Staunton Spectator.

VOL. XXXVII. STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1860. NO. XXXI.

Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor & Proprietor.

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
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" "	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.

CARDS.

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.

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

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 ckingham. Office in the brick-row, in the rear of he 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.

JOHN C. MICHIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WARM SPRINGS, BATH COUNTY, VA.,

WILL practice in the Courts of Bath, Highland, Pocahontas and Augusta. ☞ All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

March 13, 1860.—6mc.

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.

DR. S. McDANNALD having permanently located in SPRING HILL, offers his professional services to the citizens and vicinity.

May 15, 1860.

500 NEGROES WANTED.—I wish to purchase 500 likely young Negroes, of both sexes, for the Southern market, for which I will pay the highest market prices in cash. My address is Staunton, or Middlebrook, Augusta Co., Va.

Jan. 24, 1860* J. E. CARSON.

GRAIN AND GRASS SCYTHES.—English Waldron Grain and Grass Scythes; American do do do do do
Grain Cradles, Rifles, Whet Stones, Snaths, &c., &c., just received and for sale.

Staunton, May 1, 1860. GEO. E. PRICE.

VISES AND ANVILS.—Wright's Patent Solid Horn Anvils, Wright's Solid Box Vises, King's Stock and Dies, Best Smith's Bellows, Horse Shoes. Nail Rod, Nails, Rasps, Files; Shear, Cast and Blister Steel, just received and for sale.

Staunton, May 1, 1860. GEO. E. PRICE.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.—The subscriber is now receiving and opening a fine stock of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings suited to the season. Some Cassimeres for suits which he can furnish made up or by the yard upon the best terms.

Staunton, March 27, 1860. D. A. KAYSER.

PISTOLS.—I have just received a supply of the Repeating Pistols, comprising all the best and latest improvements, which those in want are requested to examine. The prices are much reduced.

Staunton, May 1, 1860. GEO. E. PRICE.

JUST RECEIVED.—A very fine lot of all kinds of Spectacles—plated, steel and gold—and all kinds of Spectacle Glasses, concave, convex and colored.

Staunton, Jan. 31—tf A. LANG.

WOODEN WARE.—Wash Tubs, Painted Tubs, Buckets, Pails, Measures, Boxes, Wash Boards, Clothes Pins, Bowls, &c., Brooms, Whisks, Brushes, &c., just received and for sale by

Staunton, May 1, 1860. GEO. E. PRICE.

PLASTER.—The Staunton Steam Mill having been repaired and put in working order, farmers can now get supplies of GROUND PLASTER in any desired quantities. E. T. ALBERTSON, Sup't.

Staunton, June 5, 1860.

GROUND AND ROCK PLASTER.—250 tons BLUE WINDSOR PLASTER. For sale by P. N. POWELL & CO.,
Oct. 25. Union Hall Building.

MILL IRONS, MACHINERY AND ALL kinds of Castings made to order at the Staunton Foundry, by A. J. GARBER & CO.

Sep. 13, 1859.

BOOTS & SHOES.—The largest variety of Boots and Shoes on hand, to be sold at a small advance on cost, at J. POLLITZ'S

Staunton, Oct. 11, 1859. Clothing House.

SOMETHING EXTRA.—Just received a fine article of Lynchburg SMOKING TOBACCO, for sale at the Tobacco House of J. B. EVANS.

Staunton, January 17.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and all kinds of Patent Medicines, for sale by DR. H. S. EICHELBERGER.

Staunton, April 3, 1860.

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.

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

Staunton, July 26, 1859.

VIRGINIA CASSIMERES.—A full supply just to hand. TAYLOR & HOGE.

Staunton, April 10, 1860.

ATTENTION OFFICERS.—Military Cloth Swords, Sashes and Epaulets, at low prices, by CRAWFORD & COCHRAN.

Staunton, April 12 1852.

DOWDEN'S DENTAL FLUID for sale at P. H. TROUT & CO'S.

Staunton, July 10, 1860.

TURNIP SEED of all varies at P. H. TROUT & CO'S.

Staunton, July 10, 1860.—Vin. copy all

CARPETS.—A few pieces of Super. Ingrain and Brussels Carpets for sale by

Staunton, April 3, 1860. D. A. KAYSER.

WATER COOLERS.—A superior lot just received and for sale by L. B. WALLER.

Staunton, May 15, 1860.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GROVER & BAKER'S
NOISELESS FAMILY
SEWING MACHINE.

THE undersigned Clergymen of various denominations, having purchased and used in our families "GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE," take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it a machine unsurpassed by any in the market, and one which we feel confident will give satisfaction to all who purchase and use it:

Rev. W. H. LANEY, Baltimore, Md.,
Rev. O. H. TIFFANY, D. D., "
Rev. C. J. BOWEN, "
Rev. JONA CROSS, "
Rev. JOHN McCRON, D. D., "
Rev. W. T. D. CLEMM, "
Rev. W. H. CHAPMAN, "
Rev. F. S. EVANS, "
Rev. R. C. GALBRATH, Govanstown Md.,
Rev. J. McK. REILEY, Frederick, Md.,
Rev. T. E. LOCKE, Westmoreland co., Va.,
Rev. W. A. CROCKER, Norfolk, Va.,
Rev. JOHN PARIS, "
Rev. J. F. LANNEAU, Salem, Va.
Rev. C. HANKEL, D., D., Charleston, S. C.
Rev. C. A. LOYAL, "
Rev. A. A. PORTER, Selma, Ala.
Rev. J. J. TWISE, Speedwell, S. C.
Rev. B. B. ROSS, Mobile, Ala.
Rev. J. L. MICHAUX, Enfield, N. C.
Rev. A. C. HARRIS, Henderson, N. C.
Rev. C. F. HARRIS, "

Office of Exhibition and Sale
181 BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE.
☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜
May 8, 1860.—1y.

MUSICAL STORE,
MAIN STREET. CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
FREY & ROBINSON

HAVE opened a Store on Main St., (old Post Office,) where they will keep for sale, *PIANOS, FLUTES, VIOLINS, GUITARS, BANJOS, SHEET MUSIC, STATIONERY, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.*, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.

PIANOS.—Our stock of Pianos is selected principally from the well known and most reliable factory of NUNS & CLARK, New York, whose instruments have never been surpassed in tone and durability since their establishment commenced operations (thirty-five years ago.) We have made arrangements with other Factories for supplying us with Pianos, occasionally retaining the privilege, however, of returning them, if found unworthy our recommendation.—Persons purchasing from us, therefore, will never run any risk, as we have determined to sell only good instruments, on most reasonable terms.

SHEET MUSIC.—A great variety of the latest publications constantly on hand. Instruction books for all instruments. The usual deduction made in supplying Schools and Music Teachers. Arthur's Patent Elastic Music Portfolios. Music sent by mail.

Orders from the country, promptly attended to.
C. T. FREY, Prof. of Music.
J. ROBINSON.
July 26, 1559.—tf.

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.

Stsuunton, Oct. 19, 1858—tf

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.

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*.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

P. H. TROUT & CO.,

ARE now receiving a large stock of **Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c.,** which they bought direct from the manufacturers and importers, and are able to sell *pure articles* on favorable terms. Their stock of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS is very large, embracing all instruments needed for town or county practice. Also the largest supply of FANCY ARTICLES, Brushes, Fine Perfumery, &c., ever brought to this market.

Staunton, March 6, 1860.

DE FORREST, ARMSTONG, & CO.
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
80 & 82 Chambers St., N. Y.,

Would notify the Trade that they are opening weekly, in new and beautiful patterns, the *Wamsutta Prints*, also the *Amoskeag*, a New Print, which excels every Print in the Country for perfection of execution and design in full Madder Colors. Our Prints are cheaper than any in market, and meeting with extensive sale. Orders promptly attended to.

Jan. 31, 1860—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.

"THE BELLE OF THE SOUTH!"—Six doz. Skeleton Skirts, of all makes, as follows: "Thomson's," "Sherwood's." "Moran's," and the "Belle of the South," which is considered the most graceful skirt now in use.

The above Skirts have just been received and will be sold as low as possible.

PIPER & FUNKHOUSER.
Staunton, Mar. 6, 1860.—Vin copy

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

TO THE LADIES.—150 white and colored SHAKERS, from No. 3 to 12, at 37½ cents. 75 Boxes, white, black and fancy Ruches, some as low as 12½ cents. Fancy Bonnet Ribbons, per yard 12½ cents. Shawls, Mantillas, Parasols, Needlework, &c., very low at GOLDENBERG'S,

Staunton, April 10, 1860.

SUMMER MILLINERY.—The season having advanced, I offer, from this day, a splendid assortment of Silk, Crape and Straw Bonnets, Flats, &c., at greatly reduced prices.

Staunton, June 5, 1860. D. J. GOLDENBERG.

OPODELDOC SOAP!—For making Roraback's Compound Chemicel and Toilet Soaps, for sale by DR. H. S. EICHELBERGER.

Staunton, April 3, 1860.

BENCH PLANES, &c.—We have just received direct from the Factory, a good stock of Bench and other Planes. WOODS & GILKESON.

Staunton, June 12, 1860.

GERMAN LAGER BEER GLASSES for sale by L. B. WALLER,

Staunton, April 17, 1860.

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 Hoesn

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

Staunton, Nov. 1.

SOFAS—A new lot Sofas, just to hand, very cheap
Staunton, July 19, '59. A. D. CHANDLER.

POETRY.

From the Home Journal

The Sleeping Maid.

BY INA D. CARSLEY.

The gold-fringed curtains looped aside
From round the couch whereon she lies,
The charmed seal of slumber pressed
Upon the waxen-lidded eyes;
Awhile the moonlight glimmers through
The leaves that climb the casement o'er,
And fling their quivering shadows forth
Upon the tessellated floor.

She sleeps: the pale light softly falls
Across the maiden's sculptured face,
And o'er her bosom's pearly snow,
Upheaving 'neath the robe of lace;
And dreams: while through the dimpling smiles
That keep the moist, red lips apart,
The white teeth glow—a wedge of pearl
Within a ruby's crimson heart.

How lightly, on the silken couch,
Reclines the full, yet perfect form,
The soft brown tresses nestling close
About the milk-white, rounded arm,
That half supports the drooping head,
And glossy weight of truant curls,
Escaping from the prisoning band
Of large, white oriental pearls.

So still she lies, while languidly
The lashes dark, and soft, and sleek,
Veiling the lustrous orbs beneath,
Rest on the rose-tinged ivory cheek;
While over lip, and eyes, and brow
The warm, enamored moonbeams creep,
Encircling with their light the form
Thus clasped within the arms of sleep!

MISCELLANY.

From the Southern Field and Fireside.

The Skeleton in the Closet; or Judging from Appearances.

BY LAURA LINCOLN.

Two ladies sat in a room together, engaged in sewing, and indulging, at the same time, in the *womanly* propensity of—gossiping—descanting upon the virtues and foibles of their friends and acquaintances.

"Did you ever see any one so changed as Alice Leighton?" asked Mrs. Cameron of Mrs. Barry, with whom she was spending the day.

"I never did," was the emphatic response.—"Before her marriage she was so lively and fond of society, and seemingly as happy as it was possible for a human being to be. Now she scarcely goes out, and looks faded and miserable."

"Atwood Leighton, too; he is no longor his former self. Everybody thought, when those two were married, that if happiness attended a love-match their future would be a bright one. But, for my part, I am not as much surprised as some, for I always knew that Alice had a temper of her own, which, if not rightly curbed, would prove the bane of herself and husband.—I hear that Leighton is losing all interest in his profession, and that he has lost almost every case entrusted to him for the last two years. I understand, too, that his wife is endeavoring to persuade him to give up his profession, and live altogether on his plantation. That is, to me, the most singular circumstance of all. She whom I have heard declare that she had as soon be buried alive as live in the country, and, when a girl, wouldn't let her father rest until she induced him to move to town."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Barry.—"Well, I will tell William to exert all his influence to prevent his friend from thus burying his talents. Why, Atwood Leighton is one of our rising young men—one of the brightest ornaments the bar possesses in our State, and I think it a shame that his wife should, from some selfish motive, no doubt, wish him to give up the law."

"You and William both might as well spare your breath," returned her companion, "for I know Alice Leighton, and you could almost as easily turn the sun from its course as her from a purpose when she has once fully resolved upon it."

And so the conversation continued for some time longer—each lady offering her suggestions as to Mrs. Leighton's motives, without either being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

That night Mrs. Barry told her husband what she had heard, and blamed Mrs. Leighton in no measured terms. William Barry, was also a lawyer, and had been intimate with Atwood Leighton since boyhood. He gravely checked his wife's tirade, saying:

"Ellen, you are losing sight of that charity which your Bible enjoins. Alice Leighton is a good and true woman, and, rest assured, that however harshly the world may judge her, whatever she does is just and right. I should be the last person to endeavor to counteract her influence over her husband."

Thus silenced, Mrs. Barry said no more, but she *thought*, and expressed her opinion to others whenever an occasion offered.

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton sold their town residence, and settled permanently in the country. They came but seldom to the city, and then remained but a few hours to transact necessary business.

As Mr. Barry had been intimate for so many years with Atwood, he frequently visited him for recreation during the long summer days, or perhaps for a day's shooting in the fall. He sometimes took his wife with him, and she was surprised, knowing the gay, social temperaments of both, at seeing them looking happier than since the first months of their married life. The faces of both husband and wife expressed contentment and peace.

Conjecture as to their strange course among their circle of acquaintances seemed to have died away, and they pursued the even tenor of their way, happy in their children and each other. Thus years passed by, until Mrs. Barry was one day startled by her husband's telling her that Atwood Leighton had purchased a handsome residence, and was about to remove back to the city, for the two-fold purpose of placing his children at school and resuming again the practice of law. After they became settled their spacious mansion was thronged with old friends and acquaintances, rejoicing once more to welcome them amongst them.

They appeared to enjoy society as much as in their youth, but with a more chastened liveliness as became their maturer years. Each and all observed the mixture of love and reverence in the manners of Mr. Leighton towards his still lovely wife, and the proud and gratified expression with which her eyes followed him, conspicuous in every crowd by his noble countenance and gracious deportment. Atwood went into partnership with William Barry, and shone, as his friend had predicted in early manhood, a bright fixed star in the galaxy of the profession.

One day, some two years after the Leightons' return to the city, Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Barry were seated, as in the opening of our sketch, and the conversation again turned upon the Leightons.

"The strange conduct of the Leightons is still inexplicable to me," remarked Mrs. Cameron.—"That they were under a cloud of some sort I am fully convinced, and that it was not a pecuniary one I am also assured, for my husband says that Atwood Leighton has always been as sound as any man in the State."

Just then William Barry entered, and his wife turned to him and said—

"We are just discussing that freak of the Leightons' moving into the country ten years ago—without any apparent cause, and when it was universally known that they both preferred town, and could amply afford to reside where ever inclination prompted. You ought to know the cause of it, if anybody does, for you have always been Atwood Leighton's bosom friend.—Come, now, be a good man and relieve our curiosity.

"I am glad that I am at liberty to do so, and I know that you will both be astonished at my revelation, and feel sorry that you ever imputed selfish or wilful motives to Mrs. Leighton for her conduct," replied Mr. Barry. "You probably remember, Ellen, when you first mentioned this subject to me that I told you Alice Leighton was a good and true woman; I meant it from the bottom of my heart, for I, alone, as the confidential friend of her husband, understood her seemingly inconsistent behavior. Drunkenness is hereditary in Leighton's family. Not the drinking in public places and at all times, which leads to brawling and scandal. The Leightons have always had too much pride for that. When they felt the fatal thirst coming upon them, they would shut themselves up and indulge it until satisfied. Only to their wretched households was this soul-destroying habit known. By the world the Leightons were only spoken of as an eccentric family.

"Atwood inherited this unhappy propensity, and often, both at college and elsewhere, have I sat up all night, at his earnest request to prevent prying eyes from seeing him in his degraded state. He saw and loved Alice Merton, and for a long time he determined to live a lonely and unloved life rather than unite the destiny of the sweet girl with his. But he accidentally discovered that she loved him, and hoping, that with his good angel in her form ever by his side, he could subdue the demon within, he married her.

"And for a season he did succeed in doing so, and Alice was perfectly happy. Alas! at a party, which they both attended, a friend, unknowing his weakness, pressed champagne upon him. The taste of liquor aroused the slumbering thirst within him, and leaving immediately for home he sent out for brandy, and then shutting himself up closely in his room he drank himself into a state of stupefaction. A few days later he went forth as usual, and his plea of indisposition aroused no suspicion among his acquaintances.

"Alice, at that time, had a very quick temper, but to her credit be it spoken, as her husband has since told me, never did she give him a cross or unkind word. During his periodical attacks, (if I may so term them,) no one attended him save his devoted wife, who was anxious as he could be to hide the mortifying secret from the public. She lost all relish for society, for she dreaded to hear the blasting whisper—'Atwood Leighton is a drunkard.' She saw that the pernicious habit was exerting a debasing influence upon her talented, high-minded husband, and looking down the vista of future years, and viewing with prophetic eye the depth of degradation to which he *must* eventually fall, should he continue his present course, her heart misgave her, and she felt that her burden was heavier than she could bear.

"One day, when on the stool of repentance, after a night of drinking, Atwood exclaimed, 'I do believe that if I was out of the way of temptation, and at the same time actively employed for a few years, I could conquer this direful habit, which seems to be fast enslaving me body and soul.' It was then that Alice formed a resolution, which she soon put into practice, viz: to induce her husband to sell out in town, and devote himself to his planting interest. This admirable and wise-judging woman gave up the society in which she took so much pleasure, and which she was so well fitted to adorn, and settled herself contentedly in the prairies, where, during the winter months, she scarcely saw a white face except her husband's, and even in summer her visitors were 'few and far between.' For eight years she never spent a night from under her own roof. She entered into all her husband's plans, went with him into the fields herself, accompanied him whenever he was obliged to come to town, and, without seeming to do so, exercised an unceasing and tender watchfulness over him. Faithfully and unremittingly did she devote herself to the task of strengthening and fostering all the good in Leighton's naturally noble nature, and as he himself humbly and reverently exprssed it—'Thanks be to God, she succeeded!'

"Yes, her labor of love, her angel's mission, met with its fitting reward. Atwood Leighton is now not only a gentleman but a Christian, and no consideration, I am confident, will ever induce him to place the poisoned cup to his lips. And now, ladies, do you not think that I was right in defending such a woman?"

"Indeed, indeed you were!" cried both Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Barry with emotion, while the latter continued, "And I judged her so harshly—this self-sacrificing, angelic woman!—Never again will I pass judgment upon any human being without due acquaintance with the circumstances; for, as some one truly says, 'there is a skeleton in every closet.'"

The Little Preacher.

It may interest some of the younger readers of the "Children's Column" to learn something about a little Sabbath School scholar who was known among his school-mates as "The little Preacher." His parents named him Charles J. Ivy—the last name in compliment to the then pastor of the chvrch to which they belonged.—Ivy was scarce five summers old when he died. But short as was that life, in it he learned much of God and the holy child Jesus, and of heaven and the angels, from his pious parents and the Sabbath School. He was very fond of the pastor, whom he would naively address as "Bud Ivy," and would sometimes tell him he would be a preacher too. Often would he gather around him his little companions, and in his own child-like way preach to them. He would tell them that Jesus loved good little boys and girls, and that God would take such to heaven, where they would live with angels and with his "sissy and buddy" who were already there. On these occasions the "little preacher would sometimes say things so singularly touched with earnest piety, as to astonish his parents and others. Little Ivy was greatly attached to the Sabbath School—ever when the Sunday came would he be sure to urge his Pa to take him there, he wanted to go so much. He delighted to hum over the "songs of Zion" which he heard sung at Sabbath School; in this way he learned a great many hymns; among his favorites were—

"Way over in the promised land,"

and that other sweet, exulting strain,

"Happy day! oh, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Indeed, heaven and the angels seemed to constantly occupy the "little preacher's" thoughts, especially the last few weeks of his life. A few minutes before he died, while his parents and some children and kind neighbors stood by his bedside, he looked affectionately on them, and then his childish lips prayed, in accents of touching tenderness, "Dod bess all! Dod bess de children! Dod bess Susy! (Susy was the colored woman who assisted in taking care of him during his sickness.) His Pa then asked him, "My son do you wish to go to heaven, to be with sister Georgiana and all the angels?" The dying child answered with a peculiar calm and emphasis, "Yes, Pa!" and before many moments passed the sweet, pure spirit of the child was caught up by holy angels to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Little Ivy was unmistakeably an example of the blessed influence Sabbath Schools and pious family training have on children of even his very early years. His case was a clear proof of the practicability of instilling genuine piety into the hearts of the youngest of children; and, as such, should be an encouragement to pious parents to commence early—very early—to instruct their "little ones" in holy things.

What kind of provisions should always be given to professional beggars?
The cold shoulder.

"Shall I paint your cheeks for you wife?"
"No husband, you have done it often enough by making me blush for you."

Boys reach manhood by a rather *round-about* way.

When the wolf turns moralist always look to your lambs.

The Pirate's Confession.

A. W. Hicks, the ferocious pirate, who was hung in New York on Friday last, made a confession while in the Tombs as to a number of horrible crimes committed by himself, and, among others, the murder of Capt. Burr and his crew, (two boys named Watts, who were brothers.) After describing the cool and calculating manner in which he had planned the murder, and saying that he had no enmity whatever towards the parties, and that he was solely influenced by a love of gain, he thus describes the bloody deed:

We sailed on the 16th of March from the foot of Spring street, and proceeded to Key-port, where we remained till Sunday. While here I scraped the mast of the sloop, did a lot of carpenter work, and evidently pleased Capt. Burr very much by my earnestness in trying to make every thing look ship shape.

We arrived at Gravesend on Saturday afternoon, and waited there for a fair wind.

At last we put to sea, and when we were off the Ocean House, I went to the forecastle and got an axe, which I put in the boat hanging to the davit aft.

The younger Watts was at the helm, and I asked him to allow me to steer a little while.—He consented and went forward.

In a few minutes I left the helm, and taking the axe, went to him, and asked him if he saw Barnegat Light. He said he did not. I told him to look again, and pointed with my hand.

He turned round and looked in my face a moment, but even if he had suspected my cruel purpose, he would have read no indication of it there, for I was as calm as though I was going to do the simplest and most innocent thing in life.

Had I been under human influences, the confident and trusty way in which he turned his eyes to mine, would have made me hesitate, but no such thought entered my heart, and I pointed again and told him to "Look there; ain't that it!"

He turned his head and peered through the darkness in the direction I pointed, and as he did so, I struck him on the back of the head with the axe, and knocked him down. He fell.

Thinking I had not killed him, I struck him again with the axe as he lay upon the deck.

His fall and the sound of the axe made some noise, which, added to that caused by my running across the deck, attracted the attention of the captain, who came up the companionway, and putting out his head, asked what was the matter?

I replied, "Nothing," and then asked him as I had the younger Watts, "Is that Barnegat light?" Capt. Burr replied, "No; you will not see it for two hours;" and as he spoke he turned his head from me.

The axe swung in the air, and, guided by my sinewy and murderous arm, came down.

The edge crunched through his neck, nearly severing his head from his body, and killing him instantly.

The body fell down the companionway.

As I turned to leap after it, and dispatch my remaining victim, I looked forward, and—Oh, God, how I shudder to think of it now!—he whom I thought I had already killed had risen and was coming aft, his hand outstretched towards me, and the blood running in two dark streams over his pale face, from two ghastly wounds on the head.

For a moment I stood undecided, but as he still came on, I ran towards him, but ere I reached him he fell about midships, and rushing on him, I struck once! twice! thrice! with the axe, and finished him.

Running aft, I jumped down the companionway, with the bloody axe in my hand.

There lay the elder Watts in his birth, and close beside him the ghastly bloody corpse of the captain.

I stood a moment looking at him, and dashed at him and struck out with the axe.

He leaped out of his birth, and sprang at me, all red with the blood of the captain, whose body had fallen past him, covering him with gore in its fall.

He tried to grapple with me, but stepping back, I gave the fatal axe a full swing, and struck him again, again and again, once upon the head, once on the back and once more upon the head, which felled him to the floor, and he lay dead at my feet, side by side with the captain.

My bloody work was done!

Dead men tell no tales.

I was alone. No eye had seen me, and now I was free to reap the reward of my work.

I did not feel the slightest regret for what I had done, and went about removing the bodies as coolly as though they had been so much old lumber.

I took a rope and bent it on to the feet of the elder Watts, hauled him on deck, and threw him over the quarter. I then hauled the captain out in the same manner, and threw him over; and then going to mid ships, I lifted the body of the younger Watts from the deck, and plunged him into the sea by the starboard side.

I then threw the axe overboard, and soon as I had done this, I changed the course of the sloop, and ran in close to the Hook.

My intention was to run the sloop up the North River, and then fire her, but I came near running on the Dog Beacon, abreast of Coney Island and Staten Island lighthouse, after which I fouled with a schooner, and carried away the bowsprit, so I put the money and such other articles of value as I could pick up, into the yawl, and then sculled ashore three miles, landing just below the fort on Staten Island.

My movements after landing are well known; and when I look back upon the fatality which seemed to dog my steps, it seems as though the fiend, who so long had stood by me in every emergency, had deserted me at last, and had left me to my own weakness.

The Sight of a Beautiful Blind Girl Restored by Marriage.

The Cincinnati Press of Thursday last, says:

A physiological wonder occurred a short time since, in this city, which will doubtless prove as interesting to our readers, as it already has to physiologists and oculists. A young and exceedingly interesting girl, residing on eighth street, whose name we suppress from motives of delicacy, and whose amiable disposition, elegant manners, and placid beauty of soul endeared her to all who knew her, was, a year or two ago, compelled to discontinue her studies and leave school, in consequence of a partial loss of eyesight that threatened to become total.

She was entirely unable to read, and although she could see well enough to enable her to walk about, visit her friends and entertain them when they called upon her, the threatened loss of sight gave her much annoyance, and aroused the sympathies of all who became acquainted with the facts.

A number of our most skillful physicians were employed by the family, and she was even taken to some of our most noted oculists; but all their learning, dexterity and management proved unavailing. Her eyes looked healthy, were beautifully pensive in their expression, and seemed deep as her soul was pure, but they were, nevertheless, to her almost wholly useless.

Notwithstanding this rather melancholy physical defect, a young man, who had long been devoted to her, offered her his hand in marriage. She demurred, and through an excess of affection, refused to bestow it upon the man who had long since won her heart, stating that she never would consent to become a burthen upon the man she loved. For a long time he persisted in his suit, and at length, through his praises and sighs, made her believe that life with her, even if she were wholly blind, were better than a Paradise where she was not.

A month or two ago her resolution was rescinded; and she became his wife; and strange as it may seem, from that day her eyesight began to improve, and she is now able to read the finest print by gas-light without pain and without any apparent optical injury. The case has caused considerable commotion among those persons who are conversant with the circumstances. Apart from its significance as a well established ocular fact, it is a practical illustration of what has been cleverly and wittily said, "that Love is blind, but Hymen is the oculist who alone can open his eyes."

For the Spectator.

NEW HAMPDEN, Va., July 12, 1860.

Life's Compensations.

Mr. Editor:—The happiness of this world is not so unequally distributed as many imagine, the rich have not all the privileges, nor the poor all the privations. Thank God the purest pleasures of life are those which money cannot buy. The artisan going from his wearisome labor to his humble home as he meets the love-lit smile of his wife and takes his fair and healthy child upon his knee, knows a thrill of sweeter joy than the most lavish expenditure of gold upon costly stimulants can bring the jaded mind of the epicurean in pleasure. The wild-wood flowers and the dew-drops are not bought: the glory of sunset and the magnificence of the full moon are free to all.

The blushing cheek and beaming eyes of affection cannot be purchased; virtue and beauty receive not their glorious riches from the hand of Mammon; the intellectually wealthy may well hold in contempt the baser coin of the world. It is true that the bride-groom working-man as he bears his bride to their lovely home, longs with the impulse of affection, to attire her graceful form in the same adornment which her prouder sisters use to heighten their charms; but it is a foolish, though generous impulse.

If he loves his bride, and she him, they need not covet the situation of those whose love of rivalry, display and "pride of place" have most likely driven out simple heart-felt happiness.—The radiant smile of affection and the clear glance of unsullied virtue, are ornaments above price, and will make the face of a woman beautiful even in old age.

So the working-man father, looking around upon his blooming children is conscious that their intellect is as keen, their perceptions as ready as those of the nabob's in the next adjoining neighborhood; and he determines they shall have similar advantages. This is a noble ambition. But in these days it is no reason why a man should spend his years in grumbling discontent because he is not rich. Our system of common schools places education within the reach of the humblest. With mind and education, every son and daughter has a fair chance to achieve respectability in this country; and it is a false ambition which would seek the power and honor conferred only by money.

Yet that son or daughter may have yearnings after the development of peculiar talents or genius. The son may thirst to drink deep of the Pierian spring of classical learning; may have a gift for a profession (without which especial calling he has no business to attempt competition in the overburdened ranks of the profession) and the daughter may have visions of beauty, or have dreams of melody which call for her fingers to accomplish themselves in painting or music.

With health, a moderate industry will bring about all this, and still the soul not fall a victim to the prevailing fever—the terrible gold fever which scorches the sensibilities and dries up the springs of humanity in so many hearts.

There is still another class who feel yet more keenly the want of wealth; not for the petty pleasures of sense or the local influence it would give them, but because they worship the beautiful, and money would give the means for gratifying their exquisite tastes.

With souls aspiring after grace, fitness and beauty in all things, they have to struggle with the details of life and poverty. These are the people of genius—poets, artists, men of divine, unworldly gifts. They would convert the glorious Ideal into the Real, if they had the necessary means. They are fretted by the coarseness and ugliness from which they cannot escape, yet they are self deceived if they do not consider themselves among the most fortunate as far even as happiness is commonly concerned.

We doubt not that the Painter in his unfurnished garret with his coffee-pot and loaf of bread and his hard bed in the same room with him is filled with a richer pleasure, as he sits and dreams and broods over creations of his genius upon the canvass before him, than it is possible for the wealthy egotist who buys it of him to conceive. We doubt not that his art—his beloved, worshipped art—is more to him than pyramids of diamonds. Ask him if he would exchange himself, his hopes, his dreams, his ideals, his fine perceptions of beauty, his deep emotions for the withered soul of yonder Crœsus, who has spent his life in accumulating bonds and mortgages and interest upon interest.

And the poet—will he say that he has ever entered the portals of any Fifth Avenue Palace that could begin to equal the splendor of the unearthly palaces through which his imagination daily walks.

Will he give up the materials from which he constructs these—gold of the sunset, marble of the clouds, silver of the star-light, gems of the dew and water-fall, draperies of intangible mists and inexpressibly lovely shadows, spray and foliage, with all the delight which they give and the beauty which they suggest—for the brown stone mansion of the millionaire!

Will he not say that his day and his night dreaming, his fancies, his earnest aspirations after the pure and true, his deep sympathy with the heart of humanity, his mighty store of love, his keen delight in all that is fair, his broad and boundless realm of feeling and imagination—where angels walk and visitants more beautiful than flowers linger to smile upon him—will he not say that these are beyond price—a wealth which he has inherited from the Father in Heaven.

The scholar and the scientific man: will they measure their pleasures along with those of the sensualist and epicure? yet for what nobler purpose are the most of these fortunes acquired than for indulgence in good eating, good drinking, rich clothes, a showy house and for the means of rivalry, arrogance and ostentation.

A good fortune well spent upon objects of real merit; upon works of art, the cultivation of the mind and soul; upon the sick, and upon struggling men of talent; upon the advancement of science and general intelligence, is a desirable thing. But how few acquire money for such purposes.

Take heart you who belong not to the throng of the vulgar "great." Reconsider your fortunes and see if you have not cause for true thankfulness. Press not on so madly for the glittering payment. Do you not see how you trample out the flowers by the wayside.

Why will you be so unmindful of their fragrance upon the air, and of the blue heaven above your heads. More anon.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES C. NEWMAN.

Matthews, the celebrated commedian stepped into an auction room one night on his way home.

"Who bids more?" called aloud the auctioneer.

"I bid more," cried a voice from the far end of the crowd.

"And pray, sir what do *you* bid?" cried the auctioneer in a tone of contempt.

"I bid you good night," said Matthews, and bolted.

The auction room was in a roar that time.

Nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion.

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging.
Because it has a pupil under the lash.

A practical joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his success in selling his friends.

If you buy what you have no occasion for, you will soon have to sell what you cannot spare.

Honor the good that they may love thee; be civil to the bad that they may not hurt thee.

Honor yourself and you will be honored, despise yourself and you will be despised.

It is not always the most ragged man that is the most shabby fellow.

What key opens the gate to misery? Ans.—Whis-*key*.

For the Spectator.

Mr. Editor:—From some cause I did not get a Spectator last week—July 3rd—though I am a paying subscriber to your paper, and should have missed seeing that marvelous production which so severely taxed the "pen and head" of your correspondent, J. N. G., in your issue of the 3rd inst. But hearing of it, I sent to-day and borrowed the paper, to read the astounding, "logical" and annihilating communication of the self-constituted "guardian for old ignorant pretenders;" and I must say that with unearthly groans and desperate heavings "the mountain has brought forth a mouse."

I should have passed by this rare production of one who had a "pen and head," though it be a confused and unsteady one, with the contempt which the subject and the ignorance of the author deserve; but that he might think he had done for me what Jonah did for the Whale: swallowed me. We are told by the wise man to "answer a fool according to his folly;" and again, "a fool is wiser in his own conceit, than seven men that can give a reason."

This "logical" communication of J. N. G., the "guardian" and "spokesman" for "ignorant old pretenders," and advocate of the Legislature, reminds me very much of the efforts of said J. N. G., a few years since, at preaching, where he was "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can give a reason," and styled himself a "*New Light.*" Save the mark. This "guardian for old ignorant pretenders," who is "in possession of one of the *obstacles* in M. D.'s estimation, who call themselves Doctors," acknowledges that he is ignorant of the subject about which he is writing. Then he ought not to set himself up as the mouth-piece of the people who he declares "possess enough of wisdom to determine for themselves," and sit as judge upon a subject which requires a more skilfull "pen" and wiser "head" than J. N. G., the "guardian of old ignorant pretenders," possesses, and pass sentence of "humbuggery." Solomon certainly told the truth when he said "a fool is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can give a reason."

This "guardian of old ignorant pretenders"—this "spokesman"—this "*New Light*"—this advocate of the Legislature—(Quere—are you a lawyer, too?—) says that, "the law provides no scale of licenses." This is a plain proof of his ignorance of the whole subject, and I will give him some *new light* on the subject, by telling him that the law does "provide a scale of licenses."

But here comes the *cloven foot of self-interest*, that ugly spot where the *shoe pinched.* M. D. had touched the "guardian's" pocket nerve.—Hear him: "We," J. N. G., "are in possession of one of the obstacles in M. D.'s estimation who call themselves Doctors." Yes, truly, who disgrace the holy title, like hogs, trampling pearls, the value of which they are ignorant, in the mire, by "calling themselves Doctors." Listen at this "logical conclusion:"

"Past success of professions enable *us* to determine future advantages as to the use of Doctors. After taking an impartial survey of the whole"—(I have shown that he *did not* take an impartial survey, as he is "in possession of one of the obstacles who call themselves Doctors"—) "we are led to the conclusion where women are not under the fear of the man in this particular calling, (mid-wifery,) having borne children, studied the case and treatment for women in child-bed, together with a good amount of book theory, as much so as a man can get in his profession, and this a woman can acquire, with these helps combined, the conclusion is demonstrable," (and, of course, "logical,") "the woman is the *safest* trust, as also women prefer their own sex to assist in giving birth to children."

What a chaos of words. What argument is there in an assertion, resting on a false basis and without a shadow of proof? It is a broken reed. It is a true specimen of the sermons of J. N. G. during the days of his *new light* inspirations. I can get no "logical conclusion" out of this "impartial survey." I have not the "head." I would advise J. N. G., who has a mighty "pen" and a "logical head," to apply them to some other subject, upon which he is better informed, "lest," allow me to quote him, "his productions manifest signs of humbuggery." But to return to the above "impartial survey." If women would study the anatomy of the human body in all its parts and relations, and acquaint themselves with not only a "good amount of book theory," but with a philosophical and physiological knowledge of the mechanism of parturition and its consequences, as some have done, for instance, Dr. Harriet K. Hunt of New York, Madame Lachapelle and Madame Boivine of Paris, both of the latter two are high authority in all matters pertaining to the subject of midwifery, then I would be willing to admit that *such* women could answer in such cases as well as men. But have we any such? I ask have we one such? Is the "*one*" in the "possession" of J. N. G., such a one? Is she any better than the rest? I answer *no!* She is most truly one of the "old ignorant pretenders" spoken of by M. D. *She has* "studied the case and the treatment for women in child-bed, together with a good amount of book theory," as the "past success" of *her practice*, enables us to demonstrate." I wonder what books she studied, and from which she got her "theory."—Probably Dr. Gunn's Practice, or Dr. Morricieu's Hand-book. She too has a "head." "Oh shame where is thy blush?" No one, but physicians, has an idea of the vast ignorance and presumption of these "ignorant pretenders." They are generally of the lowest and most ignorant class of females, and as often black as white. And it is a most astonishing thing that men of sense, will place the lives of their wives and daughters, and servants, in the hands of such "ignorant pretenders," at such an important and critical period. I could, if consistent with propriety, tell of some of their ignorant blunders, from which women had died, and have suffered even worse than death at their hands. But I must forbear. Then, "also women prefer their own sex to assist in giving birth to children." This "logical conclusion" is not true. Nine-tenths of women prefer the attendance of a physician to that of an old woman. I know this to be a fact. Women place themselves in the hands of a physician with the same confidence with which the gentler sex looks up to man for protection in moments of bodily danger. What confidence has one woman in another when at the mercy of a storm, a wild beast, or other imminent danger? None! But to man, no matter how weak, she naturally looks and clings for protection. How beautifully is this idea exemplified in the ivy clinging to the oak.

I tell you but for the cost they would all prefer the attendance of a *man* to that of an "ignorant old woman." And physicians are not always employed, to the entire exclusion of old women, solely on account of the difference in the charge for attendance. Physicians who spend from three to five years of the choice of their lives, and from $1,000 to $3,000 in acquiring a knowledge to fit them for practice, and then pay a heavy tax on their license, cannot afford to come down to a level with "old ignorant pretenders," who call themselves Doctors," and who pay no license for the privilege of practicing this important branch of the profession.—They never will. So much for the New Light of J. N. G., the self-constituted "guardian for old ignorant pretenders," the "spokesman" in a cause worthy of such an advocate.

In my former piece I complained that while the Legislature did not forget to tax us, it overlooked our claims to protection. The physicians of the State have, for years, been asking of the Legislature to protect them against competitors by the sale of patent medicines. But it has done nothing, for us. Of this I complain. Then I complained that our rights were invaded by the practice of "old ignorant pretenders," and old women, black and white, who paid no tax for the privilege. And I again repeat that I intend to present every old woman, and every vender of patent medicines within my practice, male or female, white or black. Then the State will be gainer, while I will lose nothing, unless it be the good will of the "ignorant old pretenders," and their champion "spokesman" and "guardian," J. N. G.; and for this I care not a fig. With this subject and J. N. G. I am done, now, henceforth, and forever. M. D.

July 11, 1860.