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	10 00
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ONE-THIRD COLUMN,	1 year	25 00
" "	6 months	18 00
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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.

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. Cadett, Staunton, Va.
Oct. 2, 1860—1y.

POWELL HARRISON
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,
WILL practice in the Courts of Augusta and the adjoining counties.
☞ Office removed to corner room of the New Law Building, East of the Court-house.
Staunton, Oct. 23, 1860.

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.*

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. 13, 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. TAYLOR & HOGE.
Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.

POETRY.

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows lined the banks;
Half in thought and half in play—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

Pretty Katie, Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
Boys are strong and girls are weak,—
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.

Katie answered, with a laugh,
You shall carry only half!
And then tossing back her curls—
Boys are weak as well as girls:
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all,
And when long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook—
Bending like a shepherd's crook.

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?
And she answered with a laugh—
No, but you may carry half!

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long—and deep—and wide—
And has—rockers at the side!

MISCELLANY.

The Adventure of an Orphan Boy—A Tale of Love and Politics.

Towards the latter part of the summer of '40, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G———, situated at the foot of Seneca Lake, New York, near the centre of that State. He had travelled from the western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly settled countries, while overseeing a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1836.

Being an only son, and left among strangers after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio and return to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner chance might offer.

He had passed through several towns and villages on his route, without meeting anything to attract his attention, till reaching G———. This fine town, with its lovely lake and pleasant scenery struck his fancy, so he determined to obtain employment if possible, and then to make it his future home.

While walking along the principle street of the shady avenue overlooking the lake, and on which were located several fine churches and other public buildings, he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On his approaching the spot he found that it was a political meeting held for the purpose of raising the pole and making several party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes," with the names of their candidates, to the top of the flag staff.

The flag had scarcely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch.—The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were raised to the half masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, who were grouped a little in the rear of the main body began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their opponents.

At length, Judge S———, editor and publisher of the G——— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, offered fifty dollars to any person who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel. Silence reigned for several minutes but no one advanced to make the daring trial.

"Will no one volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited, as a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposition.

The chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George, with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look exclaimed:

"Yes sir, I will climb it."

"You, my lad?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you strong enough?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And not afraid?"

"No, sir, I'm used to climbing."

"Then go ahead my little spartan," said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutched the pole in a manner that proved him an expert climber, George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it swayed to and fro with his light weight.—Nothing daunted, he wound his legs right and left around the pole, and with his right hand untwisted the cord. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hoist away, he clung on till the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific—everybody, opposition and all, joining in with one universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge S——— looked upon the boy with admiration, and took out his pocket-book to pay the promised reward of fifty dollars.

George noticed the action, and exclaimed:

"Keep your money, sir; I want no money for helping to raise the glorious American flag."

"Nobly said, my little man; what is your name?"

"George Wentworth, sir. I am an orphan, and have just arrived here in search of employment," replied our hero, his eyes glistening with a tear.

"Well, you shall live with me," exclaimed the Judge; "I will take care of you for the future."

* * * * * * * *

Five years have passed from the time George Wentworth became a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S——— had been defeated by his political opponent, and George had been initiated into the "Art of Arts." He had become a general favorite with the citizens, and was looked upon as the adopted son of the Judge. It was even whispered in private circles that he was to be the envied husband of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only child. But this, George had not dared to dream. 'Tis true, he never felt so happy as when in her presence, and it did make his muscles twitch to see the foppish students from the college swarm around the acknowledged idol of his heart.

Poor youth, had he known the true state of Ida's feelings, the thought would have almost turned his brain; and could he have interpreted the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or sally of wit, it would have filled his soul with ecstacy and delight.

One fine day, in the latter part of June, Ida, her father and George were enjoying a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht, the Swan, which had won the "cup" at the last regatta, under the management of our hero, who was standing with his hand on the mast gazing at the scenery on the opposite shore; the Judge held the tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat trailing her pretty hand through the clear water, when a sudden gust of wind careened the yacht so that she lost her balance, and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, he had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged in to her rescue. Being a skillful and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes had allowed her to sink, and entwining her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right, and kept her above water till the Judge turned the boat and came to their relief. In a few moments they were safe in the boat again, and Ida soon recovered from her unexpected bath. The old Judge embraced George, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes:

"God bless you, my boy, you have saved my daughter's life, how can I ever repay you?"

"By saying nothing about it," replied George. "I owe you now a thousand times more than I can ever repay, and am but too happy in being able to render even this slight service."

The lovely Ida could say nothing; her heart was overflowing, but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes.

Her father even observed her earnest, loving glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it, and in silence he turned the boat toward the shore. They reached home with feelings far different from those they had started with.

The following morning George received a notice to receive the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what can it possibly mean?

The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library, he commenced:

"Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in a worthy and honorable manner. Performing every duty cheerfully, and neglecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank at your disposal. You can use this sum as you think proper, or let it remain on interest, and take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you say to my proposal?"

George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he returned to his room and threw himself on his bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what himself had scarcely dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None. He would smother his feelings, and earn an honorable living by his own exertions.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal-mongers of G——— as to the reason of young Wentworth's leaving his patron's mansion, but their innuendoes were unheeded.—George now devoted himself wholly to business and study. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheek grew a shade paler.—The Judge acted toward him in a straight forward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tones as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake.—If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, a friendly glance and nod were all that passed, still he felt that his looks betrayed him, for the warm blood gushed from his loving heart, and tinted his cheek with the tell tale blush; and he cherished the pleasing thought that her looks were beaming with love and hope.

A little more than a year had passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election. Excitement ran high, and Judge S——— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of ably written articles had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes, farmers, mechanics and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear, convincing arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles invariably carried conviction to the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party in that Congressional district copied them, and curiosity was on tip toe to discover the author, as they were simply signed by two little stars. The election passed off, and Judge S——— was elected by a large majority.

Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the Printing Office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight, it appeared strange it should be lit up at that hour, so the Judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and entered the office quickly. A sight met their gaze that caused the heart of one of them to beat violently. At the desk, a short distance from the door, sat George fast asleep, with political essays laying open on the desk, and a freshly written article with the mysterious stars attached. The truth flashed upon the Judge in a moment, he was indebted to George for his success. He beckoned to Ida, who came trembling to his side. Just then they saw by the light of the flickering lamp a smile pass over the slumberer's face, and he muttered the words "dear Ida," in a tender tone.

"Oh, father," exclaimed the loving girl affectionately, throwing her arms around her parent's neck, "do let George come home again; it is surely no sin for him to love me."

Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and as he saw Ida and her father, he endeavored to hide the manuscript. But the Judge stopped him laughingly, saying:

"It won't do, young rascal, you are fairly caught, fond out—talk in your sleep, will ye, ha, ha, ha! But come here, take Ida and be happy. I know she loves you, ha, ha!"

George was bewildered and transported. He had been awakened from a pleasant dream to bright reality.

Matters were soon explained, and the warm hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started to Washington.

A country justice of the peace, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl about 19, and being well aware that he was likely to be railed on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation by saying he believed he could tell them news.—"Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so, the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father *suited* me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter would *suit* me for *forty years to come!*"

A HINT.—A contemporary says: "There is a man up in our county who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life—never had any corns or tooth-ache—his potatoes never rot—the weevil never eats his wheat—the frost never kills his corn or beans—his babies never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds." Reader, have you paid the printer in advance?

DUELLING—A GLIMPSE AT THE PAST.

BY HORATIO KING.

The following beautiful and pathetic notice of the death of a Member of Congress from Maine, written by the Hon. Horatio King, the distinguished First Assistant Postmaster General of the United States, and formerly a Printer in Maine, will be read with peculiar interest after the lapse of fifteen years since its first publication:

It was in October, 1834, I took the steamboat at Portland—that peaceful city on Casco bay, now soon, I trust, through the enterprise of its leading spirits, to be connected by railroad with the Canadian seat of Government—and after a pleasant passage of a few hours, landed at Owl's Head, in Thomaston, I proceeded immediately to the west village in that flourishing town, where the late Hon. Jonathan Cilley then resided, and called on him at his office. On entering, I found him occupied with some gentlemen who had called on business; he saluted me politely, but observing that he appeared not to recognize me, (it was not our first meeting) I readily made myself known, when he greeted me in that frank, cordial, whole-souled manner, which all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, well knew was so characteristic of his warm and generous heart. From his office I went with him to his house—a neat two-story building of wood, clap-boarded and painted white, with green blinds—where, by special invitation, I remained as the humble, but honored guest of the family several days. Never shall I forget that visit. The impressions made on my mind during my short stay with that excellent family are among the pleasantest of my life. Such perfect order and harmony, such unaffected paternal and filial affection—such words of confidence and love, and such acts of kindness—it was indeed a picture of domestic happiness "beautiful to behold," and one fraught with heavenly instruction.

But, pass over a few short years, and the scene changes. Honored by the confidence and suffrages of his fellow-citizens, with high hopes and buoyant feelings, the distinguished head of this happy family quits the domestic fireside and takes his seat in the councils of the nation. The confiding wife turns to brush away a tear, and, unbidden, comes to witness the scene of parting; but looking upon her two dear treasures, of whom she now finds herself the sole guardian in his absence, and then reflecting the separation is only for a season, she is comforted. What follows? Hardly had the opportunity been afforded him of enrolling his name on that temple of fame, in laying the superstructure of which his noble ancestors had essentially aided, and on which all who knew him clearly saw it was destined to occupy a prominent place, when he was called to the "field of blood," from which he was borne away a lifeless corpse! Of this frightful tragedy I forbear, for it is unnecessary to trace the details. "If that dark pitfall—that bloody grave—had not laid in the midst of his path, whither might it not have led him!"

Where, now was the faithful partner of his bosom? With another bright jewel added to her charge, she sat patiently awaiting his return, fondly picturing to herself the lively pleasure he would experience in finding their little circle enlarged by the introduction of one now so precious in her sight. But all unconscious as she was of the dreadful stroke about to fall upon her, forever blasting her happiness—nevertheless, may she not have a dim foreshadowing—a secret foreboding of it? Certainly it is, on the Sunday succeeding the Saturday of the fatal tragedy, accidentally turning to and reading the following hymn, she was impressed with peculiar feelings, which induced her to mark it with a pencil:

Far, far o'er hill and dale, on the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell, mournfully pealing;
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
As melts those sounds away,
So life's best joys decay,
Whilst new their feeling.

Now through the charmed air slowly ascending,
List to the mourner's prayer solemnly blending;
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away,
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.

O'er a father's dismal tomb see the orphan bending,
From the solemn church-yard's gloom hear the dirge ascending;
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
How short ambition's sway,
Life's joys and friendship's ray,
In the dark grave ending.

So when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
Lord may we reach the skies, where care comes never,
And in eternal day,
Joining the angel's lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage forever.

Alas! the soul-chilling, heartrending news of the tragical death of the husband and father was already on the way, too soon to place beyond doubt the sad reality of what seemed to have been thus mysteriously fore-tokened. It was the heart of a delicate female that was to receive the severest shock, and to one of her own sex it was left to communicate the dreadful tidings by letter, extracts from which are now before me: "Nothing (says the writer) but heart felt sympathy could prompt me to this painful duty. What can I say? what ought I to say? In the hour of affliction all earthly consolation fails. But there is a fountain which is never dry; and your own experience will lead you to it. You have sought it; you have found there the waters of eternal life; may you now find its waves bearing you up under the overwhelming affliction that has come upon you. Remember our Father in Heaven never willingly afflicts or grieves his children; and what we know not now we shall know hereafter. * * * That pleasant smile that was on his face in life now lingers on his marble features. Your little ones were often spoken of by him; and in that last conversation they were remembered with all the pride and affection of a father's heart.—* * * A lock of his hair (vain consolation) is to be sent you. * * With my love, I will say adieu, and that God may abundantly comfort and sustain you in this trying hour is the fervent wish of your sympathizing friend."

Several weeks transpired, when the recollection of the above hymn occurring to the mind of the now desolate and distracted widow she was led to turn again to it; that was the hymn which was sung on the occasion of the solemn ceremony of committing to their final resting-place in Thomaston the remains of the noble-hearted Cilley. As well remarked by a writer at the time: "Its appropriateness to the situation of the widowed mother of his orphaned children will not fail to impress and interest every reader."

I met Mrs. Cilley but once afterwards—at Portland, in the Summer of 1839. She was on her way with her children to visit her friends in New Hampshire, the former residence of her late husband. She appeared less depressed than I expected to find, yet it was plain to perceive that a fixed melancholy, an unappeaseable sorrow was slowly, but surely, laying waste the already yielding supports of her existence. Of her great and irreparable loss she made no mension; that was at once told in her care-worn features, her faltering accents and deep drawn sighs. She spoke to me of the portrait of her dear departed, which some friends had kindly promised to forward her, and which she expressed her anxious desire to obtain. With a sorrowing and heavy heart, I parted from her, as it has proved, never, on this side of the grave, to greet her again.

The following touching lines, by Mrs. S. F. Woodhull, on her death, which took place on the 15th of October last, may be here introduced as the finishing stroke to this sad picture:

"We've lain her in the tomb
Beside her young heart's idol. There she sleeps
In calm, and beautiful, and sweet repose,
Her patient soul wrestling with grief no more.

"We, who have seen
Her slight and tender form bend to the blast
That swept so fearfully across her path
Bearing away her brightest earthly hopes,
May now rejoice she has found a home
So calm and pure. Yet, to see those orphans
Take that last look—ah! 'twas a touching scene.
Well might they weep and cling to the lov'd form
That even in death wore a mother's smile,
That smile to them was doubly beautiful,
And dear those lips which ne'er could bless them more.
"As death approached the sufferer, 'twas said
Her youngest dove murmured in flute like tones,
Mournful and low, 'We have no father—soon
We shall have no mother! For when her eye
First saw the light her father stood among
The nation's council, but he never looked
Upon her face; nor did he return to see
How bright a gem was that which graced his home.
Methinks had he but seen that sweet young face,
He would have paused—aye, sternly braved the scorn
Of a proud world: and conscience, reason and truth
And love had triumphed nobly o'er *false honor.*
God shield thee, daughter dear, with *him who roams
Afar, now all unconscious of his loss,
And the young brother by thy side. Ye have
The promise, bind it to your hearts."

Yes! the picture is now complete—let us pause and look upon it! Where are your iron-hearted, your stern, unbending advocates and upholders of the "bloody code?" Bring them along, and let them, too, contemplate it! Nay, but they must not be permitted to turn aside and steel their hearts anew against the influence it should exert—the lesson it so plainly indicates. Behold the pain, the agony, the desolation your lauded "code of honor" hath wrought! Ye who, in the tumult of political strife and the dizzy whirl of excitement, hesitate not to mock your Maker by impiously trampling upon His mandates, pause one moment and look upon this picture. It is no fancy sketch; would to Heaven it were! How much pain, and sorrow, and distress—how many days of pining and lamentation—and how many nights of unutterable woe had been avoided! No! it is a sad REALITY. Let those contemplate it with composure who can.

CAPITOL HILL, D. C., March 27, 1854.

*A brother, *midshipman in the Navy.*

North Carolina and the Union.

The Murfreesboro' "Citizen," the Raleigh "Register," and the Raleigh "Standard," take strong grounds against Disunion. Under the caption of "*Stand Firm,*" the "Standard" of Saturday, says:

"If it be true that Lincoln is elected President, stocks of all kinds and property generally will fall in price. A panic runs like fire in dry stubbles. Let every business man stand firm, and do all he can to ward off the effects of the panic. Let as little property be sacrificed as possible.—Instead of pressing our debtors, or selling property of any kind to provide the means of living or extravagance, let us economize and live on less than heretofore. Let us especially beware of a panic in slave property. *Slavery in the States is in no danger.* Those persons in the States south of us who are anxious to open the slave trade and import barbarians into this country, would not object to a panic which would reduce the selling price of slaves in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina to three or four hundred dollars each. The proposition to limit slavery to the States in which it now exists, if even adopted by Congress and approved by the President, would amount to little. Slavery can no more be limited by act of Congress than the Mississippi can be arrested in its course. It *will* spread to and take root in all new regions, where the climate and soil demand it. It would, therefore, be unwise, to rush slave property into market at a sacrifice on account of Lincoln's election. Let us stand firm, strengthen our defences in the Union, and keep a strict eye on our slaves. Let us see to it that they are governed better than heretofore at home, so that when away from their homes they may give less trouble to the police. There is no danger to be apprehended from the slaves, if bad white men are watched and kept away from them. Left to themselves, they are contented and happy, and much more loyal and respectable than the abolitionists are themselves. A negro slave who knows his place, and who is faithful to his master, is a gentleman when compared with such white persons as Seward and Sumner.

REARING CHILDREN.—1. Children should not go to school until six years old.

2. Should not learn at home, during that time more than the alphabet, religious teaching excepted.

3. Should be fed with plain, substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.

4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours bed-time.

5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.

6. Should sleep in separate beds, on hair mattresses, without caps, feet well warmed by the fire or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast until half an hour before sundown, unless in damp weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.

8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.

9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to persons or property, or against good morals.

10. Never threaten a child—it is cruel, unjust and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.

11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and, when really needed, firmly—no more.

12. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bedtime, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed lovingness and affection.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ABOUT CORNED BEEF.—Corned beef, properly salted, and cooked as it should be, is a dish fit for the sovereign people; but to eat salt junk, such as too often exercise the muscle of the jaws, is a penance even for a malefactor. Most of the beef put up for Winter use, is spoiled by the use of too much salt, which destroys the flavor, and makes the meat stringy and tough. When beef is fresh it contains blood, which is drawn out by the brine. If the meat is left in this mixture, it will require a much larger quantity of salt to preserve it, particularly through warm weather. My plan is to make a brine by using for one hundred pounds of beef, five pounds of salt, one-quarter ounce of salt-petre, and a pound of brown sugar. This is dissolved in just enough water to cover the meat, and poured upon it. When it has been in this brine two weeks, I take out the meat, let it drain, pour a fresh brine over it, and then it will be good, the season through.

The cook who uses corned beef, should not be so ignorant or so indolent as to delay putting it over the fire until an hour before dinner. A good sized piece requires three or four hours steady boiling to do it justice. Insufficient boiling must be made up for by extra chewing.—Always have the water boiling when the meat is dropped in; otherwise the sweetness will be drawn out into the water. A boiling heat hardens the outer surface at once, and thus keeps in the juices which give richness, and which contain most of the nourishment. An excellent way of cooking corned beef is, to have a large boiler with a wire or wooden rack on the bottom, for the meat to rest on, over the