Staunton Spectator.

VOL. XXXVII. | STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1860. | NO. IX.

Staunton Spectator.

JOS. A. WADDELL,
L. WADDELL, Jr.,
RICHARD MAUZY. } Proprietors.

TERMS.

The "SPECTATOR" is published once a week at Two Dollars and fifty Cents a year, which may be discharged by the payment of Two Dollars at any time within the year. No subscription will be discontinued but at the option of the Editors, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS of ten lines (or less,) inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent continuance. Larger advertisements inserted in the same proportion.

A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

Professional Cards, not exceeding seven lines, will be inserted for one year for $5 00—6 months for $3 00.

One square, (ten lines)	1 year	$8 00
" "	6 months	5 00
" "	3 "	3 00
Two squares	1 year	12 00
" "	6 months	8 00
" "	3 "	5 00
Three squares	1 year	15 00
" "	6 months	10 00
" "	3 "	7 00
One third column	1 year	18 00
" " "	6 months	12 00
" " "	3 "	8 00
One column	1 year	50 00
" "	6 months	30 00

All advertising for a less time than three months, will be charged for at the usual rates—$1 00 per square for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent issue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARKWOOD & GRAVES, FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
Opposite the Marble Yard,
Main St., Staunton, Va.

WOULD inform their friends and the public generally that they are now prepared to execute work entrusted to them in the neatest and most fashionable styles.

As they have had the practice of six years as **CUTTERS** they feel confident of pleasing all who may favour them with their custom, and they hope by prompt attention to business to merit a liberal share of patronage

Staunton, Sep. 6, 1859.

JAS. H. MCVEIGH. EDGAR T. MCVEIGH.
JAS. H. McVEIGH & SON.,
(Successors to McVeigh & Chamberlain,)
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND DEALERS IN
Liquors, Wines, Tobacco, Segars, &C.,
PRINCE STREET WHARF,
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
March 29, 1859.—1y.

Western Virginia MARBLE WORKS,
AT STAUNTON
AND
HARRISONBURG.
MARQUIS & KELLEY.
Staunton, April 7, 1858.

GEO. M. COCHRAN. JAMES COCHRAN.
COCHRAN & COCHRAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,

WILL practice their profession in all the Courts of Augusta and the Circuit Courts of Bath and Highland. Strict attention will be given to all business entrusted to their care.

Aug. 24, 1858.

POWELL HARRISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,

WILL practice in the Courts of Augusta and Highland.

☞ He may be found at his office, adjoining the Sheriff's office.

Dec. 9, 1857.

G. A. SMITH Manufacturer of Ladies' Shoes of all descriptions, keeps a large stock constantly on hand and offers them at very reasonable prices. Also MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES. His stand is NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE. Patronage is respectfully solicited.

Staunton, May 17, 1859.

GUY & WADDELL,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

BUYERS AND SELLERS will find it to their advantage to call at their office in the BRICK PART OF THE OLD BELL TAVERN.

Staunton, Sep. 6, 1859.

G. C. YEAKLE,
DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
Opposite Va. Hotel, Staunton, Va.
Staunton, Aug. 30, 1859.

J. M. HANGER
ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,

WILL practice in all the Courts held in Staunton, and in the Circuit Courts of Albemarle and Rockingham. Office in the brick-row, in the rear of the Court-house.

Staunton, Dec. 30, 1857.

JOHN W. MEREDITH,
DEALER IN
JEWELRY, CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.,
Main St., Staunton, Va.

☞ Watches and Jewelry Repaired.

Staunton, Jan. 17.

DOCTOR JAMES B. GILKESON—Having located in Staunton, tenders his professional services to the public. He may be found, when not professionally engaged, at the room over the Saddle and Harness establishment of Mr. G. H. Elick, nearly opposite the Post Office.

Staunton Feb. 8, 1859—tf.

A. D. CHANDLER,
UNDERTAKER,
Staunton, Va.,

KEEPS METALIC CASES of all sizes, at Staunton and Millborough Depot, at City Prices.

Staunton, July 19, 1859.

R. L. DOYLE,
Attorney at Law, Staunton, Va.,

WILL practice in the Courts of Augusta, Rockbridge, Bath and Highland.

July 29, 1857.

KIRKWOOD HOUSE,
Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.,
JOHN H. & A. W. KIRKWOOD,
PROPRIETORS.
Washington, March 24, 1858—1y

D. A. KAYSER would call attention to a new lot of French Cassimeres, Long Shawls, Canton Flannels, Furs, Velvet Ribands, and many other things just to hand.

Staunton, Nov. 15, 1859.

HEALING WATER.—DR. W. B. YOUNG, Druggist, has a large lot of Healing Water for sale, and is the regular Agent for it in Staunton.

Dec. 13.

A LOT OF FINE HAVANA CIGARS and CHEWING TOBACCO just received and for sale by P. H. TROUT & CO.

Staunton, Nov. 8.

STOVES, STOVES.—We have just received 52 Stoves of various patterns, some entirely new, to which we invite the attention of the public.

Staunton, Oct. 25. WOODS & GILKESON.

JUST RECEIVED.—The best and cheapest low price TOBACCO that can be found. Wholesale or retail by JNO. B. EVANS.

Staunton, July 26, 1859.

CORN MEAL—For sale in large or small quantities at the STAUNTON STEAM MILLS at market prices. Apply to

May 31, '59. S. A. RICHARDSON, Sup't.

PHYSICIANS can always be supplied with a full assortment of Medicines of the BEST QUALITY at DR. H. S. EICHELBERGER'S.

Staunton, Jan. 25, '59

COAL OIL—A splendid article, at DR. W. B. YOUNG'S.

Staunton, Nov. 1.

FURS! FURS!—15 sets of Furs just received, and will be sold at a very low figure.

Staunton, Nov. 8. PIPER & FUNKHOUSER.

1 HANDSOME COAL GRATE for sale by WOODS & GILKESON.

Staunton, Oct. 25.

MILLER'S HEAVY GOODS—A full supply for Servants' Wear, just received by

Staunton, Oct. 11, '59. TAYLOR & HOGE.

JUST RECEIVED—A very fine assortment of CLOCKS to be sold very low.

Staunton, Aug. 9, '59. G. C. YEAKLE.

A BOOK FOR FARMERS.—Campbell's Manual of Agriculture. ROB'T COWAN.

Staunton, Nov. 15.

LEATHER! LEATHER!!—2000 lbs SOLE LEATHER—good stamp—for sale by

Oct. 25. P. N. POWELL & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO.,
131, BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE.
MANUFACTURERS OF
IMPROVED TIGHT STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
For Families and Manufacturing Establishments.

LET Manufacturers, Planters, Farmers Housekeepers, or any other persons in search of an instrument to execute any *kind of Sewing now done by machinery, make sure they secure the best,* by examining ours before purchasing. Samples of work sent by mail,

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD SEWING MACHINE?

1. It should be well made, simple in its construction, and easily kept in order.
2. It should make a TIGHT LOCK-STITCH, alike on both sides of the material.
3. It should sew any and all materials that can be sewed.
4. It should be able to use Cotton, Thread or Silk directly from the spool.
5. It should be able to sew from coarse to fine, and from thick to thin, with rapidity, and without changing the tension.
6. It should be able to make the tension greater or less, on both the under and upper threads, and with uniformity.
7. It should have a straight needle, curved ones are liable to break.
8. The needle should have perpendicular motion. This is absolutely necessary for heavy work.
9. It should be capable of taking in the largest pieces of work.
10. It should be able to bind with a binder, hem with a hemmer; should stitch, fell, run and gather.
11. It should be always ready to work.
12. It should be capable of using the same size of thread on both sides of the work, and of using different colored thread or silk, above or below, to correspond with any two colors of cloth to be united.
13. It should be able to make a long or short stitch.
14. It should be able to fasten off the seam, and commence sewing tightly at the first stitch.
15. It should run easily and make but little noise.
16. It should have a wheel feed; none others are in constant contact with the work.
17. It should *not* be liable to get out of order.
18. It should *not* be liable to break the thread nor skip stitches.
19. It should *not* be necessary to use a screw-driver or wrench to set the needle.
20. It should *not* be liable to soil the operators dress.
21. It should *not* form a ridge on the under side, nor ravel out, nor be wasteful of thread, as is the case with ALL CHAIN STICH machines.
22. It should *not* be more trouble than it is worth.
23. All of these advantages are possessed in our machine. LADD, WEBSTER & CO.

Dec. 6, 1859.—1y.

FOR GOVERNOR.
GABRIEL HIRSH!
FOR LIEUT. GOV.
WILLIAM JONAS!

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the Atlantic Cable to come up to the expectations of some of the knowing ones of the Old and New World, yet GABRIEL HIRSH, one of the largest stockholders in the concern, for the purpose of cultivating a fraternal feeling with all mankind, has extended it as far as the city of Staunton, where it is performing some of the greatest achievements of the age, in the way of exhibiting at his old stand, on Main Street, the largest and most complete STOCK OF GOODS ever brought to this market. The greatest wonder, however, even surpassing the operations of the Cable, are the "CHINESE JUGGLERS," on exhibition at his window, where the prettiest man in the country is always to be found engaged in Repairing Watches and Jewelry.

☞ The **$4,000** offered some time since is still in the hands of a responsible gentleman in Staunton, ready to be handed over to any one who will bring forward a superior workman in his line. G. HIRSH.

Staunton, Oct. 19, 1858—tf

CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT!!!
CHOICE VARIETIES
FOR THE SEASON AT THE STAND
FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY
WM. T. MOUNT, Main St., Staunton, Va
MAGNUS S. CEASE

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Staunton and vicinity to his large and entirely new stock of FALL GOODS, which he is now receiving and opening, consisting of Water, Sugar and Soda Crackers, Picnics, Raisins, Figs, Currants, Citron, Dates, Prunes, English Walnuts, Filberts, Almonds, Ground Nuts, Pecan Nuts, Lemons, Oranges, Sardines, and **Candies of every description.** Also FANCY GOODS, FRENCH CANDIES, CAKES AND TOYS.

☞ Wedding parties furnished at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Also Fresh Peaches, Lobsters, Pickles, Catchups, &c., &c.

He will sell on reasonable terms, and respectfully solicits a share of patronage.

☞ Candy sold at *Wholesale and Retail.*

Staunton, Nov. 8, 1859.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT THE
CLOTHING HOUSE OF
JACOB POLLITZ,
(BRANDEBURG'S OLD STAND.)

THOUGH the Great Eastern has met with serious accident, yet my large and well selected stock of FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING will abundantly show that my cargo of Goods did arrive safely, and includes the greatest variety of WELL FINISHED CLOTHING ever brought to this market.

My present stand, at **Brandeburg's old Corner and Opposite the Va. Hotel,** gives a sufficiency of room to show to my customers as nice a stock of Clothing as can be exhibited this side of Baltimore and which I will sell at Baltimore City Prices.

The public are invited to examine my stock, before purchasing elsewhere, at least all those who consider that "a penny saved is a penny made."

JACOB POLLITZ,
Brandeburg's old stand, Opp'te Va. Hotel.
Staunton, Oct. 11. 1859.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

IN the ALBEMARLE INSURANCE COMPANY, Charlottesville. The Capital of the Company is large and well secured, and its business conducted on the most prudent principles. Lives of Slaves insured at the lowest rates. Apply to

HUGH W. SHEFFEY, Agent.

I am also Agent of the CHARTER OAK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, one of the most substantial and prudently conducted Compa's in the United States. The widow of the late John H. Brown received through me $2,500 the amount of the policy on her husband's life. HUGH W. SHEFFEY,

Dec. 13.—3m.

TANNERY.—I have this day associated my son, Wm. B. Gallaher with me in the Tanning business in the town of Waynesboro' and the business will hereafter be conducted in the name of H. L. GALLAHER & SON.

Persons indebted to my Tannery are hereby notified to come forward and settle, and those having claims against it are requested to present the same for payment. My son, Wm. B. Gallaher, will always be found at the Tannery and is authorized to settle for me.

Public patronage is solicited for the new concern.

☞ The highest Cash price will be paid for hides, skins and bark at all times. H. L. GALLAHER.

Waynesboro', Oct. 4, 1859.—1y*.

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, having been located permanently in Staunton for the last four years, would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he still continues to practice Dentistry in all its various branches, with the strictest regard to durability and usefulness.

Office on the south-side of Main Street opposite the old Spectator Office.

Staunton, Nov. 29, 1854.

WHEAT WANTED.—The Staunton Steam Mills Co. will pay the highest prices in Cash for Wheat. Farmers wishing to dispose of their crops will probably consult their interests by bringing samples to S. A. RICHARDSON, Sup't.

Nov. 15, 1859.

COACH BODY VARNISH, a superior grade of Copal Varnish, Japan do., Demar, do., Mastic do., and all other Varnishes, for sale by

Staunton, Nov. 29. P. H. TROUT & CO.

FURS.—A few sets of very handsome Brown Russia, Fitch and Sable Furs. Received and for sale by D. A. KAYSER.

Staunton, Nov. 22, 1859.

CORN SHELLERS.—We have on hand four different varieties of Corn Shellers and Separators. WOODS & GILKESON.

Staunton, Oct. 25.

LADIES' CLOAKS.—We have just received a new supply of Cloaks of the very latest style worth, from $18 to $30.

Staunton Dec. 20. PIPER & FUNKHOUSER.

WAITERS.—Several handsome sets of Waiters. Also single do. for sale by

Staunton, Oct. 25. WOODS & GILKESON.

LARGE QUANTITY OF SALTPETRE for sale by P. H. TROUT & CO.

Staunton, Nov. 29.

PURE GROUND PEPPER—ground by ourselves. Also Pepper in grain. P. H. TROUT & CO.

Staunton, Nov. 29.

ALL kinds of Iron Machinery fitted up at the work Shop of the Staunton Foundry.

Sep. 13, 1859. A. J. GARBER & CO.

FOR Hats, Caps, and every style of Gents' Furnishing Goods, call at J. POLLITZ'S

Staunton, Oct. 11, 1859. Clothing House

SOFAS—A new lot Sofas, just to hand, very cheap

Staunton, July 19, '59. A. D. CHANDLER.

POETRY.

From the Southern Homestead.

Will he be Home To-night?—A Song of the "Old Love at Home."

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

The light fades out from the purple hills,
The woodlands are turning brown,
On rock and river, and musical rills,
The shadows are coming down.
A faint blush lingers along the sky,
And over the mountain's height—
Oh! speed, dark hours, like swift birds by,
For HE must be home to-night!

See! nestled soft in their snowy beds,
O'er which the fire-light glows,
Peer out their golden, curly heads
And cheeks of the richest rose.
The board is spread with its dainty cheer,
The tapers are all alight,
My flowers is in bloom—but—can this be fear?
Oh! WILL he come home to-night.

Mine eyes are bright—is't because they see
And mirror with faithful shine,
The stars of love thou wilt bring with thee,
In those soft dark eyes of thine?
And the golden gleams, like the sun on streams,
And the floating of fancies light,
That will dance o'er my heart in its gladsome dreams,
If thou wilt come home to-night?

My cheek's aglow; is't because I'm drest,
In his fancy's favorite hue?
Come tell me, Elise, do I "look my best"
In this robe of the richest hue?
Is my hair in the way he loves, you know,
Is the fall of the ringlets right?
Do you think me vain? Ah it is not so—
But—he will be home to-night!

"Look well," you say? I am glad the while,
And I hope he will note the glow,
And the lighted eye and the sunny smile,
Which charmed him so long ago.
I KNOW that my summers are passing away,
That I'm NOT as beautiful—quite—
I know what HE'LL SAY, with his smile so gay,
If he should come home to-night.

Yes—I think he'll come; o'er the crimson keys
Of my heart doth a music swell,
Like the soft, sweet chiming of distant seas
Through the folds of a lonely shell;
And SOMETHING that's neither of earth nor air,
But endowed with an angel's might,
Has met my spirit and whispered there,
"Rest! he will be home to-night!"

Oh! God be thanked who has kept him safe
In his wanderings wild and wide;
And guided him back like a precious waif
Astray on stormy tide.
Ha! there's the train! with signal shrill,
Oh! dark hours speed your flight!
Oh! soul rejoice—oh! heart be still—
He has come—he has come to-night!

FOREST HOME, 1859.

MISCELLANY.

From Washington Irving's Sketch Book.

The Wife.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As the concealed comforts of man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed is not sweeter. [MIDDLETON.]

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to the character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and gentle female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."—And, indeed, I have observed that a marrried man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness.—My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life.—She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance.—When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burden for its very helplessness.—Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony, and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow, and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" said he, "if you have pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinement of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!—"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words.—When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—"

"I could be happy with her," cried he convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye, more, it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language that caught the excited imagination of Leslie.—I knew the auditor I had to deal with, and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But poor girl," added he "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation, she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over, whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour of the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterward he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the furniture of his late residence had been sold excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice.

I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband. He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as he walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I: "has anything happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she, then, repined at the charge?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future prosperity."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet, and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm—we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out of the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white, a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair, a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage, and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here—!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face. 'Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed in his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

A WONDER.—*A Mechanical Genius Rewarded in his Lifetime.*—The New York Chronicle of this week contains the following sketch of one of the luckiest men in this or any other country:

"Strangers in New York have often noticed, with interest, a tall portly, well-to-do-looking Quakerlike personage, who, with long, flowing brown hair, a serene and benevolent countenance, a white cravat, a broad-brimmed hat, and easy, rational garments and gait, was passing through Broadway, at a firm and manly stride. Most frequently, perhaps, he has been met somewhere between the City Hall and the St. Nicholas.

"Yet, notwithstanding his Quaker aspect, there was something indescribable in his appearance which smacked of the 'earth, earthy'; something in the assured repose of his countenance, which, though it might mark a 'conscience void of offence,' was suggestive equally of a large bank account at the Park, or some other 'two-million.' This suggestion would seem to get confirmation when the speculative observer, crossing casually to Brooklyn, would encounter the benevolent looking Quaker, sitting in a splendid phaeton, with four dashing horses in hand, whom he managed with the same ease and self-possession which had marked his pedestrian mood on Broadway. By his side sat a noble looking woman, of whose distinguished air, the observer fancied that a fond and complacent consciousness lurked in his eye and bearing.

"This gentleman as the world goes, has a right to be serene and take his comfort. If an income of $200,000 per anum, now regularly received without other trouble than to take it and look after it, can do anything to make a man contented, this individual is the exact illustration of such a state of things. He is Elias Howe, Jr., and the distinguished looking lady is his wife, and the splendid phaeton and dashing horses are purchased with his own money, received in the shape of 'royalty' on the sewing machine of which he was the inventor. Men have come by fortunes in much worse ways.—This is the result of his happy ingenuity. May he truly enjoy it, and use it well. His peculiarity is the back-stich principle, for the use of which he receives five dollars on the price of every sewing machine that employs it. We are informed that his patent expires in two years, and that so valuable is the restriction of the right to those who use it, that they are desirous to extend the patent, and so prevent this universally admired and useful invention from being thrown open to promiscuous competition. In a mechanical and mercantile view, this is an interesting fact. Here is a patent which enriches the inventor beyond all precedent, and yet is so valuable to the numerous manufacturers who employ it, that they prefer to continue the payment of the royalty."

NAPOLEON'S WAR HORSE.—Every body has seen a copy in some form of the famous painting, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and everybody, doubtless remembers the noble looking white horse in the foreground, which bears upon his back the young general of the army of Italy, who leans upon the neck of the rearing steed, and points to the long lines of soldiers climbing by tortuous paths the steep and rocky passes of the Alps. This horse is not a mere artist's ideal, but was intended as portrait of Napoleon's horse, Superb. This beautiful animal was a light gray Arabian, about 15 3-4 hands high, slightly, but compactly built, possessing remarkable intelligence and muscular power, combined with a nervous, active temperament, and a strong vigorous constitution.

Superb was a great favorite with Napoleon, and accompanied him in many of his most successful campaigns. In 1813, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, he was captured by the Russian General Orloff, who kept him at St. Petersburg till 1834, when he was presented to the father of M. Tourmiaire, the manager of the imperial circus, a passionate lover and accomplished trainer of horses, and well known for his devoted attachment to the memory of the Napoleon. Gen. Orloff, in presenting the horse, said, "Jacques Tourmiaire, you were greatly attached to the late Emperor of the French; and your attachment honors you. You are known to be a favorite of horses; and, satisfied of the care he will receive at your hands, to you I confide this, my greatest favorite. Superb is too slight for use. I have grown too heavy for him. To sell him to a strange master is a fate to which I cannot think of subjecting him. To you I entrust him, as you loved him to whom he first belonged, you will, I am sure, cherish Superb for the memory of his owner, as well as for his own sake." The horse was well cared for by his new master; who brought him upon the stage, and taught him to perform some light parts in pieces performed in the circus. Jacques Tourmiaire died in 1839, and left Superb to his son, who treated the veteran still with the tenderest care. He was subsequently exhibited in London and other large cities.

Several years since we read a short history of this horse, published in an English Journal, and if our memory serves us well, it was stated that he was foaled in 1802, and died 1841, having lived to the extraordinary age of *thirty-nine years.—Amer. Stock Journal.*

The following is very ancient, and very good, too:

"Luck varies with the men who hunt
For gold—so I'll explain:
Some find the ore 'in creases,"
While others seek 'in *vein*.' "

"Patrick," said a pedestrian, "which is the road to Burlington?" "Who told ye me name?" said Pat. "Why, I guessed it." Then, be jabers, guess the road to Burlington," retorted the offended Hibernian.

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

From the Evening Post.

Nobody's Song.

(Swift never wrote anything better in verse than the following lines from an unknown correspondence:)

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own;
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I sprung;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning, Nobody
To me was tender and dear;
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody was ever near;
I was petted and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me up;
And when I was hungry, Nobody
Gave me to dine or sup.

I went to school to Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read;
I played in the street with Nobody,
And to Nobody ever gave heed;
I recounted my tale to Nobody.
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have love for Nobody,
Which Nobody has for his wife.
So here's a health to Nobody,
For "Nobody's now in town."
And I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own.

THE MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.—I am what the old women call an "Odd Fish." I do nothing under heaven without a motive, never. I attempt nothing, unless there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they are not deserved, and, finally, I don't wait upon the girls, when I think my attentions would be disagreable. I am a matter-of-fact man—I am. I do everything seriously. I once offered to attend a young lady home; I did it seriously; that is, I meant to wait on her home, if she wanted me. She accepted my offer, I went home with her, and it has ever since been an enigma with me, whether she wanted me or not. I bade her good night, and she said not a word. I met her next morning and I said not a word. I met her again and she gave me two hours' talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said, and could not for the life of her conceive why. She begged me to explain, but would not give me a chance to do so. She said she hoped I wouldn't be offended, asked me to call, and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she wanted me or not.

Once I saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I did; I inquired for the lady, and was told she was not at home. I expect she was; I went away thinking so; I rather think so still. I met her again; she was offended; said I had not been neighborly; she reproached me for my negligence; said she thought I had been unkind. And I've ever since wondered whether she thought so or not.

A lady once said to me that she would like to be married, if she could get a good, congenial husband, who would make her happy, or at least try to. She was not difficult to please, she said. I said I should like to get married, too, if I could find a wife that would try to make me happy. She said umph, and looked as if she meant what she said. She did; for when I asked if she thought she could not be persuaded to marry me, she said she would rather be excused. I have often wondered why I excused her.

A good many things of this kind have happened to me that are doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What is it, then, that causes doubt and mystery to attend to the ways of men? It is the want of fact? This is a matter-of-fact world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal in a matter-of-fact way.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE CELESTIALS AND THE YANKEES.—One of the missionaries in China shows up the following 'they's' and 'we's:'

The Chinese parents select the wives for their sons, and decide whom their daughters shall marry. Their badge of mourning is white, and their furneral cards are written with blue ink.—They mourn for the dead by proxy, and select a burying place for the departed by the aid of one who makes that his profession. We read horizontally; they perpendicularly. We read from left to right; they from right to left. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they put on their caps. We blackball our boots; they wash theirs. We compress the waist; they the feet. We give the place of honor on the right; they on the left. We speak of northwest; they of westnorth. We say the needle of the compass points north; they to the south. We shake the hand of a friend in salutation; they shake their own. We locate the understanding in the brain; they in the belly.

Our officials designate their office or rank by a star on the breast or epauletts on their shoulders; they by a button on the apex of their caps. We page our books on the top; they on the margin. We print on both sides of the leaf; they upon one. We place our foot-notes at the bottom of the page; they at the top of it. We mark the title of a book on the back of the binding; they on the margin of the leaf. In our libraries we set our volumes up; they lay theirs down. We keep our wives in the parlor; they theirs in the kitchen. We put our daughters to school; they put theirs to service. We propel our canal boats by horses and steam; they pull theirs by men. We take our produce to market by railroad; they take theirs on men's shoulders. We saw lumber and grind flour by steam and water power; they do it by human muscle. We turn a thousand spindles and fly a hundred shuttles without a single hand to propel; they employ a hand for each. We print by power presses and metal types; they on wooden blocks with a hand-brush. We worship God; they offer incenses to the devil.

DIVING FOR SPONGE.—An important resource for the fisherman consists in the sponge and pearl fisheries. To pursue this employment with success, it is indispensable that the sea should be calm and not more than thirty feet deep. Those who fish for oyster pearls, and the large shell fish called buccinium tritonium, descend to a very considerable depth. These men are exposed to real danger. The chama gigas, an enormous bivalve, which exists in the seas of Greece as well as of India, has strength enough to bite a cable in two. Its shell weighs no less than 250 lbs., and the fish itself about 100 lbs.

It is a scene of no small excitement to see two men go forth stripped, in a diminutive boat armed only with a knife stuck in their leathern girdle. To watch them as they fix their glance on the deep; then, of a sudden, to see one of them extending his arms and clasping his hands make a plunge He soon re-appears above the waves with a sponge in his hand, which he deposits in the boat, and immediately prepares for the acquisition of others. Thus he works on during the day, and returns to his home overcome by fatigue, and bleeding from nose and ears.

Should cramp attack him while under the water, it is all up with him; and equally miserable would be his fate should he encounter a bivalve at the bottom of the sea. Even should he escape these dangers, which are ever present to him, he may perchance get entangled in the floating net of the *chimagriphoide*, from which he would try in vain to extricate himself; and having by good luck avoided these hazards, he may yet stand a chance of ending his days in the jaws of a shark.

Patrick Henry.

Three Baptist preachers were brought to trial in about 1775, for preaching. The indictment brought against them was, *"For preaching the Gospel of the Son of God,"* contrary to the statute in that case provided, and, therefore, disturbers of the peace. The clerk was reading the indictment in a slow and formal manner, and as he pronounced the crime with emphasis, *"For preaching the Gospel of the Son of God,"* a plain dressed man dismounted from his horse, entered the court house and took his seat within the bar. He was known to the court and lawyers, but a stranger to the mass of spectators who had gathered on the occasion. This was Patrick Henry, who on hearing of this prosecution, had rode some fifty or sixty miles from his residence in Hanover county, to volunteer his services in the defence of the prisoners. He listened to the further reading of the indictment with marked attention, the first sentence of which that caught his ear was, "For preaching the Gospel of the Son of God." When the indictment had been read, and the prosecuting attorney had submitted a few remarks, Henry arose, stretched out his hand and received the paper, and then addressed the court:

"May it please your worships I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered this house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the King's attorney of this colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own?—Did I hear an expression, as if a crime, that these men whom your worships are charged with—what?" and continuing in a low, solemn, heavy tone, "For preaching the Gospel of the Son of God!" Pausing, amidst the most profound silence and breathless astonishment of his hearers, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, then lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, with extraordinary and impressive energy, he exclaimed, "Great God!" The exclamation—the action—the burst of feeling from the audience, were all overpowering.—Mr. Henry resumed:

"May it please your worships; In a day like this, when truth is about to burst her fetters—when mankind is about to be raised to claim their natural and inalienable rights—when the yoke of oppression which has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power is about to be dissevered—at such a period—when liberty—liberty of conscience, is about to awake from her slumberings and inquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here in this indictment!" Another fearful pause while the speaker alternately casting his sharp, piercing eyes on the court and the prisoners, resumed: "If I am not deceived, according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand, these men are accused of "preaching the gospel of the Son of God.' "Great God!" Another long pause, during which he again waved the indictment around his head, when a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech—"May it please your worships: There are periods in the history of man when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human charter that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand and becomes his servile—his abject slave; he licks the hand that smites him; he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot; and in this state of servility he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worships, such a day has passed away! From the period when our fathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds, for Liberty—for civil and religious liberty—for liberty of conscience—to worship their Creator according to their conceptions of Heaven's revealed will; from the moment they placed their feet on the American continent, and in the deepest embedded forests sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment despotism was crushed; her fetters of darkness were broken, and Heaven decreed that man should be free—free to worship God according to the Bible. Were it not for this, in vain have been taken the efforts and the sacrifices of the colonists; in vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this new world, if we, their offsprings, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more—for what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, "for preaching the Gospel of the Son of God." Great God! "For preaching the Savior to Adam's fallen race!"

After another pause, in tones of thunder, he inquired what laws have they violated?" Then for the third time, in a slow, dignified manner, he lifted his eyes to heaven and waved the indictment around his head. The court and the audience were now wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pale and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm; and the judge, in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now becoming extremely painful, by the authoritative command, "Sheriff, discharge those men!"—*Balcher's Religious Denominations.*

PETER PENCE.—The increase in the number of barefooted Monks and Friars who may be seen in the religious quarter of Paris—that all around St. Sulpice and the Rge de Vaugirard—has caused the greatest curiosity. They may be seem at all hours of the day walking along in the quiet and almost deserted streets of that quarter, bareheaded and barefooted—their blue heels and chilblainy toes created the greatest commiseration among the ladies and children as they tread bravely the frozen snow-covered pavement. They have assembled here in great numbers to further the gigantic work which has been commenced at Ghent—the "Work of St. Peter Penny." By St. Peter's Penny the most stupendous works have been undertaken and completed, and the "work" of to-day is that of liberating the Pope of all anxiety concerning the increase of expenditure necessary to meet his present emergency. The monks and friars of the two great begging orders, the Franciscans and Capuchins, have been convoked and are to be distributed all over Europe in search of alms to assist in this mighty work.—*London Star of December* 21.

POLITICAL HITS.—Col. Stone, a practising lawyer, and Doctor Mason, a practising physician, were rival candidates for the Senate, and were stumping the district together. Dr. Mason was a warm advocate for law-reform, and in arguing its necessity, he referred to a certain case in which his competitor had been non-suited upon some technicality. "Now," said Dr. Mason, "we need to have the law reformed, or Colonel Stone is incompetent to bring a suit correctly—he can take either horn of the dilemma."

Colonel Stone replied: "Fellow-citizens, the Doctor has the advantage of me. When I make a mistake in my profession, he has only to go to the records of the Court and find it and publish it to the world; but when he makes a mistake in his profession he buries it six feet under the ground!"

The people appreciated the lawyer's ready wit, and forgave him the blunder charged upon him for the sake of the clever retort he made at the doctor's expense.

Civilization with all its legitimate concomitants, is progressing in the Pike's Peak gold region. Balls and parties prevail at Denver city, while the ladies, always foremost in religion and charity, have called a meeting for the purpose of establishing a church, and have had a meeting and organized under the name of the "Ladies Union Society." It is expected that during the ensuing year, an Episcopal, a Catholic, two Methodists and a Presbyterian Church will be erected. There is already a large Sunday School in Denver city.

AN INVENTION.—A Yankee in Utah has [illegible] vented and set in operation an artificial lady in full dress, propelled by a small boy, and [illegible] tises to sweep the sidewalks and crossings [illegible] certain annual salary. The lady is crinoline according to the width of the sidew[illegible], the crinoline being so rigged that it can be [illegible] ided or narrowed at pleasure.