

Staunton Spectator.

J. S. WADDELL, Proprietors. L. WADDELL, JR., RICHARD MAUZY.

TERMS. The Spectator is published once a week at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year...

ADVERTISEMENTS of less lines (or less) inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

MARKWOOD & GRAVES, FASHIONABLE TAILORS, Opposite the Marble Yard.

W. O. WOOD, Wholesale Grocer, Station, Sep. 6, 1859.

JAS. H. McVEIGH & SON, Wholesale Grocers, Station, Sep. 6, 1859.

Western Virginia MARBLE WORKS, AT STAUNTON.

HARRISONBURG, MARQUIS & KELLEY, Station, Sep. 6, 1859.

COCHRAN & COCHRAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA.

WILLIAM HARRISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

G. A. SMITH, Manufacturer of Ladies' Shoes.

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

BUYERS AND SELLERS will find it to their advantage to call at their office in the Brick Parlor.

G. C. YEAKLE, DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

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

JOHN W. MEREDITH, DEALER IN JEWELRY, CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

DOCTOR JAMES H. GILKESON, Having located in Staunton, tenders his professional services to the public.

A. D. CHANDLER, UNDERTAKER, Staunton, Va., Station, July 19, 1859.

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

KIRKWOOD HOUSE, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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

HEALING WATER, DR. W. F. YOUNG, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c.

JUST RECEIVED, The best and cheapest lot of TOBACCO that can be found.

CORN MEAL, For sale in large or small quantities at the STAUNTON STEAM MILLS.

PHYSICIANS can always be supplied with a full assortment of Medicines of the best quality.

COAL OIL, A splendid article, at DR. W. F. YOUNG'S, Staunton, Nov. 1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO., 131, BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE.

IMPROVE YOUR SEWING MACHINES, For Families and Manufacturing Establishments.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD SEWING MACHINE? 1. It should be well made, simple in its construction...

2. It should be able to sew Cotton, Thread or Silk directly from the spool.

3. It should be able to sew from coarse to fine, and from thick to thin, with rapidity, and without changing the tension.

4. It should be able to make the tension greater or less, on both the under and upper threads, and with uniformity.

5. It should have a straight needle, curved ones are liable to break.

6. The foot should have perpendicular motion. This is absolutely necessary for heavy work.

7. It should be capable of taking in the largest pieces of work.

8. It should be able to bind with a binder, hem with a hemmer, should stitch, fell, run and gather.

9. It should be able to sew on buttons of the same size of thread on both sides of the work, and of using different colored threads or silk, above or below, to correspond with the color of cloth to be sewed.

10. It should be able to make a long or short stitch.

11. It should be able to fasten off the seam, and commence sewing tightly at the first stitch.

12. It should run easily and make but little noise.

13. It should be able to sew on buttons, and none others are in constant contact with the work.

14. It should not be liable to get out of order.

15. It should not be liable to break the thread nor stitch.

16. It should not be necessary to use a screw-driver, or any other tool.

17. It should not form a ridge on the under side, nor travel on, nor be wasted or tread, as is the case with all chain stitch machines.

18. It should not be more trouble than it is worth.

19. All of these advantages are possessed in our machine.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO., Dec. 5, 1859-17.

FOR GOVERNOR, GABRIEL HIRSH! FOR LIUT. GOV. WILLIAM JONAS!

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the Atlantic Cable to come up to the expectations of some of the world's great spirits...

CONFIDENTIALLY ESTABLISHED!! 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 to the fact that he has received...

RECEIVING no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate.

Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he mistook for the captain raised his head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

BRUCE was no coward, but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and because he had expected, varying considerably from the dead reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions...

MISCELLANY.

From Owen's Footfalls. The Rescue—A True Story of the Supernatural.

Mr. Robert Bruce originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a sea-faring life.

When about thirty years of age, in the year 1828, he was first mate of a bark trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been descending to the cabin, on exhibition at his desk at noon, taking an observation of the sun, after which they both descended to calculate the day's work.

The cabin, as usual, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the stateroom, as before assumed, was at the bow. The mate, as usual, occupied the forward part of it, close to the door, so that one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could look into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculations, which did not excite his attention, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out without looking round, "I make out latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate.

Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he mistook for the captain raised his head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

BRUCE was no coward, but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and because he had expected, varying considerably from the dead reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions...

"What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these—who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon today."

"You speak of dreaming," replied the Captain of the bark, "where was this gentleman about noon today?"

"I don't dream that I remember," said the other, "I don't dream that I remember."

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"I don't dream that I remember," said the other, "I don't dream that I remember."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place; it's only a few hours lost at the worst."

"Well, well, see. Go on deck and give the course north-west. And Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a lookout aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the lookout reported an iceberg ahead, and shortly after which he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached the Captain's glass, disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hoisted, and sent out boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation.

She was now, her decks swept—in fact, almost wreck, all her provisions, and almost all her water, gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the crew who had been brought ashore to the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's yards, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation.

It was the very face that he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the cabin. He had never seen it before.

At first he tried to persuade himself that it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man, the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face but the person and the dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the excited crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the Captain aside.

"It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive."

"What do you mean? What's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man that I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the Captain, "this is a most singular case. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the Captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate.

The Captain replied that he had not done what they would have done for him under similar circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said:

"I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you, but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate," and he handed him the slate with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do my best," replied the passenger, "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive of such a request, complied, however, and wrote the words on the slate.

"I used not say so," rejoined the other looking at him, "for you saw me write it."

"And this," said the Captain, turning the slate over, "is the writing you saw me write."

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded.

"What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these—who wrote the other?"

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An Editor on Skates.

Man is an imitative animal. He can't keep still. He will have wide trousers. A Keweenaw man will think if he can. He will put on a cape coat whether his figure bears it gracefully or not.

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the lookout reported an iceberg ahead, and shortly after which he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached the Captain's glass, disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hoisted, and sent out boats to the relief of the sufferers.

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The City of Jeddo.

The Japan correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives the following impressions of Jeddo, their principal city.

But what shall I say of this greatest and most singular of all cities? A volume is needed to describe it, without attempting to give its history.

I have read of old Nineveh and Babylon below the ground, and seen and handled the works of art which have been discovered and created so much excitement on both sides of the Atlantic; but one living Jeddo, above the ground, is worth a hundred old cities below it.

I cannot give you an idea of it, it is so unique, so unlike everything except itself, and so impossible as to give you any idea of it.

It is situated on the western shore of this charming lake, twenty miles wide by twenty-four long, to which the Lake of Tiberias is nothing, except in the memory of the sacred feet which once trod its shores.

It stretches for twenty miles and more along a beach of a semi-circular form, with its horns turned outwards, and along which a street extends crowded with blocks of stores and houses, and teeming with moving crowds.

It is a city of a million people, and its population is as populous and well built as the city itself.

In crossing the city from the shore to the western outskirts, I have walked two miles and a half, and then proceeded on horseback for ten miles more, making twelve and a half in the memory of the sacred feet which once trod its shores.

According to the lowest estimate, the city covers an area equal to seven of the New England farming towns, which are usually six miles square. And all is traversed by streets, usually wide, and constructed, perfectly neat, and crossed by other streets, and just then we saw something on the ice, and stooped over to pick it up.

On our feet again—two slants to the right and one to the left, accompanied with a loss of confidence. Another stride and we were on the ice, and the next moment we were on a tangent, heels up! But the ice is very cold this season!

We tried it again. A glide one way, and a glide and a half the other, when 'whack' came our bump of philoprogenitiveness on the ice, and we were on our hands and knees, our eyes, like a troop of ballet girls at the Bowery Theatre. How that shock went through our system; and up and down our spinal column!

Lighting couldn't have corkscrewed it down a single inch, and we were on our hands and knees, our eyes, like a troop of ballet girls at the Bowery Theatre. How that shock went through our system; and up and down our spinal column!

Soon we got up and made another trial, with better success. Perhaps we had skated, in our peculiar style, when a blundering fellow came up behind, and went down with our tired head pillowed in his lap, and he swore at us, when it was all his own fault! How cold the ice was there too. Every spot where we were on the ice, was as cold as ice.

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For the Spectator.

Messrs. Editors: Still another would be your obliging indulgence, for it seems that "Z" is determined to provoke a controversy with some of our well-sifted correspondents.

With other correspondents, in our own paper, say a word or two and pass on, this last letter in the alphabet bears in one continued flow. It seems determined that it shall be heard as harsh as its sounds. Week after week we see the same old story, until one would almost think he intends to become a regular correspondent.

Now, controversies are by no means to be desired, especially such as are carried on through newspapers. They generally are rancorous and lead to ill-feelings. I, then, again, enter the protest, and I have seen several places of interest, and maintained a cool head, but I was bewildered and confounded when I saw this.

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