Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Advance Payments.

For 1 yr., $3 in Currency, or equivalent in Specie.
" 6 mo., 1.85, " " " " "
" 3 mo., 1.00, " " " " "

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☞ *Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for Office, Communications calling upon, Advocating or Opposing Candidates, and all Communications or Notices of a Personal or Private character, or intended or calculated to promote any Private Enterprise or Interest, will be charged for as advertisements.*

SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

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

Professional Directory.

JOHN C. SNEED,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Spring Hill and surrounding country. He avails himself of the privilege of referring to the medical faculties of the following Institutions: University of Va., University of New York, Medical College of Va., (Richmond,) and the University of Louisiana, (New Orleans.)
juy31—3m*

DR. J. St. P. GIBSON,
WAYNESBORO',
VIRGINIA.
june12—1y

A. B. ARTHUR, D. D. S., (office one door from corner of Beverly and New streets, STAUNTON, VA.
Artificial Teeth mounted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite. The greatest improvement yet introduced into Dental Science is conceded to be the Vulcanite process; it being four times lighter than gold, and much cheaper, embracing superior cleanliness, nicer adaptation, and many other advantages. All the various operations of Dental Surgery performed with strict reference to permanency. March 20—tf

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

THOS. J. MICHIE. J. W. G. SMITH.
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. 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

Tin and Copper Ware.

TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET-IRON WARE.—JOHN C. GROVE,
New street, above B. Crawford's old stand, will manufacture all kinds of WARE and will do *Roofing, Spouting and Guttering* with the best material and as low as can be made in Staunton. All work warranted. I would ask merchants to give me a call, as I think I can make it to their interest to do so.
Produce taken in exchange for work.
july 10—6m JOHN C. GROVE.

AUGUST A. GRUBERT, Manufacturer of Stills and all kinds of Tin and Copper Ware, STAUNTON, VA., very respectfully informs his old customers and the public generally, that he has removed his ***Copper and Tin Shop*** from Greenville to Staunton, and occupies the room opposite the Bar-room of the Va. Hotel, known as the Stable office. Being determined to keep a constant supply of Copper, Tin and Sheet-iron on hand, he will, at all times, be prepared to do work with dispatch, and at prices to suit the times.
Roofing, Guttering and Spouting Houses, either in Copper or Tin, will be done in a substantial manner and at fair prices. [sep26—1y

Fashionable Millinery.

MRS. M. E. FAGAN Respectfully informs the Ladies, and her friends generally, that she has just returned from Baltimore, the second time, with a large supply of French and Straw Millinery, which she will offer at a very small profit. Her stock consists of Straw and Neapolitan BONNETS of all kinds and prices; also HATS of all sizes and styles, as follows: Ironclad Norma, half-Sundowns, Sundowns, Derbies, Queen-Gipsies, Dew-drops, &c., together with NOTIONS of every description.
☞ She will pledge herself to give entire satisfaction. Particular attention paid to orders from the country. may 29—tf

REMOVED.—Mrs. M. E. Fagan begs leave to inform her former patrons and friends that she can now be found at her new Store, one door east of Dr. Arthur's and immediately opposite the "Valley Virginian" Office. She has just returned from the city of Baltimore, and is now opening, for inspection, her large and tastefully selected stock of Millinery, for the Spring and Summer fashions. may 15—tf

Debtors & Creditors.

NOTICE.—The Bonds and Accounts of Dr. T. Rennolds, dec'd., are in my hands for settlement and collection. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted are requested to come forward at once, as longer indulgence cannot be given. WM. B. KAYSER,
Sept 26—tf Attorney for the Adm'r.

NOTICE.—Our books having been destroyed by fire, at Greenwood, during Gen. Sheridan's raid, we respectfully ask all persons knowing themselves indebted to us to come forward and report the amount as near as they can and close the same by Note. We may be found at the store of Hoge & Mason.
Sep. 19—tf. Vin copy. TAYLOR & HOGE.

Agricultural Implements.

PRICES REDUCED.

"That celebrated Livingston Plow" of all sizes from one to four-horse, right and left-hand, and all parts of the same, manufactured at Bradley's old establishment, from the original patterns, and
WARRANTED TO FIT,
are now for sale at all the old stands, at greatly reduced prices. Old cast metal taken in pay.
HUGH F. LYLE & CO.
July 17—tillSept29*

WHEAT DRILLS.--I will again offer to the farmers of Augusta and adjoining counties the celebrated
BICKFORD & HUFFMAN DRILL,
with the Guano and Grass Seed Sowers attached. An experience of eight years has demonstrated this to be the best drill in use, its superiority as a compost sower is incontestable.
Persons wishing to purchase should hand in their orders early, as a large demand is expected.
READ THE FOLLOWING CERTIFICATES:
I with pleasure state that for six years past I have used one of Bickford & Huffman's Drills, and that it has given me entire satisfaction. I had previously used other drills, and have since seen various other patterns in use, and have no hesitation in stating my belief that it is decidedly the best drill in all respects, and especially as a Guano and Compost Sower, I have ever seen.
WM. J. NELSON.
We the undersigned *fully endorse* all that Mr. Nelson says above in favor of the Bickford and Huffman Drill.
WM. BELL CRAWFORD, WILLIAM F. SMITH,
THOMAS P. ESKRIDGE, DAVID S. BELL,
JOHN N. OPIE, WM. R. DUNLAP,
WM. D. ANDERSON, JOHN CHRISTIAN.
ALEX. H. TAYLOR, A. A. SPROUL.
We the undersigned have had in use for several years the Bickford & Huffman Drill with Guano and Grass Seed attachments. We have no hesitation, from our experience, in recommending it as a first class machine. It has given us *in all respects*, and especially as a compost sower, *entire* satisfaction.
We know of no particular in which it could be amended, as it performs its work well
JOHN A. HARMAN, JAMES HENDERSON,
THOS. P. WILSON, C. C. FRANCISCO,
JOHN RAMSEY, W. S. MCCHESNEY.
R. H. DUDLEY, G. M. COCHRAN,
HUGH W. SHEFFEY, R. T. WALLACE.
BAXTER CRAWFORD. JAMES WALKER.
I have sold many of these Drills to persons in this county; they are to be found in every neighborhood, to whom persons are referred.
Sample drill can be seen at my store.
GEO. E. PRICE,
july 3—tf Staunton, Va.

WE ARE ENGAGED EXTENSIVELY in the manufacture of PLOWS of the Livingstone, Virginia, Kerr and other Patterns.
We warrant our work, both as to material and fit.
We have established Agencies at various places in this, and the adjoining counties, where our plows and plow-castings will always be found at a uniform price, at all points, and as low as the lowest.
We will also furnish to order Sorghum Mills of superior manufacture.
Also repairing to Buckeye and other Reapers and Mowers, and Pitts' and Sweepstakes' Threshing Machines done on short notice by
ROBERTS, NELSON & CO.,
at Augusta Foundry and Machine Shop,
July 10—tf Staunton, Va.
Rockingham Register, Charlottesville Chronicle, and Lexington Gazette & Banner copy three months.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—The undersigned, agents for H. M. Smith & Co., Manufacturers, at Richmond, can furnish at short notice, any of the following named articles, at manufacturers' prices. Reapers & Mowers, Grain Drills, Wind Mills, Pitts' celebrated Threshing Machines, Horse Rakes, a new article recently patented; corn shellers, cutting boxes, churns, scales, hay presses, belting of all kinds, plough castings, cider mills, &c.
may1—tf McCLURE & BUMGARDNER.

SAFE-GUARD AGAINST ACCIDENTS.—The undersigned are Agents for the manufacture and sale of
FITZHUGH'S INVENTION
for stopping the progress of Reaping and Mowing Machines, in the absence of the driver from his seat.
It is well known that there is not a neighborhood, where reapers and mowers are used, that some terrible accident does not occur every harvest to the driver of the machine while engaged in removing some obstruction in front of the sickle-bar, or in fixing something about the gearing, or from being thrown from the machine.—This valuable invention which is self-acting is claimed to be a perfect and reliable security against such accidents.
It is simple in its construction, and can be easily adapted to any machine having two driving wheels. No reaper or mower should be without it.
Farmers are invited to call and examine this machine at the Augusta Foundry and Machine Shop, Staunton, Va.
Price for making and attaching Safe-guard—ten dollars.
may 22—tf ROBERTS, NELSON & Co.
☞ Rock. Register and Lexington Gazette and Banner copy.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

OILS.—Pure Table Oils,
Sweet Oil,
Harness Oil, Lubricating Oil,
Machine Oil, Linseed Oil,
Fish Oil,
for sale, low, by YEAKLE & YOUNG.
July 17—tf

YEAKLE & YOUNG are constantly receiving FRESH & PURE DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c., guaranteed pure and genuine. July 17—tf

PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, PUTTY AND DYE-STUFFS, will be sold low, for cash by YEAKLE & YOUNG.
July 17—tf

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
We would call the attention of the public to our large stock of
Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs,
Glass, Perfumery,
Fancy Articles, Colognes,
Combs, Brushes,
Instruments, Trusses,
Patent Medicines, Gun Powder,
Japanese and Black Teas, etc.
Our medicines, etc., have been selected with the greatest care and are warranted genuine. All new preparations on hand.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded.
DR. WAYT & BRO., Druggists,
Main street, nearly opposite Town Hall.
may 15—tf

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &C.—HAVING established myself, in my new Drug Store, one door West of my former stand, I am now prepared to supply customers with
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS,
Dye Stuffs, Coal Oil, Lamps, Fancy Articles, &c.; Window Glass, all sizes; Trusses and Supporters, in great variety; Surgical Instruments, &c.,
Which I am determined to sell at a very small advance above cost for Cash.
Special attention given to filling orders of the purest Medicines, for Physicians, and at city retail prices.
Physicians' Prescriptions accurately dispensed at all hours. This department receives my particular attention. P. H. TROUT.
Staunton, April 3d, 1866.

JUST RECEIVED an extensive assortment of KEROSENE LAMPS, also a No. 1 article of KEROSENE OIL, which I will sell at old prices for Cash.
Oct 17—tf P. H. TROUT.

MACHINE OIL from 1.50 to $3.50 per gallon at P. H. TROUT'S Drug Store.
Oct 17—

Marble Works.

MARQUIS & KELLY,
VALLEY OF VIRGINIA
MARBLE WORKS,
at
STAUNTON,
LEXINGTON,
HARRISONBURG,
& CHARLOTTESVILLE.
Sept5—tf

Poetry.

For the Spectator.

ON OUR SOUTHERN DEAD.

Written on the Floral Offerings of the Ladies of the Valley of Virginia,

BY REV. H. WETZEL.

While Time with steady, pond'rous tread,
Moves onward in its whelming sweep,
It flings shades silent on the dead,
And hides the places where they sleep.

But Mem'ry, with supernal might,
Plucks from Oblivion's murky waves,
Th' mem'ry of those who fell in fight,
And sunk in Freedom's Soldiers' graves.

What though no *nation* urge the claim
To deeds of valor by your arms?
High on the scroll of Hon'r and Fame,
Your fame admiring thousands charms.

What though the cause you loved is lost?
What though you fought and died in vain?
You rest, and we, at any cost,
Though crushed, chant requi'ms to our slain.

While angel forms bend 'round your graves,
And fairy hands Love's tokens bring,
Ten thousand sighs in heaving waves,
Their one grand dirge still onward wing.

Unconscious of the hov'ring tread,
Around your silent resting place,
You're mourned as mighty champions dead,
By fairest virgins of our race.

Your graves they take in holiest charge,
Bedeck with wreaths from Nature's store,
With walls and pales their task enlarge,
And mourn your grand career is o'er.

While widows mourn and sisters sigh,
And orphans weep their sad'ning state,
And parents bend with tearful eye,
In verse our tribute we relate.

From you, your laurels none shall tear,
Who for us war's dread horrors bore,
Till Gabriel lift his hand and swear,
That rolling time shall be no more.

No, though oppression's baleful pow'r
O'erride our rights and spurn our claims,
Though tyrant madness rule the hour,
We'll rear mausoleums to your names.

We'll crowd around your honor'd graves,
Hurl back each foul impugning thrust;
If you they sweep, they must be waves,
That sweep us and our patriot trust.

How fierce the strife and stunning blows,
How well your part ye acted there,
Each sanguined field of battle shows,
And dares with Marathon compare.

How like Thermopylæ we know,
Your gory fields of classic fame
Will down to future ages show,
Ye've well deserved the patriots' name.

Your broken armor, too, we know,
And desolated homes will tell,
What ye had nerve to undergo,
Before your cause of Freedom fell.

These and ten thousand val'rous deeds
We'll cherish, and will proudly own;
Though now no more our champion leads,
A Jackson or an Ashby known.

While silence rides in awful sway,
Where once our voice in potence rolled,
Crushed Liberty, in mournful lay,
Will with your shades communion hold.

The moaning winds, the howling gale,
The murm'ring brook, the roaring waves,
In funeral song shall never fail,
But e'er chant requi'ms 'round your graves.

Sleep on ye silent, mighty dead;
In whisperings soft we'll oft relate
The dispensation dark that led
To your and our disastrous fate.

Yes, let me near approach your shrine,
Among your number there is one,
I know he still regards as mine
Himself, my son, my only son.

And when life's toils and cares are o'er,
And flesh sinks down to fellow clay,
From earth to your abode I'll soar,
We'll live in one eternal day.

Till then, Virginia's soil I'll tread,
Still hoping that Jehovah's hand,
Which Israel's seed from Babel led,
Will raise again our fallen land.

For Truth and Right though overborne,
Must rise in their supernal might,
And pow'r be from usurpers torn,
And cursed tyrants put to flight.

June 16th, 1866.

To feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be—and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—no matter,—it is taught.
—*Byron.*

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.
—*Addison.*

A Widow's Soliloquy.

How dreary! Shiver in heart and tremble in body! How cold the world is! There is no sun, no hope, for my life lies buried beneath the sod of a warmer country than this. Once I had a happy home. Once I was a loved wife. The morn and the noon and the night came, and with each came a kiss of love—a strong arm—a strong heart, a fresh blossom from the buds of hope. The birds sang in the trees—the rivulet went laughing on its way—the grass nodded to grain and the grain nodded back to the grass—the flowers climbed up the lattice as my children clambered up into my lap or romped with their father as he rolled on the floor in play with his pets after the work of the day was done for him.

And I sang as I worked. And I was happy in my loves and my hopes. We labored and prospered. The fields grew in size—our home became more beautiful—my boys grew to be young men, and my heart swelled with pride as I looked upon the home and loved ones.

We earned more than was required to support us—the cattle lowed in the pastures—the horses stamped in the stables—the chickens chased each other in the yard—our cellar and pantry were full—there was grain in the barn, and strong hands to gather more.

* * * * * * *

The fife and the drum!

To save the Union! Our flag was insulted! Our country was in danger! Our liberties were in peril! Oh merciful God, how my heart rebelled against the unnatural strife! I listened to glib tongues—I was told by specious pleaders that the Union was in danger—it was pounded into my brain from the pulpit—it was prayed into me by a so-called man of God—I was educated to *hate* those who had never harmed me or mine—I grew wild and helped buckle the sword upon my husband's side, and filled the knapsack for my son.

The horrid fife and drum!

Men with glib tongues said the men *must* go—but the men with glib tongues went not!

The fife and drum drowned the song of the birds. The long lines of blue tramped by—huzzas rent the air—my husband, whose head so oft had been pillowed on my breast—whose arms had in love encircled me; my son whose life was my life, went forth to *preserve the Union!*

I wept?

In the stillness of my room I wept and prayed. My pillow was wet with tears—my heart grew sad—the dust seemed like powder—the days were *so long!*—the nights were so full of horrid dreams.

The horrid fife and drum!

They drowned the song of my birds—they made my heart wild.

The lightning seemed like flashes of bayonets! The thunder was but the echo of bursting shells! The hollow wind was the groaning of those who were dear to me—who were stolen from my arms to *preserve the Union!*

* * * * * * *

I prayed!

But my minister was off in the army, or at the hustings.

I wept!

But tears would not still my aching heart. I asked those who enticed my loved ones away—but they were too busy counting money to answer me!

* * * * * * *

Gone!
Dead!
Alone!

I knew it! I dreamed it! The news come, but never a husband—never a son! One died in hospital, with no one to care for him. My husband, whose lips so oft were pressed to mine—whose heart had been so close to mine. My husband who knew me and whom I knew so well—he died where my arms could not enfold him—where my kiss could not give him new life—where my hand could not smoothe back the hair from his forehead!

Oh, the horrid fife and drum!

And my son! He died—he was killed on the battle field. A bursting shell tore his head open, that head I so often patted and looked upon with pride. It tore away the lips I had often kissed. And he fell on the sod—he lay so still in death, side by side with the ones I was taught to hate—the ones who were not our natural enemies! And the iron-shod foot of a cavalry horse went crashing through the heart of my dead boy, as he lay dead on that bloody field! That heart which held my image—that heart which was lost to me forever.

* * * * * * *

OH, GOD!

How I wept—and prayed! I gave them to my country. They were sent forth by me—I helped prepare them for the sacrifice—I saw them go—I heard the horrid fife and drum—they said my country called—I believed and sent them forth. And they said 'twas well—that they died to *preserve the Union!*

Now they tell me the *Union is not preserved!* Then why was I robbed of my treasures? The ones who wanted my loved ones to go are still here—but they say the WAR *to preserve* the Union was a failure. I am but a woman—I know not much of politics—but I know I am a widow—that my loved ones are gone—that my heart is dark with sorrow—that the tax gatherer is taking all that we earned before the war—that I am called upon to pay taxes, expenses and even interest money to support the bond-holders who were enriched by the blood of my loved ones, and to hear night and morning the echo of the horrid fife and drum, and to ask myself and others what we, what you or I have gained by giving our loved ones to the sacrifice which we are told divided instead of restored the Union?

I am a poor widow—I do not understand politics, but I want some one to tell me what I have gained, and why I must bear all the taxation as I have borne the sorrow?—*La Crosse Democrat.*

A Home Without a Sister.

Who that has been deprived of a sister can reflect upon the closing scenes of her mortal existence without the deepest sorrow and sadness of heart? A month, or less, perhaps a short week since, and she was among the living; there was the same cheerful countenance; the same joyous spirit; the same care and thought for those whose happy lot it was to enjoy her society. But she is gone, and how sad the change! The returning brother will meet no more her welcome smile. He visits the home of her childhood with a heavy heart. He approaches the threshold, and looks upon a stranger's countenance; he listens, and a stranger's voice falls upon his ear. He fancies for once that it is all a dream; he passes from chamber to chamber, seeking in vain for the departed one. She is not there! Oh, what agony fills his breast! what melancholy is resting upon his spirit! His once happy home has now no charms, no comforts, no allurements for him.

"This is the desert, this is the solitude,
The vale funereal, and sad cypress gloom."

It may be an index of a weak mind (in the opinion of some) to weep on such an occasion; but weeping is the readiest relief to a heart too full for utterance.

"Flow forth afresh my tears."

To him who is still the recipient of a sister's kindness and attention, a sharer in her sympathies, her love and affections, these thoughts may seem visionary; but they are sad, sober truths, and a mourning brother, one who has been brought to feel too keenly the pangs of sundered ties of sisterly affection, cannot doubt their reality.

Bridesmaids.

Next to being a bride herself, every young lady likes to be a bridesmaid. Wedlock is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious, and much to the credit of their courage, fair spinsters are not at all afraid of catching it. So far as official conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmaid, you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to treat the bride as a "victim led with garlands to the sacrifice." They consider it necessary to exhort her to "cheer up." Her fair assistants provide themselves with pungent essence lest she should faint at the "trying moment," which, between you and me, she has no more idea of doing than she has of dying. It is true she sometimes tells them she "feels as if she would sink into the earth," and that they respond, "poor dear!" and apply the smelling bottle; but she nevertheless goes through her nuptial martyrdom with great fortitude. In nine cases out of ten the bridegroom is more "flustered" than the fragile and lovely woman at his side; but nobody thinks of pitying him, poor fellow! If one of the groomsmen does recommend him to take a glass of wine before the ceremony to "steady his nerves," the advice is given superciliously, as one would say: "What a spoony you are, old fellow!" Bridesmaids may be considered as brides in what lawyers call "inchoate" or incipient state. They are looking to that day of triumphant weakness when it shall be their turn to be "poor dear creatures," and otherwise sustained and supported as the law of nuptial pretences directs. Let us hope they may not be disappointed.

Nice Gingerbread.

The following directions are furnished to the *Agriculturist* by one we know to be a good housekeeper—who has a healthy family as evidence of good cookery—with the remark "they make a gingerbread equal to the best article from the professional bakers:" Two teacupsful of molasses and 20 tablespoonsful of melted lard, are added 7 teaspoonsful of soda dissolved in 8 teaspoonsful of boiling water, 2 teaspoonsful of crushed alum dissolved in 3 tablespoonsful of boiling water, 1 tablespoonsful of ginger, and a little salt if the lard is fresh; the whole well stirred together. Then four teaspoonsful of cream of tartar are mixed thoroughly with a pint or so of flour, and stirred in quickly, with enough more flour added to make a dough as soft as it can be conveniently rolled. Bake in a quick oven. Some may object to the alum, but a teaspoonsful or two in a large milk-panful of cakes is but a homœpathic dose at most, and no more "mineral" than the salt used in all food. It gives the gingerbread the peculiar lightness of that made by bakers. Those who eschew alum must buy nothing at the baker shops.

A GOOD GIFT.—The best gift that God can give you is a *new heart*, and the best gift that you can give God is your *old heart*. He says, in the language of a tender father, "My son, give me thine heart." Give him your understanding, inclinations, thoughts, feelings, purposes, words, bodies, and actions. Give them to the Father, for the sake of the Saviour, and by the help of the Spirit.

ALL MAY PREACH.—As every leaf of the forest, and every ripple on the lake, which itself receives a sunbeam on its breast, may throw the sunbeam off again, and so spread the light around; in like manner, every one, old or young, who receives Christ into his heart, may and will publish with his life and his lips that blessed name.

From the Louisville, (Ky.) Courier.

An Important Movement---Washington College, Virginia.

There is now being made a systematic effort, under the most auspicious circumstances, to establish at Washington College, Lexington, Va., an educational institution of the highest grade, and the greatest capacity for usefulness and renown.

It is simply strange that in all the broad limits of this Union that peculiar section, New England, has secured in its Harvard and Yale almost the only institutions where the student can find at once *all* the appliances and facilities which wealth can command as the indispensable accessories towards obtaining a thorough and complete training in the schools of science and art. But students from other sections, in order to avail of these material advantages at Harvard and Yale, must meantime encounter there all the peculiar social sentiments which have ever characterized that section of country.

Washington College is on the site selected by the Father of his Country, on the head waters of James river, in Virginia, as combining unusual natural advantages for maintaining a great seat of learning. Located in the highlands of that beautiful region known as the Valley of Virginia, the climate there is singularly delightful and healthful, the scenery picturesque and inspiring, and the surrounding population is noted for its high and pure moral, conservative and social tone.

A liberal endowment was made to this colege shortly after the revolutionary war by General Washington, and his example was followed by the surviving officers and soldiers of the revolution, until this consecrated fund exceeded somewhat one hundred thousand dollars after having erected most commodious buildings, and secured excellent scientific apparatus and libraries.

The college has illustrated its usefulness and added to the glory of our common country thro' a long catalogue of alumni distinguished as divines, statesmen and scholars, including the names of the Prestons, McDowells, Crittendens, Foote, Summers, Browns, Madisons, Plummers, and many others of equal worth and renown.

Though thus hallowed by a glorious history and sanctified by the sustaining regard of Geo. Washington and his immortal compatriots of the Revolution, and advancing quietly but steadily and inoffensively in a career of increasing usefulness, still even it was not exempted from the ruthlrss hand of war. In June, 1864, the army under Gen. Hunter, while passing thro' Lexington, broke open the silent halls of this college, and despoiled it of its sacred relics; defaced its walls; destroyed its costly scientific apparatus, and scattered in a day its valuable libraries and cabinets, collected with pains thro' the long and patient labor of years.

But, recently, the Trustees of the College, deeming it due to all its hallowed associations, no less than to meet the demands of the day for educational opportunities, determined that it should not die, but should be revived in a manner worthy of its sacred prestige. Appealing by all the influences of this very prestige they succeeded in securing for its President, General ROBERT E. LEE, as peculiarly the person to carry out to perfection the patriotic plans and purposes of General Washington in founding the College.

General Lee has undertaken the duties of the position with a zeal, devotion and spirit worthy of himself and of Washington, his great examplar. It is his intention and expectation to expand the school to its greatest possible capacity for usefulness. By his advice, the corps of Professors has been increased to fifteen, and additional chairs are to be filled so soon as the funds are obtained.

The number of students who have already applied for admission at the coming session exceeds four hundred. Accommodations have been provided for largely over that number.

But, of course, much money will be required to carry out advantageously this grand design. Hence the effort to which we refer in the opening of this article. This demand seems so far to have been met with most becoming liberality. Warren Newcomb, Esq., of New York, has donated to this noble object $10,000, and C. H. McCormick, Esq., of Chicago, has given $15,000 toward endowing the "McCormick Professorship." Messrs. Richardson, of New York, and Rothmell Wilson, Esq., of Philadelphia, have made large and valuable donations to the college libraries. Many smaller contributions have also been made. We learn, too, that the Earl of Shaftesbury and other noblemen—patrons of learning and the arts—have, in England, contributed to the endowment fund directly, and commended it, over their names, to the British public.

Persons desiring to identify themselves with this object can do so by endowing distinct professorships, or by taking scholarships, or by direct contributions to "the Lee Endowment Fund" in any smaller sums. It would be but a becoming thing in Kentucky, "the daughter of Virginia," to have a part in promoting this great work of her noble old mother, and by a systematic effort to contribute to the college of Washington and of Lee, the "Kentucky Endowment."

For the Curious.

Various ways of reading the line:
"*The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way.*"

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.

The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.

The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.

The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.

Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way.

Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way.

Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.

Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.

Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.

The homeward ploughman, weary, plods his way.

The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

Half the hopes of this life are delusive; but while they delude us into happiness, let us not affect to despise them. Imagination is only a gayer name for matter of fact; in many cases—think so, and 'tis so. If felicity be seated in the mind, it must often depend upon the fair shadows of opinion, and, it may be said, without a paradox, that these are frequently substantial.

TRUTHFULNESS.—There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences, by saying less than the truth on others. But the fact is, that they are, in both instances, as fraudulent as he would be that exacted more than *his* due from his debtors, and paid less than *their* due to his creditors.—*Colton.*

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you that you may learn contentment.—*Dr. Moore.*

In a vigorous, well governed and actively employed mind, Love rarely becomes that resistless tyrant which vanity and romance represent him. His empire is divided by the love of fame or the desire of usefulness, the eagerness of research, or the triumph of discovery.

Many a husband and father, who would kill a fellow-man for lacerating the feeling of his family, lacerates them more himself than all the world besides.

What is the difference between a piece of honey comb and a black-eye? One is produced by a laboring bee, and the other by a belaboring.

[From the Richmond Enquirer, Sept. 5th]

Mr. Baldwin's Evidence before the Reconstruction Committee.

We have received the following correspondence, with a request for its publication:

DEAR SIR:—You will please give place to this letter. It is, as you will see, in reference to the testimony before the "Reconstruction Committee," published in your paper a few days since.

Truly, your friend,
NATHANIEL B. MEADE.

STAUNTON, August 20, 1866.

Nat. B. Meade, Esq.:

My Dear Sir:—I have received your letter, and I thank you for calling my attention to a construction of my testimony about the trial of President Davis, which does injustice alike to my opinions and my feelings. My testimony was taken in short hand, and was not read over to me or submitted for my revision. I am surprised at its general correctness; but I find that, in several instances, my meaning has been inaccurately stated, or wholly misapprehended.

The point of inquiry was as to the probable result of a trial of Mr. Davis before a court and jury, if one should be had, and not as to the propriety of subjecting him to such an ordeal.

It was my purpose to state my belief that our unsuccessful attempt at revolution must be regarded as rebellion, and, if judiciously considered and applied to individual cases, must subject each offender to the penalties of treason.—Such, I presume, must be the opinion of all who do not believe in what is called the "right of secession," and such must, of course, be the view of the Government of the United States. Every pardon granted and every amnesty offered is an assertion of this principle; and every pardon sought or accepted admits at least a doubt of the defence to be made before a court and jury.

While my opinion as a lawyer is what I have stated, I do not at all intend to admit the propriety of attempting to deal by judicial trials with transactions whose national proportions place them beyond the proper reach of court and jury. Each individual case, if brought into court, must, in my opinion, be held to constitute treason, and be dealt with accordingly, but each case is so thoroughly a representative of all, that a trial of any one, would, to all intents and purposes, be subjecting the conduct of a nation to the review of twelve jurors.

If this would be true of any one Confederate, how much more must it be felt to be true of President Davis, who, in his prison, is this day more emphatically the representative of our cause than he was when Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army and navy.

To subject a man occupying his position to a trial by the narrow rules which limit judicial construction, and to the mockery of a jury trial, would, in my opinion, be an outrage too gross to be anticipated of any government in Christendom.

Every day that he is kept in prison is a peremptory adjournment of all real reconciliation between the North and the South. Any attempt to subject him to further humiliation must be regarded as a personal wrong done to every true Southern man; and if he shall be permitted to die in captivity his name will become the watchword of Southern hate! It is to be regretted that the Convention recently held at Philadelphia did not recognize the necessity of amnesty for the past as a basis of good will for the future; but I trust that this omission will be set right by President Johnson, and that he will, by the prompt discharge of Mr. Davis give practical point and vitality to his recent declaration that "unless we forget the past we can have no future."

Yours, truly,
JOHN B. BALDWIN.

Emmet and his Love.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet.

A young girl stood in the castle gate, and desired admittance into the dungeon.

She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall, with a downcast head, and his arms folded against his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood, had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine. The chains sounded like a death-knell to his ears, and she wept like a child.—Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, perchance, as is held in heaven only, when we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of by-gone days, the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious—and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood, and, though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she would still cling to him when all others should forget.

Hark! the bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could say farewell, the door swung upon its heavy hinges and they parted forever. No, not forever; is there not a Heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously, a martyr to his country and liberty,

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of their fair band.

'Twas in the land of Italy; it was a gorgeous time of sunset in Italy. What a magnifient scene! A pale emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh! it was hard to die, far from her home in this beautiful land where the flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no; her star has set; the brightness of her dream has faded; her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth—close, burning ties—what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit than to find at last the beloved one is snatched, and all our love given to a passing flower. Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet—the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains; its flowerets breathe their frangrance over her grave, and lulling notes of the shepherd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

How to Do up Shirt Bosoms.

We have often heard ladies express a desire, says an exchange, to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we submit the following receipt for making Gum Arabic Starch: Take two oz. fine white Gum Arabic powder, put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water—according to the degree of strength you desire—and then having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to either white or printed lawns a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. Much diluted, it is also good for thin muslin and bobinet.

Christanity is by no means a religion of selfishness, and therefore it is a mistake to suppose that a Christian's first duty is to secure salvation for himself. The truest Christian is he who labors most for the salvation of others, with the least thought for himself, and his reward will be the certainty of his own salvation in the very highest degree.—*Int. Repos.*

Moral and Religious.

Do You Pray?

It is morning. A dark and stormy night has passed. Many of your fellow beings have been in great peril; and some are no more in this world. What was a quiet night of sleep to you, was to them the sleep of death. You were resting on your bed, on the great ocean they were thrown about you. You see the light, are in health, and the blessings of a kind Providence are most bountiful. God has watched over you, and brought you to enter upon the privileges and duties of the day. Do you thank him for it?

It is evening. The day has passed: and during it you have dashed on in your work. You have been fed and clothed, and have had strength to meet its many engagements. No accident has befallen you—no loss to your property. You feel you have done a good business. The hour of rest draws nigh. Will you sleep without thanking God for the blessings of the day, and asking him to keep you through the night? How hard must be your heart, and how stupid, if all God's mercies call forth no grateful remembrance?

The Sabbath has now come. The church bell is beginning to make its peals. The people are going to the house of God. You are permitted to join them. You hear the prayers and praises of the sanctuary. The gospel, too, its warnings and promises. You are edified and comforted perhaps. Do you pray, and praise, and thank God for all these privileges?

You are in health. A short time since you were sick. You were confined to your bed.—You could not see to any of your business. It was thought that you might not recover. Who raised you? Who has given you health and strength again? From God cometh every good and perfect gift, Do you thank him for it?—Should you not esteem it a great privilege to do so.

Reader, you can live without prayer. You can be unmindful of all your obligations to God. You can neglect all the vital duties of religion, and go through life as stupid as an ox. But what then? There is a God, and a heaven, and a hell! You are bound to the judgment, and must answer for it all. You are most unwise to be irreligious. If you live without prayer, it will be a sad matter to settle in the end.—Those who pray not. have no grace, and no ground to hope. O! if you have lived prayerless till now, do it no more. Pray in the morning—pray in the evening—pray upon the Sabbath—pray in health—pray always with all prayer and watch thereunto—pray without ceasing. It will do you good. It will fit you to live or die. Pour out your heart before God.

Home, the Parent of the Church.

A bad son is not likely to make a good citizen; and therefore, we repeat it with emphasis, that without virtue in her citizens no commonwealth can long exist. The nursery of this virtue is the family, and if it does not take root and grow here, it is in vain that we look for it in a riper manhood. Society being made up of families, it is by the strength of the domestic effections that its frame-work is upheld and preserved. It is the home love which nourishes the members of the family "in their childhood, which counsels and cares for them in youth, and which, even after the perversities or the losses of their manhood, welcomes them back again to the roof of their nativity, and throws them as before on the yet unequalled and unextinguishable kindness of the parents who gave them birth."

The man who does not cherish and exercise the feelings of a genuine love and kindness within the circle that gathers day by day round the domestic hearth, will be found but a sorry citizen and a still more sorry patriot, and humanity will throw him from her bosom as unworthy of the name of man. Let us cling to home, even if that home should be the meanest shed to be found on England's broad and blooming acres; let us cling to it while it yields us a hearth, and while around that hearth there is a heart that beats true to love. The mere material dwelling may be cheerless, but the home within may be sunny and happy; and there the heart may find a repose for which it seeks in vain in all the world beside.—*Christian World.*

Life's Autumn.

Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life; if we welcome a new pilgrim to the uncertainty of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the duty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud-drops are blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the 'well done' of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much sadness, and it permitted such virtue.

Truth.

Truth is like God's baptism upon the hills. First, it is like dew drops silently descending through a cloud of mist and vapor to kiss the petals of some drooping flower. Then it is a little pool gathering in some tiny basin in a fraternal embrace of atoms. Then it is a rill that goes cutting its channel way through the green moss and down the sloping hillside, hastening to the meeting of waters below. Then it is a stream, hurrying over precipices and down cascade rocks, turning the great wheel of manufacture, grinding the grain and working the spindles and shuttles of man. Then it is the river, slowly rolling onward through its mighty channel, upon which great lazy barges rock, and the paddles of the steamboat beat. And then—then it is the broad sweep of the Atlantic, upon which is borne, from land to land, the products of the industry of an entire world.—And that's the way truth comes. And that's the way truth acts.

THE CHURCH.—The Church of Christ was designed to represent Him on earth, and to minister to the moral needs of the human race. Her work, then, is not done when she sends out preachers and teachers; when she exhibits sacraments and liturgies; when she puts up churches at home and mission stations abroad. She must grope her way into the alleys, and courts, and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bar room, and beside the loathsome sufferer. She must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operative, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the Church must press equally on all the surfaces of the shore-line of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of humanity; and like the sun, on things foul and low as well as fair and high—for she was organized, commissioned, and equipped for the moral renovation of the world.—*Bishop Simpson.*

To do ill, in any circumstances, is the effect of a corrupt heart. To do well, when there is nothing to fear, is the merit of a common man; but to do well, when a man exposes himself thereby to the greatest dangers, is peculiar to the truly virtuous.