

"ON TO RICHMOND."

Here we go, through ice and snow; but urgent business compels the trip. A warm car is certainly comfortable after a tedious wagon-ride. At Weldon, Mr. Emry has ready a dinner, such as we never saw before in Weldon. Just think of oysters, fat turkey, rich milk and pie—who wants any "Saratoga potatoes"? But we go through Petersburg, and into Richmond. Well, we have beaten Gen. McDowell. He started to Richmond and had to change his mind and body both. But he was not invited and had no ticket. And then he made such a fuss about it, blowing his horns, beating his drums, and shooting off his guns. No wonder the people objected. Why could he not "go in peace"? Stop at Ford's Hotel. Mr. Ford assigns an excellent room, just opposite his own, and the fare is all a hungry man could ask, and all the market affords. Only one objection, the man who buys provisions knows no difference between negro-chokers and Barbadoes potatoes; neither do the market men. They all think a potato is a potato. Dr. Walters once asked a mountain farmer what stock of hogs he preferred. "A hog is a hog with me, and I never bother about his blood," said the farmer. The snow in Richmond hardly covers the ground, but the sleet is dangerous, and many have fallen in their efforts to walk. The ice is thick on the Basin and hundreds of skaters glide over it, and still some of the merchants are advertising "Northern ice for sale," very discouraging to home enterprise. Go to see Woodhouse & Parham. They are busy, though the book trade is dull. Most of the new publications are rather cheap and trashy. Starke and Ryland are also busy, and very kind. They seem to be doing well. They are worthy and the people know it. Randolph & English have old and rare books, and their business seems to be lively. West & Johnson have plenty of law-books, but none in our line. Call on Mr. Allegre, of the *Enquirer*. He is quite sick and not able to attend to business. Very sorry. He is a clever man, and a good citizen. Made a pleasant visit to the store of Presbyterian Committee of Publication. The *Children's Friend*, an excellent paper, is published there, and many good books are printed and sold. We found on their counter a picture of Noah's Ark, made in New York, with forty-eight windows, just forty-seven more than Noah ever saw. What would Capt. Noah think if he could see that fancy picture of his famous old ship? Visit Mr. Pelouze, the type-founder. His prices are stiff as a poker, and he belongs to the "ring." So many rings! The rail-roads, the merchants, the mechanics and the farmers all have rings. The only chance to move along is to "ring in." But we talk Mr. Pelouze into tolerable terms. Go to see Mr. Macmundo, of the R. & D. R. R. He is absent, and the chief clerk sends us to Col. Buford, the President. Find him a tall, spare man, pleasant and precise in transacting business. Went to see the statue of "Stonewall Jackson." Very imposing with one exception, it is made black by exposure, and the Hero seems to belong to another race. All

these statues in the Capitol Square need cleaning up. The fountains with their frozen spray are Icelandic and enchanting. But the bad weather does not allow us to visit persons and places as we desired. A very pleasant man is Mr. Leo Wheat, famous as a musician. His heart is very tender on the North Carolina side. In this he differs from many Virginians whose state-pride makes them almost impolite. We heard a prominent business man tell his clerk to "turn to the map of Virginia, with North Carolina on to it." Their almanacs are made in the same way, though they have none that compare with our own Farewell, Virginia! Your land has given many entertaining chapters to history, and your people, in spite of all their pomp and pride, merit the high esteem in which the world has so long held them.

AN ORPHAN'S RUIN, AND HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

Some of our discharged orphan girls are married. Many are earning an honest income, and are useful to the communities in which they live. A few have so far failed to realize the hopes of their friends. One sad case has come to our knowledge, and, after careful consideration, we are convinced that the people are entitled to the facts. Here they are:

She came here three years ago, strong and healthy in body, but slow and dull in mind. Still she made some progress in learning to read and write. At the end of eighteen months, her age made it our duty to discharge her. Just then a pious, clever lady, who had raised her own children well, wrote that a friend of hers wanted a girl. She endorsed the situation as one very eligible for an orphan, one in which she would be carefully instructed and properly guided and guarded. The orphan was sent, and we were duly informed that she gave entire satisfaction. But on the same lot was employed, by day, a mulatto wench, the concubine of a bachelor neighbor, and the orphan girl was often thrown into her company. Do the people know that yellow-back novels and yellow-face women are very extensively employed by the Devil in the overthrow of virtue? A fallen woman generally slanders the pure and seeks to draw them down to her own level. She hunts, with a wolfish appetite and with a vulpine cunning, for every opportunity of moral soricide. A corrupt (or easily corrupted) negro girl has often proved a dangerous hand-maid for a well-bred lady, and has sometimes frustrated the careful training of a wise and prudent mother. A wicked woman should never be employed in any respectable family, nor be brought in contact with any decent girl. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The Apostle Peter was certainly wise in enjoining "Chaste conversation" upon all Christian women.

But we must proceed with our sad story. The mulatto concubine plotted and contrived an acquaintance between the bachelor and the orphan, and now alas, the poor girl has before her the dreadful prospect of all the burdens and responsibilities of extreme poverty and premature maternity. Her sin is now, and will be ever before her. This world (wicked as it certainly is) offers her no opening but a season of bitter sorrow and the gate-way of the grave.

DEATH OF DR. WALTERS.

Rev. William Thomas Walters, D.D., quietly fell asleep on last Sunday evening. On Monday his body was restored to the earth, because his spirit had returned to the God who gave it. He was the son of a highly respected farmer, and spent his boyhood in the neighborhood of Milton. By teaching school and using strict economy, he paid his way at Wake Forest College and graduated with distinction. He was soon after employed as tutor, and then made professor of mathematics in the same institution. As a teacher, he was laborious, faithful and considerate. His knowledge of human nature and human character enabled him to discern the proper time to give advice, and to administer rebuke. Hence his words were seldom wasted. He believed that a teacher could also be useful as a preacher, and his sermons were sound and practical, and free from all superfluities. Many of them will never be forgotten by congregations at Corinth, Weldon and Littleton. The word pastor means a feeder, and in this sense Dr. Walters was a true pastor of his people. After teaching a few years, he resigned his professorship and turned his attention to farming. In this calling his practical sense ensured success. As agricultural editor of the *Biblical Recorder* he exerted an extensive influence upon the farming interests of the State. His crops were usually the best in his neighborhood, and younger farmers followed his plans and suggestions. At the close of the war he accepted an appointment as agent for State Missions and visited many parts of the State, collecting money where people said there was none, and sustaining the ministers where the people were not able to support the gospel. He delivered many able addresses, and generally left a lasting impression for good. In one respect he was certainly fortunate. His first wife (Miss Bette Davidson) was not only handsome, but remarkable for her good sense and commanding influence, and her mother was a model mother-in-law. His second wife and his second mother-in-law, who both survive him, are the equals of the first. And now a wise and good man is gone from the earth. He has finished his work and enjoys his rest. A few days before his death we called to see him. He spoke freely of his approaching departure, said he was sustained by a cheerful hope, and told us to show no signs of sadness. But our loss of such a friend was so great, and so grievous was the affliction of his family that we could not comply with his request, and when he fell asleep, we quietly came away. But it is a happy religion which drinks consolation from the cup of death and dissipates the gloom of the grave with the hope of a glorious resurrection.

"DOWN TO THE CHILDREN."

Some orators claim (O how loftily!) that they find difficulty in coming down to speak to children. Some writers say they depart from their natural style when they come down to write for children. Some men deceive themselves in regard to the plane on which they move. Very few speakers or writers are able to go up to the sublime faith of artless children, and few ascend to that purity of thought and feeling,

concerning which it may be said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The best way to entertain children is to spread out unvarnished truth before them. The best way to secure their confidence is never to betray it. Human life is often like a river, starting with a pure fountain and flowing down (not up) and gathering impurities as it goes. A little girl said in her composition: "Babies are the sweetest things in the world; but they get meaner as they grow older until they are not fit to live, and then they have to die." Let a speaker stand on the plane of human depravity and address a fashionable world lying in wickedness, and corrupted by evil thoughts, profane words and sinful ways, and then let him ask himself if he must not go up to get on a level with uncorrupted and unpretending children, and reach them.

"To love with pure affection deep,
All creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
To Him who made them all."

"And sure it is no common task
That thus to man is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The inhabitant of heaven."

WISE OR OTHERWISE?

Is it wise to lay down certain laws of action, dignified by the name of principles, and endeavor to act upon them at all times and under all circumstances? Can square and compass compassionate immortal mind? Yet time out of mind have the vaunted principles of some fanatic been eroded before our gaze till we, disgusted with observing the devious course of the devotee who boasted plumb-line accuracy have reflected if this be principle and its effects, may kind Providence accelerate our speed towards the other extreme. In the course of every life worth living we must come upon unexpected new difficulties for which perchance we can find no parallel in the lives of those we have known and read of and in the model we triumphantly moulded so long ago and upon which we have been virtuously trying to shape our lives. If these many years this feature was entirely left out and now behold a marred and worthless image. But perhaps the advocate for principles will select those few which have been long tried and proven to be true, and so is content to move in his prescribed circle bounded by the arcs of a few never failing rules. We can only say (copy they who can be content to live "at this poor dying rate" they are at least spared the pain of that inward fire "which will not dwell in its own narrow being." But the test of expediency is universal good and what advantage if one class survives this caging by principle if it is death, to the other, for to all intents and purposes this would be the natural consequence if at every rise the victim flapped his wings against some code convention or array of principles. Perhaps though it is argued that without some such restraining influence too many flights might be taken, but these seeming digressions are in reality offshoots ventures in the right direction and if otherwise who will declare that he has solved the problem of absolute right, and therefore competent to sit in judgment on the conduct of others yet grant me that the attempt at right has proven a step in the wrong direction even then the deflection may not be an unwholesome lesson any way while not framing plea

for wrong doing that good may accrue we think the doubtful evil would better be substitute for the certain.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

As this question is assuming a practical shape, we desire to submit some consideration concerning it:

1. If silver were adopted as the standard of value and medium of circulation by the nations generally, once was, it would be no more fluctuating in its value than gold. It is almost certain that no greater or more sudden increase in the production of silver can take place than occurred in gold after the discovery of that metal in California and Australia.

The immense increase of gold at that time reduced its relative value below that of silver, and nations that had formerly used a silver standard chiefly preferred a gold standard. Now, however, when a great and sudden increase of silver has taken place, so that silver coins are less valuable relatively than gold ones, the cry is to change back again to silver. It may be expected that whichever standard will appear to be stable in value, and the other will appear to fluctuate.

The Spanish or Mexican pillar dollar came at one time to be nearer the standard currency of the world than any other coin, though Britain always and almost alone maintained a gold standard.

One thing is certain, there can be no double standard; for whenever the coins of one metal become relatively more valuable than those of the other (and this seesaw is almost certain to go on) all payments will be made in the less valuable coins, and the more valuable will disappear in a great measure from circulation.

One other thought. Since the recent diminution of the exchangeable value of both metals it takes a much greater weight of either to carry on the same amount of business. When an English shilling would buy six dozen of eggs and other things in proportion silver was not burdensome in the pocket, but if it takes four times as much to make the same purchase it is clear that silver needed for ordinary transactions might be inconveniently heavy. This probably was the reason for so many nations preferring gold, and a good reason it is.

Gold coins would be a far more suitable currency than silver for anything more than small change. In any case, however, bills redeemable in the legal coins would of course be the chief currency.

CLUBS FOR EDITORS.—"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but recovering herself sufficiently to ask, "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he want with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers; I suppose there are plenty of such people." That boy stands the chance for Presidency, if he lives.