Staunton Spectator.

VOL. XXXVII. STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1860. NO. XLIII.

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 Editor, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS of ten lines (or less) inserted once 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.

☞ *Annual advertisers will be limited to their immediate business, or the advertisements charged for at transient rates.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, *not exceeding seven lines, will be inserted one year for* $7 00—*6 months for* $4 00.

ONE SQUARE, (10 *lines*)	1 *year*	$10 00
" "	6 *months*	6 00
" "	3 "	4 00
TWO SQUARES,	1 *year*	15 00
" "	6 *months*	10 00
" "	3 "	6 00
THREE SQUARES,	1 *year*	18 00
" "	6 *months*	12 00
" "	3 "	8 00
ONE-THIRD COLUMN,	1 *year*	25 00
" "	6 *months*	18 00
" "	3 "	12 00
ONE COLUMN,	1 *year*	60 00
" "	6 *months*	40 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 insertion, and twenty five cents for each subsequent issue.*

CARDS.

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

Staunton, April 7, 1858.

DR. W. B. YOUNG,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS,
OILS, DYE-STUFFS, CHEMICALS, BURNING *FLUID, DAGUERREOTYPE MATERIALS, ALL KINDS TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES;*
ALSO, COAL OIL AND LAMPS,
STAUNTON, VA.
Staunton, July 19, 1859.

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.

G. C. YEAKLE,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER AND *PLATED WARE*,
OPPOSITE VA. HOTEL, STAUNTON, VA.
Staunton, July 17, 1860.

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 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.

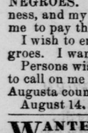
ROBERT D. LILLEY,
Practical Surveyor,
WILL attend promptly to Surveying, Platting, Calculating and Dividing Land, and Locating Roads.
Staunton, June 26, 1860.

R. L. DOYLE,
Attorney at Law, Staunton, Va.,
WILL practice in the Courts of Augusta, Rockbridge, Bath and Highland.
July 29, 1857.

DENTAL NOTICE.—Wm. Chapman has removed his office to the old Bell Tavern, near the Virginia Hotel, and opposite Brandeburg's Corner, and adjoining Rankin's Daguerrean Gallery, where he will be pleased to see his friends and costomers.
Staunton, Jan. 31, 1860.

DR. S. McDANNALD having permanently located in SPRING HILL, offers his professional services to the citizens and vicinity.
May 15, 1860.

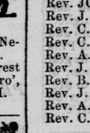
$100,000 IN CASH FOR NEGROES!—I will pay the highest market prices for sound and healthy NEGROES. My long experience in the business, and my facilities for selling will enable me to pay the VERY HIGHEST PRICES.



I wish to employ some good AGENTS to buy Negroes. I want business men of good moral habits.

Persons wishing to sell will find it to their interest to call on me by letter or otherwise, at Waynesboro', Augusta county, Virginia. JOHN B. SMITH.
August 14, 1860—6mo.*

WANTED.—1000 young and likely NEGROES, of both sexes, for the Southern market. The highest cash prices will be paid for them.



Address WILLIAM TAYLOR,
July 17.—tf.—Vin. copy. Brownsburg, Va.

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.

LOOK HERE!—The undersigned have received a large lot of MILLER'S CASSIMERES which will be sold at a reasonable rate.
MOSBY, MAYLOR & FULTZ.
Staunton, Sept. 25, 1860.

TO THE FARMERS.—250 tons best Blue Windsor PLASTER, fresh ground, at the Old Mill, at $12; Rock at the Old Mill at $10. Call and get your order from P. N. POWELL & CO.
Staunton, Sept. 25, 1860.

PUMPS! PUMPS!—Well and Cistern Pumps of the most approved patterns. Also Cooking Stoves for sale cheap. Call at B. F. POINTS.
Staunton July 24, 1860.

MILL IRONS, MACHINERY AND ALL kinds of Castings made to order at the Staunton Foundry, by A. J. GARBER & CO.
Sep. 13, 1859.

10,000 LBS. WOOL WANTED—for which we will pay the highest Market price in Cash or Merchandise. TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, June 19. 1860.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and all kinds of Patent Medicines, for sale by DR. H. S. EICHELBERGER.
Staunton, April 3, 1860.

FRUIT CANS.—We have just received a large lot of Glass Fruit CANS, which can be sold at reduced prices. MOSBY, TAYLOR & FULTZ.
Staunton, July 24, 1860.

IRON RAILING—A variety of patterns, for Yards, Cemetery lots, &c., made to order at the Staunton Foundry. A. J. GARBER & CO.
Sept. 13, 1859

INDELLIBLE PENCILS.—For marking linen. Much preferable to the Indelible Ink.
Staunton, Sept. 18, 1860. P. H. TROUT & CO.

COAL OIL.—A lot of Portland Coal Oil, perfectly transparent and inodorous at
Staunton, Sept. 4. P. H. TROUT & CO'S.

APPLE PEARERS of the most approved pattern, just rec'd. by WOODS & GILKESON.
Staunton, Aug. 28, 1860.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
Pain Killer

We ask the attention of the public to this long tested and unrivalled

Family Medicine.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years, during which time we have received ***thousands*** *of testimonials, showing this Medicine to be an almost never-failing remedy for diseases caused by or attendant upon*—

Sudden Colds, Coughs, Fever and Ague, Headache, Bilious Fever, Pains in the Side, Back, and Loins, as well as in the Joints and Limbs; ***Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains*** *in any part of the system, Toothache and Pains in the Head and Face.*

As a ***Blood Purifier and Tonic*** *for the* ***Stomach,*** *it seldom fails to cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Kidney Complaints,* ***Sick Headache,*** *Piles, Asthma or Phthisic, Ringworms, Boils, Felons, Whitlows, Old Sores, Swelled Joints, and* ***General Debility*** *of the* ***System.***

It is also a prompt and sure Remedy for Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Painters' Colic, ***Diarrhœa,*** *Dysentery,* ***Summer Complaint,*** *Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Chilblains, as well as the Stings of Insects, Scorpions, Centipedes, and the Bites of Poisonous Insects and Venomous Reptiles.*

See Directions accompanying each bottle.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost ***every nation known*** *to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the* ***missionary*** *and the* ***traveller,*** *—on sea and land,—and no one should travel in our lakes or rivers without it.*

Prices, 12½ cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Sold by dealers every where.
Sept. 11, 1860.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY VARIETY,
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DESPATCH
AT THE
"SPECTATOR"
JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
Stone Building, Augusta St.,
STAUNTON, VA.

LARGE STOCK OF JOB TYPE!

GREAT VARIETY OF NEW & FANCY TYPE!

BRONZE & COLORED PRINTING!
will be done in a style equal to the best City Work.

HAVING made a large addition to the "SPECTATOR JOB OFFICE," it is now one of the best in the State, and all varieties of Job Work can be done in the very best and most satisfactory manner on very short notice.

☞ It is furnished with a great variety of new and Fancy Type.

☞ We are now prepared to execute all kinds of Printing, such as

Posters, Sale Bills, Blanks, Circulars, School Reports, Cards, Checks, Notes, Letter Heads, Bill Heads Labels, Pamphlets, Programmes, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Invitations &c.,

in the very best style, on moderate terms.

BLANKS.—Clerks, Sheriffs, Lawyers, Constables, Merchants, and business men generally, are respectfully informed that every kind of Blank they may need can be had, at the shortest notice, at the Spectator office.

☞ Send in your orders and they will be promptly attended to.

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.

Ayer's Ague Cure.

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

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Take notice that our accounts are drawn off to 1st July, 1860, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to us either by account or bond will be expected to come forward at once and pay up.
TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Aug. 28, 1860.—Vin. copy.

POETRY.

Love.

BY THE LATE T. K. HARVEY.

There are who say the lover's heart
Is in the loved one's merged;
Oh never by love's own warm art
So cold a plea was urged!
No!—hearts that love hath crowned or crossed,
Love fondly knits together;
But not a thought or hue is lost
That made a part of either.

Expanding in the soft bright heat,
That draweth each to other,
Each feels itself in every beat,
Though beating for another;
It is their very union's art
The separate parts to prove,
A man first learns how great his heart
When he has learned to love.

The loving heart gives back as due
The treasure it has found—
As scents return to him who threw
The precious things around—
As mirrows show, because they're bright,
What shadows o'er them move—
Receives the light, and by the light
Reflects the form of love.

As he who rapt in fancy's dream,
Bends o'er some wave at even,
Yet deep within the sunlight stream
Sees but himself and heaven—
So, looketh through his loved one's eyes,
In search of all things rare,
The lover—and amid love's skies
Himself is everywhere.

It is an ill-told tale that tells
Of "hearts by love made one;"
He grows who near another's dwells
More conscious of his own:
In each spring up new thoughts and powers
That 'mid love's warm clear weather,
Together tend like climbing flowers,
And, turning, grow together.

Such fictions blind love's part,
Yield up its half of bliss;
The wells are in the neighbor heart
When there is thirst in this:
There findeth love the passion flowers
On which it learns to thrive,
Makes honey in another's bowers,
But brings it home to hive.

Love's life is in its own replies—
To each low beat it beats,
Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,
And every throb repeats.
Then, since one loving heart still throws
Two shadows in love's sun,
How should two loving hearts compose
And mingle into one?

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

THE COTTAGE ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY FRANCIS A. COREY.

I never loved but once. Then it was with wild, mad love. I was young, handsome wealthy then, and might have had my choice of the young ladies of my circle. But I could not find one among them all that I could love. It was this that found me at the age of twenty-five still single. For two years I dwelt beneath the sunny skies of Italy, and, then with a heart, whose greatest longing was for a being to revere and love I sought my native land. One month I spent among my city friends, and then, during the hot month of July, I went to the seaside, where I found a quiet home with an old fisherman and his wife, in their simple cot.

One day I was sailing alone on the bay near the fisherman's cot. It was a calm, bright day, and after sailing near the shore, I ventured out into the open sea. I went on, and on, in my little boat, impelled by some singular desire, until I was far out in the sea and the shore lay like a vast bank upon the blue waters in the distance. I had hardly noticed the gathering clouds until a loud, long peal of thunder burst overhead. I suddenly sprang to my feet and gazed around. Overhead and before me, as far as the eye could reach, great masses of inky clouds lay piled up, one above another, while the sun still shone brightly as ever. The sea was calm as I turned the head of my boat toward the shore, and scarce a ripple disturbed its glassy smoothness. But ere I had proceeded far, on my homeward route, I heard the wind roaring and saw the mighty waves coming up behind me like raving monsters eager for their prey. With an almost hopeless glance toward the shore, I bent my hands once more to the oars, and the boat cleft the waves bravely.

It was in vain! The mighty waters were coming swiftly towards me. As I felt a monstrous wave dashing against the boat, I threw down the oars in despair and clung to the seat. Another, still another, passed me, as if to mock my fears, but each, thank God, bearing me nearer to shore. At last the storm burst more furiously. The wind shrieked, the rain fell in torrents, and the wet spray dashed. I had grasped with the tenacious hope of despair.

At last there was a lull in the storm, when I loosed my hold and raised my head to look around. At that moment a giant wave burst over the boat, and a strange feeling came over me. It seemed as though I was lifted by invisible hands and borne up, I knew not how far, and then dropped into a seething abyss below. This is all I remember! I knew no more.

When I awoke to a knowledge of life and passing events, I was in a large room, furnished with an elegance which only a person of means could afford. I knew I was near the sea for I could hear it beating against the rocks under my very windows.

I had scarcely glanced at the elegant furniture when I heard the door softly unclose and a lady entered. She was attired in a morning robe of pink satin, with a collar of pointed lace clasped by a single diamond around her neck. Her hair was parted smoothly above her fair, white brow, and allowed to fall in careless curls over her neck and shoulders, and there was a proud light in her great eyes, and a queenly grace in her every movement, as she advanced softly towards the bed.

"Do you feel any better now, sir?" she asked when she saw I was awake and watching her.

"Much! Have I been very ill?"

"Oh yes, sir! Very ill indeed! You have been near to death, but now with proper care you are safe."

"And if I recover, I shall feel that I owe it all to you!" I said, grasping her hand and pressing it between both my own.

She withdrew it coldly.

"I do not wish you to think so," she said.—"If I have done you a service it was because I thought it my duty, and I would have done the same to any one. Do not thank *me*, but God! I am only an instrument in his hands."

"I do thank Him sincerely for placing me where he did!" I said, impulsively.

"Do you wish me to leave you?" she asked instantly.

"Oh no!" I cried. "But how long have I been here?"

"This is the fifth day."

"So long? It has seemed scarcely as many minutes to me."

"It is because your mind has wandered."

"But how came I under your roof? It is a mystery to me. Pray explain it."

"My servants found you, just five days ago, lying insensible upon the beach, and brought you here. That is all I can inform you. If you wish to know more you must question them.'

"I think I understand it all now."

"Then I will leave you awhile to yourself.—You must try and sleep some."

But I did not! Her sweet low voice still rang like merry music in my ear and her lovely face still haunted my every thought! An hour afterwards when I heard her approaching, I closed my eyes and began to breathe heavily, for I did not wish she should know I had been awake. When she saw that I was apparently asleep, she approached the bed and bathed my brow, with her soft hand. Oh what a sensation came over me when I felt her hand upon my brow, and her slender fingers in the masses of my hair! Afterwards I practiced the same deception many times but at last spoilt it all myself. For when she was bathing my brow I foolishly exclaimed—

"How very soft and soothing your hands are!"

"Are you awake?" she cried, springing back.

"Yes, and I have been every time you have bathed my head so nicely. Do not go," I said, as I saw she was about to leave the room.—"You make my head feel so much better. Remember it is a sick man who asks of you this favor."

She staid; but that was the last time I ever felt her hands upon my brow.

"Do you know," I asked, while her fingers were still running over my temples, "that I often wonder why you stay here? I know that you are wealthy, and with as much beauty and grace as you possess you would shine the brightest star in any circle."

I said this in the vain hope that she would reveal to me something of her past life, but was disappointed.

"I did once enjoy the world," she said, "but I grew tired of it and came here."

"Then our cases are similar, for I too have grown strangely weary of the world and its pleasures."

I thought she appeared a little more interested in me after I said this. The days of my sickness flew rapidly they were such happy ones.—And soon, may God forgive and pity me, I learned to love her with an idolatrous love.—I knew nothing of her past history, not even her name, only that she was very beautiful and that my heart was all her own. I was, though I knew it not, rushing, with closed eyes, on to my own destruction! And thus I loved on, madly doating upon every word her lips uttered, and every smile she bestowed upon me, until I was entirely recovered. Then I had no excuse for longer delay, and so, after gaining her permission to call upon her soon, I returned to my home at the fisherman's cot. I staid there three days, in fact till I could stay no longer. Then I went to make my promised call, and it was but little past midday when I rang the bell at the door of the cottage on the sea shore. One of the servants answered the summons.

"Is—is"—I hesitated from my inability to pronounce her name—"is the lady of the house in?"

Mrs. Cloyes? Yes! Will you walk in sir?"

Mrs. Cloyes! Oh what does he mean? Is she, the being I love so fondly—the ideal I have sought after so long in vain—is she found at last but to be lost? Is she a wife? This thought burned like fire into my brain, as I followed him up into the gorgeous parlors.

She sat alone, by the window looking forth, and the moment the servant had gone I stood with clasped hands before her.

"Tell me—are you—mar—married?" I gasped, holding out my arms towards her. "I have loved you so devotedly, so fondly, and are you—can you be—lost to me forever? No, oh no! It must not, shall not be! Mrs. Cloyes? Tell me, is not this some dreadful mistake?"

I stood, white and motionless, before her, awaiting her answer. She must have thought me wild—insane—but she did not say so.

"That is my name, but how came you acquainted with it?" She asked calmly.

"The servant told me at the door. Then it is all too true! You are lost, lost now and forever, to me!" I said, with a bitter sigh.

"Mrs. Cloyes is my name, but I am not now a wife," she answered, looking up trustingly into my face. "My husband is dead!"

I seized her hand impulsively and carried it to my lips.

"I must tell you something of my past history. I had wished to keep it a secret, but it is my duty to make you acquainted with it. I was an orphan and wedded Athel Cloyes at a very early age. I thought I loved him then but soon found my mistake. He was wealthy, talented and handsome, all that one could desire in a husband, but still I could not love him. We lived together one short year, and then, I sometimes think, he had discovered my want of affection for him, took his departure for Europe. On the passage out the vessel was lost, and every soul on board perished, and I was left a wealthy widow, yet wholly alone in the world. I was tired of my city friends and sick of society, and so I came to this place and have lived here alone since then."

"And you are free—free to love me and be my wife?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes!"

"And you will?"

"I must tell you the truth. I do love you!—I have loved you ever since I watched over your sick bed."

"Bless you! bless you!" I cried catching her proud form in my arms and pressing her fondly to my heart. I still held her till I heard footsteps outside the door, and a man I never saw before entered.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he asked, striding up to me and placing his hand heavily upon my shoulder. "By what right, sir, do you hold that lady in your arms?"

I felt the loved form tremble in my arms, and saw her face grow pale and rigid as marble when he spoke thus.

"Rather let me ask *you* by what right you enter, thus rudely, a lady's apartments unannounced?" I said, shaking off his grasp, and threatening him with a blow with my disengaged hand.

"Don't, Lynn, don't!" she cried, springing between us, "for—he—he—is my *husband!*"

She uttered these words in a strange, choking tone, casting upon me such a look of pity and love as I never shall forget.

Your HUSBAND!" I gasped, staggering to the wall with a sudden faintness.

"The sea has given up its dead!"

"Yes, and this is a strange welcome to give me upon my return. Have you not a single word of welcome?"

"*My Athel!*" she answered, springing into his arms, yet casting a yearning look upon me.

"Stella," I cried, "will you not come to me?"

"No, no, I must not! We must part forever. My duty is plain. Go! and think of me ever as one who wronged you, though unwittingly."

I left, but I felt that I carried her heart with me. I afterwards learned that they went immediately to Europe. This mysterious event has bent my form and silvered my hair before its time! This has made the earth a place of tears and sorrow to me! Oh Stella! Stella!"

I have again visited the cottage on the sea shore! I walked up the graveled walk towards her house. It was just such a July day as when I first awoke from my long sleep, years ago.—The front door was slightly ajar. I pushed it noiselessly open, and went up to the very room where we last parted. There, at the same window where she had sat, was a black robed female form, with her head resting upon her hands. I gave one quick, sure glance, and then opened my arms.

"*Stella!*" I cried.

"Lynn, oh, *Lynn!*"

And she sprang into my open arms and laid her head upon my bosom. Thus I held her for several minutes, forgetting that she was another's wife, and that my love was only a sin. But at last the dread remembrance returned.

"Oh Stella," I said bitterly, "I have found you once more but to lose you!"

"No, Lynn, not if you will keep me forever," she returned, clinging fondly to me.

"What can you mean?" I asked.

"That you may love me if you will! With my own hands I closed my dear husband's eyes three years ago in Italy. He died blessing me, and with his last words he bade me to wed you, if we ever met, and you loved me still!"

"And will you, dearest? You find in me a white-haired man, old before his time. Now will you be my wife?"

"I will, and may God bless us!" was her answer.

I have come back but it is to return in one month and claim her as my bride. My faded youth, with happiness, has returned. With God's blessing, I know I shall be ever happy, with my Stella, in OUR COTTAGE ON THE SEA SHORE.

Subscribers Classified.

One of the Chicago editors gets off a good hit at newspaper subscribers. He divides them into classes, which he says are capable of innumerable subdivisions. According to his "booktionary" the first class are the uprights. These are men who take newspapers, pay for them and read them. They do the thing by system.—They pay first and then read. They are generally intelligent men, and consider that they get the worth of their money. It seems as fair and just to them that the newspaper should be paid for, as a barrel of flower or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out they are on hand again with the pay. This class, the editor remarks, are near and dear to the heart of the printer. Their image is embalmed in his affections, and they are universally respected. The second class are dowells. They are in some degree related to the first. They pay up during the first six months—"intended to do so before, but forgot it."—They never forgot it if they failed to receive the paper once a week. But these patrons will do. They won't let him suffer, if occasionally reminded of their short comings. The third class are the easy doers. They believe in newspapers—always read. They take the paper without urging. They come up like men and pay for the first year. The next year rolls along but they quiet themselves with the conviction that they paid for the first year, and on the strength of that, neglect the printer, till he begins to inquire after the state of their health, pockets, &c., when they awake to the fact that they are in arrears, and after a few weeks grunting and grumbling, they come forward with fifty excuses, and pay the old score. There are many such newspaper patrons. They never dispute the printer's bill, however. They know that books will tell better stories than treacherous moss-covered memories. If the printer can manage to beg his way till these wheel-horses pay up, he may possibly get along after a fashion, but it's a hazardous dependence. The next class are the down-hillers. One of these will take a paper because "wife wants it," or neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come he spends no further thoughts upon it. In the course of a year, if the constable visits him, he may pay up, grudgingly, but with growls and with surly looks. An ordinary dun has no more effect upon him than a bullet has on the side of a hippopotamus. The printer can't live with such men.

The fifth class are the *nix cum arouse*. They never pay for the paper—nor anything else.—They are always grumbling at the editor, too.—They don't like his paper, it don't give no news—never did like it—didn't want it in the first place—told the postmaster so—sent back one a year ago, and did'nt begin to take it for a long time after it come—havn't had but two or three numbers, and they hain't been read, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Thus they talk, but the printer can read all such like a "book." They have a niche in his memory and through the columns of his paper, to instruct them in their duty and make better men of them. He finds it an uphill business, however, and soon gives them up—as he should.

The sixth and last class is the scape grace.—Everybody knows what a scape grace is. One of these fellows never fails to take five or six newspapers. When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want his pay, sends word to "stop it" or decamps for parts unknown. He never intends to pay for it and don't. It doesn't take many such fellows to starve out the printer.

Such are the varieties of mankind who "take the papers."

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.—Dear Children:—In this world, which we love so much, and which is so beautiful, we find one thing which makes us sad: it is DEATH. Everything around us dies, and we must die, too.

But there are some things that never die.

Kind thoughts can never die. If you keep them in your heart, they are like the fragrance of the rose or hyacinth; they shed a happy influence over yourself and speak in your gentle manners.

Kind words never die. When you sleep they live in the hearts of those who listened to their music. The frost king may come, but he can not injure so sweet a flower.

Kind actions never dis. Let me tell you of a kind action which I saw not long ago:

For many months, at the door of the Sunday School hall—where I am a teacher—every Sabbath afternoon stood a little carriage just like your baby sister's, only a little larger. I wondered what small child was brought so regularly to Sunday School. What was my surprise the other day, as I came to the hall, to see the same carriage coming, drawn by two little fair-haired brothers, and in it was their *lame sister*, bigger and older than themselves! She could not walk so far. So these dear little brothers drew her to school every Sabbath afternoon. I was so glad to see this kind action, that a tear stole down my cheek, and I thanked God there were hearts so sweetly tuned to a brother's and sister's love.

Are you cultivating a spirit so heavenly, so pure? Remember the little brothers and their lame sister. I wish I could send you a picture of these fair children. You would like to see them. I am not sure but you would wish to carry the picture in a locket, and look at it often so that you might become like it. Make a picture of it on your hearts, and write there these golden words:

Kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions never die.

A SERMON.—One morning Nasser-Eddyn-Effendi ascended to the pulpit to preach, and addressing his hearers said:

"O, believers! know ye what I am going to talk about."

They replied that they did not.

"Well, then," rejoined he, "since you do not know, do you suppose that I am going to tell you?"

Another morning he again appeared in the pulpit, and said:

"O, believers! know ye what I am going to tell you?"

They replied they did.

"If you know it, then," said he, "I need not tell it to you;" and descended from the pulpit, and went his way.

His auditors, puzzled what to do, at length agreed that if he again made his appearance, some of them would say that they knew, others that they did not.

And again Nasser-Eddyn-Effendi mounted into the pulpit, and said:

"O, Mussulmans! know ye what I am going to say to you?"

To which some replied, "We know;" others, "We know not."

"Good!" returned he; "let those who know tell those who do not."

A master, in illustrating why the fingers are not of an equal length, made his scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show that the points of his fingers are equal. It would have been better, says Sir Charles Bell, had he closed his fingers upon his palm, and then asked whether or not they corresponded. The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand ends, adapting the form of the hand and fingers to different purposes—as, for holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, engraving tools, etc., in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

The Late Slave Murder Case.

At the term of the Circuit Court of Mecklenburg county, Va., Charles Hudson was tried for the murder of his slave woman Jane, convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for eighteen years.

The Tobacco Plant says very truly that it is one of those cases which thoroughly vindicate Southern character against the aspersions cast upon us by our enemies at the North. It developes what is as true of us as of any other people on the civilized globe, that we utterly detest and abhor cruelty and barbarity, whether to whites or blacks.

The evidence in the case was that on the morning of the 4th of July last, at 8 o'clock, one of the hottest days of the past Summer, Hudson stripped the woman, naked as she came into the world, tied her to a persimmon tree, and whipped her for three consecutive hours, with occasional intermissions of a few minutes, until he had worn out to stumps fifty-two switches, and until the bark of the body of the tree was rubbed smooth and greasy by the attrition of the body of the victim. The ground around the tree for seven or eight feet, though it had been freshly plowed, was trodden hard. One witness testified that he heard distinctly, at the distance of six hundred yards, both the noise of the switches and the screams and entreaties of the woman. The poor creature was buried the same afternoon only some ten inches beneath the ground, in a rough box, without any shroud. The overseer suggested that the neighbors had better be sent for to see the body before burial, but Hudson dissented.

The body was exhumed on Friday, two days afterwards, but was in such a state of decomposition that the external marks of violence were well nigh obliterated. But the testimony of the physician, who dissected the body, and of several other physicians, who were examined as experts, was distinct and positive that the violence used was sufficient to produce death. It was also in evidence that, after the protracted punishment, Hudson untied the woman and sent her to the creek, some one hundred and fifty yards distant, to wash herself, accompanied by a negro boy, with instructions to bring her back to him; that she complained of great thrist, and was seen to go down to the water's edge; that she remained there about fifteen minutes; that on her return she stopped two or three times, and complained of having a severe colic; that finally she stopped and could proceed no further, when the negro boy, at the command of his master, took hold of one hand and Hudson of the other, and dragged her towards the tree.

The main argument of the defence was based upon the idea that the woman went into the creek, remained there fifteen minutes, drank to great excess, and that this, in all probability, brought on a congestion of the vitals and produced death.

Such is an imperfect account of this horrible transaction. The jury hesitated much between a conviction for murder in the first and murder in the second degree. But finally they agreed and ascertained the term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary at eighteen years—the longest term known to the law. Hudson is now sixty-eight years old, and there is scarcely a probability that he can survive his confinement. Indeed he is already exceedingly prostrated.

On Monday morning, the last day of the Court, Judge Gholson pronounced sentence upon him, as follows:

"Charles Hudson—You have been regularly tried for the murder of your own slave. You have been defended with great ability, and a jury of your own country have found you guilty of murder in the second degree, and fixed the term of your confinement in the Penitentiary at eighteen years. In this verdict this Court entirely concurs. I will not go into the details of the shocking deed. You tied and stripped a female, who dared not raise her hand against you—whose only protector in this world you should have been. For three hours did you, in one of the hottest days of the summer, cruelly whip and torture this helpless woman; until, in the language of counsel, 'the angel of death delivered her from the hands of her tormentor.' You have thus committed a great crime against both human and divine law. You have outraged the feelings of the community among whom you lived. You have enabled their enemies to fan the flame of fanaticism, by charging against them the enormity and cruelty of your hard and unfeeling heart, although that community cordially loathe and condemn cruelty and oppression towards black or white.

"But, if your crime has been great, your punishment will be heavy. You are an old man. In all human probability, before eighteen years have expired, you will be dead. The remnant of your days are to be spent within prison walls. The labors of the day will never be followed by the pleasures of home and friends—but night after night, until the last night of your earthly existence, will you be carried to your narrow cell, and hear, as the prison house keeper departs, the harsh grating of the heavy key that keeps safe the door of your dungeon. From man you have nothing to expect. Your doom is fixed. A murderer, you are now a convict and prisoner for life, and your sentence is just, nay merciful. Nor is there hope for you beyond the grave, unless you truly and deeply repent.

"If you will sincerely repent yourself of this horrible deed and your other sins—if you will bow your head to this deserved punishment, and pray Almighty God to pardon your sins, and soften and regenerate your heart, there is hope. Yes—if your repentance is sincere, it is certain that God will pardon you—for rest assured that the same power which translated the criminal from the Cross to Heaven, can and will save alive the penitent convict. Desolate and dreary beyond description is your present condition.—With a hard and unfeeling heart, human blood resting upon your head, and your limbs fettered with a felon's chains, whenever weary and tired you may ask: 'When shall I be free?' this verdict of eighteen years will answer—'Never'—'never.'

"Then I trust you will, with deep humility and sincere repentance, feel and confess your crime and sins, and that this sentence may prove the means of saving your soul."

PLEA FOR OLD MAIDS.—A woman at the age of thirty-three and a third years, who has never been married, is considered *passee*, is called an "old maid," and the term is most unjustly used in derision. The very fact of being an old maid is *prima facie* evidence of the possession of purity, prudence and self denial, and these are essential to the character of a perfect wife; without them no woman is worth having. Being an old maid implies decision of character; neither sham, nor shows, nor courtly manners, nor splendid persons have won them over; nor fair promises, nor shallow tears; they looked beyond the manner and the dress, and finding no cheering indication of depth of mind and sterling principles, they gave up the specious present for the chance of a more solid future, and determined in hope and patience and resignation to "bide their time."

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand half what most mothers say and do to their infants, we should be filled with a