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☞ Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Augusta County, Va.

Professional Directory.

A. B. ARTHUR, D. D. S., (office one door from corner of Beverly and New streets, STAUNTON, VA.

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JOHN ECHOLS, Monroe county. R. H. CATLETT, Lexington. H. M. BELL, Staunton.

ECHOLS, BELL & CATLETT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, Will practice in the State and Federal Courts at Staunton, and in the Circuit and County Courts of Rockbridge, Rockingham and Alleghany.—They will also attend to special business in any part of Va. and West Virginia. [Sept 12—tf

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MICHIE & SMITH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Practice in the Federal Court at Staunton; in all the Courts of Augusta county; in the Circuit and County Courts of Rockingham; and in the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge.

Collection of claims promptly attended to. Nov. 14—tf

BOLIVAR CHRISTIAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Attends the Courts of Augusta and adjoining Counties.

Attention given to the interests of residents in this country in lands in Missouri, Iowa, and other Western States. Oct 24—tf.

ORLANDO SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Commissioner in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA., Practices in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.

Will attend to the purchase and sale of Real Estate on Commission. Nov 14—1y.

GEO. BAYLOR. MARSHALL HANGER.

BAYLOR & HANGER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Practice in all the Courts of Augusta county, and attend promptly to the collection of claims in any of the adjoining counties. Nov 7—tf

GEORGE M. COCHRAN, Jr., ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Office in rear of Court House, adjoining David Fultz. Aug 15—tf

DR. ARTHUR has returned and will be glad to see his old patrons. Staunton, Oct 24—tf

Fire and Life Insurance.

VIRGINIA INSURANCE COMPANY. Books and Subscriptions to the Capitol Stock of this Company are now open at the Banking House of W. H. Tams & Co., and at the offices of the two Banks in Staunton. The attention of Capitalists is called to the merits of this Stock, which is recommended to them as probably the *most remunerative investment* of money now offering. By Order of the

Jan 9—tf COMMISSIONERS.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned, representing the "Maryland Life," and the "Merchants and Mechanics Fire" Insurance Companies, of Baltimore, Md., (two of the most reliable companies in the U. S.) is prepared to issue Policies, for any amount desired, against loss of life or property. O. SMITH.

☞ Office in rear of "Spectator" building,

Nov 14—tf Staunton, Va.

Photographs.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY! The subscribers have opened permanently a PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY in Staunton, over the store of Roane & Alby, opposite the Virginia Hotel where Pictures of every style can be had. Their rooms are newly and neatly fitted up for the accommodation of all who may favor them with a call. They are thankful for past patronage and hope, by close attention to business, to merit as much or more in future.

☞ One of Steif's celebrated Pianos will be found in the reception room for the amusement of friends and patrons.

Sept 12— J. H. BURDETT & CO.

SPLENDIDLY EXECUTED PHOTOGRAPHS, (large size), of Leading Southern Generals, &c., at less than the frames can be purchased at anywhere else. Only $1,75 each, frame and all. Also, Carte de visites of the same, at only 15 cents each, or eight for One Dollar.—Call at the Post Office.

Nov. 28—tf JEWELL.

To Farmers.

A. J. HAMILTON, of Rockbridge. G. W. WAESCHE, of Rockingham. A. M. HAMILTON, of Rockbridge.

HAMILTON, WAESCHE, & CO., General Agents for McCORMICK'S COMBINED SELF-RAKING REAPER AND MOWER, AND SEPARATE MOWER,

For the entire Valley of Virginia and twenty-five counties immediately East of the Blue Ridge extending from the Potomac to the North Carolina line.

☞ Mr. THORNTON BERRY will act as our Agent in Augusta county, from whom Farmers can procure Machines and receive all necessary information as to terms, &c.

Feb 27, 1866—tf H. W. & Co.

Watches and Jewelry.

GOOD TIMES.—Persons desiring good times in their pockets are respectfully requested to get their Watches repaired by BARNARD MAYNE, Watchmaker from Europe. All work warranted at moderate charges. He keeps also for sale, fine Watches, Spectacles, Jewelry, Keys, Watch Crystals, etc., corner Main and Augusta streets, up stairs.

Jan 30—8ts BARNARD MAYNE.

SAVE YOUR SIGHT.—By coming in time to Dr. Young's Old Stand where you will find an excellent assortment of *Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Shortsighted and Colored Glasses* for sale by

March 13—6m G. C. YEAKLE.

☞ Old Silver taken in exchange for goods.

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J. P. BARTHOLOW & CO., No. 25 King st. bet'n Water & Union sts., ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA,

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☞ Agricultural Implements and Machinery repaired at short notice.

Extras and Repairs furnished at short notice.

J. P. BARTHOLOW & CO., Alexandria, Va., and 558, 7th street, Washington, D. C.

Feb. 13, '65.—3m

JAMES F. CARLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Steel, Bar Iron, Ploughs, &c., No. 63, King Street,

Nov 28 Alexandria, Va. 6m

Literature.

THE FIELD & FIRESIDE. (ESTABLISHED 1855.) A superb literary companion and sterling old Home Journal. Published every Saturday by WM. B. SMITH & CO., 58 FAYETTEVILLE ST., RALEIGH, N. C.

Elegantly printed on beautiful white paper, mammoth sheet, with eight large pages.

Its corps of Contributors includes nearly all the most distinguished authors of the country, and with the combined services of so many celebrated writers it has achieved a perfect success in presenting *an unrivalled array of talent.*

Its Romances, Stories, Tales, Novelettes, Criticisms, Reviews, Sketches, Poems, Biographies, Witticisms, Travels, Adventures, &c., are pure, entertaining and instructive, in a degree rarely attained in periodical literature.

In accordance with the name of the paper a special department is devoted to the Field, wherein are given articles, hints and suggestions on the practical management of the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard, and the Kitchen.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One Year	$5.00
Six Months	2.50
Clubs of Five, one year	20.00
Clubs of Ten, " "	40.00

And an extra copy to the party getting up a club of ten. No club rates to six month's subscribers.

March 20—2t

THE KEYSTONE, A MONTHLY MASONIC MAGAZINE, 58 FAYETTEVILLE STREET, RALEIGH, N. C. *Edited by WM. B. SMITH.*

Subscription ..... $3.00 a year.

A New Volume commenced Jan. 1, 1866.

Each number contains 64 large 12 mo pages, elegantly printed upon very heavy white paper, neatly stitched, and trimmed in beautiful covers, making two large handsome volumes a year of 384 pages each.

Its corps of Contributors doubtless comprises a greater numerical strength and a more extensive concentration of Masonic wisdom and talent than was ever attained by a similar publication.

THE KEY-STONE is endorsed and recommended to the Fraternity at large, by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, and keenly feeling the weight of this high compliment, the proprietors will spare neither money nor exertion to make the publication a most welcome visitor and companion with all good and true Masons—their sisters, wives, mothers, and daughters, to whom the same may come greeting.

☞ Specimen copies sent free, upon application, to any part of the country.

WM. B. SMITH & CO., Publishers, 58 Fayetteville street, Raleigh, N. C.

A South-Side Historical War Novel! Third Edition just ready, "SURRY OF EAGLE'S NEST." Being the Memoirs of a Staff Officer of Virginia. Edited from the Mss. of Col. Surry, by John Esten Cooke, with four full page illustrations. 12mo, cloth. 490 pages. Price $2.25.

Following Stonewall Jackson from the beginning of the Valley campaign to his death; in constant intercourse with Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Ashby, Pelham, and other celebrities, we have a vivid picture of inside army life at the South. In a word, "whoever desires a story of stirring incident, with a truthful delineation of noted events, fine drawing of character, and a faithful exposition of the views and motives of Southern men in the conflict just closed, all told in the purest English, and in an unusually delightful style, this volume will be a welcome guest."

Mailed to any part of the United States, post free, on receipt of price.

F. J. HUNTINGTON & Co., 459 Broome Street, New York.

March 20—2t

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

AUGUSTA SAVINGS' BANK STILL IN OPERATION.—The undersigned tendering his thanks for past favors, informs his friends and the public, that he has just returned with a new and well selected stock of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, DYE STUFFS, and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

For the quantity as well as quality, he asserts, without fear of successful contradiction, that it is unsurpassed in this market.

Having no partner with whom to divide the profits, unfortunately, no family to support, no children to educate, and, withal, without extravagant habits, it would seem strange if he could not compete in selling bargains with any other establishment in the State. My will to do so is good, and "where there is a will there is always a way." My stock consists principally as follows:

French and English Merinos, Bombazines and black silk, figured and plain alpaccas, all wool delaines, half wool delaines, 18 pieces white and colored flannels, Manchester and domestic ginghams, striped bed and lindsey domestics, Swiss muslins, and Nainsook, plain and check cambric, table linen and toweling, Irish linen from 75 cents to $1,50, 400 ladies' and misses' hoop skirts, balmorals, best quality; veils and head dresses, 10 pieces broad cloth, from 5½ to $10 per yard, a full stock of plain and fancy French, and domestic cassimeres, cassinets, tweeds and Kentucky jeans, hosiery and perfumery, soaps of all qualities, nubias, latest styles and patterns; opera hoods and scarfs, linen cambric handkerchiefs, 24 dozen linen handkerchiefs, at 20 cents each or $2. per dozen; plain and figured silk velvet vestings. A large collection of dress buttons and trimmings, full stock of bonnet and cap ribbons, 3 dozen colored corsets, 4-4 and 5-4 bleached cotton, 6,000 yards brown 4-4 cotton, 400 bunches cotton yarn, Nos. 7 to 15, calicoes, 2 doz. chemises, plain and needle work collars, cambric edging and inserting, 400 pairs ladies', misses' and childrens' shoes, shawls, dusters and ladies' cloaks, the latest patterns, 2 pieces broad cloth for cloaks and many other articles not here mentioned, all sold at a small profit, for cash by

S. H. HILB, Next door to the Marble Yard.

IN THE SECOND STORY I HAVE NOW opened a first rate Stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, such as Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, caps, Linen Shirts from 2½ to $6. Also Brown cotton and cotton Yarn by the bale or in smaller quantities.

Oct 17—tf S. H. H.

TO THE CITIZENS OF AUGUSTA, Highland and Pendleton Counties.—Isaac Paul & Co., having taken the large Store formerly occupied by Antonia, as a Confectionary, on Main street, between Augusta and New streets, where we intend keeping a large and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Queensware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and everything usually kept in a first class Retail Store.

Terms cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market price.

Hoping, by strict attention to business, honorable and fair dealing, to receive a share of your patronage. Very Respectfully.

Nov21,'65-1y ISSAAC PAUL & CO.

Poetry.

For the Spectator.

Lines written on the death of Caledonia Hitt.

Dear little Callie is no more—
The darling household pet;
The dimpling smile her count'nance wore,
We ne'er shall forget.

That voice we loved to hear on earth,
Prattling in cadence sweet—
So full of innocence and mirth,
No more our ear shall greet.

Until in happier strains above,
We hear it sweeter still;
For anthems of redeeming love,
The heavenly mansions fill.

She was their parent's hope and pride—
Light of their earthly home;
She's now a beauteous star beside
God's own eternal throne.

Their precious cherub was not given,
To dwell 'mid earth's alarms—
Her spirit pure was formed for heaven,
And its endearing charms.

The little bud so cherished here,
Was blighted ere it bloomed—
Her mortal part, to friends so dear,
Only remains entombed.

Her little spirit's free indeed,
Nor clay, nor tomb confines it now—
A harp is hers—no toys she'll need,
Whilst a bright crown rests on her brow.

In that blest clime no flower can fade,
No scorching heat can there destroy—
Nor can a wintry blast invade
Those regions of unending joy.

Parents and grand-parents may meet
Their loved and lost one there;
And may that happiness complete,
With dear "little Callie" share.

Oh! 'tis a pleasing glorious theme!
To dwell on here below,
We'll there of parting never dream,
And there no sorrow know.

But bask forever in Jesus' smile,
As endless ages roll;
Singing his praises all the while
And playing harps of gold.

NEAR GREENVILLE. OTTO.

For the Spectator.

Lines written on the death of Sallie and Susan.

Gone like a pleasant dream,
Which erst had cheer'd the dark and silent night
With its loved presence and its gilding light—
Gone like a passing gleam,
Shed by some wanderer from a brighter land
Some wanderer from the pure and angel band,
Seen from the spirit land.
Like the fair sisters whom the ancients gave
To starry brightness o'er the Ægean wave,
They had pass'd unto heaven!
Their bright looks haunt us now:
Wavy locks with silky softness fell,
Shading the snowy home where, like a spell,
Thought sat upon their brow;
Their radiant eyes, with their clear upward glance,
Seem'd to behold, as in a spirit trance,
The "hidden things" beyond.
They were not made for earth:
Like the frail harp thro' which the zephyr floats,
Waking to melody the slumbering notes
Tender and sadly sweet;
That harp, so fine and frail,
When strong winds o'er it rude and roughly break
Unstrung and shattered, its faint chords will wake
In no wild, witching wail;
No thoughts or words unholy or impure—
No answering echo from their soul could lure—
It kept itself unstrained.
They were not made for earth!
Sent here to light our pilgrimage awhile
With their dear presence and their angel smiles,
That by their priceless worth,
We might be weaned from all the fading toys
That make the sum of sublinary joys.
They were at length reclaimed!
These jewels were not given
To deck the tents where dwell our mortal parts,
But that its contact with our yearning hearts,
Should draw us with a strong, a resistless force,
Like the star pointing ore, to the pure source.

OTTO.

Select Story.

JIM BLANDER AND THE QUAKER.

There lived in a certain neighborhood not far from B———, a roystering rowdy bully, Jim Blander. Jim was "sum," in a fight, and a kind of pugilistic Napoleon. Many and bloody the affairs he had had in his life time, and had invariably come off best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded that it was no use in fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent thrashing machine, that could not be improved on. Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other Jim hated the "shad bellies," as he called them, with his entire heart—he often declared that to whip one of these inoffensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums overheard a young Quaker speaking in disparaging terms of him.

The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats of what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, on sight—besides various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body; in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both eyes and chaw off both ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats and very properly kept out of his way, hoping that time would mollify Jim's anger. It seems, however, this much to be desired result did not take place.—One day friend Nathan was out riding and in passing through a long lane, when almost midway, he espied Jim entering the other end.—Nathan might have returned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at this proceeding. "I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me or allow him to do violence to my person." Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary were doomed to be disappointed.

"O ho," thought the bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make mince meat of shad-belly. I will salt and pickle him too."

"Wilt thou please dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse and mimicking his style; "my soul yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling ever man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgment will surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly be benefitted by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment," thundered Jim; "get down, you canting, lying, mischief making, cowardly hypocrite, I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceedings and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity—I am neither a liar, a mischief maker nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly—let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim, down with you. I want to beat some of your religion out of you—I must give you a flogging before I leave you. I think by the time I'm through with you, you'll pass for a tolerably decent man; I'll teach you a short and easy lesson, the importance of minding your own affairs, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan firmly; "loosen thy hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you!" said Jim, "then here goes," and he made a desperate plunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant, on the opposite side of the horse. The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor was all sinew and muscle, and his well knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently kindled.

"Friend James," he implored. "Thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is annoying; thou must desist, or peradventure I may so far forget myself as to do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming toward Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in broadbrim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun.—Now, friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose, look out!"

Suiting the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fists, made a scientific blow at the usual formation of our Quaker friend; but Tom Heyer couldn't have more scientifically warded it off.

Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt—he saw he had undertaken quite as much as he was likely to accomplish. Jim, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly and warded off the shower of blows skilfully, which Jim aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, "This is mere child's play. It grieves me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thine eyes which will prostrate thee." Following out the suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on his forehead which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson too. I will seat myself astraddle of thy breast—I will place my knees upon thy arms thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce, war-like nature, and make a better and more respectable man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some signs of returning life. The first impulse of Jim, when he saw his condition, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his efforts were unavailing.

"Friend, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument in the hands of God to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repent attacking me?"

"No," said James, "let me up and I'll show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan, "darest thou profane the name of thy Maker—I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good his word, clutched him by the throat. He compressed his grip; as a girgling sound could be heard. Jim's face became distorted, a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker,

"I will knock under," said Jim, "enough—let me up."

"No, thou hast not half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, thou must be contented to remain where thou liest, until I am done with thee. Thou just profaned the name of thy Maker, friend James," continued Nathan, "confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Thou perverse man," replied Nathan in an imploring tone, "say that thou repentest thy wickedness."

"I'll be hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Wilt thou not," replied the Quaker, "must I use compulsory means? I will compress thy windpipe again unless thou givest me an answer in the affirmative; say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No, I—y-e-s," shrieked Jim in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker's grip tightened, "yes I am sorry!"

"Is thy sorrow a goodly sorrow?" inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze, admonished him he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "now let me up."

"I am not done with thee yet!" said Nathan.

"Thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood, time out of number—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me, that in the future, thee will lead a more peaceable life, that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly, all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan, "I insist on an affirmative answer."

"If I say yes to that—I'll die first."

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James," said Nathan, "I insist upon it," and he again grasped Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively. Say after me, "I promise to love my neighbor as myself, including the Quakers."

"I promise that!" said Jim; "I'll be cursed if I do."

"I will check thy respiration if thou don't," replied Nathan. "Wilt thou yield?"

"No I won't, I'll be blasted if I do," answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in," replied Nathan, "I will choke thee again if thee does not—see my grip tightens."

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple—his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets—his body writhed like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became entirely passive, he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses. When he did, he begged Nathan for mercy's sake, to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I expect from thee, I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim saw that he was powerless and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was no use to persist in his stubbornness.

"I will give in," he replied, "I will promise to love my neighbor as myself."

"Including the Quakers," insinuated Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied Jim.

"Thou may'st rise then, friend James," answered Nathan, "and I trust the lesson thou hast learned to-day will make a more peaceable citizen of thee, and I hope a better man."

Poor Jim was completely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story became bruited about. This was more than Jim could bear. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs and his late defeat, and emigrated to the "far West." The last I heard of him, he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reason why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under an obligation to love them, but he was of the opinion that distance would lend strength to that attachment.

A Northern Estimate of Confederate Leaders.

We extract the following from a long review of the late war in the New York Citizen, a Republican paper, edited by Col. Halpine, late of the United States army.

DAVIS.

Let those loyal gentlemen, disciples of Mr. Abbott, who worship the character of Bonaporte, make some consistent homage to the brilliant directory of Jefferson Davis. Both were men of destiny, and the *personal* of the survivor is by far the nobler. Of the fallen angels, whose dark plumage swept from our Senate Halls, he made the most courtly adieu. Of all the traitors he was most entirely in earnest.—Of all decision his was the sagest, the promptest and the most enduring. He, only, of the conspirators, felt that his quarrel with the Union was irreconciliable, and stood by his capital to the last, and has never yet advised submission. His captivity has been belittled by none of Bonaparte's querulousness. Blind, and gray, and wasted, his dominions are narrowed to a casemate, while the republic he would overthrow reaches to the silent oceans.

LEE.

In Robert Lee the same austere Providence, to purify our Republicanism, shattered our faith in traditional respectability. The heir of Washington went with the rest of the new chivalry, and with ten times the talent of that great Fabinus, crushed the armies of our lesser respectabilities, till he met in Grant a man without a pedigree. He was the equal of Wellington in manœuvering great bodies of troops on small interior forces. The Duke at Waterloo fought his whole army upon a mile and a quarter; but Lee, at Cold Harbor, for five days presented a solid line of battle wherever we sought him, till his whole force seemed manœuvered by the wink of his eye, and every salient that we touched was a corps. While the fortifications of Richmond stand, his name will evoke admiration. The art of war is unacquainted with any defense so admirable. Splendid as were the triumphs of his engineering, the victories of his infantry were his best monuments. But over the glory of his talent fell a shadow as eternal as his memory—the frown of a resolute Democracy, whose sacrifice was longer than his art.

STEWART.

I stood in the cemetery of Hollywood at the grave of Stewart—a space without a shaft. He revolutionized the cavalry tactics of our time, and was in dash and dissoluteness, the Prince Rupert of the West. Forrest and Stoneman, Morgan and Grierson, Mosby and Kilpatrick were his imitators. He inaugurated the grand raid which taught Sheridan the nothingness of distance, and emboldened Sherman to tear the continent like a pocket map.

The fervid imagination of the Southern people, demonstrated in feats of romance, like Stewart's made them, during the war, the great suggestive captains. They built the first ironclad, made the first of the great raids, and under Stonewall Jackson executed the earliest of the great infantry marches. But the colder adaptability of the North developed every hint from the South into a perfect system. The experiment of the Merrimac has grown to the Dictator, the Donderberg and the Ironsides.—The engineering assiduity of Beauregard, imitated by the North, has marked the camps of our armies, as if the protecting mountains had followed our columns. But it may be doubted that any division commander has yet arisen to rival the splendid infantry genius of Jackson.

JACKSON.

As Lee, was a master of manœuver, Jackson was the great captain of aggressive warfare.—He combined the cunning and the boldness of Napoleon. To cover his great movement by the flank in 1862, he did not hesitate to fight Pope's whole army with a division, and the celerity of his march up the Shenandoah, to appear again on the field of Bull Run, was only equalled by the energy of his attack. He moved infantry with the speed of horse, and having hurled three great commanders back from the Old Dominion, died before the lustre of its arms had diminished in that flush of victory when rebellion had assumed, indeed, the proportions of a nation. He was the most Republican of rebels, stern and simple as any Roundhead, and this is why we hold his memory greener than that of his companions whose defection to the Union was augmented by their treason to popular institutions.

There were other personages identified with this grand historical defense, but these are the great statues—Davis, Lee, Jackson, Stewart, Beauregard.

How to Plow for Corn.

We commend to our readers a practice which we have followed with great satisfaction in plowing our corn ground, whether it was sod or stubble, namely: by what is called "back-furrowing"—commencing in the middle of the field, turning the furrows inward, thus plowing the entire field "geeing round." Find the middle of a field with a measuring pole or tape, and set a stake. Then turn a ridge of two furrows in a straight line from each corner of the field to the stake. These ridges will enable the plowman to do his work well at the turning points. The advantages of plowing in this manner are, there will be no dead furrows in the field. A row of corn, if planted in a dead furrow, will not amount to much, except for fodder. When a field is plowed by going around the outside and finishing in the middle, there will be a dead furrow from each corner to the middle of it.—The team, moreover, must turn on the ground, which treads down a wide strip from the corners to the middle of the field. But when a field is plowed by beginning in the middle, the entire team, whether double or single, always turn on the unplowed ground, and it is easier for the plowman to turn out and set in his plow at the corners, than when he turns the furrow outward. By plowing in this way, the surface will be kept level, and the work performed in a more workmanlike manner. In order to have every side of the field finished alike, measure each side from the plowed ground to the the outside of the field every day. Then the furrows may be varied in width, or omitted on one side, while the plowed plot is small. Aim always to keep the furrow slices of a uniform width.—*American Agriculturist.*

GOOD NIGHT.—The charm of the simple common place expression "Good night" has been made the subject of a beautiful paragraph, by some author who says:

Good night! the little child has lisped as it passed to a brighter morn than ours; the lover with his gay dream of nuptial morrow; the wife and mother, all the fragile threads of household cares still in her fingers; the father with appealing eye of childhood all unanswered. Good night, that seal upon days past and days to come—what hand so rash as to rend aside the veil that hides its to-morrow

The Southern Dead.

We take great pleasure in copying the following beautiful tribute to the Southern Dead from the Columbus *Sun and Times.* Its suggestions are worthy of our heroic women and the loved ones they propose to commemorate. It would be "gilding refined gold" to add a single word to this touching appeal, and if we dare say aught further, it is that the ladies of Columbus may not be alone in this holy undertaking. Let the ladies of Staunton, and of the South at large, emulate a grand duty so worthily inaugurated:

COLUMBUS, GA., March 10, 1866.

Messrs. Editors:—The ladies are now, and have been for several days, engaged in the sad but pleasant duty of ornamenting and improving that portion of the city cemetery sacred to the memory of our gallant Confederate dead, but we feel it an unfinished work unless a day be set apart annually for its special attention. We cannot raise monumental shafts, and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them, by at least dedicating one day in each year to embellishing their humble graves with flowers. Therefore, we beg the assistance of the Press and the Ladies throughout the South, to aid us in our efforts to set apart a certain day to be observed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and be handed down through time as a religious custom of the country to wreathe the graves of our martyred dead with flowers. (We would propose the 2d Wednesday in May, as at that time our land may be truly called the "land of flowers.) Let every city, town and village, join in the pleasant duty; let all be alike remembered, from the heroes of Manasses to those who expired amid the death throes of our hallowed cause. We'll crown alike the honored resting places of the immortal Jackson, in Virginia, Johnson, of Shiloh, Cleburne, in Tennessee, and the host of gallant privates who adorned our ranks—all did their duty, and to all we owe our gratitude.

Let the soldiers' grave, for that day at least, be the Southern Mecca, to whose shrine her sorrowing women, like pilgrims, may annually bring their grateful hearts and floral offerings. And when we remember the thousands who were buried with "their martial cloak around them," without Christian ceremony of interment for their beloved bodies, we would invoke the aid of the most thrilling eloquence throughout the land, to inaugurate this custom by delivering on the appointed day, this year, an eulogy on the unburied dead of our glorious Southern army. They died for their country.—Whether their country had, or had not, the right to demand the sacrifice, is no longer a question of discussion with us. We leave that for the future nation to decide. That it was demanded, that they nobly responded, and fell holy sacrifices upon their country's altar, and are thereby entitled to their country's gratitude, none will deny.

The proud banner under which they rallied in defense of the noble cause for which heroes fought, or trusting women prayed, has been furled forever. The country for which they suffered and died has now no name or place among the nations of the earth. Legislative enactments may not now be made to do honor to their memories—but the veriest Radical that ever traced his geneology back to the deck of the May Flower, could not deny us the simple privilege of paying honor to those who died defending the life, honor and happiness of the

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

The Confederate Dead.

The New York *News*, of Saturday week, publishes the touching appeal of the committee of citizens appointed to collect the remains of the Confederate dead, which repose in the vicinity of Winchester, Virginia, and transfer them to a suitable ground to be provided and set apart for that purpose. The *News* comments upon the appeal for aid to enable them to perform their mission as follows;

Many tributes of respect have been paid to the memory of the soldiers who fell fighting for the Federal cause. Their ashes have been gathered and entombed with solemn ceremony in consecrated cemeteries, and above their graves the monumental stone recites the history of their deeds. The wants of their orphans and widows have been supplied by the generous contributions of their countrymen, and the sorrow of their bereavement has been soothed by the voices of the living, uttering the language of praise and sympathy for the fallen. This is most just and commendable. It would be a sin against nature to refuse the offerings due to the men who have perished upon the field of battle; and it is a labor of love and duty to keep the grass green upon those graves, and the bloom forever fresh upon their laurels,

But the Confederate dead! Are they to be forgotten and neglected? Thousands of them lie mouldering where they fell, without a stone to mark their resting place, without a sign to tell the wayfarer that the bones of brave men repose beneath the dust, trampled by feet unconscious of the sacred attributes of the place. Hundreds of thousands of our sorrowing countrymen and women of the South know not where the remains of their kindred rest, or whether, indeed, the pulseless hearts that were once warm with affection have even the covering of the quiet sod in the eternal sleep. Yet those bereaved ones feel keenly as their conquerors the obligations that a christian sentiment owes to the *names* of the departed, but they are too poor to pay the last sad offices to their fallen kindred. They have not even the means to feed and clothe their living dependents, and in their desolate households they weep for the dead without the mournful privilege of knowing that they repose in hallowed ground.

It is not charity that here appeals to wealth, but the spirit of a holy duty that invites aid to its fulfillment. Conquerors have the pride and joy of victory with which to combat the agony of bereavement; but the vanquished are left alone with their sorrow, to brood over it amid the wreck of their hopes and the ruin of their fortunes. The Southern people have but little consolation beyond the thought that their fallen ones fought bravely and perished nobly. It is in them a virtue to respect the memory of the Confederate dead. They were the champions of a cause to which the Southern heart cleaved with an unshaken faith until the last whisper of hope was hushed, and the conquered banner was lowered in the shadow of despair. But why should that shadow fall upon the graves of heroes, although their life-blood flowed in vain? In the presence of peace the foemen of the past can stand together uncovered beside the tombs of the fallen of either side, and upon those sad mementoes of a cruel strife they can join to lay the offerings that manhood loves to give to the monuments of heroism and devotion. It should be our pride to render tribute to American valor; and were not the Confederate dead our countrymen? Are they not of our race and country who weep for them? The North will honor itself by companionship in a labor that seeks to mark the resting place of brave men, and to redeem their memories from oblivion.—The holy mission appeals to the loftiest and purest emotions of human nature; let it not appeal in vain.

Books are embalmed minds. Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.