pocket isn t.

Mrs. Grant will give a "hop" next Monday at her new house in Washington.—Boston Post, We trust that every one-legged officer and

soldier in Washington will be invited.

Because a man is a Representative in Congress, it dosen't fellow that he is a representa-

The Divinity of the Radicals is black. He is generally known as the nigger.

A Georgia editor says that "the slaves are beginning to contract," Slavery itself has con-

tracted to nothing.
Why don't the Radicals insist that the negroes alone shall vote? What safety is there for them so long as the more numerous race of whites have the right of suffrage? James Crabb, a preacher, has been fined in

California for marrying a couple in violation of law. We judge from his name that he is of the Hard-Shell persuasion. Louis Napoleon insists on our recognizing Maximilian. Take him out of Mexico, Louis, or we'll maul him so that you yourself won't

recognize him when you see him, A gentleman from the southern part of the State says that every Union man who went to the polls in his precinct was knocked in the

the point in his please to the the head. That was a pretty severe poll-tax.

The Radicals in Congress don't go half far enough. Can't they enact that black shall henceforth be called white, and white black, and ordain severe penalties for any violation of the law?

Nothing can exceed our abhorence of the potiful or more freely open for the behoof of all gentlemen of the dining out order—no tea ta-

ntical miscreants in and out of Congress who are deliberately trying to prevent the reconstruction of the Union. They cannot be sufficiently punished in this world.

A Paris medical journal thinks that physicians, as a class, have finer physical frames than either lawyers or preachers. We thought the doctors less remarkable for their physique than their physic. than their physic.

If the Federal Constitution needs as many amendments as the Congressional tinkers seem to think, it might perhaps be well to follow the example of that other tinker who melted down the brass kettle for metal to stop the holes.

Frogs do not oroak in running water, and active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. They come up from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by generous impul-ses or the blessed necessities of honest toil.

at interest; it benefits both the lender and bor-rower at once. No one can be really and truly happy unless others sympathise and share that The following definition of the rights of wo-

Imparting pleasure is like putting money out

men, is given in a Vermont paper: "To love her lord with all her heart, and her baby as herself-and to make good bread. He who has made time his friend will have

little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope for from his friends. "Faith and shure," said Patrick, meeting an engine, "that's the divil." "Och, no," said Mike," "it's ownly a stameboat hunting for

wather." Lucy Stone says: "The cradle is a woman's ballot box." Then we have known some un-lawful voting where two ballots were deposited

"Father," said an ambitious youngster. about the size of a pepper box, "I can do without shoes, but I'm suffering for a bosom pin." An editor heads his list of births, marriages,

and deaths, thus: "Hatched, matched and dispatched!" an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office were a house of correction.

A LITTLE PUN.—Why is Artemus Ward like country to make the most of, to make the best a colored man? Because he is "A Ward of the Nation."—Fredericksburg Era, and that it is, and must be, our country—if need be, against a world in arms.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS MR. SPEAKER BALDWIN TO THE HGUSE OF DELEGATES.

A MANLY SPEECH FOR CONSTITU-TIONAL LIBERTY AND UNION,

On Saturday week, Mr. Speaker Baldwin, of Augusta, being informed of the vote of thanks the ability and impartiality with which he had presided over its deliberations, made the following spirited and patriotic address to his brother

My friends, I have honestly tried to be all that your kindness has attributed to me, but if I have, in any degree, given satisfaction in the discharge of the duties of my office, it has been due chiefly to the kindness, courtesy, and for-bearance with which you have sustained me, and to the faithful and efficient help given by the officers of the House, from the clerk and

be due to this House to say that I have never been connected with any body of gentlemen a-mong whom there was so much of earnest in-dustry in the public service, and so much of kindness and good will in the personal intercourse of the members.

The results of our labors await the just judg

ment of the people of Virginia; and I venture to anticipate that, taking into consideration all the circumstances by which we have been surrounded, it will be found that we have deserved

the approval of our constituents.

It will be remembered that we came together at a time when our State and our people were suffering under an accumulation of misiortunes such as have never before been known in the history of the Commonwealth. For many of becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways; however, you are to be excused," he added, "circumstances considered—female influence!—ah! well, it's a fine affair, this marriage!"

"Better TRY it, Mr. Sandford," said a bright, saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, were standing close by while Ben was speaking. "Ah! madam, the wherewithal!" said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression. "If some clever old fellow would be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousands—then, ladies! you would see."

"Better TRY it, Mr. Sandford," said a bright, saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, were standing close by while Ben was speaking. "Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sanfi rd was the most popular lawyer in ——, and as steady a householder as you might wish to see; and, in conclusion, as this is a lady's story, we will just ask our lady readers their opinion one point, and it is this:

If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who un-

A comparison of our condition now with that in which we were placed less than a year ago must satisfy us that if the progress of restora-tion in Virginia has not been as rapid as we restored to our constitutional rights, as we claim and understand them, our course is onward and upward, and our future has in it much of hope

and promise. We who know the people of Virginia, understand fully how thorough and how universal is their determination and purpose to perform, in entire good faith, all the duties they have undertaken as good citizens of the United States. We claim that the history of Virginia is free from the reproach of false pretences or bad faith, and that what she professes may be believed, and what she promises may be relied upon.— She has taken her position in the Union, and under the Constitution, and will be found as true and as trustworthy as any one of the United

It is important that we shall, by every means in our power, cultivate kindly relations among ourselves, and shall continue to deal with all the departments of our State government, and with all our people, in a spirit of conciliation and mutual forbearance becoming those who have common interests and common hopes.

Let us cherish the same dispositions toward the National Government and toward the people of all the States.

If at any time we have felt impatient under the delay to which, under the name of proba-tion, we have been, and still are, subjected, we must remember that our full restoration to all our relations with the common government requires the concurrence of all its departments, and that what has been done for us but marks the progress of a great constitutional struggle, for which the history of this country has no par-

It is true that, in the national councils, where these great subjects are discussed. Virginia has no voice; but the vacant seats of her representatives speak with unanswerable logic and with moving eloquence—not in behalf of local, or sectional, or party interests—but in the cause of constitutional integrity and of representative republican liberty. This appeal, addressed to common interests, and founded upon common rights, has resounded through the entire north and west, and has brought thoughtful men everywhere to consider whether what they have been disposed to regard as merely the cause of the South may not, in fact, be the cause of constitutional supremacy and constitutional liberty

for the whole country.

This is the view taken of the matter by the President of the United States, who has taken hold of the subject with the grasp of a statesman, and who, in his recent veto message, has dealt the boldest, and most manly, and most masterly blow for civil liberty, social order, and constitutional republicanism, that has been struck since the foundation of our Government.

It happens that the great constitutional issue which the President, on behalf of the States and people of this Union, has made with the dominant party in Congress, involves in its immediate consequences our most vital interests and our dearest rights. It is natural, under the circumstances, that we should feel disposed to appropriate him as our defender and our peculiar friend; but it would be doing injustice to him, and to the great and general interests he represents, to regard him as, in any sense, a lo-cal or a sectional partisan. If we desire worthily to acknowledge the great service he has rendered us, we must endeavor to appreciate his high position and to rise to the height of his great argument. We must recognize him as the Constitutional President of a great government, which is our government, and as the defender of the Constitution of the United States, which is our Constitution. And we must be ready at all times to render to our President, our Government, and our Constitution, such cheerful and cordial support, obedience, and fidelity as will vindicate before the world the wisdom, and sagacity and magnanimity of the confidence which he has reposed in us.

When we return to our homes, and go among our people, let us then regard it as a duty to ourselves and to them to speak to them words of hope and encouragement, and to impress upon them the importance of realizing and acting upon the great truth-that whatever may have occurred in the past to alienate or divide us, the people of the United States are for the fu-An editor heads his list of births, marriages, and deaths, thus:
"Hatched, matched and dispatched!"

Many persons write articles and send them to public credit, and in promoting the peace, prosperity, and happiness of our common country. In a word, my friends, let us realize the fact, that after all that has passed, we have still a

The Home of our Childhood.

BY CAPT. KENTON HARPER. [Written in the Album of Mrs. Gooding, Fort Washita, Indian Territory.] The home of our childhood-how sweet is the

thought!
How tender the memories with which it is fraught!
Though our present be happy, the mind still will stray
'Mid the scenes and affections of life's early day.

accorded to him by the House of Delegates for The home of our childhood-a Mother was there, A mother, dear mother, whose love and whose

> heart, A feeling whose memory can never depart. The home of our childhood—a Father's fond look.
> As we sat on his knee, or his bounty partook,
> How sweet to recall!—we can never forget,
> Till the sun of our life in death's darkness has set.

The home of our childhood-yet others were there,
The comforts and joys of that blest home to share;
The brothers—the sisters—oh, lov'd ones were they, With whom we nestled at night, and united in

sergeant at arms to the smallest of our pages.

I have, at different times, been a member of several deliberative assemblies, and I feel it to But the home of our childhood—how changed is it now!
As we think of the past there's a cloud on the

brow; Its fond links are broken—its hearth-stone is cold; It seems but a dream—"like a tale that is told." FORT WASHITA, Indian Territory.

March Music. March winds are the preludes grand and bold
To the music of the year—
To the silvery notes
That in summer float

When the merry birds are here. See how the answering ocean leaps, To sunder its icy chain;
And the sunlight roves
Through the coral groves, Down deep in the restless main.

March is the preface that ushers in The story of coming hours,
And the varying tales
Of the hills and dales,
With the language of the flowers. Look! as the hurrying blast goes by,

How the crocus starts to grow, And the violets blue, And the daisies too, Peep out from their beds of snow. March is to summer what earthly life
Should be to the life above—
A prelude sweet
To the joys complete
That bloom in the land of love.

Turner Ashby. The New York World, of the 16th ult., contains a graphic and interesting sketch of "General Ashby—the Partisan," by "J. E. C.", which all will at once recognize as the initials of that vigorous and charming writer, John Esten Cooke, Esq., of Virginia. His description of

General ASHBY'S appearance is as follows:
"What the men of Jackson saw at the head
of the cavairy from March to June 1862, was a man rather below the middle height, with an active and vigorous frame, clad in plain confederate gray. His brown felt hat was decorated with a black feather; his uniform was almost without decorations; his cavalry boots, dusty or splashed with mud, came to the knee; and a-round his waist he wore a sash and plain leather belt, holding pistol and saber. The face of this than certain fashionable places of resort, where his handsome person and various social accomplishments always secured to him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough, as he used laughingly to say, "to keep him in gloves and cologne water," and for the rest he seemed vastly

Because a man is a Representative in Congress, it dosen't follow that he is a representative in Congress and the information in the face of the cavalier something Moorish, and brigandish; but all idea of a melodramatic perorgandish; but all idea of a melodramatic per-sonage disappeared, as you pressed his hand, looked into his eyes, and spoke to him. The brown eyes, which would flash superbly in bat-tle, were the softest and most friendly imaginaable; the voice, which could thrill his men as it rang like a clarion in the charge, was 'the perfection of mild courtesy. He was as simple and 'friendly' as a child, in all his words, movements, and the carriage of his person. You could see from his dress, his firm tread, his open and frank glance, that he was a thorough soldier-indeed he always looked like work but under the soldier, as plainly was the gentleman. Such in his plain costume, with his simple manner and retiring modesty was Ashby, whose name and fame, a brave comrade has truly said, will

endure as long as the mountains and valleys which he defended. * * * Apart from what he performed. he was a personage to whom attached and still attaches a never lying interest. His career was all romance—it was as brief, splendid and evanescent as a dream-but, after all, 'twas the man, Turner Ashby, who was the real attraction. It was the man whom the people of the Shenandoah Valley admired so passionately, rather than his glorious record. There was something grander than the wonderful achievements of this soldier, and that was the soldier himself.

Speech at a Marriage Festival. The following little speech, which smacks of

poetical genius, was made in Memphis, by bridegroom at the wedding supper table:
To-night I shake hands with the past. I live
henceforth in future joys. An unknown door
is opened wide, and I enter an abode of perfect beatitude. These two persons, whose lives have been well spent, have reared and trained in love and kindness the sharer of my future joys and wees. If my life be blissful, I will owe them much, in that they have imbued the mind and heart of their adopted child with lessons of purity, kindness, truthfulness and love. I am confident of the future. The shadow of the present shall fall upon it, even when my bride and I have grown old, and invest it with sunset glories. The man who in youth knew some soft soul-subduing air, melts when again he hears it sung. Although it is not half so touching, yet it awakes sweetest echoes indreamland, and to age it repeats the story of youthful passions, hopes and love. I may not deserve the good I have won. Love is not won. It gives itself, and, if not given, no wealth, genius, beauty, state or wit, no gold of earth or gem of heaven, is rich enough to purchase it. Loving thee, my bride, my heart shall keep its old memories, like the sea-shell its wonted melody. But away with forebodings on a wedding night! Love's music steals on us like dawning light, which over all the heavens spreads and invests which over all the heavens spreads and invests
the world with beauty and glory. The road
that led on through the unknown future was
dark and dreary, but a celestial splendor now
lights up the gloom, and the fair bride, her
spirit-self a Peri at the gates of Paradise, invites
me onward and upward to a life of purest pleasures and daties of benifacence. ures and duties of benificence.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which deviled the state of ils might pity man for enduring, it is the death bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill,

Poor Caudle said he dreamed that he had a angel by his side, and upon waking up found it was nobody but his wife.

Generally, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.