Staunton Spectator.

VOLUME XLIII. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1867. NUMBER XXXIV.

Staunton Spectator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY
Richard Mauzy & Co.

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For 1 yr., $3 in Currency, or equivalent in Specie.
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SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

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

Professional Directory.

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—tt

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.

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

Medical.

LITTLES' WHITE OIL,
Prepared only by T. W. & C. R. LITTLE, Scottsville, Va.,
Is pronounced to be the best remedy ever offered to the public by the many hundreds who have used it, such as Stage Proprietors, Livery Men, Wagoners, Farmers, &c., for the following afflictions, to which the horse is liable, viz:
Swelled Joints, Cuts,
Sprains, Bruises,
Saddle and Collar Galls,
Scratches, Polecvil,
Fistula, Sweeny, &c.,
to be had at wholesale or retail of
FRED. M. WILLS,
Druggist, &c., Charlottesville, Va.
And WM. S. WILLS & CO.,
Druggists and Merchants,
oct 23—1yr Covington, Va.

RENNOLD'S VIRGINIA HEPATIC AND PURGATIVE PILLS are now distributed over the State of Virginia, and in the reach of every one. These Pills are acknowledged by all who have used them to be superior to any ever offered to the people.
Nothing is claimed for them that we do not believe to be strictly true. For directions and diseases for which they are recommended and are applicable, see circular and pamphlet around box containing them. Manufactured by
WM. RENNOLDS & CO.
aug. 14—1yr Staunton, Va.

DYSPEPSIA.—What everybody says must be true. We have heard Dr. Strickland's Tonic spoken of so frequently by those who have been benefitted by it, that at last we are compelled to make it known to the public that we really believe it effects a cure in every case; therefore, we say to those, who are suffering with Dyspepsia or Nervous Debility, to go to their druggists and get a bottle of Dr. Strickland's Tonic.
For sale by Dr. H. S. Eichelberger, and P. H. Trout and by druggists everywhere.

TWO BAD CASES OF PILES CURED by Dr. Strickland's PILE Remedy.—Mr. Glass, of Janesville, Wisconsin, writes for the benefit of all who suffer with the Piles, that he has been troubled for eight years with an aggravated case of Piles, and his brother was discharged from the army as incurable [he being quite paralyzed with the Piles.] Both these distressing cases were cured with one bottle of Dr. Strickland's Pile Remedy. The recommendation of these gentlemen, beside the daily testimonials received by Dr. Strickland, ought to convince those suffering that the most aggravated chronic cases of Piles are cured by Dr. Strickland's Pile Remedy. For sale by Dr. H. S. Eichelberger and P. H. Trout, and by druggists everywhere.

A SUPERIOR REMEDY.—We can conscientiously recommend to those suffering from a distressing cough, Dr. Strickland's Melliflous Cough Balsam is one of the best preparations in use, and is all that its proprietor claims for it. We have tried it during the past week, and found relief from a most distressing cough. It is prepared by Dr. Strickland, No. 139 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio, and for sale by Dr. H. S. Eichelberger, and P. H. Trout, and by druggists everywhere. march 13, '66—1y

Furniture and Undertaking.

CABINET MAKING & UNDERTAKING—Gospei Hill, Main Street, Staunton, Virginia.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON takes pleasure in informing the citizens of Staunton and vicinity, that he has now on hand a large supply of Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, and all other articles manufactured and kept in a Cabinet Maker's establishment. He respectfully invites you to give him a call. He will also pay prompt attention to the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, and can furnish the best styles of plain and ornamental Coffins—Walnut or Mahogany—also improved styles of *Metalic Cases.*
Repairing promptly and well done.
nov 20—6m

Watches and Jewelry.

JUST RECEIVED
AT MEREDITH'S OLD STAND,
Next door to Piper & Funkhouser, Main street. A fine assortment of
WATCHES & JEWELRY,
which we name in part as follows:
Ladies' and Gents' Gold hunting Watches and Chains, Silver Watches—very low; Bracelets, Locket Charms, Finger Rings, Gold and Coral Necklaces and Armlets; Gold and Silver Thimbles, Breastpins and Earrings in sets and separate; Box and Glass Pins, Mourning Sets, Gents' Breastpins, Sleeve Buttons, and Studs; children's Ear and Finger Rings; Silver and Steel Spectacles and Eye Glasses—far and near sighted; Clocks, &c.
These goods have been selected with great care and will be sold at a small advance above cost.
☞ No Goods will be misrepresented.
Particular attention paid to ordering goods at shortest notice.
Watches and Jewelry repaired in best manner.
jan 8—3m G. C. YEAKLE.

IMPORTANT!!
LADIES and GENTLEMEN contemplating marriage will do well by coming in time to B. MAYNE'S JEWELRY STORE, as he has the finest and largest assortment of Jewelry in Staunton. From much you can make a selection that never fails to give satisfaction.
Also, in case of dimness of sight, he has a large assortment of
EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES,
at 50 per cent cheaper than former prices.
Best Watch Crystals 15 cents.
Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted at moderate prices.
B. MAYNE, from 225 Regent st., London, now on Main street, Staunton, opposite Gabriel Hirsh's Store. jan 22—1m

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

Groceries & Staple Dry Goods.

BAKER BROS. have again *largely* added to their stock of GROCERIES and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, among which they enumerate the following articles, *at greatly reduced prices*:
Genuine New Crop Orleans Sugars,
Superior crushed, powdered, granulated and Coffee Sugars,
Choice Gunpowder, Imperial and English breakfast TEAS.
To *these*, they call special attention, as they have been selected with *great care*, and are *guaranteed* to give satisfaction.
English Dairy CHEESE, No. 1 Mackarel, Broma, Chocolate, and a full assortment of Groceries of every description.
Our DRY GOODS were purchased when the market was at its *lowest* point, and we now offer you Bleached and Brown Cottons and Calicoes at *lower rates than ever before!*
We have besides, a good assortment of Canton and woolen Flannels, Ginghams, Tickings, Shirting, Striped; Cotton Yarns; Wooden Ware and Brooms, Tinware, Crocks, and Stoneware; Paints and Dye Stuffs; Machine, Tanners' and Linseed Oil; Coal Oil, coal oil Lamps and Chimneys; Window Glass, Putty; Tumblers and Goblets; Grindstones and Cranks; Shovels, Forks; Cut and Clinch Nails, Horse Shoes and Horse Shoe Iron and Nail Rods; lump & ground Plaster and other Fertilizers.
We call especial attention to our stock of BOOTS AND SHOES, at very low prices.
Bolting Cloths will be furnished to Millers at short notice.
We give particular attention to the purchase of Flour, Grain, and other Produce, and keep constantly on hand *such* Brands of Flour as *we can recommend*, (Family, Extra and Superfine,) and warrant good.
☞ We invite Country Merchants and ALL who wish to purchase in quantities, to call and examine our stock as we feel sure we can please both in *quality of goods* and in *prices asked.*
All GOODS guaranteed to be such as represented. BAKER BROS.
jan 29, 1867.

Fire and Life Insurance.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
F. S. WINSTON, (formerly of Va.) President.
Accumulated Cash Capital,.....**$17,000,000,**
more than double of any Company in the United States.
Annual Cash Income, ... $5,000,000.
Undivided Surplus, ... $2,000,000.
Dividend of surplus premiums made *annually* to all Policy holders of one or more years' standing upon a purely *Mutual plan and sufficient, after a few years, to meet the anual payment.*
This old and well known Company offers the lowest and safest method of securing the support of a family, after the death of a parent. Each policy holder participates in the profits, *pro rata.*
"Non forfeiting" Policies, beyond the reach of creditors of every class, secured to families by Legislative enactment.
Apply *at once*, while in good health. Each year will increase your annual premium and the chances of ill health, and thereby the rejection f your application.
Call and get a Report, with tables and full information.
WM. H. GARBER, Secretary. | Dr. B. M. ATKINSON, Medical Examiner.
R. H. PHILLIPS, Agent.
oct 30—tf

VIRGINIA INSURANCE COMPANY.
Books and Subscriptions to the Capitol Stock of this Company are now open at the Banking House of W. H. Tams & Co., and at the offices of the two Banks in Staunton. The attention of Capitalists is called to the merits of this Stock, which is recommended to them as probably the *most remunerative investment* of money now offering. By Order of the
Jan 9—tf COMMISSIONERS.

Confectioneries.

CANDIES, FRUITS, AND TOYS.—L. L. STEVENSON, successor to Ker, Stevenson & Co., next door to A. M. Bruce and opposite to Morris' old stand, on Beverly street, keeps constantly on hand a full supply of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Toys, Jellies, Catsups, Canned Fruits, and all kinds of Pickles. Wedding and other parties furnished in the best style on short notice. By strict attention to business and fair prices, he respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.—Mr. James Taylor, the first of Bakers, is connected with this establishment, and will be pleased to see his old friends.
dec 4—3mos

Sewing Machines.

SEWING MACHINES!—We have secured the agency for this section of the Valley for the sale of
Wilcox and Gibb's Sewing Machines
which have been pronounced the *best* now in use.
We will take pleasure in exhibiting a sample Machine at our Store.
We are authorized to refer to Mrs. Kelley, Mrs. Marquis and Mrs. John G. Smith, who have them in use. WOODS & GILKESON.
oct 9—tf

Marble Works.

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

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

Poetry.

The Drunkard's Daughter.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn—
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherish'd promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strew'd all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be cast, with bitter tears, aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wand'ring glance and see
There, mirror'd his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount had stirr'd
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, to my mother's side,
And her crush'd spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear—
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrow'd brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth—
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a Drunkard's Wife,
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a Drunkard's Child.

Go, hear, and feel, and know,
All that my soul has felt or known—
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone,
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaim'd—"Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl!
HATE is a feeble word—
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd
When e'er I see or tell
Of the dark beverage of Hell!

"The American Crisis."

"The American Crisis; or pages from the Note Book of a State Agent during the Civil War," is the title of an interesting work recently published by John Lewis Peyton, L. L. B., F. R. G. S., &c., formerly of Staunton, Va., but who now resides in London, England.

The *Cosmopolite*, published in London, Paris and New York, speaking of this work says, "it is calm and moderate its tone, eminently calculated to restore the fraternal spirit which existed before the secession movement among the several States of the Union; and to obliterate in American minds the recollections of that fearful strife. Though the author has suffered quite as severely as the generality of his Southern countrymen from the result of the struggle, and is yet in exile an unamnestied citizen, there is no trace of passion, vindictiveness, or violence, in his language or sentiments. It is the work of one who writes more in sorrow than in anger at the ruin which has already been brought upon one section of the Federation, and may yet fall upon the other, unless the sound advice contained in the last chapter of Colonel Peyton's work be regarded. The views of the author and the style of the work, which is terse and vigorous, may be gathered from the following extracts." In speaking of the approaching storm, he says:

"I viewed with pain and mortification the growing excitement, which was at this period, the summer of 1860, gradually drifting the country into revolution, and I marked the violence of many of the popular leaders, not without indignation. While many of them were blinded by passion and prejudice, and thought honestly that the true interests of the South would be promoted by disunion, there were others whose course plainly indicated that they were seeking to take advantage of the proverbial jealousy with which mankind always looks upon power, and its fondness for change, to persuade the people that they were badly governed under the constitution of the United States, and ought to seek redress by abandoning—not reforming, if they required reformation—the institutions of their fathers—institutions which I believed gave them more equal liberty, more peace and security for their persons and property, than were afforded to any other people in the world, however governed, and than they could hope to find in any likely to grow out of their ruins. Strongly imbued with these convictions, the facility with which the people followed leaders who frequently shifted their ground, and did not always make it clear to my mind what they were aiming at, seemed to me marvellous, romantic, almost incredible—leaders, many of whom were availing themselves of those standing characteristics of mankind which are verified by all history, to persuade and mislead the masses to throw away real and substantial happiness in the hope of obtaining some imaginary good."

On page 62, he further says, in explanation of his own position, and it was that of a large class of Southern gentlemen who opposed secession, but afterwards, when the country was involved in war, gallantly upheld the South:—

"In the midst of this hospitable and agreeable people (at Raleigh) my time passed pleasantly enough, notwithstanding the melancholy feelings inspired by the war—a war which could have, as I believed, but one end—the sacrifice and ruin of the South. By no system of ratiocination could I bring myself to believe in the glowing theories of the Secessionists; I could not see that cotton was king omnipotent; I could not understand how a fragment of the country, even if the South was successful, as the Secessionists declared she must be, was to become greater and richer than the whole; I failed to comprehend how a population one-third as numerous as that of the North, burdened with a servile population, only kept in subjection by ignorance and long habit, could resist the more numerous and better equipped legions of the North, coming to proclaim freedom to the slave and the equality of man."

The work contains some sketches of leading public men in the South, among others President Davis, Messrs. Hunter, Mallory, Benjamin, and Generals Lee, Beauregard, Preston, and others. We have only space for a description of one, who we imagine our readers will agree with us must be a very remarkable-looking man:—

"As I passed out of the office of the Secretary of the Navy, expressing a hope that he might enjoy his repast and digest it satisfactorily, which I doubted, from the character of the provisions then in the Richmond market, I encountered in the hall a lean, yellow, careworn man, his back bent forward almost into a hump, his chest bowed inward, one shoulder higher than the other, small arms and wasted legs, hands and fingers long and bony, dress loose and wrinkled, and shabby, grey-looking, damp, and mouldy. His face was bony and emaciated, withered, and twitching; his scanty hair fell on his shoulders in disorder. His chin was smooth and beardless, his breath short, while his restless eyes blazed with excitement. His voice, as he addressed such acquaintances as he met, was sharp, shrill, and squeaking, and his whole appearance faded, anxious, disappointed, extraordinary—so much so that he passed no one who did not turn and take a second gaze.—I thought I had never seen so singular an object, and inquired of my nearest neighbor what apparition it was. Imagine my surprise when I was informed that it was Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, the eloquent Georgian orator, the Conservative statesman, and energetic Vice-President of the Confederate States."

We pass by the remarks of our author upon the question of slavery. Nothing upon the subject is of much present interest, though we cannot but recommend them to those who have been influenced by the one-sided views of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They show the kindly relationship which subsisted between the Southern planter and his dependent, and we entirely concur in the sensible and straightforward views of Colonel Peyton, that in all questions affecting the negro freedmen of the South the right person to solve them is the Southerner.

In the work before us there are some descriptions of American scenery, and an interesting chapter upon the Bermuda Islands, where the *Nashville*, in which the author ran the blockade, remained a week to take in coal.—From Bermuda the *Nashville* proceeded on her way to England, and during this part of the voyage destroyed a fine American ship—the *Harvey Birch.*"

There are some amusing details related in this chapter, which brings us to England. The following is a graphic description of hunting for a boarding-house:—

"But I must continue in search of my *pension.* My cab drew up in front of one which professed to furnish the upper classes only with the comforts of a quiet home and cheerful society. In answer to my rap, a page appeared in greasy livery. I stepped into a hall, soiled, discolored, and dusty, and sadly in want of soap and water, paint, and varnish. A few seedy-looking great coats were suspended from hooks in the wall. In the act of beating a retreat, or, as General McClellan would say, of 'changing my base,' I was brought up by the matron, a ponderous old body of at least sixteen-stone weight, who, advancing as well as she could with a profusion of jerky bows, insisted on my walking in. A moment's observation satisfied me that the rule here was not 'Let me know who you are, that I may measure my civilities according to your deserts?' but that the proverbially warm welcome of an inn awaited all who came with money; a second glance equally convinced me that a step backward was impossible, and therefore, without any ado, I made known the object of my visit.

"'Oh, yaas,' said she, 'I can accommodate you beautifully. It's so very lucky. I've just got two rooms vacant—the first time in three months—both large and hairy, and on the sunny side. You saw my advertisement in the *Times?* Ah! great paper, the *Times*; something of a thunderer, did you say? Well, it does make a noise now and then. I never advertised before; you know some people don't like it, but, you know, a body's old connections die off, and a body must do something to make new 'uns. Please walk up, sir, and let me show you my establishment. I am well known, sir. This is no common lodgings. Possesses accommodations of the most elegant description—accustomed to the geenteelest circles.'

"We mounted first to the chambers on the second floor, the doors of which opened on their hinges with a creak, as though grumbling at the unaccustomed intrusion, and found them small narrow rooms, generally with one window, through which a few wintry sunbeams were filtering, casting long strips of light and shadow on a threadbare carpet and dirty bed-cover.—The curtains were faded, and the air damp and musty. Turning from these we entered the parlors, the same size as the bed-rooms, which were scantily furnished, cold and dismal. Several persons were occupying them at the time. They had, with one or two exceptions, the vacant, restless air and manner one would expect to find among the inmates of a madhouse. A thin old lady, drawn up near the almost empty grate, was evidently nervous and hypochondriacal; to her right was a fat, asthmatical subject—old lady number two—with a gaudy head-dress of artificial flowers; and on the opposite side two of as buxom, blithe, and *debonnaire* girls as you wish to see, one lolling on sofa, and the other yawning over the dog-eared leaves of a sensation novel.

"'The two are the darters of a titled lady,' said the proprietress.

"Standing before the party of ladies, speaking in oracular tone, but in broken English, was a whiskered and spectacled individual—an object of no small interest to the girl with the novel—whose *tout ensemble* suggested vivid ideas of the shabby genteel.

"'That's the Baron,' said the red-faced proprietress, with evident pride, 'a German lord at home, but professionally engaged here in artistic pursuits. Have you any corns? Well, it's very lucky; he will give you instant relief. He is a famous chiropodist and artist pedicure. My company is, as you have just seen, composed exclusively of nobility and gentry, and them as are nobility's connections. And I am a born lady, sir. Yaas, sir, and a lady bred. It is only misfortune as has brought me down, and it isn't very low either, when one considers what company I keep. The hairystocracy, such as the Baron, is my stay. In my time I have lived with princes, and princes have been glad to live here with me; but even they were never received without a reference. Yaas, sir, references are given and required.'

"Thus proceeded the worthy matron, as if for the mere love of talking, while we made our way to the front door. Before reaching that most desired loophole of retreat, my progress was barred by a person I took to be the chief cook, who issued from a side door at this critical moment, doubtless to join his mistress in enforcing upon me the peculiar advantages of the establishment. I felt, after this reinforcement of the enemy, quite *in extremis*, but determined, before drawing off, to put the lady to the test, merely for the fun of it, and said—

"'You observe I am a foreigner?'

"'Oh yaas,' said she, 'I knowed it at once. You are Irish, arn't you?'

"'Oh, no; can you understand perfectly what I say?'

"'Bless you, yaas, every word. You speak English beautifully. I beg your pardon, sir, but I hope you a—arn't a Yankee?'

I replied rather testily—

"'No, madame.'

"'No offence, sir. I am very fond of some Yankees. Clever people them Jonathans are. It's not me but my company as objects to Yankee 'Mericans, you know.'

"But I have just landed from a long journey, and it is not the easiest thing in the world for a stranger to give a reference.'

"'Umph! that's true,' said the matron; 'but it's a formality, nothing more. You can refer to your landlord at the inn.'

"'True; but what can he say? That I entered his house a few days ago; since that, I have eaten as much food, and washed it down with as much wine, as probably any native guest he ever had; that he has not presented his bill, and consequently, as a matter of course, it has not been paid. Voila!'

"'Oh, you wicked one, how you are chaffing me!' said the matron; 'but I can stand plenty of that, so never mind. And you be a Frenchman? Very well, I don't stand on forms and ceremony. Miss Agnes will be delighted you are coming, I am sure. She is always "parley-vousing" and "voilaring." I see you are a gentleman. The affair is settled. I accept you as a guest, and promise you the attractions of a home rather than a lodging. You will find my establishment no less eligible than unique—yaas, sir, unique is the term.'

"Dumfoundered at the progress of events in her mind, I hesitated for an answer, when she rallied, and said: 'Come, I say, we will treat you well, and you will have a pleasant time with the Baron. He is an amusing character—quite diverting, I assure you; an 'onour to the hairystocracy.'"

In the second volume much space is taken up with a *resume* of Confederate diplomatic matters in 1861, 1862, some sketches of Southern and English statesmen, and some admirable remarks in just condemnation of the flippant and caricaturing spirit in which English travellers in America have written upon the subject of Transatlantic matters. Colonel Peyton remarks:—

"It is also a special misfortune that this mode of writing in England has grown into a habit and a custom. It has become *en regle;* it is called in modern slang, 'the right thing;' it excites laughter, and sells a book, as certainly as the worn out stock conventionalities of the English stage in modern adaptations from the French, tend to fill a London theatre. Men who have no original wit rejoice in thus vamping up old jokes, and the careless masses, who have no time to think, ask no questions about their novelty.

"It seems hard to believe that mere banter of travellers should rouse bad blood, as, if the jokes were not apposite, why should they rankle? We must not, however, forget, that it is not always the joke that galls, it is the *animus* with which it is reiterated that excites anger. As Dr. Johnson once said to a satirical friend:—"Sir, it is not that what you say hurts me, but it is the intention that I see in you of giving pain."

"It is the unmitigated, never-ebbing current of virulent and arrogant satire that makes an American dislike the English writer of travels. The calmer and more temperate men are too few to soothe the wounds of our national vanity, and moreover, not falling into the groove of public opinion, their works seldom excite much attention in England, and therefore neither become sufficiently national nor popular to serve any useful purpose as anodynes for the old sores.

"The English, proud, long established, and immovably self-confident, are themselves, perhaps, almost contemptuously indifferent to the comments of strangers. Abuse melts from their burly chests like hail drops. They are cased in armour of ice, and neither read nor care much for the travellers of other nations. They, therefore, perhaps, imagine that ephemeral satire falls equally harmlessly on Brother Jonathan, who has a little of the Indians' quick blood, and a little of his memory of insults, something of the Puritan's brooding recollection of wrongs, and the thin skin and excitable nature of a hotter and more fiery climate. There is, perhaps, a little self-distrust in our 'tall-talk,' and the mystery of our national future leads us often to somewhat extravagant dreams, which though we scarcely believe, we dislike to hear ridiculed. We know best our vigour, elasticity, adaptiveness, and power of growth; and when we talk too loudly of these gifts, we are hardly conscious how we are often hurting the pride of the venerated mother country. It is our way, living in public as we do, and accustomed to freedom of opinion, and universal interest in such things among equals and fellow-citizens, to thus discuss our prospects, without caring who hears us. We know well just what discount to take off this popular talk; but strangers who do not, are at once mystified and irritated by it. Nor am I sure that the dry undercurrent of American ironical humour, often laughing at itself, is by any means always understood, seen through, or appreciated by Englishmen. The English have their own kind of fun, and plenty of it, and we have ours.

"I have no hesitation in saying that, be it natural or unnatural, the writings of satirical English travellers have had the effect of creating a vaster amount of rankling ill-feeling between the two nations than it certainly ever ought to have done, or than it could ever have been supposed it would do. No sneer wounds so much as the sneer of a friend whose love we covet and whose esteem we desire; and no sneer is ever so well aimed, because no other person so well knows the weak joints in our harness—the joints which lie nearest to the heart. It is the warmest and most precious blood that oozes through such wounds. Every pang that we Americans feel and own is but a proof of the love that we feel for those who have inflicted it. Jealousy is only love turned sour. The French might abuse us, and we should be heedless; but the arrows all come from the mother country, and her pastime is to wound her sons who once tore themselves from her with sorrow and with tears."

In the last chapter our author expresses many moderate and conservative views, upon the present political situation of the United States; and it is sad to think that so little attention is paid to the wisdom of such counsels.

In speaking of President Johnson, he thus expresses the sentiments, we think, of all calm and dispassionate friends of the Great Republic and its present chief magistrate:—

"The newly installed President, contrary to all expectations, was soon found to be calm, dispassionate, and moderate in his tone and policy; his elevation to office seemed to have mollified him, and all his acts savour of a deep sense of the duties and responsibilities of power. He retained in office the entire Cabinet of the late President, and adopted Mr. Lincoln's conservative policy of dealing with the Southern States. Taking the constitution for his guide, he has, as the executive head of the nation, very properly considered himself as the representative and guardian of the constitutional rights of every section, especially of that one which is unrepresented in Congress, and by a policy of justice and moderation sought to reconstruct the Government upon the basis of equal rights to all men and all sections, as the only hope of establishing harmony between the two sections of the country, and insuring in the future its peace, prosperity, and happiness at home, and its power and *prestige* abroad."

[For the Spectator.]

ANDERSON, TEXAS.
January 23, 1867.

MR. EDITOR.—Texas is still in *statu quo*—Mr. Bundy's bill annihilating her to the contrary notwithstanding. The people here seem to care but little what the Radicals think of them, if they will just stay out of Texas. The society here is as good as in any new State, and far better than in those Western States which are filled with foreigners and New England Yankees.

Since the war thousands of the best people of the Southern States have come here, and are still coming, and are, of course, changing the character of society rapidly. Thousands of immigrants are constantly arriving here. Every steamer that crosses the gulf is loaded. Every boat that goes up Red River is crowded, and every road along the Louisiana and Arkansas borders is lined with immigrants, seeking some "Eldorado" in which to better their fortunes.

While large numbers who are persecuted for their political opinions in Missouri are taking refuge in Texas. We have met with a number of Virginians, who lived in Missouri when the war broke out and who, entering the Confederate service, were never able to get back to their former homes. There is still room in Texas for from one and a half to two millions more people, and we think many of our Virginia farmers may better their condition by coming here.—Any man of energetic and economical habits can make a fortune here in a few years by farming, provided he has a small capital to begin with.

We know one man in Lion county, on Trinity River, who, with a capital of $8,000, last year made 750 bales of cotton which, after paying hand hire, rents, &c., will net him $65,000, and he had to leave, at least, 200 bales in the field for want of hands to pick it out.

What think you of this, ye tillers of the soil?

This is no hearsay, but a positive fact, and hundreds of farmers here have done as much in proportion. Any of the land in Middle and Eastern Texas will make a bale of cotton to the acre, and some one and a half to two bales.—Each bale will weigh from 450 to 500 lbs., and this will net twenty cents in specie. The culture of cotton was profitable before the war, when it was worth only eight to ten cents. You can very easily see how much more profitable it is now.

This land will produce from 50 to 75 bushels of corn per acre with less than half the labor required in Virginia, and corn is now selling at $1.50 per bushel, and the planters find it more profitable to pay that and raise cotton than to raise their own corn. Most of the corn used in this section comes from New Orleans, but at any great distance from the railroad, they have to raise their own.

This country produces the finest sweet potatoes in the world, and will make from 200 to 300 bushels to the acre. Irish potatoes grow equally as well, and both are now selling at from 75 cents to $1.00 per bushel. All kinds of vegetables flourish here, as well as nearly all kinds of fruits, including many of the tropical. Apples do not do well in this portion of the State, owing to the great length and intense heat of summer, but in the northern portion they are said to do well. The peaches cannot be surpassed anywhere.

The demand for labor here is very great, and the highest wages are being paid. Common field hands are getting from $15 to $20 per month, and many planters find it impossible to get hands enough to attend their farms next spring and summer. Thousands of freedmen are being brought from the "cis-Mississippi," and many farmers, becoming disgusted with the negroes, are bringing poor white families from the same section who were unable to bear their own expenses, and will get their farms cultivated in that way. Large numbers are availing themselves of this opportunity to get away from their desolated homes.

We saw 300 men, women and children landed at Navasota a few days since from Georgia.

Mechanics of all kinds do well in Texas, especially carpenters, as there are thousands of new buildings going up all over the country.—They can make from $3 to $5 per day and board, and in some instances more. Good pine lumber costs $20 per thousand at the mills.

Texas wants laboring men to develop her resources, and here is the place for them, especially the farmers, to get rich, as they all can possess themselves of farms of unsurpassed fertility at very low rates now which will, at no distant day, be very valuable, as the immense tracts of land formerly held by the wealthy men of this State are now being cut up into small farms; because they cannot get hands to cultivate them, and because they find it more profitable to sell their lands and invest their capital in railroads, factories, &c.

We saw a farm a few days since containing 2000 acres, 1500 of which was in cultivation before the war, and 500 in timber, with good buildings, (dwelling, stables, cribs and quarters for 300 negroes), which can be bought for $5 per acre. It lies in twelve miles of the Texas Central Railroad. This property belongs to a man over eighty years of age, and *being guilty of the great sin of being a bachelor*, now has no one to take charge of his affairs, is compelled to dispose of his property to get a support. This land will produce a bale of cotton to the acre, and if properly attended of a good season would produce five times enough to pay for it. While many planters made fortunes last year, some lost money, owing to their lands being overflown in some sections and the crops being injured by the cotton worm in others; and, while the planter got rich off his cotton crop, many of the largest merchants were ruined by it.

Those who had small means and sold early made money, but others who had plenty of capital advanced largely to the planter, held the cotton, shipped it to Liverpool and drew large sums on it there. When the sudden decline came their commission merchants forced it on the market, the owners having largely overdrawn its value—their notes were sent back on them, and they were compelled to succumb.

The mercantile business, however, is generally prosperous here, though it is somewhat crowded as it is generally at this time throughout the South. Competent clerks are getting from $50 to $75 per month and board, but vacancies are hard to find. Professions of all kinds are crowded, and quite a number of professional men have been compelled to abandon their professions and go at something else, yet fees are very high, notwithstanding the great competition. But no man has an excuse for not doing well here, for land is so abundant and cheap that all can get that if they wish.

We would not advise those who are well situated in the Old State to leave their homes and come here without first looking at the country; but we do advise those young men who contemplated leaving their homes, by all means to come to Texas before going further, especially those who think of going to California. The land here is richer and cheaper, the climate is better, society is better, and then it is more accessible. Any one can come from any part of Virginia to Galveston on from $80 to $100 in currency, and Texas is destined to be one of the richest States in the Union *so-called.*

The winter has been very mild. Christmas day was so warm that we could scarcely realize it. The New Year came in with a fierce norther, which lasted three or four days, and we saw some snow flying, (in the northern part of the State it covered the ground we learn,) which is very unusual for Texas. Since that time the weather has been very mild, some days disagreeably warm, especially during the last, which contrasts strangely with the telegraphic reports of severe snow storms and intense cold in Virginia and the Northern States, although winter is the rainy season here, we have had but very little this winter.

The people are all busy plowing, making their gardens, &c. Everything presenting the appearance of spring. Preparations are being made for an immense crop of cotton for this year. The last crop when sold will bring $15,000,000 in specie into the State, for, mark you, all is specie here. *Truly Cotton is King.*

MAGNOLIA.

The Printer.

The printer is the adjutant of thought, and this explains the mystery of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can; that can warm a heart as no hope can; that word "we" with hand-in-hand warmth in it—for the author and the printer are engineers together. Engineers, indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz, at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be?

There, at the "case," he stands, and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be nobler than that equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear on shield therein, and that commissioning it when we are dead, to move grandly on to "the latest syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus sights the engine, that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missile e'er before described—fling it into the bosom of an age unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; we but wonder the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear. *But the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the ark, that had preserved it, and it flies on into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a Spring morning.*—B. F.