Staunton Spectator.

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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
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" "	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.

TAYLOR & HOGE,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,

HAVE just received a very large and handsome stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, to which they invite the attention of purchasers.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

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.

WM. B. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.
WILL attend to the location, purchase and sale of Lands in Arkansas, and any other business pertaining to his profession in that State, and in Memphis, Tenn. May be found until the 15th of October at the office of David S. Young, or the residence of N. P. Cadlett, Staunton, Va.
Oct. 2, 1860—1y.

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.

$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.

MILL IRONS, MACHINERY AND ALL kinds of Castings made to order at the Staunton Foundry, by A. J. GARBER & CO.
Sep. 18, 1859.

STATIONERY.—I am now receiving a superior stock of Stationery, which for quality and cheapness cannot be surpassed in Staunton.
Staunton, Oct. 23, 1860. L. B. WALLER.

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

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

CLOAKING CLOTHS can be found at
PIPER & FUNKHOUSER'S.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

COAL OIL LAMPS.—A large assortment at
P. H. TROUT & CO.
Staunton, Oct. 2, 1860.

CEMENT.—30 bbls. "Rosendale" Cement.
TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—500 pair Boots and Shoes for sale cheap by TAYLOR & HOGE.
Oct 9, 1860.

SALT.—200 Sacks Ashton and Marshall's Fine Salt, just received by TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 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 on 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

SYRUP.—20 bbls. Molasses and Syrup.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860. TAYLOR & HOGE.

POETRY.

Jimmy's Wooing.

The wind came blowing out of the West,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the West—
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the blue-bird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like the children babbling all around,
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With her light foot so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye—
And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown—
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
He watched her soft cheeks changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down
Whenever he looked that way.

Oh! Milly's heart was as good as gold—
And Jimmy mowed the hay.
Oh, Milly's heart was as good as gold;
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more he thought than e'er he told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain—
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden train,
Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in,
Under the thatch of hay;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering in its nest,
And then I'll swear she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And the twittering birds began to shout,
As if for a wedding day.

MISCELLANY.

From the Cornhill Monthly.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest, "the happy man—or the unhappy one, if you please, ha! ha!—shall be a person possessed of these three qualifications:

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"Third, common sense."

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I never could think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who had obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors, but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and, discarding all others except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals.—If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius and something of a hero; the other a wealthy fool and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is—

Our poor genius was not much of a genius—not very poor, either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character," by his companions, a "noble good fellow," and by the ladies generally, a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington, (his companions called him "Duke,") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, good looks and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Beside this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. Frank Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks and common-sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank, was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of the heart.

However, one day, when he pressed her to declare his fate, she said to him with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we ever met!"

"Sorry?

"Yes; for we must part now."

"Part!" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept bitterly.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me; but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word and I go."

"Go!" murmured Kate, "go."

"Have you decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell."

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully, into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms around his neck; but in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he asked.

A feeble yes fell from her lips—and an instant later she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated, and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarce repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the charmed atmosphere of a fairy-land, Kate gave her heart to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her, she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanted in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast.

Her friends were numerous, her husband tender and kind and loving; but all the attention and affections could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chord and sympathy moved by a skillful touch—she had not known the heavenly charm of the deep, delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless, muffled so as to speak in silks and satins. These chords were still and soundless. Her heart was dead; none the less so because killed by a golden shot, having known and felt the life of sympathy in it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Kate in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joke, however, was unsatisfactory, and impelled by a powerful longing for love, he went astray to warm his heart with a strange fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unconquerable by golden streams that flowed around her—panting with a hunger which not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus, and he answered her with angry and desperate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried, "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it," said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in her sympathy?—Who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Kate, "I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But, granting I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same; and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands and not of hearts is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few understand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife; but do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of separation. Nay, do not tremble and cry, and cling to me now; I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses, until with a start she cried:

"Frank! oh Frank! come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing beside her.

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say; not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming!" murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me away from you so cruelly, I knew. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause with you once more, and I found you here where I left you, asleep."

"Oh! what a horrible dream!" murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it.—I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to me?"

"No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart!"

"Then, if you gave your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Kate, and her bright eyes were beaming happily through her tears, "and here it is!"

And soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid, but a happy one—followed by a life of love, of contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth. We never see the stars till we can see little or naught else, and thus it is with truth.

A lady sometimes keeps charms upon her watch-guard, but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence.—Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered with a table cloth.

WONDERFUL.—A teacher of penmanship, in twelve lessons, taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which gives value to reputation.

Theory may be all very well; but young doctors and lawyers prefer practice.

The grace which makes every other grace amiable is humility.

Conversation is the ventilation of the mind.

A Love Story.

BY BELLA DUNBAR.

They plighted their vows beside the silver singing fountain—Claud Vincent and Lillian May—with the drooping foliage whispering above their heads, and the brilliant stars flashing upon them a burning light. Sitting thus in the dim, cool beauty of that starry eve, Claud Vincent breathed into Lillian's willing ear the story of his love; then, bending down till his glossy curls swept her silken tresses, he pressed a lover's kiss upon her pure brow.

"List!" suddenly exclaimed Lillian, as the vines near them rustled and shook loudly.

"A false alarm, dear Lillian," said Claud; "it was nothing but the wind playing amid the leaves."

Nothing but the wind! Ah! he saw not the white face and dark eyes that gleamed a moment through the dark thick vines, and then was gone.

In a splendid apartment, Alda Dunmore is rapidly pacing the floor; her rich dress of crimson silk is damp with the dew of night; and, tearing the gems from her breast, she crushes them beneath her feet. Her long black hair falls in disheveled masses over her shoulders. Passionately she muttered to herself:

"What care I for costly gems or riches, if a dependent cousin wins from me the only man I can ever love?" And, stamping her foot angrily, she cries: "No! no! it shall never be, even though I have to murder her!" and the words were hissed from between her pale lips.

Turning, she saw herself reflected in a large mirror opposite. Could it be possible?—such a change in so short a time! She went to the window, and then opened the shutters. The soft evening wind cooled her aching brow, and the calm sky above was smiling upon her; but she heeded it not. The murmur of distant voices came to her, wafted upon the scented breeze. It was Claud Vincent taking leave of Lillian.

"I shall be gone a week, and then I shall hasten back to claim my promised bride."

She heard the hall door close, and Lillian came lightly up the stairs.

How lovely she looked as she entered the room! Even Alda could not but acknowledge it. There glistened no diamonds from amid the snowy folds of her white silk robe. The red roses that looped her sleeves, and the buds that were twined in her sunny curls were her only ornaments. By her side, upon a marble stand, stood a silver goblet, and taking it up, she drained the contents. Then, seating herself upon the sofa, she sat gazing dreamingly at Alda, who, still seated at the window, pretended not to notice her.

"I will not tell her to-night," thought Lillian. Musing thus, a drowsiness came over her—a heavy languor which weighed down her eyelids—and she sank back insensible upon the crimson velvet sofa.

A pang of something like regret shot through Alda's heart, as she bent over her and bathed the blue veined temples.

"But why should I pity her?—has she not won the love which I would have given all I possess for?" she murmured.

At last Lillian slowly unclosed her eyes, riveting an unnatural gaze upon Alda. Her forehead throbbed with a burning fever; she was delirious, and incoherent words fell from her lips.

All night Alda watched beside her. Morning found her still there; but Lillian was more quiet now; and, passing her hand over her forehead, she murmured—

"Ah! 'twill be safe to call a physician now."

A physician came; but there was a grave look upon his countenance, as he noticed the burning cheeks of the patient. However, he gave a few directions to Alda.

"It is a singular case. I fear we cannot do much for her," he said, gravely shaking his head, as Alda and her father followed him from the room.

Deep anxiety was depicted upon the face of Mr. Dunmore, as he listened; for he had loved the orphan Lillian as if she were his own, ever since his dying sister had entreated him to be a father to her only child.

And faithfully had he fulfilled his promise; and Lillian had repaid him all the love and gratitude which was in her gentle nature. He had watched with delight the growing intimacy between Lillian and Claud, little dreaming of its effects upon Alda.

Three days have passed away. The room where Lillian lies is darkened. It is the crisis of the fever, and all is silent in the stately mansion. Who shall know the burning thoughts that pass in Alda's mind? No one can read them; no one can look into the secret depths of her heart and see its stain of *murder!*

The crisis is past, and in the splendid coffin is laid a beautiful corpse, ready to be borne to the silent tomb, for the form of sweet Lillian is clad in the habiliments of the grave.

Claud was detained longer than expected, and arrived home the day after Lillian died.

"Now I will hasten to my Lillian," he said, as he sprang lightly from the cars. But his attention was arrested by two gentlemen who were conversing.

"Shall you attend the funeral to-morrow?" said one.

"Who is dead?" said the other.

"Why, Lillian Glen, the niece of——

He did not finish. There was a heavy fall on the pavement beside them, and Claud Vincent was borne into the nearest house insensible.

"This way, sir," said the servant, as he ushered Claud into the darkened room where his Lillian Lay. His proud form staggered as he approached the coffin. With trembling hands he drew the cloth from her face.

"Oh, God!" he grasped, "can this be death?"

Her lips were parted, as if smiling, and the tiny lashes seemed trembling as they rested on the ivory cheeks.

"No, no, she is not dead?" he cried, in anguish. "I cannot, will not, give her up!"

But why that start? He surely felt her breath upon his cheek as he bends over her.—He pressed his hand upon her heart—there was a faint beating.

"She is not dead! She breathes—she lives!" he almost shrieked.

Alda, who had just entered the room, stood colorless and immovable as marble; but Claud's cry had rang through the mansion, and others came, bringing restoratives to call her back to life. At last a faint color tinged cheek and lip. The large violet eyes slowly unclosed, and met the dark ones bending over her so earnestly.

Merrily, merrily, pealed out the silver-toned chapel bells. Soft, calm and holy floated the dim silver light within. The moonbeams gleaming through the window rested like a golden halo upon the head of the fair young bride, whose tiny hand rests so confidingly in that of the proud man at her side. She is pale and delicate yet, but the love-lit eyes grew brightly and her flushed cheeks wear the hue of the roses which strew the altar. Claud, too, shows how much, how very much he has suffered, but in deep joy all is forgotten now. The few guests look on in silent admiration. Alda is not there. It is whispered that no sane light gleams from her eyes. Alda is a maniac. The wedding ring already sparkles on the slender finger of Lillian; and the white-haired minister has just raised his hands to pronounce the final benediction, when, with a wild cry, Alda rushed toward the altar, and with a gold stiletto aimed a blow at the heart of the bride; but a strong arm warded off the blow, as with a phrenzied cry, Alda fled from the chapel; far, far away from her pursuers she bounded, like the wind; then suddenly pausing on the brink of the dark river, her long hair floated on the breeze, and turning her gleaming eyes, while a wild laugh resounded through the air, she sprang into the dark waters, but a daring hand caught the light dress, and drew her from her watery grave. Her black hair fell dripping over her neck and shoulders, while a triumphant smile seemed to hang upon her lips. The moon drew behind a cloud, casting a sadder shade upon the face of the corpse and the dark forms bending over her.

For the Spectator.

Way-Side Jottings.

Dear Spectator:—Not long since I spent a most pleasant week in your county, and as a few notes were taken during my visit I have concluded to give you and your readers the benefit of them.

Like most strangers who visit "old Augusta" I wished to see Weyer's Cave and the Old Stone Church. It was early in the week when I visited the Church, yet I found a good congregation convened to witness the opening exercises of the Lexington Presbytery, consequently I deferred visiting the Cave for a few days, and spent the time attending the meeting held from day to day in this venerable and time honored house of God. Mr. See, of Tinkling Spring, a young and talented minister, presided as moderator. Among the older ministers of this body I observed the beloved Dr. McFarland, and that lovely and zealous man of God, Dr. Wm. S. White, of Lexington; also Rev. Samuel Brown, evidently one of the best and most modest members of the body. I am informed that in years past his facile pen furnished your columns with several pleasing and instructive communications.

Among the Elders I noticed Maj. Overton, of the V. M. I. He entered heartily into the deliberations, and he evidently knew what he was about in all he attempted to say and do.

The pastor of the church, Dr. William Brown, aided by his accomplished lady, made all feel heartily welcome to the hospitalities of his charge. When the Presbytery was about to adjourn, after passing a very complimentary vote of thanks, the pastor facetiously bid them farewell in terms familiar to every minister's ear—"Now don't make it too long before you come again."

One morning, during the sessions of this body, I visited the grave yard, in company with several others. As we slowly walked along, admiring the vistas of unrivaled beauty opening up everywhere before us, it was interesting to conjecture that Speece and Baxter enjoyed many such mornings as this while they preached in this valley, and were inspired by the exquisite loveliness of scenes like these, to give expression to their rapturous conceptions of the heavenly world; whither they allured their people and led the way. There was something touching in the thought that among the scenes of other days, portrayed by memory upon the imagination of the Blind Preacher, perhaps the most beautiful was a morning scene like this, and in his blindness it enabled him to feel the meaning of words like these:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Of the many graves we visited, one possessed associations of special interest for me, for it is the grave of a friend who is fondly remembered by me. In other days we were classmates and rivals at college. But our rivalry on his part was of that pure and elevated character, that it seemed to intensify our friendship. In one branch of our studies I felt and acknowledged him to be my superior, and I frequently asked him for assistance, which seemed to afford him pleasure to give me, such was his magnanimity.

We often spent our sabbath mornings together, after a week of intense study, and passed the interval between chapel service and public worship in singing, reading and conversation. On one of the last interviews of this character, of which I now retain a distinct recollection, he called my attention to the Orphan's Prayer, which we sung together. He could sing it understandingly too, as his own dear mother had long been in her grave. We never met after our separation at college, and I heard from him but seldom. He had high aspirations; he toiled day and night to realize his hopes and noble aims; but in doing so I fear he tasked his powers too severely; and ere the day of his life had near reached the meridian he fainted by the way, and the weary one arose to toil no more. O! it was sad to see the student's gown exchanged for the shroud. Many bitter tears were wept when the friends of the deceased student buried him near that hallowed spot, which was in his mind when he proposed one sabbath morning, years ago, that we should sing "before going to church"—

"I love to stay where my mother sleeps,
And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps
Through that bending willow which lonely weeps
O'er my mother's grave.

"I love to kneel on the green turf there,
Afar from the scene of my daily care,
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer
O'er my mother's grave.

"I still remember how oft she led
And knelt me by her, as with God she plead
That I might be His, when the clod was spread
O'er my mother's grave."

The mild influences of a morning in autumn, and these subduing memories awakened by the occasion, had wrought my mind into a mournfully pleasing form. He has been taken and I am left. Shall we ever meet again? Had a being of angelic brightness paused on poised wing and whispered to my soul's ear some message from the unseen one, it could not be more really and substantially true and comforting, than humble faith in Christ makes the simple words of his epitaph, read as I wept a tear to his memory: "I will see you again, and your heart will rejoice."

Taking leave of the grave of my college-mate and of the old Stone Church, I proceeded on my journey to realize a life-long desire and hope—that of visiting Weyer's Cave. It was my good fortune to have a most excellent guide to show me the Cave, and a very pleasant companion in the person of a young Doctor, to keep me from being lonesome while in the strange recesses of this world-renowned cavern. Two hours were delightfully spent in observing the many interesting objects of interest pointed out to us by our faithful guide. The Doctor's facetious remarks about the various things so curiously wrought and fashioned in this "hidden part of the earth" enhanced the pleasures of the visit very much. Of all the objects, however, that arrested my attention most was the fountain near the terminus of the Cave, and the most interesting because of the legend it suggests:

Once, beyond the blue mountains, lived a brave young warrior who wooed and won the affections of a lovely Indian Princess. Soon afterwards he led a band of braves to this beautiful valley, where he met the foe in battle, but in the conflict he lost his life. When the braves returned and told the melancholy story of his fate the grief of his affianced one was inconsolable. One night, after weeping herself to sleep, the spirit of the slain warrior came to her in dreams, and seemed to lead her across the blue mountains to a vale of surpassing loveliness, where he showed her the bloody forest, the scene of the deadly contest. And then they came to the entrance of a cave, in whose darkness he suddenly vanished, whereupon she began to weep. That woke her from her broken ken slumbers. The impression produced by the dream became a passion of her soul, for she regarded it as sent to inform her where the loved one might be found.

It was not long ere she sat out to cross the mountains, directed by the memory of her dream. She followed the phantom guide to the battle ground, saw the graves where the warriors were buried, and then she began her search for the cave of which she dreamed. One day, thirsty and weary, she came to the river's brink and