

OVER A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I will own that I wish it were mine;
O, you quote "Do not covet," and lay
Down the laws of simplicity, line upon line,
In your moral-logical way:
But I haste to deny that a shade
Of the envious thought you infer
Was present to poison a wish never made,
To imply dispossession of her
Whose white neck, in its stateliest grace,
All athrill with the pride and the bliss
Of its beauty, shall bend for the clasping embrace
Of such magical splendor as this.
I scarce thought of owner at all;
Still less of its value in pelf.
Who, in presence so grand, would confer him-
self thrall
Of aught save the presence itself
Look at it—the glorious thing—
As it lies on its velvet in state,
Tossing glories about like a prodigal king
Who is surely and consciously great.
O, the tremulous laughter of Light!
O, the genius of Color at play!
O, the soul of a flame made ineffably white
By its burning—but what can I say
To transfix it in speech? Bring a word
That is swift as thought, bright as gold,
That is purer than snow, such as never was
heard
Since the morning star used it of old.
And you tell me this marvelous light
Is a second-hand splendor, at most?
That, shut away in the dark of the night,
All the soul of the diamond is lost
Very true. Then I love it the more;
Let me hasten to double my prize,
Since to you it takes, in unstinted, full
score,
Is the generous law it obeys.
We might say the same of the moon:
Of the eyes that you love for their blue;
Of the earth in green robes lying under the
noon;
Of the rainbow—and even of you!
[Atlantic Monthly.]

Randolph of Roanoke.

I had two opportunities of listening to Mr. Randolph in the Senate, and was completely fascinated by his extraordinary gifts as a talker; for it was not oratory—though at times he would produce great oratorical effects—so much as elevated conversation that he poured forth. His speeches were charming or provoking, according to the point of view of the listener. To a Senator anxious to expedite the public business or to hurry through the bill he had in charge, Randolph's harangues upon all sorts of irrelevant subjects must have been very annoying; but to one who was not troubled by such responsibilities they were a delightful entertainment. There was no effort about the speeches. They were given with absolute ease, the speaker constantly changing his position, turning from side to side, and at times leaning against the rail which enclosed the Senatorial chairs. His dress was a blue riding coat with buckskin breeches, for he always rode to the Senate, followed by his black servant, both master and man being finely mounted. His voice was silvery in its tones, becoming unpleasantly shrill only when conveying direct invective. Four-fifths of what he said had the slenderest possible connection with the subject which had called him up; but so far as the chance visitor was concerned, this variety only added a charm to the entertainment.

On the 14th of February, 1826, the introduction of a bill for surveying a portion of Florida with a view to a canal route brought Mr. Randolph to his feet. This project was favored by the other representatives of the South, and it was easy to see how provoked and embarrassed they felt by opposition from a quarter so unexpected. But Randolph, who had always strenuously denied the power of Congress to make internal improvements in the States, would not willingly concede it in the case of the territories. He could not find it written in the bond that the money of the people should be poured out for local improvements anywhere.

Johnson, of Louisiana, put in a reply, in which he used Mr. Randolph as a Southern ally with great tenderness, but intimated that, as Cuba commanded the key to the Gulf of Mexico, its possession by a first-class naval power would be highly injurious to Southern interests. The canal would be in some sort a protection against this dire possibility.

"If all constitutional restraints are to be pushed aside, let us take Cuba and be done with it!" said Randolph in reply. Johnston's special pleading was rebutted by an argumentum ad inconvenientiam, and he was urged to consider the consequences (the word was uttered with significant emphasis) which might ensue. Here Randolph paused and looked his fellow southerners well over. Could they not see that by taking this bait of internal improvements to strengthen their peculiar institution of slavery, they opened the way for the general government to interfere to its disadvantage? The words were unspoken, but the look conveyed their meaning with perfect clearness. He concluded in a strain of the bitterest irony:

"But what care we for consequences? Only the timid and the paralytic look to consequences! No, sir; your gallant statesman mounted on his Rosinante and fairly in the lists looks to no consequences [a pause] except to his own consequence!"

Interesting as was Mr. Randolph's part in this debate on the canal question, my friends assured me that I had not yet heard him at his best or worst. But it was my good fortune to be present in the senate some two weeks afterward, when he gave what was almost universally allowed to be one of the most characteristic speeches he ever made. This was in reference to the Panama mission, an absorbing topic of public interest, and one which created on both sides feelings as intense as have ever been shown in our national legislature. The condition of certain South American states had recently been changed from that of subject colonies to that of independent republics, and the project was formed of assembling on the Isthmus of Panama a congress at which each of them should be represented, to deliberate upon subjects common to all. The United States were asked to take a leading part in this assembly, and the invitation had been accepted, and plenipotentiaries appointed by the executive. The northern states warmly approved this course which seemed to be in the line of what should be the national sentiment. The monarchies of Europe had formed a "holy alliance" to crush liberty in the eastern

hemisphere. What could be more snitable than for the republics of the west to unite in a much holier union to maintain it? By the south this interrogation was met by the cry that a fearful crisis was at hand; while its more astute representatives confined their scruples to constitutional law and national policy, John Randolph and the hotter spirits blurted out the real objection to the scheme. The south would never consent with nations who had put the black man on an equality with the white, and, horror upon horrors, were known to have mulatto generals in command of their armies. From this opposition arose the party that finally placed Jackson in the Presidential chair; a party whose stock in trade at this time consisted of bitter vituperation of the administration, and at the head of which Randolph took his natural place.

The debate in the senate upon the proposition to send ministers to the congress at Panama was opened by Mr. Randolph with sarcasm. It was known that the President of the United States meant to send ministers to the congress that was to assemble at Panama. He fervently hoped that these ministers would labor under none of the odious and exploded prejudices which revolted the over-fastidious southern gentleman and repelled him from associating on terms of equality with persons of African descent. He hoped that the ministers who had been appointed were prepared to sit down humbly with the native African, the mixed breeds, and the Indian, and to take no offence at the molley mixture, Gen. Bolivar, whom somebody had called "the South American Washington," was then handled without gloves. "I remember, sir," said Mr. Randolph, "that when the old earl of Bedford was consoled with by a hypocrite on the murder of his son, Lord Russell, he indignantly replied that he would not exchange his dead son for the living son of any man on earth. So I would not give our dead Washington for any living Washington, or (whatever may be the blessings reserved for mankind in the womb of time) for any Washington who is likely to live in your time, Mr. President, or in mine."

But Mr. Randolph's great effort (if I may so call a performance which to him was evidently no effort at all) was reserved for the next day. He announced that he should ask for the consideration of his resolution immediately upon the meeting of the Senate, and that meant that another speech would be forthcoming. I was early upon the spot, and for two hours held my attention fixed by his various and finest improvisations, his cutting irony, his terribly sincere, although absolutely undeserved, denunciations. His memory and imagination seemed inexhaustible. He would take a subject (almost any which happened to get in his way) turn and twist it about, display it in some fantastic light, and then, with scorn, push it aside. That famous dictum of the Declaration of Independence, concerning the equality of men, which thirty years after Rufus Choate styled "a glittering generality," Randolph pilloried as "an idle fanfaronade." The pernicious falsehoods contained in these general expressions were in a certain sense true, and so were especially misleading. He compared Mr. Jefferson's statement to that of a person who should say that the soil of Scotland was as rich as that of Kentucky, because there was no difference in the superficial contents of the acre.

During a pause in the discourse Hayne rose and urged the speaker to postpone his call upon the executive, at the same time complimenting him warmly upon his speech.

Taking up the word, Randolph declared that he could make no better speech. Not that this was to be regretted, for, like many other regular things, regular speeches were apt to be exceedingly dull. The general effect of such speeches was want of any effect whatsoever. What he did was to imitate an Italian improvisatore, taking up subjects that he had well thought out. He considered that the world had been greatly injured by parliamentary eloquence, which was no qualification for government. Fox, to be sure, was a statesman as well as a debater; but the dialectics of Pitt had been the curse of England. He was admirably qualified for a professor of rhetoric, and might have held that chair at Cambridge in Old or New England (a thrust at Mr. Adams, who had been professor of this art in Harvard College); but as a statesman he was a tyro, and his great measures all failed.

In concluding, Randolph told a story of some wise-acre who was sent to search the vaults of the Parliament house at the time of the gunpowder plot. This mythical personage reported that he found fifty barrels of powder, and had removed twenty-five of them and hoped that the rest would do no harm. "The step you are about to take," exclaimed the speaker, the characteristic outstretched forefinger pointing the emphasis, "applies the match to the powder; and, be there twenty-five barrels or fifty barrels, there is enough to blow, not the first of the Stuarts, but the last of another dynasty, sky-high, sir! Yes, sir, sky-high!"

And sky-high rose the voice of Mr. Randolph, as if to follow Mr. Adams in his aerial flight. There was no savor of the ridiculous in this passionate climax. The speaker's thorough-going sincerity prevented such a suggestion. The old saying that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts had a percentage of truth in it. Most men are conscious of selecting and modifying the products of the mind, with a view to their suitable presentation. The interest of Randolph's speeches was that he simply exposed his intellect and let you see it at work. It was like catching Webster or some other great orator in his library and looking over the rough notes he had rejected. There one might find figures of rhetoric a little too showy for good taste, blunt expressions of opinion which had been softened and draped in ambiguous phrases. It is possible that such a survey might increase our admiration for the artist at the expense of our respect for the man. But, after hearing Randolph speak or converse, the feeling was that you had come in contact with the essential personality of this Virginian Hotspur, and that there was much there which justified the affection which his friends felt for him.

A gentleman whom I met in Washington had returned with Randolph to his plantation after a session of congress

and testified to me of the affection with which he was regarded by his slaves. Men and women rushed toward him, seized him by the hand with perfect familiarity, and burst into tears of delight at his presence among them. His conduct to these humble dependents was like that of a most affectionate father among his children; and it is well known that, when he could no longer protect them, he emancipated them by will and provided for their support in a free State.

The time has not yet come to estimate with impartiality the class of southern gentlemen to which Randolph belonged. Many of them were of great ability and singular fascination of manner. Once accept their premises (and their premises were to them as the axioms of mathematics), and they are knightly figures fighting upon that side of the irrepressible conflict which protected their families and the civilization, such as it was, which had produced themselves and the high-spirited caste into which they were born. The incendiarism which would light the torch of servile insurrection and plunge their fair possessions into barbarism seemed to them far worse than that which fired warehouses and dwellings, which a few months of labor might replace. It is unnecessary here to enlarge upon the errors or delusions, which every schoolboy now deems himself able to expose. Of Mr. Randolph I saw too little, and I look with sincere regret upon this kind note from him, interleafed with my journal, and written the day I left Washington. It bids me come and dine with him at "Harrods (if I make out the name correctly) a confectioner's shop near the Seven Buildings." There I should have met a small circle of his friends, with the consequence of much pleasure to myself, and possibly half a century later of further reminiscences of John Randolph, of Roanoke.—[Josiah Quincy in New York Independent.]

Curious Epitaphs.

Sometimes a pun or play on the name is introduced; such as in the epitaph on John White:

"Here lies John, a shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all were white."

The following was rather epigrammatic than epitaphic in regard to the Rev. John Chest:

"Beneath this spot lies buried,
One Chest within another,
The outer chest was all that's good;
Who says so of the other?"

William Wilton, buried in Lambeth, certainly did not write the epitaph, which bears relation to him:

"Here lyeth W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

Nor, we may safely assert, did Owen Moore himself pen the following:

"Owen Moore is gone away,
'Owen' more than he could pay."

More likely to be genuine are those epitaphs which involve a bit of bad logic, syntax, grammar in their composition. In a graveyard at Montrose is said to be the following:

"Here lies the body of George Young and all their posterity
For fifty years backwards."

And in Wrexham church-yard are the following:

"Here lies five babies and children dear,
Three at Oswestry, and two here."

Akin to this logical blundering is:

"Here lies the remains of
Thomas Milsom, who died in
Philadelphia, March, 1763;
Had he lived he would have
Been buried here."

And another at Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire:

"Here lies father and mother and sister
and I;
We all died within the space of one
short year,
We all be buried in Wimble, except I;
And I be buried here."

[Chamber's Journal.]

GERMAN GIRLS.—The home life of German girls is far different from that of American girls, and we could hardly fancy anything more prosy than the home life of the high and well-born German girl. They are educated precisely alike, the range of study being limited. The common branches, French, sometimes English, and a few ornamental accomplishments, comprise the list. The statement that American girls study the sciences, and sometimes Greek and Latin, causes from them manifestations of surprise. The traditions and prejudices of their class are carefully inculcated. Any woman who does think and act in opposition to the conventional standard is looked on with distrust. But their domestic education is carefully attended to; whatever they rank, they must master all branches and steps of housekeeping. Their wedding trousseau and outfit in bed and table linen is generous in quantity and beautiful in texture, and usually made up by their own willing hands. An engagement with them is as solemn and binding as a marriage contract, and faithfulness in either sex is an exception that meets hearty condemnation. Their simplicity and quietness of life is a reproach to the lives of most of the idle, easy-going, frivolous girls of many other countries.

THE POET POE AND HORACE GREELY.—They occasionally met, and the latter often befriended the former, for he saw how ill adapted such a man was to contend with poverty. Greeley was born poor, and could live on a crust. He was a typesetter by trade, and if he failed as an editor he could fall back on labor. Poe, on the other hand, was bred a gentleman, and had the high-toned pride cultivated in the first families of Virginia. He scorned his Bohemian associates, and only poverty kept him from hurling reproach on his employers. The only one on whom he could rely for aid in any time of distress was Greeley, who freely shared with him his scanty earnings. After his death there was a demand for his autographs, and, among others, applications were made to Greeley. "I have a number," was Greeley's dry reply to an applicant, "which you can have at first cost." They were Poe's due-bills for loans varying from ten to twenty-five dollars. Greeley afterwards destroyed them, in preference to exposing the misfortunes of a friend.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat, but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

Star Movements.

Venus is evening star, and easily wins the place of honor in the planetary presentation that graces the February sky. Almost as soon as the day is done, and before the twilight glow has faded, the fairest of the stars peers from her hiding place and draws forth from every beholder a spontaneous tribute of admiration for her increasing splendor, her soft, pensile beauty, and the regal grace with which she wields the scepter of the stars. Two important epochs in her course occur this month. On the 20th she arrives at her greatest eastern elongation or most distant point from the sun. It will be remembered that the interior planets, Venus and Mercury, as seen from the earth, seem to oscillate in straight lines alternately east and west of the sun.

On the 13th of last July, Venus was in superior conjunction, being then at her greatest distance from the earth, and rising and setting with the sun, but too near him to be visible. She then passed to his eastern side and became evening star. She was far enough away to be seen in the western twilight in September, and ever since has been receding from the sun on her eastern track, increasing all the time in size and brilliancy. On the 20th she reaches the end of her invisible chain, and completes one-half her course as evening star. After this, reversing her movements, she approaches the sun until her inferior conjunction on the 3d of May, when her role as evening star is completed, the process occupying nearly two months. Then passing to the western side of the sun, she repeats the same course in reversed order as morning star until she again comes to her superior conjunction, and starts on a new course.

Any intelligent observer can follow the movements of this beautiful planet, and verify with his own eyes the laws which regulate her seeming progress through the sky. Let him remember that until the 20th she moves eastward; after this time she is stationary for a few days, and then retraces her steps, moving rapidly westward and glowing every night with increasing splendor until next May. Fortunately, we need learn but one thing at a time, and for two months we have nothing to note but her rapid approach to the sun, her wondrous brilliancy making her plainly visible in the daytime, and her perceptible shadow on moonless nights. She moves at apparently so slow a pace that, once having impressed upon the mind the prominent points of her course, it is easy to keep the track forever after.

The other important epoch in the February phases of Venus is her conjunction with Jupiter, which occurs exactly at midnight on the evening of the 21st. The two planets will then meet and pass each other, Venus being a little more than three degrees north of Jupiter. Last autumn Jupiter was just coming up in the east, while Venus, nearly at her most distant point, was descending in the west, the whole celestial arch intervening between them. Ever since they have been approaching, and the distance to be accomplished before they meet, quickly to separate, is plainly apparent. If Venus would only accede, or pass over Jupiter, it would be a sight to be remembered for a lifetime, but she wends on her resistless path three degrees to the north, and students of the stars must be contented with comparatively beautiful aspects when transcendent ones are beyond their reach. Venus and Jupiter, therefore, divide the honors of the month, and no one who looks above on starlit nights can fail to detect the two most brilliant stars that adorn the celestial sphere. Venus will be known at a glance, as fairest and brightest of the twinkling train, and Jupiter, perched above her on the celestial pathway, though shorn of his brightest rays as he travels far from earthly domains, is second only to the starry queen. Venus now sets at 9 o'clock; at the end of the month about a quarter before 10 o'clock.

Jupiter is evening star, and if he cannot carry off the palm for the radiance of his shining, he contributes to the annual of the month extraordinary illustrations of continued elemental warfare which may reasonably strengthen the faith of believers in the theory of planetary influence as a partial cause of the sun-spot period. To be sure, he passed perihelion two months ago, and is nearly at his greatest distance from the earth. But when a vast orb like the sun is excited it does not calm down to its normal condition in a minute, for the influence continues after the cause is partially removed. If Jupiter is increasing his distance, the three planets beyond him are all approaching their perihelia, and pulling upon the sun with a combined though lesser attraction, and it will not be strange if the present conditions of disturbance continue in a milder form for some time to come.

Shocks of earthquake will agitate the domain of Agram and its vicinity, where the latest reports announce that houses are toppling and the inhabitants are panic-stricken. A slight earthquake in Maine and a portentous underground rumbling in Texas give evidence of internal commotion in our own borders, while Mount Baker, in the extreme Northwest, is indulging in a fresh outbreak of volcanic flame. The feature of the last month was, however, the marvelous stormy weather that prevailed in many parts of Europe, especially in London. Nothing like it has been known in this generation. London was in a state of siege while suffering from the effects of the tempest of snow, rain and wind that forced the water of the Thames to a greater height than was ever known before, overflowed the embankments, flooded large districts, impeded railroad progress by snowdrifts seventeen feet high, and caused great destruction of life and property.

Other parts of Europe shared in the visitation. The Mediterranean was stirred to its depths; Spain lost millions from disastrous inundations; and Russia reports a million peasants in want of food at Samara, and three-quarters of a million starving at Saratoff. The sad experience has its parallel in our home records. The thermometer in Wisconsin recorded a temperature fifty-two degrees below zero, a whole village was buried in a snowdrift on the slope of the Blue Ridge, the snow fall at the south was unprecedented, and the remarkable storm of snow and sleet in New York was too disastrous in its consequences, and is too fresh in the memory to require

Life in a Gambling Haunt.

The gravelled walks on the terraces and round the gardens are occupied by promenaders, each bent on enjoyment, and there is an utter absence of the stiffness, and formality custom has enforced at Nice. The Englishman may be found sitting on a bench, his paper spread out before him, thinking of home and of skating on the lakes in the parks, while his face is bronzing with the warm sun, and that pipe which he has been compelled to smoke furtively since he landed at Boulogne or Calais is now held triumphantly in his mouth, mingling the fragrance of its smoke with the odor of the flowers around. There is the German, the inevitable German, with his blue cotton sunshade and spectacles. He never quits his Baedeker, and his literature wavers between the study of his guide book and of some theory propounded by a mathematician who on paper, has now reduced winning at the gaming tables to a certainty. The Russian stalks up and down, regarding his fellow-men du haut de sa grandeur as considerably inferior to him. The hours pass wearily enough for him until the shrine of Fortune opens and the ball is sent spinning round the roulette by the croupier. Then the eyes of the Muscovite light up, and pin and card in hand he watches the ball, pricking his pasteboard and indulging in hieroglyphics and cabalistic calculations. He is indifferent to loss or gain. He plays simply to amuse himself, and to while away the hours which hang so heavily on his hands.

Further along may be found the American, armed with his red-covered "Kremor's Graphic Railway Guide," which has become the guide, philosopher and friend of our transatlantic cousins who are visiting Europe. The tourist who comes from a country where everything is practical will not hear a word against his "Kremor," which contains all the information he can require, and prevents him from having to carry half a hundredweight of guide-books about with him. It contains skeleton maps, sketches of towns, advice to the traveler, with practical hints, valuable notes, etc., and its price is ridiculously small, while the descriptions are given in such a readable form that geography and history become a pleasant study. On the square in front of the Casino and the Hotel de Paris is the Cafe de Paris, with its polyglot waiters, and its customers speaking a Babel of tongues. Every beverage in the world can be obtained, from "Scotch whisky" to "prime old bourbon," but a line has been drawn at the "Tom gin," which is sold down in the Condamine with a label which savors strongly of the contraband. The tables standing out on the pavement in the sun are all occupied, for going to the cafe is not considered in the same light as going to the public house at home, and French customs and fashions have not only been accepted but adopted. The English lady and her daughter may be seen there of a morning, drinking their cafe au lait and eating their little rolls, while at 5 o'clock tea the tables are crowded, and the decoction of Bohea is passed round and imbibed with as much pleasure and apparent satisfaction as the Chinese manifests when he inhales the fumes of the opium from his metal pipe. The Frenchman sips his absinthe of an afternoon, the Italian drinks his vermouth, the Russian uncorks his pint of foaming champagne, and the German takes his coffee with milk, and accompanied by half a dozen sweet cakes, just to get his mouth into shape for table d'hot.

USEFUL RECIPES.

In warm weather put your eggs in cold water sometime before you are ready to use them.

Lemons may be kept fresh a long time in a jar of water; changing the water every morning.

A true test for eggs is to drop them in water, and if the large end comes up they are not fresh.

Fried Fritters.—Four eggs, one pint of milk, the rind of one grated lemon, a little salt, flour to make a light batter. Beat the eggs into the milk; add lemon, salt and flour. Fry in hot lard, and serve with wine.

Jumbles.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, six cups of flour, a little nutmeg. Roll them out, cut them with a tumbler and a wine-glass to form a ring; dust over with the white of an egg, and sift on a little sugar before baking.

Brussels Sprouts.—Trim them neatly and wash them. Put them to boil in plenty of salted water, and when almost done, strain them and dry them in a cloth. Put them in a saucepan, with a large piece of butter, pepper, salt and grated nutmeg to taste. Toss them gently on the fire until they are quite cooked.

Fish Fritters.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the previous day, remove all the bones and pound it in a mortar; add bread crumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a teaspoonful of cream, with two well-beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper and anchovy sauce. Beat it all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HIS STEP-MOTHER.—Last evening several speakers had something to say about their mother's prayers, and Mr. Beecher gave his opinion. "My mother died," he said, "when I was three years old, and I had to make her in my imagination. My father's second wife was a beautiful and cultivated woman, but she had no demonstrative affection. I do not remember that I ever once ran to her when I was in trouble, though I ran away from her a good many times. I never buried my head in her lap. I always expected criticism. She was the mother of my clothes and of my food, but never the mother of my heart. I used to long for a mother that had a bosom. I built that with my imagination. Her praying never produced any more effect upon me than a flake of snow upon a slate roof. It did afterward, when I was nine or ten years old. I used to be afraid of hell and the devil, for ministers used to scare children. The child that really and deeply loves its mother will not get away from her."

Here is a good illustration of the motives by which most men are moved: A Sunday school teacher said, "Now, children, if a boy should strike you on your way to school, it would be your duty to forgive him, wouldn't it?" "Yes, ma'am," from the whole class. "And you would really forgive him, wouldn't you?" she continued. One little fellow answered with calm deliberation, "Yes, ma'am, I think I would, specially if he was bigger than I am."