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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.*

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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.

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST stock of CHINA and GLASS WARE ever offered for sale in Staunton, can be found at
L. B. WALLER'S
Cash Store.
Staunton, April 16, 1860.

SALTPETRE—500lb Refined Key-stone Saltpetre, for sale by P. H. TROUT.
Staunton, Nov. 13, 1860.

POETRY.

NOW.

Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard-fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now, to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last;
And, from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find it past.

MISCELLANY.

How I Fell in Love and How I Fell Out.

BY HARRY CLARK.

I fell in love when I was passing a Summer at Saratoga. She, the woman I adored I mean, was fair enough to plead my excuse for the truth. She had soft, fair hair, which she wore in the most glossy of braids, wound round a small, exquisitely shaped head; she had large black eyes, making a most bewitching contrast to the lighter hair; and a clear, pale complexion, white as snow; black eye brows and lashes completed the piquant contrast. She was neither tall nor *petite*, just about the size that is the most tempting for the caresses of a tall man. Just tall enough for the head to lie confidingly against my shirt front, and the lips to be within kissable distance by a slight bend of my head.

"Mr. Graham, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, who joined our party this morning."

"Thank you for the offer." And I bent my arm to accommodate the tiny hand of a saucy little brunette, with whom I had been carrying on a desperate flirtation for three weeks.

"What is her name, Miss Stanley?" I inquired.

"Elizabeth Stanley; but as she is fair and slender, we call her Lil."

Lily Stanley! it was a name to fall in love with. I only took one look, and my heart was gone.—I distinctly felt the void it left, when it sprang from under my vest, into Miss Stanley's possession. I don't know what she wore, but her fair face and slender throat rose above clouds of soft white lace. There were pearls here and there; and, altogether, if I had insanely fallen at her feet, I should have only acted out my sensations. It broke in upon this rapturous dream to hear my first flame, Miss Kate Stanley, say—

"The Redowa. I am engaged to Capt. Hawley, and here he comes."

Did I ask her to dance? I am sure I don't know. I recollect only, that five minutes later, we were gliding lazily through a slow, dreamy Redowa, and I held a tiny white gloved hand in mine, and found my idol was not the spiritual form she looked, by clasping my arm round a substantial waist; a slender, graceful waist, but still made of flesh and blood, likewise silk, whalebone and lace.

I was to have gone home the next day; but I could not do it. Leave Saratoga! Leave the Paradise that contained my angel. I could not endure the idea. My partner wrote the most appealing letter, threatening bankruptcy, ruin, all sorts of horrors, if I did not appear immediately in the counting-house; but I wrote savagely back that ruin was heaven compared to absence from ——, and there I stopped, because the carriage waited for me to take my angel to ride. Dick pondered over the blank, but concluded I must be engaged in some speculation, and wrote warning letters accordingly.

Pink silk and roses, blue silk and forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley in a white bonnet, and other attractions too numerous to mention, succeeded the white lace; and as my senses came slowly back to me, and I had eyes for details, I was charmed with the neatness of every dress, from the glossy braids to the tiny slipper. The silks were deliciously fresh; the lace always snowy white; the skirts and stockings, sometimes displayed by the raising of a dress, were always so pure, so fine and smooth, that every day found me more deeply in love.

Parting time came at last. Miss Stanley went to visit her aunt in Boston—I found out that we both lived in Philadelphia—and I returned to the counting-house and my disconsolate partner.

A month of painful separation fanned the flame the month of intercourse had lighted in my heart. The fair face was in all my dreams—now with drooping lilies falling from the soft braids, now set in the fine lace of the most bewitching blue bonnet, now wreathed with pale pink rose-buds, now under the shadow of the drooping white plumes of her riding-hat.

Walking down Walnut street, one lovely September morning, I saw a lady stepping in the cars. One glance at the neatly gloved hand sent the blood to my heart; the little gaiter made it give a sudden bound; and then a fair face made it palpitate till I nearly choked.

She was at home. I should hear again the soft, low voice, whose every modulation told of her angelic temper. I should see the sweet and lovely smile that always greeted me, and again be in Elysium! Ah, me!

I could not call until the following morning; then I left Dick groaning over neglected Western customers and went home, donned my white suit of linen, with a narrow black neck tie, and smoothed my finest shirt front over my broad chest, drew on my most intensive pair of pale buff kids, set a becoming straw hat over nicely arranged curls, and sallied forth.

I ran lightly up the steps of 1617—— street and rang the bell, gave my card to the girl who opened the door and went into the parlor. It was in that semi-dark state fashionable in the warm months, and, coming in from the glaring sunlight, I could at first see nothing. I groped my way to a seat.

"I say I won't!"

A shrill, harsh voice in the next room, gave forth this sentence with an angry vehemence that startled me.

A low, sweet voice answered—

"Lily, my dear!"

"Your dear! I don't want to be coaxed," answered the first voice. "I *will* go, and there's the end of it."

"But you have been away all Summer, and Jennie has not left home at all."

"Jennie! What does a great, ugly, red-faced thing like her want at a watering place?"

"She is your sister."

"Well, let her wait till I'm married, and then she can rule here. I have set my heart on going to aunt Nell's and I'm going."

The folding doors were thrown back, and I saw into the next room.

Upon the sofa lay a pale, delicate looking lady, evidently an invalid. Near her stood a tall, rather ugly girl, with a high color, probably Jennie; but the most prominent figure stood in the opening she had made by throwing back the doors. A faded calico wrapper, torn out under both arms, fell in uneven folds to the floor, and a rent here and there making an ungraceful festoon; the pretty feet were thrust into old slippers; and the stockings were—were—well, the word will out—they were dirty! Dirty stockings on a lady!—faugh! The light hair I had admired so much was gone, except a little knot at the back of her head, which was tumbled, and which had a dead, dry look; the glossy braids probably reposed upon her dressing-glass. She did not see me, as I sat in a dark corner, and crossing the room, she hit her foot on a stool.

"Confound the thing!" was her lady-like exclamation; and a vicious kick sent the stool spinning across the floor.

I rose. "Good morning, Miss Stanley."

A scream, a dash for the door, darkness came again over the parlor, and I was alone.

"I fell out of love as rapidly as I had fallen into it, and took my white suit and *blasted* hopes out of the front door.

Dick is delighted; vows I am as thorough a business man as himself, and I have almost resolved to retain him as my *only* partner through life.

Gen. Harney's Account of his Arrest and Subsequent Adventures in Virginia.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald claims to have received the following narration from Gen. Harney:

Early on Thursday morning I was apprised by the railroad conductor that we were at Harper's Ferry, and that there were indications of an intention to arrest me. I did not believe this was intended; but a party of soldiers presently entered the cars, and apologizing for disturbing me, said that I must consider myself their prisoner. I asked, but was not allowed, to telegraph to the Secretary of War. I was taken to Gen. Carson's quarters, and informed that I should be required to go to Richmond. Accordingly I left, before daylight, in a carriage, attended by five officers of the staff. They had proposed to to send a large force as an escort, but I assured them that it was above my dignity to attempt an escape; that the matter was between them and my Government, and that I did not wish to receive an unnecessary amount of attention from the public on the way. We were three days on the journey, which was made partially on wheels and partially by rail. I was treated on the route, as well as at Harper's Ferry, with the greatest courtesy. Regret was expressed that orders were such as to compel my detention.—No disagreeable subjects were introduced, and no effort made to obtain my confidence. On Sunday evening we reached Richmond, and went at once to Gov. Letcher's house. The Governor was dining out, but was sent for immediately.—He released me, stating that his orders had been misunderstood. I learned that the Harper's Ferry force had been directed to stop all armed bodies, and that the telegraph had announced me as coming at the head of fourteen hundred troops. I was treated with great attention at Richmond by Gov. Letcher, Col. Lee, Col. Johnson and others, whom I have long known, and was waited upon by a number of other prominent citizens. There seemed to be some curiosity to see me, and some belief that I intended to resign my commission in the United States Army. On this latter point they were deceived.

At half-past five Monday morning I left for Alexandria, where I arrived in the afternoon.—Gov. Letcher offered an escort, which I refused The people along the route seemed to have heard that I was coming, and at some of the stations were gathered in considerable numbers. At one point there was a great crowd, who stared and called me to come out and show myself; but except by some boys, no disgraceful remarks were made. I did not see more than half a dozen soldiers in all, and no fortifications and no batteries at Alexandria, which seemed like a deserted village. At Richmond and Harper's Ferry, it being dark, I saw few troops. At the former place I noticed, as I came away, three large secession flags in the main street; but the display of bunting was as nothing compared with what I had observed in Cincinnati and other Northern cities. Throughout my journey, as at its commencement, I was treated with great courtesy, even delicacy of attention. So far as I could judge from conversations which I had, both with officers and civilians, the tone of Virginia is calm but resolved. She has no intention of attacking Washington, but means to act on the defensive, claiming, according to the doctrine of States rights, that she can leave the Union at pleasure, and believing the North and South are two distinct people, which ought to have separate governments.

I heard much regret expressed at the present condition of affairs, but saw no indications of the existence of an unkind feeling towards the North. I was assured by Governor Letcher and others high in authority that Virginia entertained no idea of attacking Washington. This, of course, cannot cover Jeff. Davis' movements; but I cannot believe he, though stubborn, has so little shrewdness as to undertake the enterprise.

I left St. Louis on Tuesday. I think that, although since the affair of Fort Sumter the feeling in favor of secession has strengthened in Missouri, she will not attempt to go out of the Union.

Missouri Legislature—The Message of the Governor.

ST. LOUIS, May 3rd.—The Legislature of Missouri was organized to-day. Gov. Jackson, in his message, says:

"The President, in calling out troops to subdue the seceded States, has threatened civil war, and his act is unconstitutional and illegal, and tending towards a consolidated despotism."

While the Governor justifies the action of the Confederate States in seceding, he does not recommend immediate secession, but uses the following language:

"Our interests and sympathies are identical with those of the other slaveholding States, and necessarily unite our destiny with theirs, the similarity of our social and political institutions, our industrial interests, our sympathies, habits and tastes, our common origin, and our territorial contiguity, all concur in pointing out our duty in regard to the separation now taking place between the States of the old Federal Union." He adds:

"Missouri has, at this time, no war to prosecute. It is not her policy to make aggressions on any State or people. But in the present state of the country she would be faithless to her honor and recreant to her duty were she to hesitate a moment in making the most ample preparations for the protection of her people against the aggression of all assailants. I therefore recommend the appropriation of a sufficient sum of money to place the State at the earliest practicable moment, in a complete state of defense."

In conclusion, he says: "Permit me to appeal to you, and through you to the whole people of the State, to whom we are responsible to do nothing imprudently or precipitately. We have a most solemn duty to perform; let us then calmly reason one with another; avoid all passion, all tendency to tumult and disorder, and obey implicitly the constituted authorities, and endeavor, ultimately, to unite all of our citizens in a cordial co operation for the preservation of our honor, the security of our property, and the performance of all those high duties imposed upon us by our obligations to our families, our country and our God."

GREATNESS.—All greatness consists in this—in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear, or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result of the influences of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus to its ideas. You will see, in looking to history, that all great men have been a piece of their times; take them out and place them elsewhere and they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily dagerreotyping the mere inside, but at least reflecting the inside—the thoughts, if not the action of men—their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far off themes.

Attention Volunteers.

The Mobile *Tribune* publishes a letter written by a gentleman of Alabama to his son, a young volunteer, which contains so much good advice to young soldiers that we copy the greater portion of it. The letter is said to have been written by one of the first men of Alabama. We earnestly commend its counsel to the volunteers of Virginia—as follows:

"In the first place, then, my son, when a soldier shoulders his rifle under the flag of his country, he must surrender to that country his will, his whims, tastes, fancies and prejudices; and the first, highest and most solemn duty he owes to that country is the most implicit and prompt obedience to the orders of his superior officers. Disobedience, even in matters of minor gravity, frequently forfeits life. If an order is issued, that must be the end of enquiry. The success of a battle or campaign may depend upon the concealment of the purposes of the command; and it may become necessary to punish with death an omission to observe that which may seem to be a very unimportant order to the soldier who does not understand it.

Napoleon once issued an order that the lights of the camp must be extinguished at 8 o'clock, and on seeing a light burning in the tent of an officer, after that hour had elapsed, he repaired thither in person, and entered the tent just as the officer had finished writing his wife's name on the back of a letter he had written to her.—He told the Emperor he had unconsciously violated the law only for one moment, and it was done in the enthusiasm of affection, with which he had been overcome by thoughts of home.—"Unseal that letter,' said the Emperor, "and write as I dictate. The officer obeyed, and wrote as follows: "P. S. I die to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock, for violating the laws of the camp, by not extinguishing the light in my camp at the precise time I was commanded to do it."

That decision may have seemed savage and barbarous, but when your intellect shall have matured to the comprehension of how much depends upon subordination and a rigid adherence to the laws of the camp, you will see that Napoleon could only be just to the thousands of lives under his care by assuming the appearance of cruelty to this one delinquent.

Obedience is not servility; it is duty. It is, therefore, not cowardly, but honorable. The camp is no place for the soft manners of the drawing room, and soldiers are proverbially blunt; therefore, do not imagine that if an officer speaks sharply to you, that he wants to insult you or browbeat you; and, my dear son, as you value your happiness, and usefulness, do not, I beg of you, listen to the scandal of tattling gobetweens, or allow your feelings to become prejudiced, either against an officer or a fellow-soldier, or by anything that may be said to you against them in their absence. That man is a foe to your county who attempts to sow dissension between brother soldiers, or shake the confidence of the army in its officers; and if he is inconsiderate and malignant enough to select such a holy spot as the bivouac for such a sacrifice, he must be too base to speak the truth, and you will be only meting out to him his just deserts to give, in place of your respect and confidence, your derision and scorn. Nothing can make me more happy, my dear son, than to know that, young as you are, you enjoy the esteem and confidence of your brave comrades in arms; and I therefore warn you against that common fault of the volunteer soldiers, to wit: murmuring.—Never murmur, my dear son, at anything. In the first place, it is not manly; in the second place, it weans from you those who else might love you and cleave to you; in the third place, it demoralizes the army, and makes a mob of grumblers out of men, who, but for this propensity, might have been much happier themselves, and been the source of happiness in the very ranks in which their puerile complaints must breed discontent. Be cheerful, my dear boy, and it will make your officers love you. It is not a pleasure excursion you are on, and you must not expect that luxuries will fall in showers along your path. The soldiers of Washington were marched barefooted over frozen ground, with the blood pouring from the gashes in their feet. They braved the terrors of a Northern winter, only half clad, and won laurels that must flourish in perennial verdure, while the Goths and Vandals of the North, with the exchequer of a mighty government to provide for their comfort, will have been, in charity, forever forgotten.

There is but one issue between Lincoln's Government and ours. We assert that our fathers meant to secure us independence and freedom He and his Cabinet hold that they only meant to make us the slaves of a parchment, instead of the subjects of George the Third. You, then, my son, are fighting to assert that a State is a sovereignty, and a citizen is a free man; and you are fighting those who are guilty of the paradoxical folly of insisting that the negroes of the South ought to be set absolutely free; and that the whole people of the South ought to be held in political slavery. The sovereignty of a State is, like the liberty of an individual, inalienable; and our fathers never possessed the inclination, or *power*, to disrobe themselves of their personal liberty, or their State Governments of their inherent sovereignty! And the flag under which you fight is as essentially the cause of human freedom, and our cause the cause of human liberty, as our fathers supposed the flag under which, and the cause for which, they fought was the flag and cause of independence.

Lincoln and his Cabinet seek to ignore the great principle of self-government. They say that the people cannot convene when they please, and alter the government if they choose. Yet hey claim that the Representatives of the people in Congress assembled have the power to do that which they deem the people themselves have not the power to do. It amounts to this then, my son, that men have risen in our day and generation, who seek to make the dogmas of a fanatical party the curse of a once happy country, and, to consummate their foul designs, unblushingly violate all the laws of logic, humanity, propriety and decency usually respected amongst the civilized nations of the earth, seeking to do justice between man and man, and upholding the Government to which they owe their loyalty.

May God bless you, my noble boy, is the prayer that is perpetually ascending from the heart of your angel mother, and perpetually burning in the heart of your affectionate father. D.

The Baltimore Exchange says:—"No more slave States" was the cry of the North, and the response to that cry was the election to the Presidency of the man who was pledged to carry out that doctrine. What is the position of the dominant party now? Whilst declaring its conviction that slavery has been a curse to the Union, it is summoning to arms the legions of the North for the purpose of coercing back into the Union those slave States which have seceded, and of forcing to remain in the Union those States which have shown a like disposition to go out of it. If slavery be truly in Northern eyes an evil, surely the readiest way to have gotten rid of that evil would have been to allow the States in which slavery exists to have separated themselves peaceably from the States that were entirely free from the contaminating influence. Yet the North presents to us at this time, the singular anomaly of hating a thing vehemently and of clinging to it tenaciously."

"I have no faith in quack."—Nor have we, friendly reader, but that friend of the sick man, the world renowned Davis' Pain Killer, will never fail to relieve pain if applied according to directions, faith or no faith. Sold by druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he that has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

As gold is found but here and there upon the earth, so it is with love in human life. We meet it a little in the hearts of children and in our households; but it is here and there a scale of gold and a whole continent of dirt.

"Havelock Guards" is the name of a new company in Alexandria.

Hon. Garrett Davis' Visit to President Lincoln.

The *Journal* of yesterday contained a letter from Hon. Garrett Davis, of Paris, in which he gives the particulars of a visit to President Lincoln. The material portion of it, which we copy below, will be found interesting. The President promises well, but remembering his course in regard to Fort Sumter and in view of his promises to the Northerners of which the telegraph and Black Republican papers daily advise us, we place but little reliance in his statements to Mr. Davis:

Early last week I determined, upon my own reflection and impulse, to make a hurried run to Washington, to take a view of public affairs there, and from there; and to talk with the President and some of the members of his Cabnet in relation to our National troubles, and how the Administration intend to treat them.

I found the President frank and calm, but decided and firm. He expressed deep concern and regret for the existing condition of public affairs, and his hope that there would yet be a restoration of the Union, and peace and amity among all the States. He remarked that neither he nor any other President, who had been elected by a party, could administer the Government in strict accordance with his own opinions and judgment; but must make some departure to satisfy those who had placed him in power. That before the Carolinians had made the attack on Fort Sumter, he had decided not to reinforce the garrison, but merely, and only, to supply its handful of famishing men with food; and that he had distinctly communicated these purposes to the authorities of the Southern Confederacy. That he had also determined, that, until the meeting of Congress, he would make no attempt to retake the forts, &c., belonging to the United States, which had been unlawfully seized and wrested from their possession, but would leave the then existing state of things to be considered and acted upon by Congress, unless he should be constrained to depart from that purpose by the continued military operations of the seceded States.

The President further said, that events had now reached a point when it must be decided whether our system of Federal government was only a league of sovereign and independent States, from which any State could withdraw at pleasure, or whether the Constitution formed a government invested with strength and power sufficient to uphold its own authority, and to enforce the execution of the laws of Congress.—That he had no doubt of the truth of the latter proposition, and he intended to make it good in the administration of the Government to the extent that he should be sustained by the people of the United States.

He remarked also, that he expected all the States upon which he had made a requisition for military aid, to enable him to execute the laws, to respond to that call; and particularly the State of Kentucky, which had been so loyal to the Union and faithful in the performance of her duties. That he greatly regretted that she had not acted up to the principle of her great statesman now no more, and for which she cast her vote in the late Presidential election, "the Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws."

That he intended to make no attack, direct or indirect, upon the institutions or property of any State; but, on the contrary, would defend them to the full extent with which the Constitution and laws of Congress have vested the President with power. And that he did not intend to invade, with an armed force, or make any military or naval movement against any State unless she or her people should make it necessary by a formidable resistance of the authority and laws of the United States. That if Kentucky or her citizens should seize the post of Newport, it would become his duty and he might attempt to retake it; but he contemplated no military operations that would make it necessary to move any troops over her territories—though he had the unquestioned right at all times to march the U. S. troops into and over any and every State. That if Kentucky made no demonstration of force against the United States he would not molest her. That he regretted the necessity of marching troops through Maryland, but forces to protect the seat of the United States Government could not be concentrated there without doing so; and he intended to keep open a line of communication through that State to Washington City, at any risk, but in a manner least calculated to irritate and inflame her people.—*Louisville Courier.*

Another Lie Exposed.

The Boston *Journal* recently published a statement to the effect that several Yankee shoemakers, who had been employed in Staunton, Va., were driven away from the place after being imprisoned, etc. Mr. G. S. Raymond, late foreman of the Staunton Shoe Factory, who is also a New Englander, has the honor and moral courage to refute this gratuitous slander. He publishes a card in the *Journal*, in which he says that the party referred to "were not interfered with in any manner at Staunton, but were perfectly free to go away or remain, as they chose." It seems that they preferred to leave, and went "through the entire route without any molestation whatever." Mr. Raymond closes his card by saying:

"I have to advise the friends of those remaining there that they need have no fear regarding their safety—they are free to remain or leave, as they choose. The probability is that they will laeve, as they have a perfectly free route from Staunton to the Pennsylvania line by stages.

"Justice to the honorable gentlemen of the Staunton Shoe Company, and justice to the good people of Staunton generally, demands of me these statements."

Northern Remonstrances.

* * We of the North have been deluded by these lying telegraph reports into an apprehension that the capital of the United States was in danger of attack during the past week from those who, claiming to be citizens of the seceded States, had abandoned all rightful claim to the soil of the Federal District. Our entire population flew to arms. Democrats vied with Republicans in zeal for the defence of Washington. But now that Washington is safe there is time to pause and consider. Shall we enter upon an Abolition crusade? Shall we undertake, as the bloodthirsty Republican press of this city demand, to "wipe out slavery" throughout the South? Shall we go on spending hundreds of millions of dollars, and throwing away tens of thousands of valuable lives, and bringing calamities unimaginable upon the land by an invasion of the South? We trust not.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

The President Determined to Push the War.

NEW YORK, April 29, 1861.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

I am authorized by the President to say that he is determined to prosecute the war begun against the Government of the United States, with all the energy necessary to bring it to a successful termination. He will call for a large additional force, relying upon Providence and the loyalty of the people to the Government they have established.

Washington, on Saturday evening, was considered by those most capable of judging to be entirely safe from attack.

JAMES A. HAMILTON.

A green one, who had crossed the Atlantic, told a story of a storm when the rain poured down in such torrents, that the ocean rose six inches. 'There's no mistake,' said he, because the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel.'

There is nothing under the sun but is full, not of vanity only, but also of vexation. Why, then, should we not be well contented to be without that thing which we cannot have without much vanity and some vexation.

Look well to your daughters. Sparks falling upon your house are often less dangerous than those coming into it.

Owing to the failure of the crop last year, in Kansas, it is said that the farmers want to *see seed.*

Address from the Peace Society of London to the People of the United States.

Friends and Fellow-Christians:—It is in no presuming or dictatorial spirit that we venture to address to you these few words of earnest sympathy and respectful expostulation, in reference to the perilous crisis in your national history through which you are now passing. But having been long laboring in our humble measure, in promoting peace on earth, upon the broad principles of our common Christianity, we cannot but feel how deeply that cause to which we are devoted is implicated in the result of the experiment now being enacted in your country.

We do not feel ourselves either competent or entitled to offer any suggestions as to the best method of solving those internal difficulties which now agitate your great Commonwealth.—But we venture confidently to state, that the worst of all solutions that can be attempted is a fratricidal war, which must, however long and fiercely it may be waged, leave the merits of the question in dispute wholly untouched, while it cannot fail to exasperate, into ten-fold malignity, the feelings of alienation which already exist. War under any circumstances, and between any sections of the human race, is an evil which reason, religion and humanity cannot bewail too bitterly. But a civil war in a nation like your own, one of the very foremost among the nations of the earth in intelligence, civilization and Christian enlightment—a war among men of the same race, language and religion—a war which would involve neighbors, friends, brothers—members of the same Christian communions, children, it may be, of the same family, in mad and murderous conflict with each other, would be a spectacle at which all mankind would stand aghast in horror and dismay; a spectacle which, more than any event that has occurred for ages, would smite with discouragement, and all but despair, the friends of human progress throughout the world.

For a long time past, thoughtful and philanthropic men, witnessing with sorrow the distracted and divided condition of the old world, and the ferocious and sanguinary wars to which these national antipathies have led, have fondly cherished the hope that the time might come when the several States of Europe might be so far fedrrated together as to be brought under the jurisdiction of a common tribunal, which should decide their differences without having recourse to the irrational arbitrament of the sword. In support of the practicability of such a measure, they have been hitherto wont to appeal triumphantly to the admirable example and illustration of such a system presented in your country. But the effect will be disheartening and disastrous to the last degree, if it be now found that you, Christian brethren, who had the immense advantage of growing up side by side into free communities, exempt from those hereditary prejudices which have struck their roots so deep into the soil of Europe, can find no better means of adjusting your differences than by having recourse to the old expedient of barbarism and blood, of which even Europe is beginning to be ashamed, for its combined folly and brutality.

Permit us, also, respectfully to remind you that the evils of war—as we know to our bitter cost in the old world—do not end with itself.—On the contrary, it bequeaths to posterity a sinister legacy of hatreds, jealousies and rivalries, which poison the blood of nations for ages, and entail upon them burdens hardly less crushing than those of actual war. The enormous military establishments that are now sitting like an incubus on the heart of Europe, all but suffocating its life, are the penalties we have to pay for the conflicts into which our ancestors plunged, often in reference to questions which, all men now can see, might have been easily adjusted without a blow, if passion had not been permitted to usurp the place of reason. But the rankling recollections and mutual distrust which those quarrels engendered, are still the source whence arises the alleged necessity for the ruinous rivalry in armaments, which is hurrying us onward on a path that, if pursued much longer, can only lead to general bankruptcy. May Heaven in its mercy deliver America from a policy which would entangle it in the coils of such a system as this.

We implore you, then, friends and fellow-Christians, to avoid the fatal mistake of imagining that you can decide questions of disputed right by conflicts of brute force. We appeal to American patriots to save the land they love from the dishonor of appearing before the world in an attitude which can only excite the sorrow and pity of all good men. We appeal to American philanthropists to interpose their influence to ward off a catastrophe which will not only become a source of unutterable suffering and demoralization to their own country, but which will exercise a malign influence over the destinies of the whole human race. Above all we appeal to Christian churches of all denominations, and emphatically to the ministers of the Prince of Peace, to stand between the living and the dead that the plague be stayed; by their example, by their persuasions, by their prayers, to arrest an evil which will not only paralyze their own efforts, and desolate God's inheritance by a flood of passion and crime, but which will be a scandal and a reproach to our common Christianity.

JOSEPH PEASE, President.
HENRY RICHARD, Secretary.

London, April 6, 1861.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.—'Twas a fearful night; the storm king, out of humor, let loose the howling wind and pelting rain, and clothed the earth with a pall of darkness, as dense and impenetrable as an Egyptian sepulchre; all instinctive life was hushed, save the tempest bird, shrill screams mingled with the crashing blast made it more terrible in its mighty frenzy.

'Twas dark as midnight! The trees, whose limbs moaned and sighed piteously, were rudely tossed about, and over and anon huge masses of mutilated timber fell to the ground. Before an open window stood a beautiful girl; her glossy ringlets waved like streamers to the passing wind; her exquisite form, which bore the impress of nobleness inate, was splendidly erect, and her flashing eyes, full of excited lustre, shone brighter still through the impenetrable darkness. Proudly she stood defying the tempest in its wrath. See her rosy lips separate like leaflets of the morning rose, and with one tremendous effort she screams out at the top of her voice:

"Jim, if you don't let that pig's tail go, mam will thrash you like thunder!"

Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a good deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want.—What you call hinderances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike medicines or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience.—Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your good but consisteth with it.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

"I have always been astonished," said Miss Smix, "at the anxiety young girls have for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Mountflathers left my school. Seeing her 'rapt,' and gazing towards the sky, I asked her what she was looking for.

"'That beau,' said she, 'which is told of in Genesis, as being 'set in the clouds.' I wish he'd come down.'"

JEANNIE'S OPINION.—"Jeannie," said a venerable Cameronian [Scotchman] to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it is a great deal solemner not to."

The biggest cow-bell in the world. The great bell of Mos *cow.*

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

For the Spectator.

The Soldier's Song.

'Tis little you good people know,
What we poor soldiers undergo,
When called upon to take up arms,
To guard Virginia from all harms.

At break of day the morning gun,
At reveille, with fife and drum,
To break the soldier's sweet repose,
He rouses up, puts on his clothes.

The sergeant comes and goes about,
Saying, "hurry, hurry boys, turn out,"
In front and rear he forms a line—
His accoutrements and sword do shine.

Eyes right, eyes left, "steady," the word.
The Captain then presents his sword;
The sergeant then takes out his roll—
Our names are called and absence told.

Sometimes young upstarts do command,
With coats laced up and sword in hand,
They talk and act as if they were
Some King, or Prince, or Emperor.

Sometimes our off'cers, bad off'cers are,
Wear out their men for want of care,
And bring them to a desperate end,
And bury them in a distant land,

Where they have no relations near
To shed a sympathizing tear,
Or nurse them on a dying bed,
Or bury them when they are dead.

Sometimes we lay on the cold ground,
Where there's no shelter to be found;
In sometimes rain and sometimes snow,
Where stormy winds and tempests blow.

But the surgeon is a man of skill,
And every day he gives a pill,
And if that pill does not act well,
He'll curse and damn our souls to hell.

In Harper's Ferry we have a plan
To soberize a drunken man—
We'll have him gagged, we'll have him bucked,
And after all we'll have him ducked.

As to our grub, we get enough,
Although our beef is very tough;
But as to that we won't complain—
We hope to get good beef again.

We have a tall Lieutenant here,
Who to a soldier's too severe—
He'll punish them—there's no defence,
He's guilty of the same offence.

If you wish to know who composed this song.
I'll tell you, for it won't take long:
It was composed by the "Augusta Grays,"
On the Maryland heights, two rainy days.

HARPER'S FERRY, May 4th, 1861.

For the Spectator.

The Righteous Cause of the South.

To all men of right sentiments, the greatest possible solace, when engaged in an arduous and perilous contest, is the assurance that their cause is just. This solace the South, and especially Virginia, may now enjoy in reference to the controversy with the North, which has long been pending, and which has at last been brought to the stern arbitrament of arms. There are two questions which may be raised on this point: First, are we right with respect to the claim which is in dispute? and secondly, are we right in defending our position with the sword? There need be no hesitation in answering both these questions in the affirmative; but I will, in this communication, confine myself to the first, reserving the other for a future time.

The origin of the difficulty between the two sections of the country is found in the opinion, held by one and rejected by the other, that slavery is wrong as being a violation of a natural right to liberty and equality, which is alleged to belong to every human being. There are many subordinate and collateral questions, which have been intermingled with the discussion; but this main question is the only one which has had importance enough to make it dangerous. This is strictly a moral question, a question of duty; and like all such questions it ought to be decided by the Rule which has been given us for the express purpose of teaching what duty God requires of man. This Divine Rule plainly teaches that slavery is not wrong in itself; while it condemns its abuses, as it does the abuses of everything else. This I attempted to prove, some years ago, in a series of letters published in the "Spectator," on the "Scripture View of Slavery." Anti-slavery men do not pretend to find in the Bible an express prohibition of slavery; but assuming without reason that it is "the sum of all villanies," when they refer to Scrpture at all, they exhaust their efforts in proving, what nobody denies, that God condemns all oppression, and in the vain attempt to set aside the evidence that slavery was expressly permitted by the Old Testament, and allowed in the Christian Church by the Apostles. But the most thorough abolitionists deny the authority of Scripture altogether, while the others generally prefer some other source of argument.

But supposing the institutions of the South to be wrong, the citizens of the Northern States have no more right to alter or abolish them than they have to change the Government of Great Britain. But such has been the force of fanaticism, that great numbers have avowed the purpose of putting an end to these institutions, and have even violated plain constitutional obligations by the action of State Legislatures.

If the Southern poeple had taken measures for even the gradual removal of involuntary servitude, as the North has been constantly urging them to do, they would have committed a sin against their servants, against themselves and against God; for they would have done that which, according to all human probability, would have been injurious alike to the white and colored race. Still more disastrous would be the result of permitting the North to do the same thing, for it would be done less wisely, because with less knowledge of the circumstances of the case. Any one who will fairly observe the tendency of things at the North, must see that they are tending towards this point. The conservative men, so called, have been constantly losing in numbers, in firmness and in influence; while the most dangerous class of abolitionists, those of the Sumner and Greely school, have been becoming more audicious and successful. It has been therefore a matter of vital importance to the South to resist all Northern aggression on this subject. L. E.

There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice or guilt.

There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that is the golden rule, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

A country school-master thus describes a money lender:

"He serves you in the present tense—he lends you in the conditional mood—keeps you in the subjunctive—and ruins you in the future."

The old man looks down, and thinks of the past. The young man looks up and thinks of the future. The child looks everywhere and thinks of nothing. And there are a great many children in the world.

A Printer desiring to kiss his "lady-love," addressed her in the following delicate language:

"Miss BERTIE, will you allow me the exquisite pleasure of placing my "imprint" on your bill?"

We should enjoy our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when it is good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies, except in extreme necessity.

Why are lawyers the most intemperate people? Because they are continually practising at the bar.

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time," but now with the aid of a sewing machine, they ask one in no time.

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that the loadstone is not the most diverting thing in the world.

When is a lady's neck not a neck? When it is a little bare, (*bear*.)