Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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Richard Mauzy & Co.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

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

Professional Directory.

DR. R. S. HAMILTON has removed to Staunton and offers his services, in the various branches of his profession, to the public.
With an experience of more than thirteen years in the practice of medicine, and the advantage of special study and investigation directed to the diseases of children, he proposes to give his *special attention* to that class of patients, and the diseases common and peculiar to them.
☞ OFFICE—for the present—at his residence, "West-Wood," at extreme Western end of Main street. nov16—tf

J. M. HANGER, M. D. J. H. FULTZ, M. D.
DRS. HANGER & FULTZ having formed a co-partnership in the practice of medicine, offer their professional services to the citizens of Staunton and vicinity. When not professionally engaged they will be found at their office over D. A. Kayser's new store—front room.
nov2—tf

A CARD.—JAMES H. CALLISON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, Notary Public and Licensed Auctioneer, will continue to attend to all calls on moderate terms. Address Middlebrook, Va.
nov2—tf

BOLIVAR CHRISTIAN. J. W. GREEN SMITH.
CHRISTIAN & SMITH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
Practice in Augusta, Rockingham and Rockbridge counties. OFFICE on Court House Alley.
oct19—6m

S. TRAVERS PHILLIPS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Staunton, Virginia*,
Will practice in all the Courts of Augusta and Alleghany, and in the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge and Nelson.
Special attention given to collecting.
aug10—1y

WM. M. McALLISTER, Attorney at Law, Warm Springs, Virginia.
Will practice in all the Courts of the counties of Augusta and Alleghany, and as a partner with the distinguished William H. Terrill in Bath county. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims exceeding $10 each, or $20 in the aggregate. Attention given to business in any county in the State if specially employed.
july27—12m

DR. A. M. HENKEL, Staunton, Va., (Formerly of New Market, Va.,)
Respectfully offers his services to the public, in all the branches of the Medical Profession—special attention paid to Surgery.
May be found at his office at all hours, unless professionally engaged.
All calls promptly attended to, both day and night, in the country as well as in the town.
Office—on Bruce's corner, up stairs. Entrance on Augusta street, 3 doors from corner.
June 29 35ts

DENTISTRY.—S. H. Henkel, D. D. S.
Respectfully informs the public that he is now located in Staunton, and is prepared to operate on the natural teeth according to the latest styles recognized by the profession. Artificial teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, or Vulcanite Plates.—All operations guaranteed to give satisfaction.
☞ Anæsthetics administered when desired. Office on corner of Main and Augusta streets, up stairs. Entrance on Augusta street.
dec8—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, Va.*,
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

Boots and Shoes.

N. B. HENDRY. I. S. HENDRY. JAS. FAGAN
NEW BOOT & SHOE FACTORY.—
Hendry, Bro. & Fagan
Have just opened their new and commodious store room on Augusta street, opposite Courthouse, Staunton, Va.
Men's Coarse Boots and Shoes of all kinds;
Men's Fine Stitched Boots, Shoes and Gaiters; a large stock of Childrens, Misses, and Ladies' Shoes of the Latest Styles!
Anything in our line furnished at the shortest notice.
Work fitted to order by Mr. James Fagan.
JUST RECEIVED—A large supply of Men's and Boy's Hats, from a coarse article to the latest and most elegant style.
ON HAND.—A good assortment of Leather and Shoe Findings, which we offer to consumers at low prices.
Shoemakers will find it to their advantage to examine our stock.
Our aim shall be to compete with Northern prices, and we think we can furnish goods at as low figures as they can be bought in the cities.
We will soon be prepared to fill orders from merchants—any sizes desired will be furnished.
We specially invite the public to call and see our goods, whether wishing to purchase or not.
WANTED—Good Leather—for which we will exchange goods or pay a fair price in cash.
WANTED—Good hands to work in the factory. None others need apply.
HENDRY, BRO. & FAGAN.
oct12—tf

A. M. SIMPSON, having taking the old office of Dr. Donaghe, on Main Street, opposite Dr. Chapman's office, is prepared to Manufacture
LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S SHOES,
of all styles and of the best quality.
Having fitted up a neat room for the accommodation of his lady friends, he will be pleased to have them call and leave their measures for any work they may need, promising to give satisfaction, as usual, in each and every instance.
feb25—tf

Fertilizers.

100 TONS Pure Ground Windsor PLASTER, (Charlottesville Mills) for sale by P. B. HOGE & BRO.
mar23

Schools.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
Lexington, Virginia.

FACULTY:
GENERAL R. E. LEE, ...PRESIDENT.
CARTER J. HARRIS, A. M., *Prof. of Latin.*
JAMES J. WHITE, A. M., *Professor of Greek.*
EDW. S. JOYNES, A. M., *Prof. Mod. Languages.*
——— *, *Prof. English*
REV. J. L. KIRKPATRICK, D. D., *Prof. Moral Philosophy.*
WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON, A. M., *Prof. History and English Literature.*
ALEX. L. NELSON, A. M., *Prof. Mathematics.*
WM. ALLAN, A. M., *Prof. Applied Mathematics*
RICHARD S. McCULLOCH, A. M., *Prof. Natural Philosophy.*
JOHN L. CAMPBELL, A. M., *Prof. Chemistry.*
——— †, *Prof. Applied Chemistry.*
HON. J. W. BROCKENBROUGH, L.L.D., *Pr. Law.*
M. W. HUMPHREYS, A. M., *Ass't Prof. Latin and Greek.*
RODES MASSIE, A. M., *Ass't Prof. Modern Languages.*
DUNCAN C. LYLE, A. M., *Ass't Prof. Mathematics.*
CHARLES A. GRAVES, A. M., *Ass't Prof. English.*
JOSEPH B. WALKER, *Ass't Prof. Chemistry and Principal of Business School.*

*For the present, the instruction in English is divided among the Professors of Moral Philosophy, Modern Languages, and History, with the aid of an Assistant Professor.
†The duties of this Chair are discharged by the Professors of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

I. ACADEMIC COURSE.
The College is divided into distinct Schools—each fully organized and complete in itself—so as to afford the best facilities for rendering the instruction in the several branches of education extensive and thorough. The student selects his own course of study, under the direction of his parent or of the Faculty; but that no motive may be wanting to a complete and systematic course of education, the separate Schools are so arranged that they may be combined into the following departments:
1. DEPARTMENT OF ARTS.—This embraces the subjects of Latin, Greek, English, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, with two others to be elected, one from the Literary and one from the Scientific Schools. The Degree of *Bachelor of Arts* is conferred on the student who successfully completes this course.
2. DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE.—This embraces Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, French, with one other to be elected from the Literary Schools. To this course is attached the Degree of *Bachelor of Science.*
3. DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.—This embraces English, Modern Languages, Moral Philosophy, History and English Literature, with two others to be elected, one from the Literary and one from the Scientific Schools. To this course is attached the Degree of *Bachelor of Philosophy.*
The Degree of MASTER OF ARTS is conferred on Students who have completed the course of study in nine of the Schools, and have taken distinctions in seven of these.

II. PROFESSIONAL COURSE.
The Departments of Engineering were organized after the war to meet a want long felt in the South of the highest grade of scientific instruction in these important professions. They are now in full and successful operation.
1. DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERING.—This embraces Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Mechanics, Chemistry, French, English, Drawing and Astronomy. Students who successfully complete this course, receive the diploma of *Civil Engineer.*
2. DEPARTMENT OF MINING ENGINEERING.—This embraces Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, Metallurgy, Mining, German and English. To this course is attached the diploma of *Mining Engineer.*
It is proposed still further to extend the Practical and Scientific Departments in the direction of 1. Mechanical Engineering. 2. Applied Chemistry. 3. Agriculture. 4. Commerce.
3. DEPARTMENT OF LAW.—This embraces the School of Law and Equity, and to it is attached the Degree of *Bachelor of Law.*

III. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.
This has been organized temporarily, for the benefit of young men, who have been prevented by the war from obtaining proper Academic preparation for College. It embraces the subjects of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and English.

MODE OF INSTRTCTION AND EXAMINATION.
To secure constant and thorough drilling, the Classes are divided into sections of from twenty to thirty, which are taught separately. In the lower Classes the instruction is mainly given by Text-books and Exercises; in the higher classes Lectures are combined with these. The Examinations are both oral and written, and those for proficiency and distinctions very thorough and rigid.

HONORS AND SCHOLARSHIPS.
As special inducements to diligence, three Gold Medals and Five Honorary Scholarships, the latter covering tuition and College fees, are annually awarded.
Three Masters of Arts are annunlly appointed as "Resident Masters," with valuable privileges and emoluments.
The College educates, free of charge, all candidates for the Ministry, properly recommended. It appoints to free Scholarships twenty-five young men intending to make Journalism their profession. It gives a long credit to meritorious young men without means who wish an education.

DISCIPLINE.
The discipline of the College, under the control of the President, tends to develope honor, manliness and self-respect.
Necessary expenses are not more than $325 per annum. The College fees and three months board, amounting to about $175, are required in advance.
Parents are advised to deposit the funds for their sons with the Treasurer, experience having shown the benefits of this course to the Students.
The session opens the 3rd Thursday of Sept. and closes the 4th Thursday of June.
☞ For Catalogues or other particulars apply to J. M. LEECH, CL'K OF FACULTY, Lexington, Va.
August 31 tf

HOUSEKEEPERS!
HOUSEKEEPERS!
Men—Women—and Children!
Men—Women—and Children!
READ READ!
"Cooling to Scalds and Burns."
"Soothing to all painful wounds, &c."
"Healing to all Sores, Ulcers, &c."
COSTAR'S BUCKTHORN SALVE
Is the most extraordinary SALVE ever known.—Its power of Soothing and Healing for all Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands and Skin, for Sore Nipples, for Piles, &c., &c., is without a parallel. One person says of it, "I would not be without a Box in my house if it cost $5.00."
All Druggists in STAUNTON sell it.
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Standard Preparations
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BEAUTIFIER!
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Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms.
One Bottle, $1.00—Three for $2.00.
HIS
"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminators.
"Costar's" Bed Bug Exterminators.
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"Only Infallible Remedies known."
"18 years established in New York."
"!!! Beware!!! of spurious imitations."
"All Druggists in STAUNTON sell them."
Address
"COSTAR," 13 Howard St., N. Y.,
Sold in Staunton by EICHELBERGER & FULTZ.
ap6—1y

Groceries and Produce.

B. W. FLOUR.—Lovers of Buckwheat cakes can get a prime article of flour, *free from grit*, at a moderate price, at BAKER BROS.
nov16—4t

LEATHER.—Just received a nice lot of red Sole Leather, Calf Skins, Upper Leather and Kips, which we are selling low for cash.
nov16—3t H. A. GLENN & CO.

MACKEREL for sale by
nov16—3t H. A. GLENN & CO.

HONEY BEE SYRUP & Molasses at
nov16—3t H. A. GLENN & CO'S.

COAL OIL at
nov 16—3t H. A. GLENN & CO'S.

H. H. KER & BRO., (Burwell Building)
Have constantly on hand a full assortment of fine
Family Groceries, low for cash.
Japan and Green Teas—warranted the best;
Rio, Laguyra, and Java Coffees,
Sugars of all grades,
Bacon, Lard and Butter,
Canned Fruits, Wooden ware,
Country and Rosin Soap, Liverpool Salt,
Fish and Potatoes, Flour and Meal,
No. 1 Tobacco—25 cents a plug,
☞ And all things usually kept in a grocery. Come all! Come often! oct26—1m

J. S. GILLIAM. DR. JOHN A. DAVIDSON.
J. S. GILLIAM & Co., next door to the new Post Office, Staunton, Va., keep constantly on hand a large
Stock of Groceries:
Brown, Coffee, Crushed, Granulated, and Pulverized SUGARS; Rio, Laguayra, and Java COFFEES; Molasses, Syrups, Cheese, Maccaroni, Pepper, Salt, Leather, Plaster, &c., &c.
We call attention to the Crystalized Oil (for lamps) which we are selling; it gives a beautiful bright light and no danger of it exploding—you can light it in your lamp or can, and put it out at pleasure.
We intend to keep *good* goods and sell them at small profits. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange. Our friends and the public are respectfully invited to call and see us.
oct26—4t

RICHARDSON & WHEAT,
Grocers and Produce Dealers,
Corner of Main and Augusta Streets,
STAUNTON, VA.
A large and well selected assortment of
Family Groceries:
SUGARS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, SPICES, RICE, CHEESE, COTTON YARN, TOBACCOS, CRACKERS, SALT, FISH, FLOUR, BACON, BUTTER, EGGS, &c. TEAS
☞ We are offering our goods at the lowest CASH PRICES, and we are determined to give satisfaction to all who may need anything in our line of business.
We solicit the citizens and Farmers generally who have not tried us to do so. We thank all our friends for their past liberal patronage, and respectfully request a continuance of the same. Do not forget the place. Be sure to call on
RICHARDSON & WHEAT.
oct5—tf

R. M. AYRES, DEALER IN
Fine Family Groceries,
QUEENSWARE,
TABLE CUTLERY, PLATED WARE,
AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Green-front Building, Main Street, Staunton.
sep14—3m

P. B. HOGE & BRO.,
(successors to Hoge & Mason,)
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Groceries, Produce and Fertilizers.
Highest market price in CASH paid for FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, &c.
aug4—

THE NATIONAL EGG-BEATER—the best thing out. For sale by
nov9—1m CLEVELAND & SEARS.

FRENCH BLACKING.—The best blacking in use. Try it and you will use no other. For sale by
nov9—1m CLEVELAND & SEARS.

THE very finest TEA for sale by
sep14—3m R. M. AYRES.

LOOKING GLASSES—A variety at
sep14—3m R. M. AYRES.

A superior lot of COFFEE and SUGAR, very low at R. M. AYRES'.

EXCELLENT CHEESE at
sep14—3m R. M. AYRES'.

Large assortment of Clothes, Market, Fruit and Ladies' BASKETS, at
sep14—3m R. M. AYRES.

THE LARGEST, BEST & CHEAPest stock of Queensware, Glass and Stoneware, in this country. Don't buy until you see it.
oct19 3m R. M. AYERS,
dealer in groceries and country produce.

Woods & Gilkeson.

HARDWARE, &c.—We have just received a large addition to our stock of Hardware, embracing everything usually kept in a first class hardware establishment. We invite a call from those wishing to purchase, as we will take pleasure in showing our goods.
WOODS & GILKESON.

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY. We are prepared to show a very pretty selection of the above named goods—some entirely new styles and patterns.
WOODS & GILKESON.

WOODEN WARE, &c.—Brooms, Tubs, Buckets, Washboards, Butter-Prints, Baskets, Brushes, &c., just received by
WOODS & GILKESON.

TO SPORTSMEN!—Best Rifle Powder, Caps, Wads, Shot, Powder Flasks, Shot Bags, &c, just received by
WOODS & GILKESON.

FOR THE "LITTLE FOLKS."—Corn-poppers and Lunch Boxes.
WOODS & GILKESON.

ROCK POWDER & FUSE for sale by
WOODS & GILKESON.

Watches and Jewelry.

JEWELRY—FINE AND CHEAP!
Ladies' Fine Gold Watches,
American Waltham Watches,
Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware,
Presents, Bridal Presents.
We have just received a large assortment of first class goods which we offer very low.
☞ Call and examine our stock.
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted.
The large number of watches and clocks repaired, owners are requested to call and get.—We cannot be responsible for them after remaining in our hands three months. Also a number of watches left with B. Mayne, which, if not called for in thirty days, will be sold at auction.
CONE & HANGER,
next door west of the red store and directly opposite to Hirsh & Loeb. nov9

RED AND GREEN ANILINE or FUCHINE for coloring, at
au31—tf LINK'S Drug store.

☞ The circulation of the "SPECTATOR" is about as great as the combined circulation of both the other papers published in this place, and has as many subscribers in this county alone as are contained in the whole list of either of the other papers.

Poetry.

My Weaver.*

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Between the twilight's eve and morn,
Between the dews of morn and eve,
Lither than webs the fairies weave
From blade to blade of standing corn—
In work of which no dreams bereave her,
Still feeds her warp my darling Weaver!

What time her step at daily toil,
Plies like the [illegible] le, to and fro,
I see the [illegible] auty flow
Free from her [illegible] coil,
And then my hea[illegible] glad receiver,
Saith low, "God bless my dark-eyed Weaver!"

When summer's sultry noon is past
I see her delicate hand put back
All baffled winter from our track,
And yet the unseen web grows fast,
Warmer than Saxon fleece or beaver,
The rich gift of my busy Weaver.

Whether she tend the baby-girl
Who chirps and dances on her knee,
Or turns her silent glance to me,
I feel that fluttering sheet unfurl
From her fine loom whose shuttle ever
Is the swift heart-beat of my Weaver!

Sometimes her living thoughts in speech
Come sparkling like a fountain's play,
And more, at times, her mute eyes say
Of things that to the worldless reach;
But glad alike, a sworn believer,
I drink the wisdom of my Weaver.

When daylight takes its blushing leave,
Like timid lover of his maid
With mine amid the starry shade,
Eye, heart and clasping fingers weave
The folds that, till I cannot leave her,
Inwind me with my gentle Weaver.

In deep night, when at last it comes,
With arm-linked sleep and happy dreams,
For dark in light the love-veil gleams
And the swift shuttle slowly hums,
Closer my thrilled arms wind to sheave her,
And firmer fold my loving Weaver.

O, she hath vestured all my life
With woven beauty, light and love,
A holy bounty from above—
My angel Weaver, *Woman*, Wife!
How blest my heart is to receive her,
How leaps to bless my darling Weaver!

*WIFE—Anglo Saxon, *wif*, from *web en*, to weave.—*Richardson.*

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A Thrilling Story.

In the fall of 1835 I was travelling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburg, over the mountains. My fellow travellers were two gentlemen and lady. The oldest gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years, he seemed about fifty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on different topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change in his countenance. His eyes, lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious—the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arms tightly with both hands he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he became more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the quiet dignity that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and a gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation, and to my fellow traveller also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

"At the age of eighteen I was light of heart, and I fear (he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it and delighted to get free from college life.

The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage like this, only more cumbrous. The other passengers were few—only three in all—one old, gray headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age.

"They had just returned from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy flash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I knew how the n[illegible] passed. Presently there came a low, [illegible] sound, and then several tremendous pe[illegible] of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle.—The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a fearful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge, jutting rocks, far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray root of a tempest-torn tree, restive horses, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window.

"How I do love a sudden storm! There is something grand about the winds when loose among the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the Jura, recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, so that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But what's that?" and she covered her eyes from a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

"Peal after peal of thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst, and with a deep moaning as of an animal in dreadful agony, breaking upon our ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louise, my beautiful fellow traveler, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, she hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountains!"

"I reckon we are," was the unconcerned reply.

"With instinctive activity, I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the moaning of an animal, borne past me by the swift winds of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained in vain—it would not yield. At that instant I felt a cold hand in mine, and heard Louise faintly articulate in my ear the following appalling words:

"The coach is moving backwards!"

"Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the fierce blast of the tempest, whilst the conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being slowly moved backwards!

"What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seemed to me like a frightful dream.

"I rushed against the door with all my force, but it withstood my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down! The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid flashes of lightning played over our heads. By its light I could see, for a moment, the old planter, standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving as if in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheek towards me, as if imploring for assistance; and I could see the bold glance of the boy flashing indignant defiance at the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll, a desperate plunge, a harsh, grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round her waist, and seize the fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice!

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge, by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of all sense and motion."

The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain; he passed his hands across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his thrilling narrative.

"On a low couch in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice for a long time hushed all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl of sixteen, who refused for a while to hold any discourse with me. At length one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on knowing the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on the ledge of rocks, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady!" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that made her draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the means that saved you—a friendly tree."

"And her father and brother!" I impatiently demanded.

"We found both crushed to death at the bottom of the precipice, and we buried them both in one grave by the clover patch, down in our meadow."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you, I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir," said she, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"I found her bathed in tears for her kindred, and she received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain you by describing the efforts I made to soothe her grief, but acquaint you that at last I succeeded, and twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I related, we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless me with her smiles, but the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hour of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," said the traveller, while a faint blush tinged his noble brow, "as for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," asked the lady passenger, who listened to this story with much attention, "what became of the driver, and did you learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the place where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

And thus ended this thrilling and remarkable story of life.

AT HOME.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Newspapers.

The following we extract from a long article on newspapers:

"They credit wider and longer, get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss, are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill with more reluctance than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a gew-gaw; yet everybody avails himself of the editor's pen and the printer's ink.

How many professions and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly, though unrequitted pen of the editor?

How many embryro towns and cities have been brought into notice and puffed into prosperity by the press?

How many railroads now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the lever that moves the world?

In short, what branch of industry and activity has not been prompted, stimulated and defended by the press?

NOT MARRIED.—In one of the courts, a few days since, a very pretty young lady appeared as a witness. Her testimony was likely to result unfortunately for the client of a pert young lawyer, who addressed her very superciliously with the inquiry:

"You are married, I believe?"

"No, sir."

"Only wish to?"

"Really, I don't know. Would you advise such a step?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself."

"Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Is your wife blind or deaf?"

It is scarcely necessary to add that the discomfitted attorney did not vouchsafe a reply.

Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch.

"Hollo, Mike, what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other.

"And sure, Pat, I haven't any timepiece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

A farmer while ploughing in a field near Naples, Ill., lately turned up a pot containing $4,000 in gold coin. That was tilling the soil to some purpose.

Cuban etiquette demands that you offer a cigar to the person obliging you with a light. If the custom was established here, few would be troubled.

A Warsaw police regulation punishes the introduction of forbidden books with exile to Siberia, and caricatures on the person of the Emperor with death.

Out of the Gutter.

Ragged, dirty and ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and his face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not altogether musical. A rough hand lifted him up and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and enquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a minute to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless?

A lady is passing; her kindness of heart prompts her to stop and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removes one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her. She has taught him at the ragged school.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm hurt so bad!"

She has him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterwards she visits him kindly and frequently.

A year passes by.

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engine has not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "Oh, she lives here!" Then he climbs up the heated fallen stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about till he finds what he sought. She has fainted—is dying perhaps.—No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The by-standers are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away, muttering, "She did'nt turn away from me when I was hurt."

Oh, friends, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

"Barbaric Splendor."

An innocent rural reader writes to know what is meant by this phrase, and to enlighten the stygian darkness of her unsophisticated mind on the subject, it is defined as wearing in the street lace flowers upon satin dresses, diamonds in the hair and on the neck; it is the unpardonable vulgarity of being over-dressed; it is to wear glaring, flaming colors trimmed with cheap finery and conspicuous jewels; it is to be dressed so much like one of the *demimonde* as not to be distinguished from them across the street; it is to dress beyond your means or station in life; it is to be overloaded with silks, laces, diamonds, false hair and paint, and at the same time to laugh and talk loud, use slang and permit yourself any familiarity of manner toward men; it is to be always hitching at the shoulders of your dress while ogling the people about you; it is to wear your dresses disgustingly and indecently low, and daring to call yourself a modest woman and expecting men to think you so meanwhile.

That is what is called "barbaric splendor," thou innocent dove that asketh us the meaning of the phrase. The term is applicable to men when they wear a profusion of cheap jewelry, slop-shop clothes, loud ties, dirty nails, smell habitually of whiskey and cloves, and are giving to getting drunk at parties and being surreptitiously smuggled out of the house and home by their friends. It is to have only the material of the clothing, of which gentlemen's garments are made, cut in an exploded fashion. It is to have the money and position of a gentleman, with the manners of a deck-hand and a "sport" combined. This is what is meant by "barbaric splendor." And let us be thankful that it is dying out in our republic, and will be found in a few years only within the kingdom of Dahomey or the Sandwich Islands.—*Louisville Courier.*

Letter From A Boarding-School Miss.

"DEER MAR.—I am now being teached the Spanesh langwage! wich my Tutcor says I learn it with grate fasility, ive improved amasinly in the english sints ive been here! i speks and rite the real new stile now? and my composishons are being wery much admired among the pupils of the school, I come within won of getting the medle for bein the best english scholar, at the clothes of the last quarter, and i shood a done it but! I was Bein sick a bedd and couldn't attend to my studies—for a hole weak? and so I got beehyndand: by the buy, Mar! (what shoking bad english you do right?) ime ashamed to sho yewr letters to any of the missesses among my akwaintances for instents you sa wile the te wotter was bileing the other day etceterah and so forth now yew should say wile the te wotter was bein bilte—par too? rites jus as inkorrekly for instents he seys in his letter french guds are falling verry fast instead of saying french goods are being fell. ime reealy shocked that you and hee don't keep paice with the march of modern improvement but ime being called this minin to excite my spanesh lesson, so i must wind orf. I supperscribe my sell your affectionate dawtur,

MIRANDA MACKERREL."

On Friday morning last, at about 4 o'clock, a lady resident of Boston, having occasion to ascend the roof of her dwelling, beheld a brilliant reflection of a light of many colors, like the rainbow, on the white linen hanging on the lines, and, raising her darkened eyes in bewilderment to the sky, was obliged to cover them with her hands on account of the dazzling effulgence and splendor which met her view and transfixed, as with a dart, her very soul.

Quivering with astonishment and fear, she hastened down stairs and alarmed the inmates of the house, who, eager to behold what she had failed to portray in words, were astonished at seeing in the firmament the blazing form of a man as resplendent as the sun in his meridian glory. Round about him the forms of gorgeously attired infants of angelic beauty hovered, and beneath them were seen the profiles of two women in kneeling posture.

One man a resident of the West End, and a very trustworthy gentleman, burnt a piece of glass through which were perceivable these words: "Come, now is the accepted time; come now." These were in very large green letters, which he says he plainly saw.—There were other words, but our informant could not decipher them.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—A wonderful story is going the rounds of the press to the effect that a woman in Illinois has presented her husband with six children at a birth. We don't object to this. The soil of Illinois is rich and the State is a productive one. Here's what sticks us: "The husband is perfectly delighted."—That's what we don't believe. Just think of that poor devil of a father jumping out of bed some cold night the coming winter, bumping his toes against the chairs, his nose against the doors, or tumbling over a careless rocking chair to hunt Godfrey's Cordial or Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for six young ones, all yelping at once with the colic, and tell us he is delighted with the prospect! Six healthy, hungered babies howling sixteen hours out of the twenty-four and the stern parient "delighted."—We don't believe any such yarn, we don't.—*Exchange.*

THE ONONDAGA GIANT.—Professor Boynton is beginning to think, from experiments he has made in the action of water upon gypsum, that the Onondaga giant may not have been in the hole from which he was excavated more than three hundred and seventy-one days; and that he probably was placed in said hole between two days; and the Professor, moreover, thinks he can point out the quarry from which the giant was extracted. Should the Professor be proved to be correct in his calculations from his experiments—and doubtless he will be—the giant will have to come soon or he will hardly pay expenses for a trip down the Hudson.

The city of Mexico is spoken of as being one of the best show places known. With a population of 200,000, there are eight theatres.

The New Cradle.

A very little boy, whose infant brother had died the day before, being asked where he was, sweetly replied, "*Asleep, up stairs, in his new cradle.*"

"Asleep, in his new cradle"—
How beautiful the thought,
Thy childhood in its simpleness,
From nature's heart, has caught;
A reach, our "sweetest Shakspeare,"
Himself, has failed to win;
And one, whose truthful tenderness
Must make "the world all kin."

"Asleep, in his new cradle"—
Sad mother, dry your tears,
In this, your heart bereavement,
God's tenderest love appears;
The cradle, you provided,
From death could not be free;
Your loveliest has now secured
His immortality.

"Asleep, in his new cradle"—
He wakes in Paradise:
The lullabies of nature,
Lost in his symphonies;
Among the holy children,
In pastures green, he plays;
Or joins, with lisping accents,
In the music of their lays.

"Asleep, in his new cradle"—
He waits for you to come,
From earth, its sins and sorrows,
To his bright and happy home;
Till the resurrection breaking
God's loved ones all shall bring,
And the dead in Christ awaking,
Reign with their Saviour King.

A Lesson.

A few days since, when visiting an extensive bed of iron ore, we noticed three workmen toiling together to break off a portion of ore from a rocky mass. One sat patiently holding an iron bar in an excavation, while the others were striking alternately with a heavy hammer.—Slow, very slow, seemed the process as the sluggish blows fell in monotonous alternation, with no impression preceptible to the looker-on.

But is nothing effected? A glance around shows that if much remains to be done, much has already been accomplished. A considerable portion of the hill from which the ore is taken has been removed by the same patient labor carried on for many years, and a large annual profit results from all this toil. A single blow of the hammer or stroke of the pick, seems to effect nothing, but often repeated, it removes a rocky hill. Is there not here a lesson for the ministry and the Christian workers? The work of Christ seems at times to make little progress in our hands, or particular efforts to fail. Then must the attempt be repeated, if possible, and the labor go patiently on. The task of reaching the hearts of men is one that needs the preserving application of the bar, the hammer, and the pick, so to speak, or whatsoever implements God has given us. The towering mountain which loomed up before the apostles has certainly been much diminished in its proportions during these long centuries. Much, very much, precious metal has been dug out of the hard rock of sin, in which it lay imbeddad, and has in its turn been made the instrument of developing the resources of Christ's kingdom. More precious, infinitely, than iron is this treasure thus secured, nay, its worth excels that of silver or gold. Surely, then, we may be content to labor on in faith and hope, trusting at last to see great treasures stored in God's treasure-house through our patient toil, carried on day by day in His name and strength.

A Death-bed Sermon.

A gentleman died last week at his residence in one of our uptown fashionable streets, leaving $11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thrifty citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave continual expressions to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. "Oh!" he exclaimed, and his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed—"Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared, for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in my life time. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter!" His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. "You have never reproved my avaricious spirit," he said to the minister. "You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but I now know that riches have been only a snare for my poor soul! I would give all I possess to have hope for my poor soul!" In this sad state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire.—All knew him to be a professing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not be lightly dismissed from memory. He would have given all for a single hope of Heaven.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Why am I not a Christian?

1. Is it because I am ashamed of ridicule, and of what others will say to me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid I shall not "hold out?"

"He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

7. It is because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

On the first organization of the government of what was then called the Plymouth Colony, frequent fasts were appointed and observed with that piety and devotion which was so characteristic of our venerable forefathers. On a certain occasion during a session of the legislature, a motion was made for a fast, immediately on which a member arose, and remarked that in his opinion heaven had been wearied long enough with complaints; that many and very peculiar favors has been received, and that there was much, very much to be thankful for; and he therefore, thought that a day of thanksgiving should be appointed, instead of a fast. This motion prevailed, and a day of thanksgiving was accordingly appointed. From the origin a day of thanksgiving has been annually celebrated throughout New England, and, with rare exceptions, in all parts of the Federal Union.

ENJOYMENT.—Imperfect enjoyment is attended with regret: a surfeit of pleasure with disgust. There is a certain nick of time, a certain medium to be observed, with which few people are acquainted.

Philosophers hold it as a sacred truth, that he who would be happy must place a full value on his time.