

Maria Ward and John Randolph.

One of the saddest and most romantic love affairs in the social annals of Virginia was that of Maria Ward and John Randolph of Roanoke. Beginning in his early boyhood, it became the one enthralling passion of his manhood, filling his whole being, until, as he himself said, "he loved her better than his own soul or Him that created it." There is a picture of John Randolph in the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society, taken at the time when he was the accepted lover of Maria Ward. It represented a singularly handsome youth of twenty-five, his eyes dark and full of intellect, his mouth beautifully formed, and over his proud and lofty forehead fell a profusion of dark hair. The breaking off of the affair is wrapped in mystery; all we know is that one summer morning he rode up to the house, and after a long interview in the parlor, the lady left the room in tears, while he rushed from the house, mounted his horse, and rode furiously away. He never saw her again; but one day he approached a house where she was staying while she was singing in the parlor. Facinated by the sound of her voice he lingered on the porch, and sent in from time to time a request for her to sing one after another the tender little ballads which were associated with their loves. Maria Ward sang, unconscious of her lover's presence, while he rushed frantically up and down the porch in an agony of grief, waving his arms, and crying at the anguish of his heart: "Macbeth hath murdered sleep; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Maria Ward married Peyton Randolph, son of Edmund Randolph, who was Governor of Virginia, the first Attorney-General of the United States, and Secretary of State under Washington. This lady was distinguished for the exquisite grace and fascination of her manners and her bright wit. Her portrait, a copy of which has been secured for this article through the courtesy of her granddaughter, Mrs. J. L. Williams, of Richmond, represents a lovely girl of sixteen with wondrous blue eyes, especially delicate complexion, a profusion of curly brown hair, and distinctive costume of the last century.

Mark Wadsworth in 1826 aged forty-two years. All contemporary accounts unite in describing her as possessing a singular fascination of manners, a charming sweet temper, and amiable disposition, enchanting gravity and spirit, and peculiar accessibility, personal loquacity. At the time of her death she was as fresh as the summer rose as captivating in mind and manners as when she enthralled the passionate heart of John Randolph of Roanoke.—E. L. Didier, in *Hopper's Magazine* for April.

The Prince of Wales' great speeches.

There are very few men in England who can make so good a speech as the Prince of Wales. His voice is singularly far-reaching, clear, pleasant, and his delivery is simple and dignified. But it must not be supposed that the ease and fluency which now characterize his public discourses were attained without trouble, or that the Prince is one of the "mob of gentlemen who 'speak' at ease," and have very little to say worth listening to. At first, when he had to address an audience—and it fell to his lot to begin speaking whilst he was very young indeed—he spoke with some hesitation, and he gave his audience the idea of who would be very glad when he could sit down; but by persistent practice, stimulated by the certainty that he must look forward to constant calls upon him, and animated by a high sense of duty, the Prince overcame the difficulties which beset most young orators, aggravated in his case by the consciousness that every word he uttered would be eagerly weighed and recorded. He has acquired a command of language and a felicity of expression which commend his manner to the most critical, whilst it is at the same time judicious in substance and to the point. No one can make a better case for a charitable institution than the Prince, and his appeals to the pockets of his hearers when he is presiding at a dinner to promote the work of some benevolent association, or to further some useful and meritorious enterprise, are so successful that it is considered the fortune of this report it is seen that out of 1,000 college students 521 attend the history courses, 454 natural history, 357 philosophy, 324 political economy, 229 Greek, 203 Latin; English and German, 194 each; French, 189; Italian, 181; chemistry, 174.

It will be seen by this that English and French, which are much easier courses than Greek and Latin, are still less popular. Such courses as history, philosophy and political economy, which are very difficult, are the usually chosen in proved.

This can be no better shown than by quoting from the Dean's last report. After all these years, with Greek and Latin elective in three upper classes, if the classes were to perish it would have been shown by this time. By the same report, the falsity of the often-heard statement that under an elective system, "soft" courses are

usually chosen is proved.

The same thing is shown in the freshman class. Instead of being neglected, the classics and mathematics are the best attended freshman courses. In a class of 250 students 196 take Latin, 163 Greek, 141 mathematics. The number of freshmen who take all the studies is 83.

This choice of mathematics and classics in preference to easier courses is due to the counsel of their former teachers, which the freshmen are strongly advised to follow.—Boston Journal.

J. W. Reilly, Poet and Sign-Painter.

I was running a weekly paper in a small Northern Indiana town at the time I first met him. You know how the inhabitants of small places go wild over anything of a freakish nature, and the reigning sensation just then was the work of a blind sign painter. A party of advertising fakirs had just struck the village who decorated the dead walls and fences in the most gaudy way imaginable, the finishing and artistic touches being done by a member of the party who was known as the "Only Blind Sign Painter on Earth." Business with them was rushing, every merchant in town coming around and wanting work done, for when the Blind Sign Painter, who was none other than Reilly, felt his way up a ladder and dashed off an artistic sign, half the inhabitants of the place turned out to witness the feat.

The scheme of the fakirs, which was an original one and calculated to catch the multitude, all depended on the histrionic ability of the Hoosier Poet. He had large, frank gray eyes, and the vision of an eagle. When the surface was selected he was brought out and led to the foot of the ladder. A part of his business was to go up a step, carefully feeling his way, then turning, stare into vacancy in an aimless, moony sort of style, and bring to bear on the crowd a face full of pain and pathos. This rarely failed to draw expressions of sympathy, and what was more to the point, additional advertising contracts. Slowly climbing the ladder, he fingered the surface, measuring carefully with his hands the dimensions of the letters, and then suddenly seizing the brush, the sign was recited off much more rapidly than the average painter could do it.

Another cataloguing bit of "business" was to stand on coming down, when one of the party gave him a shooting bow, with an expectation and a general order to be made ready.

"Please, master, some one ought to take the poor man away from those ruins," were steady words from the crowd on such occasions. One day when he was up the ladder I caught his eye. My suspicions had been aroused, and he saw it in my face. Slowly and deliberately, with eyelids often closed, he whined that great grey eye of his in a way that spoke without libraries.

After that I was under in his confidence, and finding that he was a good man of taste induced him to leave the painters and go to work in my office, a task which was not difficult, for he only regarded the "Blind Painter" dodge as a boyish lark, and was getting tired of the fun. That was the beginning of his newspaper career. He went to Indianapolis and has been doing excellent work on the press of that city ever since. I understand his book is making him quite handsomely and in a success of any way.—Philadelphia Daily.

The Club at Harvard.

Last fall, when the changes from prescribed to elective studies were made in the freshman course, conservative people throughout the country predicted that this would be the death-blow to classics at Harvard. The same thing was predicted in 1841, when Greek and Latin were made elective, after the freshman year. In both cases these predictions are proved to be false.

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Charlatans in Constantinople.

According to last advices Constantinople is about to be deprived of the benefit of another ancient institution. The Government, having made a crusade lately against the numerous charlatans, has now given directions to its officials to prosecute the magicians, denouncing them as common rogues. Whether the court astrologer is doomed remains to be seen. Constantinople has always enjoyed a good supply of magicians, the best being from Morocco, and many of them blacks. The magician, whose studio can be seen in many a street, have been found of the greatest benefit, being preferred to doctors, doing a large business in love charms, and finding more thieves than the police.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rich Rubies.

The Duchess of Norfolk claims the possession of the finest rubies in the United Kingdom. Any woman of reasonable means may wear diamonds, but only an imperial wealth ever permits her to number rubies among her jewels. The Duchess of Norfolk would undoubtedly give all these priceless gems to obtain sight for her son, whose future is shrouded in mental as well as physical darkness; but the oldest and richest dukedom in England can not buy health for its sole heir.—Philadelphia Press.

Fishing Under the Ice.

Fishing under the ice in the great lakes is extensively carried on in winter, the catch being mostly perch and bass. Gill nets are used and set by cutting in the ice a dozen or more holes in a line, through the first of which the entire net, including the sinkers, is lowered, while the top is carried along under the ice by grappling it through the successive holes. After it is fastened in the last one, the intermediate openings are allowed to freeze up, the second net, when the catch is haulled in, being attached to the end of the net already in the water and hauled under as the first is hauled out. The nets are changed daily and the average catch is from 200 to 600 pounds.—Milwaukee Journal.

An old patriarch, 100 years of age, has just died at Milan, Mo. He drank a great deal of liquor and chewed tobacco for about seventy-five years.

THE LOST CHILD.

A Highland Incident Illustrating the Faithlessness of a Dog.

A shepherd who inhabited one of the valleys or glens which intersect the Grampian Mountains, in one of his excursions to look after his flock, happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant of three years old. This is not an unusual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of the range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child, but owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours, he discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley and was near his own cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore compelled to go home although he had lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for many years.

Next morning, by break of day the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountains. On his returning home to his cottage, he found that the dog, whom he had lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of bread, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed his search for his child, and still, on returning home disappointed in the evening, he heard that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of bread, had instantly disappeared. Stands with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of bread, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cove at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cove almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appalls the travelers that frequent the Grampian mountains. Down one of those rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared by entering a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the terrace. The shepherd, with difficulty, followed; but on entering the cove, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant sitting with much satisfaction on the rock which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by eying his young charge with the utmost satisfaction. From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the terrace. The shepherd, with difficulty, followed; but on entering the cove, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant sitting with much satisfaction on the rock which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by eying his young charge with the utmost satisfaction.

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How wonderfully this prophecy has been fulfilled during the eighty years of interval.

"The Columbiad" at once gave Barlow national distinction, and this led him to project a full history of the country, but his plans were broken by the call to diplomatic service. Madison needed an ambassador to France, and there was no one so well adapted to this service as Joel Barlow. On reaching Paris he found that the dream of liberty and its bloody frenzy had given place to the still more bloody despotism of Napoleon. He beheld the march of this crowned monster to Moscow with an army of nearly half a million, so few of whom ever returned. Four months afterward came the sad tidings of a failure of the expedition, accompanied by a request from Napoleon that Barlow should meet him at Wilna. His object was never published, but it is probable that he wished to obtain troops from America to renew an army sacrificed to his own folly and ambition.

Barlow obeyed Napoleon's request and, attended by his private secretary, hastened to the appointed spot, but the expected meeting never took place. The exposure of the journey and the wretched condition of the Polish inn reduced his health, and on the 22d of December, 1812, he died of pneumonia near Cracow, where he lies in an unknown grave. His last days were saddened by scenes of horror, for he beheld the wretched remnant of Napoleon's army perishing by frost and famine on the borders of Poland. These scenes gave his genius its last inspiration, and being unable to use the pen, he dictated the most tremendous indictment which the poetic muse ever delivered against the imperial tyrant. It is called "Advice to a Raven," and closes with the hope of Earth's total vengeance on the monster's head.

Barlow is the only one of our ambassadors that fills a foreign grave, but his name is not recalled on this occasion by either his misfortunes or his productions. It is merely introduced by its connection with the centennial of the new birth of literature and the important fact that the first volume issued after the Revolution was a hymn book.

—Old Master, do young gentlemen say I'm too old to vote, and I reckon I is."

Mr. Jelks jumped clear off the ground, threw his arms wildly into the air, and shrieked:

"Too old to vote! Too old to vote! I'll show 'em!" and he led the old darky back to the polls and he put in a vote for Atlanta.

Mr. Jelks, passed away in 1883, aged upward of 80 years. He was the oldest man in Hawkinsville. His only brother, Mr. William C. Jelks, is still living, and resides at Barrsville, Fla. We do not know his age, but it is probably 75 years. He was engaged in business in Hawkinsville over fifty years ago.—Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dispatch.

Dogs were very numerous in those days, and men were paid premiums for catching and killing them. As the Randolph caravan was approaching Richmond one day the handsomest dog in the procession ran ahead to see what he could see. Presently he encountered two catchers, who threw a net over him and then proceeded to tie a rope about his neck. He whined and barked, and Juba hearing the commotion dug his spurs into the flanks of his leader, while John cracked his whip, and the whole party, Randolph, Juba, and John, were borne along on a run to the rescue. The catchers were just about to disappear in the woods by the side of the road with their prize when Randolph drew up. Taking in the situation he produced a pistol and ordered the release of his dog. The catchers complied at once, whereupon Randolph screamed out in his peculiar shrill manner: "Juba, oh, Juba, fetch some water and wash the dog where the poor white men had hold of him."—Cleveland Leader.

—A Mad Lawyer.

A young lawyer was making a violent speech in a justice court the other day, and during his remarks made use of some profane language.

"Hold on there, you young squirt," yelled the justice, "if you don't use better language I will fine you for contempt of court."

"Fine and be d-d to you," yelled the thoroughly maddened legal luminary, "you are only a creature of the statute, and the jurisdiction is only five dollars, while I have \$100 worth of contempt for you."—Pretzel's Weekly Dispatch.

Earth Vibrations.

Very probably not only fish but animals and some birds hear as much by the vibration of the earth as by the sound traveling in the atmosphere, and depend as much upon their immediate perception of the slightest tremor of the earth as upon recognition by the ear in the manner familiar to ourselves. When rabbits, for instance, are out feeding in the grass, it is often possible to get quite close to them by walking in this way, extremely slow, and carefully placing the foot by slow degrees upon the ground. The earth is then merely pressed, and not stepped upon at all, so that there is no jar. By doing this I have often moved up within gunshot of rabbits without the least aid from cover. Once now and then I have walked across a field straight at them. Something, however, depends on the direction of the wind, for then the question of scent comes in. To some degree it is the same with hares. It is certainly the case with birds, as wood pigeons, a flock of them, will remain feeding only just the other side of the hedge; but if you stamp the earth, will rise instantly. So will rooks, though they will not fly if you are not armed. Partridges certainly secure themselves by their attention to the faint tremor of the ground. Pheasants do so too, and make off, running through the underwood long before any one is in sight. The most sensitive are landrails, and it is difficult to get near them for this reason. Though the mowing grass must conceal an approaching person from them, as it conceals them from him, these birds change their positions, no matter how quietly he walks. Let him be as cunning as he will, and think to cut corners and cross the landrail's retreat, the bird babbles from nine times in ten. That it is availed of the direction the person takes by the vibration of the surface is at best possible. Other birds sit and hope to escape by remaining still till they detect the tremor coming direct toward them, when they rise. Rabbits and dry weather change the susceptibility of the surface to vibrate, and may sometimes in part account for the wildness or apparent timorousness of birds and animals. Should any one doubt the existence of such tremors he has only to lie on the ground with his ear near the surface; but, being unused to the experiment, he will at first only notice the bower sounds, as of a wagon or a carriage. In recent experiments with most delicate instruments devised to show the cosmic vibration of the earth, the movements communicated to it by the tides, or by the pull of the sun and moon, it has been found almost impossible as yet to carry out the object, so greatly are these movements obscured by the ceaseless and inexplicable vibrations of the solid earth. There is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that, if an instrument can be constructed to show these, the ears of animals and birds—living organisms, and not iron and steel—should be able to discover the tremors of the surface.

LITERARY HERO.

The Life of Joel Barlow, the Publisher of "Watts' Psalms."

As we are going through an epoch of centennials, writes a New York correspondent of *The Troy Times*, it might be well to notice the fact that it is just one hundred years since American literature took its first start after the Revolution. The first book published on this continent after the peace with Great Britain was "Watts' Psalms," edited by Joel Barlow, which was issued in Hartford in 1785. Barlow was then 30. He was a native of Connecticut, and had studied at Yale, where in 1778 he delivered a poem entitled the "Prospect of Peace." His poetic talents had already attracted notice, and this led the clergy to request that he should prepare an edition of Watts for public worship. He also edited a weekly paper in Hartford called *The American Mercury*, but afterward added law to literature. He had, however, already contemplated what he considered his great poem, "The Columbiad." This was not completed until the lapse of twenty years, but its inception was given in the "Vision of Columbus," which was published the year our government was formed. Pursuing this reminiscence, it may be added that Barlow went to Europe soon after issuing the Vision, and was the first American author that visited Great Britain after the close of the war. He sympathized with the French revolutionists, to whom he rendered some diplomatic service, and on his return in 1805 he was the best-informed American on the subject of foreign affairs. He was then 50, and his ripe experience rendered him highly useful to the general government. He made Washington his abode, and erected an elegant house. Two years afterward his great work, "The Columbiad," appeared. It was published in Philadelphia, and was the most costly book which, up to that time, had ever been issued in this country. It was dedicated to Robert Fulton of steamboat fame, and was graced by a portrait of the author, together with eleven copper-plate illustrations executed in London. The author expected that this work would permanently retain its estimation as the greatest of American poems. It was read and admired, but like many other works of temporary value, it gradually sank out of sight, and it is not probable that another edition will ever be printed. Its prophecy of future development is one of its most striking features, of which the following is an instance:

From Mohawk's mouth for weeping with the sun,
Through all the woodlands rewest channels run,
Tap the redundant lakes, the broad hills bray,
And marry Hudson with Missouri's wave.

From dim Superior, whose unfathomed sea
Drinks the mild splendor of the setting day,
New paths unfolding lead their watery pride,
To Mississippi's source the passes lead,
And to the broad Pacific make extend.

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