# Staunton Spectator.

VOL. XXXVIII. STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1861. NO. XVI.

## 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.*

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|---|---|---|
| ONE SQUARE, (10 lines) | 1 year | $10 00 |
| " " | 6 months | 6 00 |
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| TWO SQUARES, | 1 year | 15 00 |
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*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.*

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, Whit-lows, 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, Diarrhoea, 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.*

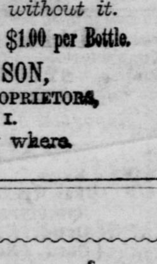
Prices, 12½ cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sold by dealers every where.

Sept. 11, 1860.

### 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. 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.

**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.

**DR. HENRY ANDERSON,** OFFICE AND RESIDENCE VIRGINIA HOTEL STAUNTON, VA.

Jan. 22, 1860.—3mo.

**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 customers.

Staunton, Jan. 31, 1860.

**JOEL ETTINGER**

HAVING located in Staunton is prepared to take a few more pupils for instruction on Piano and Guitar. Orders left with J. W. Alby.

Staunton, Oct. 30, 1860—tf—Vin. copy.

SALTPETRE—500lb Refined Key-stone Saltpetre, for sale by P. H. TROUT.

Staunton, Nov. 13, 1860.

LINSEY.—30 pieces Linsey. TAYLOR & HOGE.

Staunton, Oct. 9, 1860.


## POETRY.

### Linger not Long.

I.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee,
The dearest tokens only make me mourn;
Oh, let its memory like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return:
Linger not long.

II.

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy staying;
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long.

III.

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming?
As evening shadows stretched o'er moor and dell,
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell?
Linger not long.

IV.

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger
As night grows dark and darker on the hill;
How shall I weep when I can watch no longer:
Oh, art thou absent, art thou absent still!
Linger not long!

V.

Yet I should grieve not though the eye that seeth me,
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull!
But oh, I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!
Linger not long!

VI.

Haste, haste thee home into my mountain dwelling:
Haste as a bird into its peaceful nest;
Haste as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest.
Linger not long.

### I've been Thinking.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their own business more,
And mind their neighbors' less.
For instance you and I my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking now if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be true of others,
It would be strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

I would that we had charity
For every man and woman—
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another.

## MISCELLANY.

### A DILEMMA; OR, HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE.

BY J. W. WATSON.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was always joined heartily by his wife—my own cousin, May Stevens that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the one eventful evening that it was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

All that long sentence without telling what that way was, or how he was joined in it by May.

It was simply this: that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May, they would both laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell at what they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they laughed more heartily than ever, and always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter, if for no other reason than that it worried me. I am but a woman, and having pleaded to the possession of curiosity, I see no reason why that foible of my sex should elicit no charity, and no reason why sometimes it should not be indulged. With this resolution, I set forth one evening, when we three, Morgan, May and myself, were drawn up before the fire and fairly settled for a talk. There was no use mincing matters, was my first idea, and with this thought I dashed boldly in with—

"Mr. Morgan," (I usually called him Charley, but I was desirous of showing him that I was really in earnest,) "Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May when the subject of your first meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure, was a simple question; and yet, instead of answering it in a simple way, they went back, both of them, on the old plan and laughed as though the words I had just spoken were the very best joke in the world. I could do nothing, of course, but looked grave and solemn, which, in a few moments, brought them both round to looking the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously, and said:

"Cousin Jane, you take our laughing much more earnestly than I thought you would. It is only a little memory between Charley and me that brings the laugh, to us it is a droll remembrance, but, perhaps, in telling it, there would be nothing to amuse any one."

This explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and, with a smile, I said—

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you; for so long have you excited my curiosity that, even were the story not worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, cousin Jane shall have the story, May, and I will tell it myself to her."

"At this declaration I was surprised to see May flush up to a bright red, and break out rather vehemently with—

"Now, Charley, that is really too bad! You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have the story, I will tell her myself." And then after a pause, she said, "When we are alone."

"You shall do no such a thing, Madam May," was Charley's laughing response, as he got up and kissed May directly in the mouth, just in time to stop a torrent of words that in another minute would have poured out, "You shall do no such a thing. This time I shall have my way, and cousin Jane shall not have her curiosity excited any more without being satisfied."

I saw there was to be a discussion on that point, but I knew that, in some way, Charley was sure to come off victor; so, merely saying that I would be back in a few moments, I slipped out of the room, and walked about the garden until I felt sure the point was settled, when I went back, and found Charley and May looking as happy as birds, and laughing the old laugh, as usual. As I entered, Charley drew up the rocking-chair, and after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said—

"Now, cousin Jane, I shall tell you the story about how I first met my wife:

"It is just five years ago this summer, that I was granted exemption for one month from my desk, and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real true hospitality of the Hyatts; for the solid, old-time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which, within a couple of days after my arrival, I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me, to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of horses, and we rode; plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of wood-cock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we—by which, let it be understood, I do not mean Horace's two sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode, to be sure—and charmingly they did it; they fished, and, I am obliged to confess, were much luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment—they were charming enough without it. I am sure I shall excite no jealousy by declaring that, with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the two most charming girls I had ever seen, and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident—for so, I suppose I must call it—though really seeming like a special Providence. What this was, I shall tell in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyric lavished by the young ladies upon a once schoolfellow of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly-colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman, then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Carrie and Nettie; but still the reputation of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new born passion. I formed, at last, an imaginary May Stevens; and do what I would, the figure was with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembled with some great purpose, which should bring before me the object of my thoughts and of the two sister's continual conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me all this time to say had I not heard, one morning, as I entered the breakfast room, the startling words from Nettie—

'And so she is coming at last. I'm so glad.'

"Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at the same moment, or what, I cannot say; but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words. I knew that the hitherto only heard-of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions. All the information was proffered. May Stevens—the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment—though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week!—it was an age, a century; and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long-standing passion, of nearly two weeks' duration, for Nettie and Carrie, was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen. With this idea, I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Nettie and Carrie; but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her intended coming; and before two hours had gone by, I was whizzing on to town to cary out that resolve.—My choicest morsels of wardrobe should be offered on the shrine of May Stevens.

"I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business neglected, and faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down again at Hyatt's to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

"The racking of brain that day, to create a grand *ensemble* of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should at first glance strike the beholder silent with admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing 'Paradise Lost' was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and, for six hours, I dressed and re-dressed, compared, reflected and selected; and, at the end of that time, I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset, having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train and return the same night to Hyatt's instead of waiting over until morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments, and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep; so I found it when the shades of evening fell, for to the best of my recollection, I was in the very midst of a dream, in which may Stevens, attired in book muslin and pale blue satin, sat on a purple cloud and admiringly inquired who my tailor was!—Just as I was about to inform her, there came a crash, and for a moment I was not entirely certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded, or myself had torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train—the 6.26—that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make it still worse, I was exactly eight miles from my destination, though, as it afterwards proved, not a mile from the next village, where, as I heard it canvassed, a tavern, supper and beds could be had. I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and, accordingly rendered all the assistance in my power to the unprotected females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the haven of refuge—the promised tavern—by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and that I, with some twenty more of the male gender, must be content with chairs, while the beds were appropriated to the gentler sex. Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper, and looked out upon the night. It was a beautiful moonlight, and verging on to ten o'clock. By Jove I would walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. Giving my carpet-bag into the hands of the landlord, with the most emphatic charges for its safety and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning, at any expense, I set forth. Eight miles is a trifle; and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight, I marched up the lane that led to the house. They were early folks at the farm—early to bed, and early up. I walked round the house trying each door and window for an entrance, but each and every one was fastened. It was of no consequence; my bed-room window looked out upon the roof of the piazza; I would not disturb the house by knocking; a bit of climbing would do the business, and should the window be fastened, I would tap and awaken Horace, who was my room-mate and bed-fellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and my hand on the window, which yielded, and I stood in my own room. By the moonlight which streamed in I saw that the bed was occupied, and by the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was in a deep sleep. I would not, therefore, awaken him, but save the story of my mishap for the following day. With this resolution I clipped quietly into bed and in three minutes was oblivious.

"What ought I to have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hills, and scattered the grey mists of morning. My bed-fellow was breathing heavily, but it was broad daylight and there was no more sleep in me, so that I determined that Horace should wake up and hear my story of the railroad-break down. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion, my bed-fellow, who had laid with his back towards me, sprung in a sitting position. There are such surprises, as without a terror, which absolutely deprive us of the power of speech until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open-mouthed and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and my bed-fellow, as we sat upright and stared. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great, dark, hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls, tucked away under the neatest little night-cap that ever was. She had gathered the bed-clothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes. Memory serves a man but little in like cases; but, if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke. I blurted out with—

"'How came you here?'

"The figure stared still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupefaction, spoke—

"'Are you Charles Morgan?'

"'Yes,' was my rather subdued reply.

"'Well, then, Mr. Morgan,' said the figure, by this time speaking as calmly, and with quite as much dignity as though in the drawing-room, 'I am May Stevens, and I was put in this room, after an unexpected arrival. Horace has gone over to a neighbor's, a few miles off, before I had got here, and was not to return until to-day. That is how I was put in this room.'

"So here I was, sitting *vis-a-vis* to this May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I had intended to get up such a superlative toilet! A nice style of introduction, and a nice style of toilet! And she—she by this time was as cold as the 31st of December, and sat looking me right in the eye, as I made some scrambling explanation of my being found in that extraordinary position. It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said—

"'What's to be done?'

"'Let me jump out of the window, as I came in,' said I in a sickly tone of voice; for the thought came to me that to achieve this end I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated. She relieved me instantly with:

"'No, that will not do, there are people moving about, and you will be seen.'

"It was my turn now to stammer out:

"'What's to be done?' For I saw that little hazel-eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

"'You must lie still here while I get up.—When I have left the room, you can rise, dress, and go away at the first opportunity,' was her response, delivered in a quiet, business-like manner.

"And so I did under May Stevens' command. I buried my intruding head in the bed-clothes, and kept it well covered until I heard the retreating footsteps upon the stairs, which was but a few minutes, though it seemed an age; and then with a desperate bound I sprung from the bed, and turned the key on the departed one.—It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartment more stealthily than I did.

"That morning we met—May Stevens and I at the breakfast table—I in the character of the newly arrived that morning—and we were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astounded every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we have never failed to repeat whenever the memory of our first meeting comes up."

"And now cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife."

### Extraordinary Self-Sacrifice by a Chinese Widow.

A Hong-Kong paper contains the following account by an eye witness of a voluntary sacrifice of life by a disconsolate widow:

A few days since I met a Chinese procession passing through the foreign settlement, escorting a young female in scarlet and gold, in a richly decorated chair, the object of which I found was to invite the public to come and see her hang herself, a step which she had resolved to take in consequence of the death of her husband, by which she had been left a childless widow. Both being orphans, this event had severed her dearest earthly ties, and she hoped by this sacrifice to secure to herself eternal happiness, and meet with her husband in the next world. I repaired on the day appointed to the indicated spot. We had scarcely arrived when the same procession was seen advancing from the josshouse of the widow's native village towards a scaffold and gallows erected in an adjacent field, and surrounded by hundreds of natives of both sexes.—The female portion, attired in their gayest holiday costume, were very numerous.

The procession having reached the foot of the scaffold the lady was assisted to ascend by her male attendant, and, after having welcomed the crowd, partook with some female relations of a repast prepared for her at a table on the scaffold, which she appeared to appreciate extremely.—A child in arms was then placed upon the table which she caressed and adorned with a necklace she had worn herself; she then took an ornamental basket containing rice, herbs, and flowers, and, whilst scattering them amongst the crowd, delivered a short address, thanking them for their attendance, and upholding the motives which urged her to the step she was about to take. This done, a salute of three bombards announced the arrival of the time for the performance of the last act of her existence, when a delay was occasioned by the discovery of the absence of a reluctant brother, pending whose arrival let me describe the means of extermination. The gallows was formed by an upright timber on each side of the scaffold supporting a stout bamboo, from the centre of which was suspended a loop of red cord, with a small wooden ring embracing both parts of it, which was covered by a red silk handkerchief, the whole lining being surmounted by an awning.

The missing brother having been induced to appear, the widow now proceeded to mount on a chair placed under the noose, and to ascertain its fitness for her reception, deliberately placed her head in it, then withdrawing her head, she waved a final adieu to the admiring spectators and committed herself to its embraces for the last time, throwing the red handkercheif over her head. Her supports were now about to be withdrawn, when she was reminded by several voices from the crowd that she had omitted to draw down the ring which should tighten the cord round her neck. Smiling an acknowledgement of the reminder, she adjusted the ring, and motioned away her supports, was left hanging in mid-air a suicide. With extraordinary self-possession, she now placed her hands together before her, and continued to perform the manual chin chins until the convulsions of strangulation separated them, and she was dead. The body was left hanging about half an hour, and then taken down by her male attendants, one of whom immediately took possession of the halter, and was about to sever it, for the purpose of appropriating a portion, when a struggle ensued. This is the third instance of suicide of this sort within as many weeks. The authorities are quite unable to prevent it, and a monument is invariably erected to the memory of the devoted widow.

An Englishman met his death about the first of the present month, at Berne, in a dreadful manner. After supping with some friends, he took a walk through the city, in company with three other Englishmen. As the bear-pit lay in their way, the party went for pastime to look at the bears. This pit was separated into two compartments, in one of which was the he bear and in the other the female and several cubs.—While bending over the railings, watching the animals, he overbalanced himself, and fell over into that part of the pit in which the old bear was confined, breaking his arm in the fall. One hour elapsed before any assistance could be obtained and brought to the spot. Efforts were then made to extricate the unfortunate man from his perilous position by means of hoisting him up with ropes. It is remarkable that up to this time the old bear, although the most savage of the family, and therefore placed in a separate compartment, had not attempted to injure the young man. At the moment, however, when he was being hoisted out of the pit, and had reached half way up, the bear became savage, and tore him down into the pit again. A horrible struggle then ensued, which, after nearly half an hour's duration, resulted in the unfortunate man being killed by the ferocious beast.—One of the party of Englishmen would have jumped into the pit to his friend's aid had he not been forcibly restrained by the bystanders.

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

### There's Nothing Like the Union.

TUNE—*"I wish I was in Dixie."*

MR. EDITOR:—I heard the following song sung last night, by a young school miss, and it struck me as peculiarly appropriate in the present crisis. It is the production, I understand, of an amiable and patriotic lady of this city, who, I hope, will not take its publication amiss; and hope you may deem it worthy of a place in your paper. W.

Away down here in this Southern nation,
People have got up a great sensation,
Look away—away—away—away.
They want to break this great communion,
With dissention and disunion,
Away, away, away, away.
CHORUS—But there's no word like UNION,
Hurra! hurra!
With colors true, *red, white and blue,*
Oh! boys don't ask for something new,
Hurra, hurra, hurra boys for the Union!
Hurra, hurra, hurra boys for the Union!

What do you think that brave old band,
Who fought and bled for this great land,
Would do, would do, would do, would do,
Could they look down from their high station,
And see you dissolve this great Nation?
Away, away, away, away.
CHORUS—But there is no word like Union, etc.

Though South Carolina wink her eye,
And call on you to bleed and die,
Don't go, don't go, don't go, don't go.
For she's not doing what she ought to,
She's a disobedient daughter,
Away, away, away, away.
CHORUS—There's nothing like the Union, etc.

You boys who're here, that are in the right,
Must work in the cause with main and might,
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra.
And if any here on the fence are astride,
*We'll* help them down, girls, on the right side,
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra.
CHORUS—But there is no word like Union, etc.

But the boys who live on blood and thunder,
Eating fire and burning for plunder,
Get away, away, away, away.
Let's make a vow that no such band
Shall ever share *our* heart and hand,
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra,
Whoo ray, whoo-ray, whoo-ray, whoo-ray.
CHORUS—There's nothing like the Union, etc.

"BLYNNKS" IN WASHINGTON.—"Blynnks," who is an applicant for the Nashville Post Office, in a letter written from Washington to the Nashville Patriot, thus shows up the economy of the Federal Government:

The way the Government gets its work done is curious. As an illustration, you and your family meet in convention of the whole, and adopt a resolution authorizing the construction of a hen-coop in your back yard. You at once appoint me superintendent of the work, putting a thousand or two dollars in bank for me to check on. I get you to appoint my brother-in-law chief engineer.

I appoint two of my brothers assistant superintendents, and my brother-in law appoints two of his brothers assistant engineers—all at your expense. We buy us each a fast horse and buggy, and ride around town, drink cocktails and play billiards, until the bank deposit gives out, when we make out a printed report of seventy-three pages, furnishing you a complete topographical survey of your back yard, and a vast amount of statistical information with regard to the number of hens you are likely to have for the next forty years. We wind up the report with the announcement that the site of the hen-coop has been selected, and a call for another appropriation to prosecute the work, which we assure you will be done with "vigor." You put another thousand or two in bank, and we employ two hundred hands at three dollars a day to transport seventy-five cents worth of lumber (which costs you under our management about ten times that many dollars) to the place of operations, which requires about three months.

In the meantime, we drive around and go on vigorously with the liquor and the billiards.—We then come up with another report and a demand for another appropriation. With this we get the walls of the structure up, and with one or two more appropriations, and a great many more cocktails and billiards, we get the thing covered in; and at the end of twelve months, which we very appropriately style our "fiscal year," we put you in formal possession of a ten-thousand-dollar hen coop, that any negro carpenter would have been glad to knock up some Saturday afternoon for a suit of your old clothes.

He thus modestly excuses himself for epistolary brevity:

I meant to write you a long letter to-night, but unhappily I find myself placed in a singularly unfavorable position for writing with my accustomed force and perspicuity. My room is situated in a wing of the building. Just opposite is another wing, with a narrow court-yard between. There must be a concert or circus, or some sort of a show in town to-night, for at a window immediately opposite to mine a couple of very pretty what I would suppose to be chambermaids, have been putting on their clothes for the last hour, as if they were fixing up to go somewhere. This is very annoying to a man of family, and if it were not so far down stairs, I would go and complain to the landlord. It would require an individual of tremendous power of concentrating his thoughts to write an able letter under such circumstances. I would close the blinds and get further from the window, but I expect to pay for staying in this house, and I am not to be driven from pillar to post by such a spectacle as is now before me.

EMPLOYMENT.—A journeyman mechanic in Connecticut, being out of work, and having a family to support, called upon a gentleman of the village to see if he could not give him something to do. The gentleman asked what kind of work he could do, besides following at his trade.

"Oh, most anything," said he.

"You're a Wide Awake, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got your cape and hat yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you will put them both on, and walk the streets, with a label attached to the cape—'The Last of the Wide Awakes,'—I'll give you a dollar and a half per day for the service."

"I will," said the man.

And at last accounts he had been working at his new trade several days.

We cannot vouch for the truth of the story but tell it as it was told us."—*Journal of Commerce.*

A SHAVING INSTITUTION.—A few days since a traveller stepped into a bank, and immediately pulled off his hat, coat and cravat. This done, he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner, "calm as a May morning," and with a commanding shake of the head, said—

"Hadn't you better be getting that hot water?"

The teller informed him that he was in the wrong shop—

"You are in a bank, sir, and not in a barber-shop."

"Bank! whew!" ejaculated the astonished stranger. "Blame it, they told me it was a place where they *shaved* people."

"My motto," says John Jacob Astor, "all through life has been, work and advertise. In business, advertising is the true philosopher's stone that turns whatever it touches into gold.—I have advertised much, and for every one hundred dollars invested in this way I have realized thousands."

A Western editor speaking of a large and fat cotemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass he must be a load of hay.

I suspect I am, said the fat man, from the way the asses are nibbling at me.

The man who follows the sea thinks he shall get up with it one of these days.

It requires great virtue to support bad fortune—greater to support good.

### Beauty and Manners as Elements of Success.

We make the following extracts from an article on "Success," in the December number of the Cornhill Magazine:

It has been said that "any man may have any woman." The meaning of which I hold to be, that the persevering pursuit of any object must eventually be crowned with success. *Labor omnia vincit*, as the copy-book text has it, as the proverbs of well-nigh every country have it in other words. To set your minds resolutely upon the accomplishment of any purpose, is to go half way to its attainment. Now, it commonly happens, to pursue the illustration wherewith I commenced this passage, that they who are most successful with women are not the handsomest men. And the reason of this is obvious. Handsome men rely over much on their handsoments. To use a metaphor, rather expressive than eloquent, they expect that all the pretty women will "jump down their throats." But pretty women will not jump dow their throats. This process of deglutition is not affected by them.—They have no notion of being quietly absorbed. They must be won—bravely, laboriously and with a becoming sense of what is due to them. Are we to think that we have only to sit quietly in our easy chairs, to twirl our moustaches?—Beauty is a divine gift; let whosoever possesses it be thankful. Madame de Stael, one of the most gifted of mortals, said that she would surrender all that she possessed in exchange for it. But Madame de Stael was a woman, and I am now writing about men. Everybody knows that men care more about personal beauty in the other sex than women do, and for this reason, that pleasant sights and sweet sounds, and everything soft and gentle, is a delight and a refreshment to them. But the ordinary environments of women are soft and gentle. They lead comparatively passive lives, and that which most fascinates them in the other sex is a sense of active power. What is softness and smothness to them? Bless them, they like the grit.—Even the hard lines on a man's face—the pallor, nay, the less interesting sallowness of his cheek—are interesting to them if they denote power. I repeat that personal beauty is a great gift, even to a man. But it is only as an accompaniment to other gifts that it contributes to success. Everybody knows what Wikes, the ugliest man in England, said to Townsend, the handsomest. And it was not a mere idle boast.

Whether you govern best by a reserved, dignified demeanor, or by an open, cheery manner, may be a question. Each has its advantage, and each is very effective in its occasional deviations in the system of the other. The genialities of stern men, and the asperities of genial ones are each very impressive in their way.—Indeed, the question of manner in connection with my present topic of discourse, is one of such high importance, that I cannot summarily dismiss it. I do not say that it is a thing to be studied. To lay down any rules on the subject is a vain thing. People who shape their outward behavior with elaborate design generally overreach themselves. Nothing but a really natural manner is genuinely successful in the long run. Now, the natural manner of some people is good—of others hopelessly bad, though there may be little difference in the good beneath. It is hard that we should be prejudiced by what is merely superficial—but we are. I have heard it said that this is not prejudice—for the manner is the outward and visible sign of the man. But there are very excellent people in the world with manners the reverse of pleasant—people shy and reserved, or brusque and boorish, with whom personal intercourse is by no means a delight.

Others, again, there are, with whom half an hour's talk is like an invigorating bath of sunshine. In this last there is an element of success. There is another successful manner, too—one which impresses every one with a sense of your power. If you have both a manner at once gracious and powerful, you have everything that you can wish as an outward aid to success. A thoroughly good manner will often do much to neutralize the ill effects of an unprepossessing appearance. But an ill-favored countenance may be a stumbling block at the outset that is never surmounted. It repels at the first start. There are people described as "unpresentable," who have giants to contend against at their first start in life. When they have once made their way in the world, the insignificance or grotesqueness of their appearance is a matter of no moment. Nay, indeed, we may not unfairly assign some additional credit to the man who has forced his way to the front, in spite of all physical defects and personal draw-backs. But it is an awful thing for a young beginner to have to contend against the impediments of a bad face, an insignificant or an ungainly figure, and a bad manner in the presence of others.

STATISTICS OF MORMON POPULATION.—The Valley Tan copies the following statistics of Mormon population:—The population of Mormons in the United States and British dominions in 1856 was not less than 65,000, of which 38,000 were residents in Utah, 6,000 in New York State, 4,000 in California, 5,000 in Nova Scotia and in the Canadas, and 9,000 in South America. In Europe there were 86,000, of which 32,000 were in Great Britain and Ireland, 5,000 in Scandinavia, 2,000 in Germany, Switzerland and France, and the rest of Europe 1,000; in Australia and Polynesia 2,400; in Africa 100; and on travel 2,800. To these, if we add the different branches, including Sarengities, Rigdonites and Whitcites, the whole sect was not less than 126,000. In 1857 there appears to have been a decrease in the population of Utah, the number being only 31,622, of which 9,000 were children, about 11,000 women, and 11,000 men capable of bearing arms. There are 2,388 men with eight or more wives; of these, 13 have more than nine wives, 730 men with 5 wives, 1,100 with 4 wives, and 2,508 with more than 1 wife. Recapitulation—4,617 men with about 16,500 wives.

INFLUENCE OF TREES UPON CLIMATE.—Jochim Frederick Sahouw, Professor of Botany at Copenhagen, speaks as follows of the influence of forests upon the atmosphere:

"We find the most evident signs of it in the torrid zone. The forests increase the rain and moisture and produce springs and running streams. Tracts destitute of woods become very strongly heated, the air above them ascends perpendicularly, and thus prevents the clouds from sinking, and the constant winds, (trade-winds or monsoons,) where they can blow uninterruptedly over large surfaces, do not allow the transition of vapors into the form of drops. In the forests, on the contrary, the clothed soil does not become so heated, and, besides, the evaporation from the trees favors cooling; therefore, when the currents of air loaded with vapors reach the forests, they meet with that which condenses them and change into rain.—Since, moreover, evaporation goes on more slowly beneath the trees, and since these also evaporate very copiously in a hot climate, the atmosphere in those forests has a high degree of humidity, this great humidity at the same time producing many springs and streams.

THE AIR FULL OF ANIMALS.—A writer in the National Intelligencer states that the theory of Mr. Clemson, head of the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, of living organism in the atmosphere, which he made public in 1856, has been adopted by a French chemist named Barral, and announced to the French Academy. Mr. Clemson's theory is that the air, like water, teems with minute, living organisms; that there is phospheric acid in the air, derived from the successive generations after generations of myriads of these organisms, produced, living and dying in the atmosphere; that such organisms exist and are at work, assimilating from one to the other, preparing food for more perfect organism, from the microscopic point of life up to the most perfect animal existence. It is expected that this discovery will explain why the earth is increased in fertility by being broken up and exposed to the air. It connects meteorology with agriculture, and will, when fully developed, open a new page to the learned of the relation of the spots on the sun, the degree of fertility of the earth, and electrical changes of the atmosphere and magnetical condition of the earth.

*For the Spectator.*

### Old vs. New.

BY MRS. GEORGIE A. HULSE MC'LEOD.

The adjective "old" is certainly one of the most suggestive in the English language. What a varied train of thought does it awaken as a prefix. "Old Grimes"—"Old Mortality"—"Old Duncan Grey," and away far off, the aged Nicholas are suggestive of different ideas certainly.—With the last named venerable we do not care for a closer acquaintance, preferring to give him all the benefit of that enchantment which distance lends to the view.

"Old Grimes" is associated with our earliest reminiscences of childhood, and a lingering surprise why the coat appertaining to that individual, should be immortalized as "all buttoned down before," when we could not remember one that buttoned any other way.

With "Old Mortality" we became familiar in later years, and gazed long upon his semblance in "Laurel Hill." The old man's self-appointed work was one dear to every heart which has its place of graves.

"Old Duncan Grey," poor fellow! we forgave him when we heard a bird-like voice song of the parting with his bonny bride, whom he called his so brief a time. Rather a strange preface this to dedicate a new writing desk, and propitiate the muses, who, by the way, do not grow old.

I never liked bran new articles from my juvenile years up to date. Were they dresses, I felt uncomfortable as though on a propriety visit, until a rent or an ink spot brought back the home feeling. Were they shoes, they invariably cramped my pedal extremities. Was it a bonnet, I nearly rolled my eyes into fixed stars at first wearing, in my mad efforts to admire the brim. New scenes—I soon grew weary of them, and found greater charms in lays of "The Old Homestead." New friends, how could I learn to love them as I did those who had so long made beautiful for me life's journeying? New books—I waver here; I search them earnestly, but after all are they not echoing thoughts of those who wrote long years ago? The same silken string which held a necklace, with but the golden beads exchanged for pearls.

Old and new! With some pleasure, too, I examine this new writing-desk, to replace that used for so many years. It is very fair to look on, in its polished case, its dainty appointments, (selected though by an old, tried friend,) its blue velvet lining, which will keep unsullied fair sheets committed to its keeping; the chased handle for my pen, and the new, well-filled Ink-stand. All is ready for the record of my thoughts, but they are following its battered predecessor, laid aside as unfit for use. Ah! well-a-day, one reverie indulged in to its memory, and then to work again. It was a bridal gift from one who fondly cared for the girlish scribbler, and I can remember with what childish eagerness I examined the treasure. I was far away then, in an English home near the sea. But I wearied of looking upon the vessels bearing the banner of St. George. When sometimes I chanced to see the American flag, upon some barque from my own native land, my heart grew almost still for joy, and I could have wept as at the sight of a long absent friend.

We have had many a talk, old desk, because of this, and very safely didst thou shrine the thoughts my trembling fingers penned. Thou hast kept many a treasure since, and some I leave with thee still, for thou, too, shalt be fondly guarded for the memory of the past.—With a reverend touch I lift them one by one.—Here is a letter from a fair young bride. Beautiful, gifted, dearly loved. Another later, from the same pen. Aye, she was a proud and happy mother. And yet another—it was the last—bringing me tidings of an angel born in heaven; for the young child-wife was motherless. That was years ago. I know not whether she is still of earth; for I have vainly sought tidings of one whom I do not forget.

Here are flowers pressed, yet retaining traces of the beauty which prompted me to cull them in the land of flowers, fair Florida. How many bright dreams blessed me then, whose waking came too soon. My native land, still dear are thy garden paths, and sacred the memory of some, for my most loved there sleep, but wake not.

This envelope has nought of words, but speaks volumes in its mute eloquence. The light falls on a silken curl, and makes it golden. Ah! how often and fondly has its soft sheen twined around my fingers; now, its tendrils clasp about my heart, as with a chain that may not be broken. Little faded earth-flower, I see thee now through blinding tears, drooping thy bright head for the last time on thy mother's bosom, but she knew it not. She had heard of death, but it had never come so near her heart. She did not know that as the baby head drooped lower the young life ebbed. "It is well," she said, "my darling sleeps," and the curls fell over the pale pure face, veiling it from her sight

Very beautiful, he was in the last sleep, with snowy buds about him when cradled for the tomb.

There are little robes that were fashioned with so much care, laid away with reverential touch. There are broken toys, a picture on memory's wall of brightest beauty, and this one ringlet, from above that marble brow; there is a white tablet in a place of graves, with its broken lily, and pure white dove, and these are all that love may cling to here below.

But there, up there, beyond the stars, a form of light awaits our coming, where "their angels do look upon the face of the Father."

Old writing-desk! take back into thy keeping talismans that call forth tears. When I am old I will add to these others, not less dear. "When I am old!" Ah! idle words. Perhaps ere then stranger hands may clasp my treasures. Those who knew me not wonder why such things were garnered!

Southern Literary Institute, Baltimore, Md.

DISCOURAGING CHILDREN.—The truthfulness of the subjoined suggestions will be endorsed by the experience of quite too many, we fear. They contain much food for thought, and may be read with profit by every parent:

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father about it, for he always said I had no brains," he replied. How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown up person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten, the statement is believed, the thought it may be partially so, acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of the child.—Let any person look back to childhood's days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence upon him, as to tell upon his whole future course of life.

We knew an ambitious boy, who at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not only mingled with encouraging words, that an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no ability to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies, that he seemed to himself the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities or capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved him." The moment he thought he could do well he resolved that he would—and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations.

The Milwaukee News says the best protection from mosquitoes will be obtained by marrying a pretty woman. These pests never bite a man when they can find something better and sweeter.

A man who lives for himself alone lives for a mean fellow.