

Staunton Spectator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY Richard Mauzy & Co.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Advance Payments. For 1 yr., \$3 in Currency, or equivalent in Specie.

Postpaid 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 12 1/2 per cent. will be charged; if for 6 months, 25 per cent.; and if for 12 months, 50 per cent.

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Poetry.

The Repudiator.

There is a man in our town Who has borrowed money of Brown, Then turned repudiator.

He borrowed money of friend Reed, And bought a farm of Gaier, And after he had got a deer, Then turned repudiator.

He sent to school to teacher Tate, His sprightly son and daughter, He bought their books of merchant Bates, Then turned repudiator.

He had a chat with old red Thad, That morbid Southern hater, He took that Thad's old hater, And went back with his water.

Old Thad replied unto him then In words that were a traitor, But you propose to rob your friend, Which is a crime much greater.

For you who love the dizzy height, And rooks all bear and gray, There is no crime so great, sir, As to take away another's pay.

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of one hundred and eighty awkward arms, brought forcibly to mind the spiral and confused locomotion of a mighty centipede!

I was instructed by Maj. Warwick to visit the pickets twice during the day and three times at night, and to report upon the position of New river, two on Gauley, one on Scorable Creek, one near the summit of the precipitous mountain overlooking the Bridge, one in the direction of the Falls, and one on a small island in the river opposite the guard house and artillery camp.

The distance to be travelled in making our round was about six miles. The roughness of the route, and the labor and peril to be encountered, cannot be conceived by any one who has not experienced them. In addition to the regular pickets, men were stationed about seventy yards apart, connecting each post with the main camp.

I was to start on my first night round at precisely nine o'clock. So supposing the guard-picket, and stung by the words of the regular day, when not going his rounds, I gathered my blanket and repaired thither. It had rained almost incessantly for "40 days and nights," consequently the rule floor of the guard-house was a sea of mud.

At length we arrived at the Bridge: the rations were issued, and the order, "shoulder back and hard tack," was about to be given, when a look would have it, a four horse wagon, driven by a Nicholas county farmer. Fancying myself, by virtue of my Captaincy, vested with extraordinary power—in other words, a gentleman of high claims and terrific pretensions—I proceeded at once to press wagon, team, and teamster. The farmer protested, remonstrated, beseeched, alleging that he had been long from home, and could not reach there until late at night, even if unimpeded.

At the designated hour I was aroused by the officer of the guard, and began the toil of the night. Varied and startling were the receptions and experiences of my dreary round. Some times it was a sharp "Halt—who comes here?" and I was ordered to "stand at attention." "Who's that?" and "not unfrequently it was the startling "click" of a lock, that made "each particular hair stand on end," as the roused sentinel made ready to take a big step.

Grand Rounds completed, I found myself at the starting point at 3 a. m., wet, muddy, and with aching limbs. I was exhausted, and my instructions were to make three, and to fall in my opinion, death-ignominious death! I thought of my family, left in such unsettled and troublous times without a provider or protector, and I turned to the right, and fled to my room.

There was another company, the "Falls Riflemen." Capt. Riggs, encamped at the same place, and shortly after I had dismissed the company, the Captain took me aside and modestly suggested that I should march my men in two ranks rather than one. With an air of affected indifference, I said, "I am not a military man; but as that was my first turnout, I wished to make as big a show as possible. The explanation seemed satisfactory to the Captain, and the subject was dismissed.

A happy idea came into my mind, and I immediately suggested the problem of forming in two ranks, by being present when Capt. Riggs' company was on parade. The occasion soon arose. His men were formed in line, facing by the left flank. I stood a few rods distant, and watched the apparently unimportant movements of the "Falls Riflemen." My ears and eyes were wide open.

When commissioned officers were so verdant, they could be expected to do the private soldier. Besides, I was in quarters to the creek, one morning after sunrise, to indulge in my usual ablution. I was suddenly halted by a sentinel, some fifty yards to my right. "What's that?" he fiercely demanded. "Give the countersign, Capt. Jones!"

"The countersign is not required at this hour." "Is it, give me the countersign," he screamed, cocking his long mountain rifle, and bringing her to bear directly between my eyes, so that I fancied I could almost see the bullet that was to finish my mortal career! It would have been a fatal error, had I not been so fully apprised of the situation. I was, I believe, surrounded, as I was, by a lurid, where an enemy might have been concealed, so I essayed to draw a little closer.

most energetically seconded and sustained by Capt. Buckholtz, an officer of much gallantry in command of the artillery.

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the three flat boats dwindled into one small skiff, in which were three fellows skulking; and the men already landed and drawn up in battle's magnificently stern array, turned out to be the line of an Old Virginia worm fence, stacked and ridged!

On another occasion, the camp was aroused at midnight. Capt. Buckholtz had observed signal lights on the top of the high mountain overlooking the camp. Of course our danger was immediate and certain. As my men were all backwoodsmen, and as citizens of the county presumed to be familiar with the locality, I was detached, with fifty of the most daring, to seek the signal.

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his tents and precipitately retreated. I merely wish, in this connection, to relate one other of my adventures as a Confederate Captain.

I was officer of the day. We were expecting Rosecrank to attack us. I wished to see the officers of the guard, and to look over the camp, had acted in that capacity the day before, and had not been enabled to find out by enquiry.

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Moral and Religious.

The Blessedness of Trial.

How little we know of Christ, Did not our trials prove, How soothing is his sympathy, How tender is his love.

What consolation in his ways— What sweetness in his grace— What beauty in his flowing tears— What mildness in his face.

What safety 'neath his sheltering wings, What peace in his dear love, And how we lean upon his truth, As at his feet we kneel.

Yes—sorrow brings us near to God, To Jesus and his love, Weans our affections from this earth, And centres them above.

Then let us bless that faithful hand That leads us step by step, That will not let us grovel here, Nor lose the heavenly way.

His love is best—it leads us home; Through trials and tribulation, He'll surely add "exceeding weight" To our immortal crown.

How to Spend the Sabbath. Rise early. God requires one-seventh part of your time. The Sabbath is just as long as any other day. If you indulge in sleep Sabbath mornings one or two hours later than usual, you rob your own soul of as much good time; and if you begin the day by "bobbing God," you cannot expect he will bless you.

Pray for your Minister; he will then preach better, and you will be better prepared to profit by his preaching. He needs your prayers. He tasked his energies to prepare good sermons to interest and instruct you. Exhausted by the labors of the week, and trembling under his awful responsibility, he will be cheered and encouraged, as he believes he is remembered in your prayers.

Pray that the preaching may be blessed to your soul. He is a foolish man who sows his seed before he breaks up the soil. You are more foolish if you expect a harvest without asking for it, or preparing your heart to receive it. If a blessing is not worth asking for do not complain if it is not bestowed.

Do not indulge in secular conversation. To spend the interval between the services of the sanctuary in talking about business, pleasure, or politics, is not remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy. If you spend your intermission in this manner, you must not wonder if in his sermons you feel sleepy, and the preacher seems dull.

Banish worldly thoughts. You must not, on the Sabbath, "think your own thoughts." If your thoughts are allowed to wander unrestrained over the business of the world, the plans of the week to come, you will suffer for it. God will leave you in darkness; your love will be cold, your prayers formal, and you will be disqualified to engage profitably in the services of the sanctuary.

Do not criticize the performances of your minister. If he has preached a poor sermon, make the best of it; if a good one, be thankful and improve it. Do not praise or censure can do good either to him or yourself, but may do hurt to both. You will profit far more by praying over the sermon, and applying it to yourself, than by criticizing it.

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