Staunton Spectator.

VOLUME XLIII. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1866. **NUMBER XXII.**

Staunton Spectator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
Richard Mauzy & Co.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Advance Payments.

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

Postponed Payments.

If not paid in advance, additions to the above charges will be made as follows:—If payments be delayed for three months, an addition of 12½ *per cent.* will be charged; if for 6 months, 25 *per cent.*; and if for 12 months, 50 *per cent.*

☞ The rates in currency will be changed from time to time as the price of specie may rise or fall.

☞ Subscriptions will not be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, till all arrearages be paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of One Dollar per Square of Ten Lines or less, for every insertion. Unless the number of insertions be maked upon the manuscript it will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ *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.

DR. C. R. HARRIS,
STAUNTON, VA.,
with 18 years' experience in the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY, in the county of Augusta.
Office—Main Street, opposite Taylor & Catlett's.
oct 9—3m

DR. B. M. ATKINSON,
Office and residence, opposite Benjamin Crawford's, Esq., N. E. corner Frederick and Augusta sts.,
sept 18—6m Staunton.

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

Ready Made Clothing.

CLOTHING EMPORIUM!

GRAND OPENING OF FALL CLOTHING,
AT
G. MANDELBAUM'S,
under the Virginia Hotel, STAUNTON, Va.

He is now receiving, daily, a large and complete stock of
READY MADE CLOTHING,
including
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
also a large stock of *Boots and Shoes,* which we are selling *below* city prices.

☞ *ONE CALL IS ONLY SOLICITED!* ☜

☞ We have every article in the Dress Line needed by a Gentleman.

☞ Our Clothing is Manufactured at our Baltimore House, therefore we can recommend *every* garment that is sold.

☞ For *Make,* and *Finish,* our Clothing cannot be excelled by any store in the Valley.

☞ We call particular attention to our select stock of *Cloth Cassimeres and Vestings,* which we are selling by the yard cheap.

☞ In conclusion, we return our heartfelt thanks to our former patrons, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors.

We still abide by our motto:

FIRST IN FASHION—
CHEAPEST IN PRICE!

G. MANDELBAUM,
under the Virginia Hotel,
sep 18—3m New street, Staunton.

Watches and Jewelry.

NEW JEWELRY STORE,
AT MEREDITH'S OLD STAND,
Next Door to Piper & Funkhouser, Main Street, where will be found a fine assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Spectacles, &c., for sale low for cash. These goods have been selected with great care and are warranted to be of the best quality.
☞ Watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner. G. C. YEAKLE.
sept 18—6mos. Vin. copy.

NO MORE BIG PRICES.—The undersigned offers for sale a fine assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, fine Gold Pens and Pencils, Watch Crystals, Keys, etc., with a well selected stock of
ENGLISH & FRENCH SPECTACLES,
at entirely new prices.
N. B.—Every article warranted as represented.
Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired and warranted at moderate prices.
B. MAYNE, from 225 Regent st., London, now on Main street, Staunton, opposite Gabriel Hirsh's Store. aug 28—6m

THE OLD ESTABLISHED WATCH and Jeweler's Store has been removed to the Virginia Hotel. A. A. CONE, successor to J. W. Meredith, would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his store to the Virginia Hotel, next door to Ladies' Entrance, where he is prepared to keep up its established reputation for good work.
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., repaired, and all work guaranteed.
He respectfully solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed—promising satisfaction in all cases. june26—tf

Pianos! Melodeons! Jewelry!

GREAT DISTRIBUTION!
BY THE
AMERICAN JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
DEPOTS: 37 & 39 Nassau, 54, 56 & 58 Liberty St.,
NEW YORK CITY,

Of Rosewood Pianos and Melodeons, Fine Oil Paintings, Engravings, Silver Ware, Gold and Silver Watches, and elegant Jewelry, consisting of Diamond Pins, Diamond Rings, Gold Bracelets, Coral, Florentine. Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Vest and Neck Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Chains, &c., &c., valued at

$1,000,000, for One Dollar,

which they need not pay until it is known what is drawn and its value.

The American Jewelers' Association calls your attention to the fact of its being the largest and most popular Jewelry Association in the United States. The business is and always has been conducted in the most candid and honorable manner. Our rapidly increasing trade is a sure guarantee of the appreciation of our patrons for this method of obtaining rich, elegant and costly goods. The sudden stagnation of trade in Europe, owing to the late German War and recent disastrous financial crisis in England, has caused the failure of a large number of Jewelry Houses in London and Paris, obliging them to sell their goods at a great sacrifice, in some instances less than one-third the cost of manufacturing. We have lately purchased very largely of these Bankrupt Goods, at such extremely low prices, that we can afford to send away finer goods, and give better chances to draw the most valuable prizes than any other establishment doing a similar business. OUR AIM IS TO PLEASE, and we respectfully solicit your patronage, as we are confident of giving the utmost satisfaction. During the past year we have forwarded a number of the most valuable prizes to all parts of the country. Those who patronize us will receive the full value of their money, as no article on our list is worth less than One Dollar, retail, and there are no blanks. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the articles drawn will be sent to any address by return mail or express.

The following parties have recently drawn valuable prizes, and have kindly allowed us the use of their names: C. T. Hunter, Esq., Treas. Dept. Washington, D. C., Piano, value $300; Miss A. Yates, 52 St. Mark's Place, N. Y., Sewing Machine, value $75; Brig. Gen. L. L. Hanson, U. S. Vols., Nashville, Tenn., Silver Tea Set, val. $150; Miss Emma Hunter, 62 Front S., Harrisburg, Pa., Sewing Machine, val. $60; Lt. W. T. Chittenden, Quarterm'er, Louisville, Ky., Gold Watch, val. $150; Wm. S. Hoines, 247 King St., Charleston, S. C., Silver Watch, val. $50; Alexander Johnson, Esq., Editor *Muskateur Pioneer,* Muskateur, Minn., Ladies' Enameled Watch, value $150; Samuel Lee, Esq., President Colorado and Red Bank Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Melodeon, value $200; Aaron S. Long, Esq., Principal Elkhart Collegiate Institute, Elkhart, N. J., Diamond Pin, value $200; R. M. Longstreet, Montgomery, Ala., Music Box, value $75; Rev. Isaac Van Duzer, Albany N. Y., Gold Lined Dining Set, value $300; Miss Clara Lucuguer, Dayton, Ohio, Pianoforte, value $400, and Diamond Pin, value $175.

Many names could be placed on the List, but we publish no names without permission. Our patrons are desired to send United States Currency when it is convenient.

PARTIAL LIST OF ARTICLES TO BE
Sold for One Dollar Each,
Without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

15 Elegant Rosewood Pianos, worth $200 to	$450
15 " " Rosewood cases, 175 to	250
50 First Class Sewing Machines,........40 to	300
75 Fine Oil Paintings,..........................20 to	100
150 Fine Steel Engravings, framed,......20 to	30
50 Music Boxes,...................................25 to	40
150 Revolving Patent Castors, silver,...20 to	40
50 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets,.....20 to	40
400 Sets of Tea and Table Spoons,.......20 to	40
150 Gold Hunting Case Watches, war., 50 to	150
100 Diamond Rings, cluster and single stone,.....75 to	260
175 Gold Watches,...............................85 to	150
300 Ladies' Watches,............................60 to	100
500 Silver Watches,..............................20 to	75

Diamond Pins, Brooches and Ear Drops, Ladies' Sets of Gold and Coral, Jet and Gold, Florentine, Mosaic, Lava and Cameo; Sets of Studs, Vest and Neck Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, New Style Belt Buckles, Gold Pens and Pencils, Fancy Work Boxes, Gold Pens with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, and a large assortment of Fine Gold and Silver Ware and Jewelry of every description, of the best make and latest styles.

☞ *A chance to obtain any of the above articles for One Dollar, by purchasing a sealed envelope for 25 cents.*

☞ Five sealed envelopes will be sent for $1; Eleven for $2; Thirty for $5; Sixty-five for $10; One Hundred for $15.

Agents Wanted Everywhere!

Unequalled inducements offered to Ladies and Gents who will act as such. Our descriptive circular will be sent on application.

Distributions are made in the following manner: Certificates naming each article and its value are placed in sealed envelopes containing the Certificate or Order for some article, will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents.

On receiving the certificate the purchaser will see what article it draws and its value, and can then send One Dollar, and receive the article named, or can choose any other one article on our list of the same value.

Purchasers of our sealed envelopes may, in this manner, obtain an article worth from 1 to $500.

Long letters are unnecessary. Have the kindness to write plain directions, and in chosing different articles from those drawn, mention the style desired.

⁂Orders for Sealed Envelopes must, in every case, be accompanied with the cash, with the name of the person sending, and Town, County and State plainly written. Letters should be addressed to the Managers, as follows:

Sherman, Watson & Co.,
37 & 39 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.
Oct 23,—3m

Churchville Broom Factory.

BROOMS! BROOMS!!—The undersigned is just now putting in operation an extensive *Broom Factory at Churchville,* Virginia, where he will manufacture all kinds and sizes of
BRUSH BROOMS AND WISPS,
in the best manner, and which he offers to Merchants at *less* than they can be bought for in *Northern* markets.

His machine is of the most approved kind; his workmen thoroughly skilled, and his broom corn of the very best quality.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURES and *keep the money at home,* by sending your orders, which will be promptly and satisfactorily filled, by H. L. HOOVER,
oct 16—6m Churchville, Augusta co., Va.

Spectator, Vindicator, Rockingham Register, Char. Chronicle, and Lexington Gazette & Banner copy six months and send bill to Valley Virginian office.

BROOM CORN.—Farmers who have *broom corn* have their attention called to the fact that I am paying the highest CASH price for that article, at the
CHURCHVILLE BROOM FACTORY,
and want all that is for sale in the county.

Those who have good strong bottom land can not do better than to plant it in Broom Corn, next Spring, as the crop is less trouble, not so hard on land, and will pay fifty per cent, better than corn. I want to engage for next year from two to three hundred acres, and will give special inducements to those who are willing to contract now. The best quality of seed furnished to planters. Bring on your Broom Corn, whether you want money or the best quality of Brooms.
H. L. HOOVER,
oct 16—6m Churchville, Va.

To Millers.

ANCHOR BOLTING CLOTHS.—I have just received direct from the Importer a lot of the celebrated "Het Anker,, BOLTING CLOTHS, of various numbers, and warranted genuine. These Celebrated Cloths have no equal in the qualities of evenness, smoothness, uniformity, durability and freeness in bolting. Their superiority, established by time and trial is recognized by the best City Millers, by whom they are used almost exclusively.

Millers and Millwrights are requested to call and examine them. GEO. E. PRICE.
July 17—tf—V and V copy.

Tinware, Stoves, &c.

TINWARE, STOVES, &c.,
J. C. GROVE & CO.,
New Street, above Main, Staunton, Va., have on hand and are constantly receiving a full supply of the above, and fancy articles in that line. Their friends and the public generally are invited to call and examine their stock, and every effort will be made to please, both in point of workmanship and price of goods.
nov 13—3m

Drugs & Medicines.

NOTICE.—Having formed a Business Arrangement with Dr. J. L. Brown, in the corner room of the Va. Hotel, I will be pleased to see my old customers and friends.

We will endeavor to keep an ample stock of Fresh and Reliable Drugs and Medicines, and will give the most careful attention to the Prescription Business.

It is our determination to make this a No. 1 Family Medicine and Prescription Store.
nov6—tf FRANK H. LINK.

NICHOLS' PURE COD LIVER OIL,
Propylamin, the unrivalled remedy for Rheumatism.
Oxalate of Cerium to allay Vomiting.
For sale by Dr. WAYT & BRO.,
oct 23—tf Pharmaceutists, &c.

LONDON HAIR RESTORER,
Heimstreet's Hair Coloring,
Venetian Hair Dye,
Creole Hair Gloss,
Chevaliers Life for the Hair, &c.,
For sale by
oct 23—tf Dr. WAYT & BRO.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of pure English and American Drugs for sale by
oct 23—tf Dr. WAYT & BRO.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.—THE subscribers are receiving daily, fresh and pure Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair Brushes, Combs, a No. 1 Article of Kerosene Oil and Lamps and Spices of all kinds, and in fact everything usually kept in a FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE, which they will sell cheaper than the cheapest for CASH.

Dr. YOUNG, who has had long experience as a Physician and Druggist, will give his careful and undivided attention to the compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions. Give us a call at Dr. Young's old stand.
sep26—3m YEAKLE & YOUNG.

NURSING BOTTLES,
Gutta Percha Breast Pumps,
Infant Combs,
Excelsior Hair Tonic, a beautiful article for the Toilet and restoring the color of the hair. For sale low at
July 31—tf YEAKLE & YOUNG'S

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, 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—

Castings and Machinery.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURES!
The undersigned are prepared to build
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES
from 6 to 25 horse power, and CIRCULAR SAW MILLS of any required capacity, in a workmanlike manner, and at prices as low as they can be purchased in Richmond or Baltimore, thus saving to the purchaser, the enormous freight charged on our railroads. Every Engine and Saw-mill warranted, under proper usage, for 12 months.

Repair Work on Engines, Saw-Mills, or other Machinery done promptly, and on reasonable terms for cash by
ROBERTS, NELSON & CO.,
nov 6—3m Staunton, Va.

THE HATHAWAY Cooking Stove, so long and so favorably known in this community, challenges comparison for durability and efficiency, with any Stove in the market. Manufactured by
ROBERTS, NELSON & CO.,
nov6—3m Augusta Foundry, Staunton.

STOVES!! STOVES!!!—Beautiful and cheap Office Stoves, of various sizes, manufactured and for sale at the Augusta Foundry, Staunton, Va., by
nov6—3m ROBERTS, NELSON, & CO.

STOVES.—We would call the attention of our friends to our stock of Cook, Parlor and Dining-room Stoves, embracing a variety of new and elegant patterns, all of which will be sold *cheap for cash.*
nov 6—tf WOODS & GILKESON.

LEFFEL'S PATENT AMERICAN DOUBLE TURBINE WATER WHEEL,
Manufactured at Baltimore, Md., by
POOLE & HUNT.

The subscribers would introduce to the public the above wheel, of which they are the sole agents in this State, as the best economizer of water known, and pledge themselves to furnish wheels of this description, that will at least equal in efficiency the best overshot wheel in existence.—Among the excellencies of this wheel may be enumerated the following:

1st. It is cheaper than any other wheel of the same power.

2d. From its small size and diminished friction, it has one-third more motion than any wheel of the same power.

3d. It will use more or less water, and with the same percentage of power to the amount of water used.

4th. It can never be frozen up or affected by frost in any way.

5th. It has given the highest effect due to the head and amount of water used, of any wheel on record as tested by competent civil engineers.

6th. It is completely finished before leaving the place of manufacture, and adjusted for running, and enclosed in an iron case, requiring only to be coupled to the water wheel shaft.

Circulars containing cuts, explanations and testimonials may be had upon application to the subscribers.
oct30—3m ROBERTS, NELSON & CO.

BURKE'S IRON WORKS,
STAUNTON, VA.
STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

I am now prepared to furnish *Cook Stoves* of a *superior quality* and *patterns* which are *equal* to any made in Yankee-land and at prices as *reasonable.* Persons buying my stoves can have the repairing at *small cost*—whereas, if you buy Northern Stoves a *single plate* will cost *half as much* as a *new* Stove. I am also making an European FIVE PLATE STOVE, which is an *infallible remedy* for smoking chimneys.

I am also prepared to do all kinds of
JOB WORK at SHORT NOTICE.
I am still making the
BEST LIVINGSTON PLOW
ever put up in this Valley. Now is the time to *encourage home industry.* Terms Cash or Produce at market rates.
A liberal discount made to the trade.
oct 23—tf W. A. BURKE.

Boots and Shoes.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.—Desiring to make a change in my business, I propose to sell my stock of Eastern Work, consisting of Gents' Boots, Shoes and Congress Gaiters; Youths' Boots and Shoes; Ladies, Misses, and Children's Shoes and Gaiters.

Also, a lot of Gents' Hats—different styles—all at COST for Cash or Produce.

☞ I will still continue to furnish CUSTOM WORK at reasonable prices.

All work made here *warranted.*

Call and see for yourself, two doors east of the 1st National Bank.
C. N. WILLIAMS.
July 3—tf Vin and Vir copy.

Poetry.

For the Spectator.

"Bury Me in the Valley."

"Bury me in the Valley" was the dying request of Captain Samuel B. Coyner, of Ashby's cavalry, who died of wounds, at Orange C. H., Sept. 16th, 1863—Inscribed to his sister, Mrs. L. M. L.

"In my own cherished valley, yes—bury me there,
'Neath her skies so blue, 'mid her flowers so fair;
Where her grand old mountains their vigils may keep,
O'er the grave of a soldier, yes—there would I sleep."

'Twas the dying request of a brother most dear,
As I sat by his couch, while the fast falling tear
Rolled down my pale cheek, as he gazed in my eye,
And told me, so calmly, he knew he must die.

How dear was the life that was ebbing away,
It had guided my footsteps, and brightened my way,
In childhood, he taught me lessons of truth;
His love was the star that illumined my youth.

And now must I yield him? The kindest and best;
Must that true loving heart, that now throbs in his breast,
Beat warmly no more—and that musical voice,
Be hushed in deep silence, that made me rejoice?

Yes, I knew he was dying, and gently I strove,
To soothe his last moments with tenderest love,
From the pillow of straw, with the fondest caress,
I moved the dear head, on my bosom to rest.

Then he spoke of his Mother—his home and each friend,
And bade me to tell them, he loved to the end.
"For my country I've fought—for Virginia I've bled"—
Then his dying request—and the spirit had fled.

He died for his country, ah! he knew not what pain
Would rend our fond hearts, that his death was in vain,
That his own loved Virginia, tho' bathed in the flow
Of the blood of her sons, yet must yield to the foe.

I know not—I ask not—why, why his sad fate;
I weep, while I pray for calm patience to wait.
One thought still shall comfort—no grief can oppress;
No sorrow can enter his haven of rest.

In his own cherished valley, we've buried him there,
'Neath her skies so blue, 'mid her flowers so fair.
And her grand old mountains their vigils now keep
O'er the grave of the soldier—there, there let him sleep.

ROSEMONT, Oct., 1866. META.

From the Greenbrier Independent.

DAVID S. CREIGH—The Federal Chaplain's Story.

BY MRS. J. C. PRESTON.

The following lines, on the tragic and melancholy fate of David S. Creigh, hung in June, 1864, by order of the brutal Hunter, were written by his sister, Mrs. Jenette C. Preston, and handed to Col. B. H. Jones, for insertion in his Book of Southern Prose and Poetry, which he expects to present to the public at an early day. The conversation detailed in the poem, occurred between the Rev. John McElhenney and a Federal chaplain, who—as Hunter's army, defeated and famishing, passed through this county, on its way to the Kanawha Valley—called upon Dr. McElhenney, to communicate to him the first intelligence of the murder of his beloved Elder.

The sad circumstances attending the death of this amiable lady, on the 25th ultimo, will invest this production with peculiar interest:

He lived the life of an upright man,
And the people loved him well;
Many a wayfarer came to his door,
His sorrow or need to tell.
A pitying heart and an open hand,
Gave succor ready and free;
For kind and true to his fellow-man,
And a christian was David Creigh.

But o'er his threshold a shadow passed,
With the step of a ruffian foe;
While insolent words and brutal threats
A purpose of darkness show;
And a daughter's wild imploring cry
Called the father to her side—
His hand was nerved by the burning wrong,
And there the offender died.

The glory of Autumn had gone from earth;
The Winter had passed away,
And the glad Spring-time was merging fast,
Into Summer's ardent ray,
When a good man from his home was torn—
Days of toilsome travel to see—
And far from his loved, a crown was worn,
And the martyr was David Creigh!

* * * * * *

"The tramp of your men is at our door,
On an evil errand come;
But, for love of Him whose garb you wear,
I invite you to my home."
So spake the Southron; the Chaplain, thus:
"Though sick and weary I be,
I can't break bread 'neath a Southern roof,
Since the murder of David Creigh!"

"Here, where he lived, let the end be told,
Of a tale of bitter wrong;
Here, let our famishing thousands learn,
To whom vengeance doth belong.
Short grace was given the dying man,
E're led to the fatal tree,
And short the grace to our starving hosts,
Since the murder of David Creigh."

"Our hosts were stayed in their onward way,
Exulting in power and pride,
By an unseen hand—defeat and want
Our banners now march beside;
And a heavier burden no heart hath borne,
Than the one that came to me,
With the dying words, and the latest sigh,
Of the martyr, David Creigh."

"The beast of the desert shields its young,
With an instinct fierce and wild,
And lives there man, with the heart of man,
Who would not defend his child?
No! woe to those who call evil, good—
That woe shall not come to me—
War hath no record of fouler deed
Than the murder of David Creigh."

TUSCAWILLA, Greenbrier, June, 1866.

[From Surry of Eagle's Nest.]

A Feat of Horsemanship in Winchester by General Ashby.

In falling back Jackson left absolutely nothing behind for his adversary. Everything was removed, and the laughing infantry greeted with jests and cheers an enormous railway engine, which, drawn by a long string of horses, moved on with the rest.

Jackson remained last, and his critical eyes peered in every direction to discover whether anything had been forgotten.

"Is everything removed, Major?" he said to his chief quartermaster, Major Harman.

"Everything General."

"No commissary stores whatever are left?"

"None, General."

"And those broken cars at the depot?"

"They cannot be moved."

"Burn them, Major."

"I will, at once, sir."

"And the telegraph wire?"

"Is cut, sir."

"But, is it removed?"

"No, General."

"Remove, it Major."

Jackson then added: "Take your time. I am in no hurry to leave Winchester."

Soon the broken cars were burning, the wire was rolled up and placed in wagons and the work was complete.

"Very Good," said Jackson, when the report was brought to him; and he sat down under a tree, and folding his hands across his breast, fell quietly asleep.

He had been up all night, and never was able to go without sleep.

The steady approach of the firing now indicated that the enemy was pressing Ashby closely near the suburbs of the town. I rode in that direction, and reaching the rising ground at the head of Loudoun street, where the remains of the old fort, built by Major George Washington about 1756, may still be seen, encountered the cavalry, falling back in good order before the Federal advance. The rear guard, under the personal command of Ashby, who was mounted on a snow-white horse, was disputing obstinately every foot of ground; the main column meanwhile defiling through the streets to form in line south of the town.

I had just reached this point when a sudden rush of the Federal cavalry broke through the rear-guard, and before I knew it almost, I was by Ashby's side, in the midst of a squadron of blue coats, banging away with their pistols, and slashing with sabres. The sweep of Ashby's weapon was magnificent, and he seemed to launch himself from the saddle at every blow. He and his splendid animal seemed one, and it is impossible to describe his face. It was on fire—the eyes blazed—he looked happy.

I had no time to bestow upon him more than a glance, however. A sabre cut nearly unseated me, and the blue cordon was all around us, when a determined charge from one of Ashby's squadrons drove back the enemy, and he chased them two hundred yards north of the place.

"I don't like to be crowded."

And placing himself at the head of his men he waved his sword, and cried in a clear calm voice strikingly in contrast with his irate appearance:

"Follow me."

Those clear accents seemed to thrill the men. They responded with a wild cheer, and driving his white horse to a furious speed, Ashby burst the Federal line like a tornado.

Before the furious onslaught, so sudden and desperate the enemy's cavalry gave way. Ashby was in front of his line, cutting right and left with the sabre; and when, a few minutes afterward, he came back, his white horse dancing on all four feet, as the nervous hand reined him in amid a shower of balls, his face was calmer—for the moment he seemed satisfied.

He continued to retire slowly, and reached the suburbs of the town. The enemy did not at once move forward. The Confederate cavalry passed through, and it was not until I reached the Southern suburbs that I missed Ashby.

Turning, I saw him seated on his white horse in the middle of Loudoun street, looking quietly at the Federal cavalry and infantry pouring into the place. It is impossible to conceive anything more calmly indifferent than his attitude. He seemed to have taken his place there to witness some peaceful pageant, and to regard the advance of the Federal masses, now nearly in contact with him, with languid curiosity.

All at once some shots were fired at him, but he took no notice of them. This seemed to enrage the enemy, and a detachment charged him at full gallop, firing as they came.

Ashby waved his hat around his head, uttered a cheer, and then, drawing his revolver, galloping off, firing as he went.

He had nearly reached the suburbs, when suddenly I saw two Federal cavalrymen issue from a side street, and post themselves in the middle of the street to intercept him. I rode rapidly forward to warn him of his danger; but it was not necessary. He turned, saw them, and charged the two men, with a glow of unmistakable pleasure upon his features. One fell, shot through the heart; then his barrels being all emptied, he seized the second by the throat.

I then witnessed one of those spectacles which are supposed to be confined to romance. Borne on at a furious speed upon his powerful white horse, Ashby dragged his adversary clear out of his saddle, never relaxing his clutch, and in a moment was beyond pursuit, still dragging his prisoner by the side of his horse.

A cheer rose from his men as Ashby released the prisoner, and coolly looked to the disposition of his command. His face was again calm: the sad expression had come back, and when he said: "Well, Major, they are laughing at us yonder, I suppose by this time," his voice was as sweet and gentle as when speaking of his dead brother.

[From the Lewisburg Times of Nov .10th.]

Mrs. J. C. Preston's Death.

In our last issue we gave a brief and somewhat inacurate statement of the circumstances attendant upon the death of this estimable lady. Believing that a more detailed and authentic narration will be acceptable to our readers, we give the following as reliable:

Mrs. Preston's family consists of a daughter and two sons. At the time of the accident, Miss Davidella Preston was on a visit to a friend. Mrs. W. B. Reid, a relative, and Miss M. Creigh, a niece of Mrs. P., spent the night of the 24th with her. The ladies sat up till a very late hour, and Mrs. P. remained awake, for sometime, after retiring. Nevertheless, she arose very early the next morning, and entered, actively, upon the discharge of her household duties. After breakfast, Mr. W. C. Preston, who has charge of the Lewisburg Academy, left home for his school; Miss Creigh returned home, and Mr. John Preston brought Mrs. Reid to Lewisburg. Mrs. Preston was thus left entirely alone. Mr. John Preston, however, on returning from Lewisburg, and after putting away his carriage and horses, walked into the house, saw and conversed with his mother, and then went off to his employment, on the farm. She was never, again, seen alive, by any one, and the circumstances immediately connected with her distressing death, can only be inferred, from the condition in which she and the house were found, about an hour after Mr. Jno. Preston went out. Mr. Toothman was engaged in ploughing on the farm, when observing a smoke at a part of the building where there was usually no fire, he called Mr. Preston's attention to the fact, and both of them immediately hurried to the house. Mrs. Dr. Creigh had just arrived before them. For sometime they could see nothing of Mrs. Preston. A good fire was found burning in the kitchen stove, a vessel of vegetables boiling on the stove, and, very near by, a chair and a basket of apples. The bed and bedding of the kitchen stairs was on fire. The kitchen is connected with the back of the dwelling by a porch, from which porch you pass into the back of the house through an entry, from which a back stairway ascends to Mrs. Preston's chamber and other family rooms, in the second story. On this stairway her flannel skirt was found, as if taken off and thrown aside. Upon ascending to her chamber and an adjacent bed room, the beds in each were found to be on fire, and the apartments filled with a dense smoke, rendered oppressive by the burning feathers, &c. Until a window was burst open, and an outlet made for the smoke, it was so dark as to render every thing in the apartments indistinct. Up to this time no discovery of the body had been made, although it had been passed and repassed. At length Mr. John Preston examined, more particularly, a smoking heap lying on the floor near the head of the stairway, by which they had ascended, and discovered the charred and lifeless remains of his beloved mother.—Her clothing had been burned from her body, and she had enveloped herself in a blanket.

From the foregoing facts we infer that Mrs. P. was engaged in preparing dinner, and had taken a seat near the stove for the purpose of pealing some apples; that while thus engaged, and exhausted by a sleepless night and the active duties of the morning, she may have fallen into a doze, during which time her garments took fire. Aroused by the flames, she ran up the kitchen stairs and endeavored to extinguish the fire by covering herself up in bed. The bed taking fire she ran down stairs, through the kitchen, and to her own chamber, by the back stairs. On her way she divested herself of her flannel skirt, which seemed to have been taken off in the usual manner, and had scarcely been burned at all. Every other garment was consumed, leaving scarcely a shred of any one of them. The bed in her chamber taking fire, she then passed to the next chamber, where a similar result followed her efforts to extinguish the flames. She then seemed to have enveloped herself in a blanket, and, when making an effort to return down stairs, fell at the top of the landing. As she fell her arm and hand left their traces upon the wall by the side of which she fell, and one of her burned fingers adhered to it. After falling she appeared to have struggled to raise herself again, as the prints of her bleeding fingers were left upon the wall near which she was lying.

Hardly a day or an hour of our lives passes without an admonition, in some form or other, of the uncertainty of life, but, in the merciful dispensations of a kind Providence, we are rarely called upon to mourn the loss of a friend, under circumstances so lamentable. When we think of what this poor, feeble, delicate lady must have suffered, mentally and bodily, from the moment when she discovered her garments to be on fire, till that in which she breathed her last, our feelings recoil, with horror, from the contemplation of agonies so excruciating, and our pen shrinks from a task so painful as would be an effort to portray them. We cannot consent to follow her, even in imagination, from room to room, and bed to bed, and recall all her feeble, but futile, efforts to arrest the devouring flames, till exhausted by sufferings more intense than can be conceived; her garments burnt from her, and the surface of her body charred and discolored, she sank, suffocated by the dense and heated smoke with which the apartments were filled.

Mrs. Preston's feelings received a very severe shock in the death of her husband, the Rev. David R. Preston, some years since, and the many bereavements to which she and her family have been subjected, in a few years past, had made the deepest impression upon her mind.—Her thoughts were deeply engrossed by the loved ones who had gone before, and she had, for some time past, looked forward to a speedy reunion with them in a brighter and happier clime.

For the Spectator.

The Difference.

MR. EDITOR:—A very intelligent lady residing in one of the small towns in one of the Western States, where for many years she has conducted most successfully a flourishing female school, made a visit sometime during the past summer to her native home in Switzerland.—Her long residence among the abolition population by whom she was surrounded, and many of them of the most fanatical sort came originally, the writer regrets to say, from our Valley, imperceptibly to her, tinged her intelligent and discerning mind, with some prejudice against the people of the South, of whom she knew but little personally, except of isolated acquaintances casually made in her sojourn in the village mentioned. These prejudices were made to give way under circumstances of a peculiar character. Returning to the United States a few weeks since, in a vessel in which there were some four or five hundred passengers from the North and South, it barely escaped shipwreck. A friend writing to an acquaintance here says, "She acknowledges a marked contrast of character and conduct during the panic, when all was thought to be unavailing to save the ship, the group of Southern men, women and children were *calm, composed* and *resigned,* while the Northern fanatic and Puritan was wild, frantic and terrified (and well they might be, he adds, *parsons, scribes* and Pharisees.)—It was certainly a striking and remarkable fact, and I am glad Miss G. had her eyes opened at last, to this striking contrast of character."—Comment is unnecessary. H.

An Extraordinary Story.

The Parkersburg, West Virginia, *Times,* publishes a very singular statement from a man named Robert S. Steinway, who has been arrested as the murderer of one A. C. Temple, a New Yorker, who mysteriously disappeared a few weeks ago in the vicinity of Burning Springs. The missing man had been, it is stated, in the company of the accused, traveling through the oil regions of Ohio and West Virginia, and was last seen with him on a ramble near Burning Springs on Sunday, October 28. Steinway's letter, which is very minute and circumstantial, is to the effect that the two discovered a remarkable cave near the bank of the Kanawha, entered through a narrow cleft in the rocks, which they proceeded to explore. Mr. Temple had a geologist's hammer and a sack for specimens, which he filled as he went through the cavern. After slow progress through several subterranean apartment, the pair came upon a lake, sixty feet long by twenty wide, which, to their astonishment and unbounded delight, they found contained not water but petroleum! Temple attempted to measure the depth of it with his hammer, when the loose stones on which he stood gave way and he fell into the liquid, and, weighed down with the specimens, never rose again. Steinway, in spite of his horror, was able to find his way out and back to his hotel; and then, being resolved to secure the benefits of his discovery, said nothing about the fate of his friend until he could get a lease of the property containing the wonderful petroleum cave. To this lease, made in favor of the heirs of the missing man, he points to substantiate his story and prove his innocence, and signs himself "a friendless and grief-stricken man."

Beauty of the Virgin Mary.

There is in no my theology, ancient or modern, a more poetical idea than that of the Virgin Mary. The women whom poets dream of are all terrestrial. This one has nothing of the frailties or faults of her sex. Catholics believe her to have been born without original sin; to have been a mother without ceasing to be a virgin; and, loth to believe that a body that had been the tabernacle of God could suffer the decomposition and decay which is common to mortal remains, hold as an article of faith, that, instead of dying like others, she ascended bodily into heaven, borne by the tremulous hands of angels. She has no fault; she shines pure and spotless, and is believed to exercise a great influence upon the destinies of her votaries. The painters and poets respresented her as beautiful. She is usually represented standing on a globe with a foot on the serpent, because, as mother of the Redeemer, she is supposed to be the one that was to crush the serpent under her heel. She holds the infant Jesus in her arms, a divine example of the sanctity of matrimony, and wears a long white dress, with a blue cloak, indicative of her great faith and supreme innocence.

ONE GLASS OF WINE.—The Duke of Orleans, the oldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. One morning he invited a few companions with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank too much wine. He did not become intoxicated; he was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He lost the balance of his body and his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered the carriage. But for that extra glass he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless, bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathering together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

Moral and Religious.

The Flower in the Vale.

Deep-rooted in a fruitful vale
Blooms a flower of fragrance rare;
No wintry storm or withering blight
From noonday sun can reach it there.

Know you the flower, from storm and blight,
Secured by ceaseless watch and ward?
That flower's a meek and lowly heart—
A heart devoted to the Lord.

[For the Spectator.]

Extracts from the conclusion of a Sermon delivered by a Presbyterian Clergyman to a Unitarian Congregation.

Would you worship my God? Christ Jesus is His name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my manifest God. All that I know is of Him and in Him. I draw all my life from Him, I bear Him in my thoughts hourly, as I humbly believe He bears me, and I do truly believe that He loves me. I, a speck, a particle, a nothing, only a mere beginning of something that is gloriously yet to be when the warmth of God's bosom shall have been a summer for my growth; and He, the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

And this Redeemer of the world, this Saviour of sinners, I accept, not only as my Guide, my Friend, my Deliverer, but as an Atoning God, who bore my sins upon the cross, and delivered me from their penalty. And since that life is spared to me by Him, I give to Him that life again. First, highest, and in measure beyond all other things, I preach Jesus Christ. And all other topics are but arrows shot out of this divine bow. If tears could wash away from your eyes the hindrances, that you might behold Christ as I behold and adore him, I would shed them without reserve.

If prayers could bring to you this vision of glory, beyond sight of philosophy, I would for you besiege the audience chamber of heaven with an endless procession of prayers, until another voice sounding forth from another light brighter than the noon-day sun should cast down other blinded men to be lifted up apostles with inspired vision. But, since I may not hope so to prevail, I, at least, will carry you in my heart, and will daily speak your name to the heart of God in earnest prayer, that you may receive upon your souls the greatest gift of God—faith in Jesus Christ as the Divine Saviour of the world. LOCK HAVEN.

November 9, 1866.

Access to God.

"However early in the morning you seek the great success," says the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of the Scotch Church in London, "you find it already open: and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour. And this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend some special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine or pull off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah shammah,* 'the Lord hath been here,' inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, and David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink of the Gennesaret and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be in the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on Him, or the hill sides where the man of sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the ladder's feet let down from heaven—the landing place of mercies, because the starting place of prayer. And all this, whatsoever you are. It needs no saint, no proficient in piety, no adept in eloquent language, no divinity of earthly rank. It needs but a simple Hannah or a lisping Samuel. It needs but a blind beggar or a loathsome lazar. It needs but a penitent publican or a dying thief. And it needs no sharp ordeal, no costly passport, no painful expiation, to bring you to the mercy-seat; or rather, I should say, it needs the costliest of all; but the blood of the atonement, the Saviour's merit, the name of Jesus, priceless as they are, cost the sinner nothing. They are freely put at his disposal, and instantly and constantly he may use them. This access to God in every place, at every moment, without any personal merit, is it not a privilege?"

The Measureless Love.

I can measure parental love—how broad, how long, and strong, and deep it is; it is a sea—a sea which mothers can only fathom. But the love displayed on yonder hill and bloody cross, where God's own Son is perishing for us, nor man nor angel has a line to measure. The circumference of the earth, the altitude of the sun, distance of the planets—these have been determined; but the height, depth, breadth and length of the love of God passeth knowledge. Such is the Father against whom all of us have sinned a thousand times! Walk the shore where the ocean sleeps in the summer calm, or lashed into fury by the winter's tempest, is thundering on her sands; and when you have numbered the drops of her waves, the sand on her sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your sins. Well, therefore, may we go to him with the contrition of the prodigal in our ears and his confession on our lips—"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." The Spirit of God helping us to go to God, be assured that the father, who seeing his son afar off, ran to meet him, fell on his neck and kissed him, was but an image of Him who, not sparing his own Son, but giving him up to death that we might live, invites and now awaits your coming.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A CHRISTIAN ACT.—Young ladies, do you wish to do good? Then imitate the example of the young lady referred to in the following anecdote of an excellent christian man:

A young lady once presented me with a bookmark, having the inscription, "God bless you," and exacted the promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise, I took it home, and rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of the week, I placed it in the first chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never before in this good book; and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I then promised to seek God's face at the earliest opportunity. That opportunity came, and I received the smiles of His love; and now I have hope within me "big with immortality;" and I attribute all to that bookmark and the grace of God. O, my readers, despise not the day of small things!"

THE PURE IN HEART.—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Matt. 5: 8.—The spring of everlasting life is within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silver tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still small voice" or heed the silent aspiration; but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the spiritual atmosphere.