Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of One Dollar per Square of Eight Lines or less, for the first and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Unless the number of insertions be marked upon the manuscript it will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

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

Professional Directory.

DR. 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 Seience 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 thorongh 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.

"COSTAR'S"
Standard Preparations
ARE HIS
BEAUTIFIER!
THE
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.
"Costar's" (only pure) Insect Powder.
"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

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

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
nov16—4t BAKER BROS.

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.

LOCKING 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

Gloves.

H. W. DONNALLY,
Glove Manufacturer,
NEAR LEWISBURG, WEST VA.

The public will bear in mind, that I am still engaged in the business of manufacturing the CELEBRATED DONNALLY GLOVES, and that I am prepared to execute all orders for ladies' and gentlemen's *Buckskin Riding Gauntlets, Half Hands*, and *Gloves* of all descriptions.

Orders from a distance are solicited.

A fine assortment can be found at the store of Messrs. Roane & Alby and at D. A. Kayser's.
sep21—1y

Tobacco.

C. T. COCHRAN. J. E. GUY.

OLD FIRM REVIVED!
C. T. COCHRAN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS,

at the old stand, on New street, would respectfully announce to their friends and the public generally that they are receiving and will keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, and Cigars, ranging from the choicest to the cheapest grades.

Also Snuff, Pipes, Stems, Matches, &c.
Staunton, Oct. 27th, 1868.

Cabinet-making.

ED. F. JOHNSON,
Cabinet-Maker,

Main street, Staunton, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Furniture in the neatest and most workmanlike manner.

Repairing, and all work in a cabinet-maker's line of business done in the best and most substantial style. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public.
oct19—3m

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

☞ 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.

The Old Kitchen.

Far back in musings my thoughts have been cast
To the spot where the hours of my childhood were passed;
I loved all the rooms to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearest of all,
Its chairs and its table none brighter could be;
For all its surroundings were sacred to me—
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door—
And I loved every crack of that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fire-place, with mouth high and wide,
The old fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes;
And there, too, St Nicholas slyly and still
Came down every Christmas our stockings to fill,
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store,
Is the mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light,
For it seemed to her then that she knew not a care—
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear,
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes
When she told us the stories that children so prize,
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before,
From her lips, at the wheel on the old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions come back at my will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still,
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mouldering in clay,
The hearth-stone so sacred is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out again,
The sun through the window shines in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

OVERBOARD.

"A man overboard!"

I heard the cry distinctly as the angry dark waters whirled me under the counter and astern. "Who?" "Where?" and "Let go the life-buoy!" "Call the life-boat's crew away!" These were the orders in rapid succession, followed by the hurried rush of feet, and creaking of blocks, as sail was shortened and the ship brought to the wind which rose above the sounds of the whistling squall and of the roaring water in which I was immersed.

We had been out from Genoa about three days on our way to Malta. The weather had been very squally, with thick, driving rain, and at the time I fell overboard the ship was under double-reefed top-sails and courses; the top gallant sails had just been taken into a fresh squall. I was standing on the weather-netting, holding on to a top-gallant backstay, when it parted, and the next moment I was plunged into the water.

At first I went down like a lump of lead, but in a few seconds began to ascend. When I reached the surface, however, it was to find myself whirling from the vessel's side, with a confused noise of the howling wind and the bubbling waters in my ears.

I was so blinded by the water that I could not immediately see. I spun round and round as in a whirlpool, for I was caught in the eddies under the stern. As I rose on the top of a billow, I saw that the ship was hove to, her quarter boats were down and her rigging full of men anxiously endeavoring to get sight of me; but the darkness of the approaching night was increased by that of the squall, and another driving cloud of rain coming down, effectually hid me from their sight.

How my heart sank within me! Was I to perish, and within hearing too of my shipmates?

"Ahoy! Aho—oy! Aho—o—oy!" I shouted, straining my voice to its utmost—the last call painfully prolonged, and I watched its effect for a full minute with the most anxiety. Alas! no answering hail was heard; the ship was fast drifting to leeward, and her boats pulling from, instead of towards me.

After giving way for some moments to despondency, I rallied myself, and began to consider my situation more calmly. I knew that that part of the Mediterranean was crowded with vessels, that the squall would soon clear off, and that even if night came before I was picked up, the glorious moonlight would enable me to see any vessel that might happen to be near me; so I turned over on my back to husband my strength as much as I could. As a swimmer, I had seldom met my equal; besides, I calculated that the life-buoy, and anything else that might have been thrown overboard, would have floated in the same direction, and nearly as fast as myself.

Nor was I mistaken, for I shortly perceived an oar not far from me. Swimming to it, I got it under my arms, and then felt that by God's providence I still might be saved. My first object, in this new frame of mind, was to get rid of my boots, which were by this time full of water and dragging me down. This I did without much difficulty, having often practised doing so for sport, little dreaming how useful such practice would eventually turn out.

I remembered that just before I fell overboard, there were three or four vessels in sight, one of which, a French brig, was not far from us; and I calculated that my drift had been in her direction, and as the squall cleared away, I endeavored to make her out. Of course my vision of distant objects was cut off every moment by my being carried down into the trough of the sea.

No one who has not been in a similar situation can appreciate the awfulness with which I gazed on the dark, glistening sides of the waves as I saw myself sinking away from them, as if to the very bottom of the ocean. With what horrid mockery the glassy waters seemed to rise all around me! Suddenly, when I was at the lowest, I would begin to ascend, as if by magic, from the gloomy gulf, my velocity increasing every instant, until at last I would shoot upwards to the crest of the wave like an arrow from the bow. A toss of the head to shake off the water, a long-drawn breath, a hasty glance all round, and then I was whirled down again, half-smothered, in the wild abyss.

I had been overboard, I fancy, nearly an hour before I caught sight of the French brig.—When at last I beheld her, I could not restrain a shout of joy. How beautiful she looked!—Now she would pitch headforemost into the sea; now slowly rise, dripping from deluge, every moment nearing me. On—on she came, but no token was shown that I was seen. What if there was no lookout? The thought was horror. Raising myself as high as I could upon my frail support, I hailed with all my strength:

"Brig-a-hoy! Brig ho-oy!"

No answering hail came back, no sign was made, no signal waved. On—on—she came. Again I hailed, but all in vain; at a distance of a hundred yards she passed me.

"Hillo, hillo, hillo-o-o!" I frantically cried; but no friendly voice sent back my cry. Heaven grant that none who read these words may ever experience feelings similar to mine at that moment. Slowly the brig faded from my sight, and with her went nearly all my hope.

Alone on the ocean! Alone while night was drawing on! Alone, with no earthly hope of escape remaining! Far, far, to the leeward, just visible occasionally over the distant waves, I saw one vessel; but except this, the horizon, as far as I could see, was without a speck.

I burst into tears. The tension of my nerves had been unnatural, they now gave way; and as I saw nothing before me but a long, lingering, cruel death, I wept like a child. Thoughts of my distant home, my aged parents, my sisters, chased themselves madly through my brain. My whole past life rushed in review before my mind. Again I was a boy in my happy boyhood's home. But, alas! I was never to see that home again. Then my train of thoughts changed, and I wondered who would get my vacancy; if the admiral would give it to either of the mates in my own ship, or if a stranger would get it; and if so, if he would purchase my uniform. These, and a hundred such thoughts chased each other rapidly through my brain.

The night began to close in. Darker and darker fell the shades of evening, but now the wind and sea began sensibly to decrease. I was cold, weary, and half stupefied. My senses began to desert me, and I felt, gradually stealing over me, an inclination to thrust my frail support from me, in order that the end might come sooner than it otherwise would. Presently the moon rose in an unclouded sky, and shaking off the morbid thoughts which oppressed me, I again anxiously scanned the horizon. But all was black—not a sail broke the line of my vision. Still I clung to the hope of being picked up. I could recall to mind numbers of instances of people in as bad a plight, and yet mercifully preserved. Hour after hour passed, and I had almost given up looking round for sails, when suddenly I fancied I saw a light. Long and anxiously did I gaze in the direction in which I fancied I saw it, and presently I distinguished the red and green lights of a fast approaching steamer. My heart flew to my mouth. But no pen can tell, no words express what my feelings were, and had not tears come to my relief I should have gone mad.

She was fast nearing me, and shortly I could plainly hear the thump, thump of her paddles. She was steering direct for me, my only fear was I should not be able to make myself heard by those on board her.

Presently she was but a short hundred yards from me, and I exerted all my power and hailed her. Again, and again, but still no answer, but on she came, seemingly as if bent on my destruction. Excitement now overpowered me. Confused noises rang in my ears—my eyes lost their sight, and then followed utter forgetfulness—the stupor of the dead, or rather that trance between life and death, when the body is exhausted, but the vital spark not yet fled—that one dread pause between this world and the next.

My recollection is one of excessive pain. On coming to myself before a rousing fire, kind but strange hands were busy in chafing my limbs. Some one held a glass of something to my lips, and then I sank back while all things seemed to whirl around me. In this state I remained some hours.

On recovering my senses, I found myself in a berth on board the French merchant *Eugenie*, bound for Genoa. They told me that they did not see me until I was close under her bows, and on picking me up they thought I was dead, but by chafing my limbs and employing stringent restoratives they recovered me.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of the captain of the steamer, and when I parted from him two days after in Genoa it was with sincere regret.

I must not neglect to say that when I rejoined my ship at Malta, some three weeks after my involuntarily leaving her, I was welcomed with the greatest joy by captain, officers and men; the only person, perhaps, who had reason to feel aggrieved being an unfortunate mate, who had been promoted by my supposed death.

Years have passed since then, and I have oft-times had to rehearse my escape, yet I always shudder to recall those terrible hours when I was overboard.—*Cassel's Magazine.*

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to busines, and add to the profit and reputation of your work. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct with regularity, promptness and liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy a thing simply because the man that sells will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business is pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ, for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal it than to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his words as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.—Learn to say no. No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than behind the times. Young man, cut this out; and if there is a folly in the argument, let us know.

For the Spectator.

"Feed a Cold and Starve a Fever."

Proverbs are condensed fragments of common sense, in which some truth, learned by experience, is briefly and wittily spoken.

Many of them are rich in wisdom; and so is the one at the head of this article.

But most people give it (oft-quoted as it is) a meaning the very opposite of its true sense, and thus make it teach mischievous error.—They understand it to mean, "When you have a cold *eat freely.*"

Some will say—"But there is generally some fever with a cold, and you had better not eat too much."

But, gentle reader, *that* is not what the proverb says.

Did you never say to a man walking on the roof of a house, or floundering about in an empty hay loft: "Fall down there and break your neck?" And did you mean him to take you at your word, and tumble down? So this proverb does not tell you to feed a cold at all.

"If you are fool enough to feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever."

The proverb is true. There is no cure for a cold like starving it, if you begin within twenty-four hours of its first attack.

But you say, that is a small thing to put in a newspaper.

Not so small, friend, while millions spoil the wit of the proverb, and daily injure themselves by reversing its meaning. NETSER.

IMPORTANT TO AERONAUTS.—Who says that man will never have the power to fly? A scientific friend of ours has so far solved the problem as to be able with the greatest ease to "skim over"—a newspaper.

A Boy Again.

A company of gentlemen in Rene, were, not long since, whiling an evening away by singing songs and relating anecdotes, when one asked for the song of "Would I were a boy again," at which "Old Pi Ute," (John K. Lovejoy,) who was present, broke out as follows:

"A boy again!" Who would be a boy again if he could? to have measles, mumps and itch, to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers, to stub your toes, to have the belly ache from swallowing cherry stones, to get lousy helping Irish Mike do his sums, to have chapped hands and frozen toes, to slip up on the ice, to do chores, to get your ears boxed, to get whaled by a thick-headed school-master, to be made to stand up as the "dunce" for the sport of the school, to have visitors to come to school and tell you how miserably weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you; to eat at the second table when company comes, to set out cabbage plants because you are little, and consequently it wouldn't make your back ache so much, to be made go to school when you don't want to, get spelled down in school, to lose your marbles, to have your sled broken, to get hit in the eye with frozen apples and soggy snow balls, to cut your finger, lose your knife, to have a hole in the rear of your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you, to be called a coward if you don't fight at school, to be whaled at home if you do fight at school, to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her, to have a boy too big for you to lick tell you that your sweetheart squints, to have your sweetheart cut you dead and affiliate with that boy John Smith whom you hate particularly because he set up your nose the week before, to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy, to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas, to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled, to be kept from the circus when it comes to town and when all other boys go, to get pounded for stealing roasting ears, get run by bulldogs for trying to nip watermelons, to have the canker-rash, catechism and stone-bruises, to be called up to kiss all the old women that visit your mother, to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own dear sister, to be told of what a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington, to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly, and wish you was big so you could kiss her, too, and—and—why darn being a boy again.—*New Orleans Crescent.*

Trollope on Marriage.

Marriage is a woman's one career, let women rebel against the edict as they may; and though there may be word-rebellion here and there, women learn the truth early in their lives. And women know it later in life when they think of their girls: and men know it, too, when they have to deal with their daughters. Girls, too, now acknowledge aloud that they have learned the lesson, and Saturday Reviewers and others blame them for their lack of modesty in doing so—most unreasonably, most uselessly, and, as far as the influence of such censors may go, most perniciously. Nature prompts the desire, the world acknowledges its ubiquity, circumstances show that it is reasonable, the whole theory of creation requires it; but it is required that the person most concerned should falsely repudiate it, in order that a mock modesty may be maintained in which no human being can believe! Such is the theory of the censors who deal heavily with our English women of the present day.—Our daughters should be educated to be wives, but, forsooth, they should never wish to be wooed!

The very idea is but a remnant of the tawdry sentimentality of an age in which the mawkish insipidity of the women was the reaction from the vice of that preceding it. That our girls are in quest of husbands, and know well in what way their lines in life should be laid, is a fact which none can dispute. Let men be taught to recognize the same truth as regards themselves, and we shall cease to hear of the necessity of a new career for women.—*Vicar of Bullhampton.*

A PUZZLE.—Here is a question for young arithmeticians and others who like to crack an arithmetical nut now and then, to try their wits upon. Two Arabs sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger, who requested to join their party, saying, "that he could not get provisions in that part of the country; if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would be willing to pay them for one-third of the whole." The frugal meal consisted of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying: "My friends, there is what I promised you; divide it between you according to your rights." A little dispute arose respecting a division of the money; but reference being made to the Cadi, he adjudged seven pieces to the owner of the five loaves and only one piece to him who owned the three loaves. Yet the Cadi decided justly.

HAT COURTESY.—The hat plays an important part in demonstrating courtesy. It is not every man, however, who can uncover his *caput* gracefully; yet the art is worth acquiring, for the salute, when elegantly performed, always makes a favorable impression on society, and especially on the ladies. Hands and fortunes have been won, ere now, by hat and hand politeness. Some gentlemen imagine that merely touching the brim of their *chapeaux* is sufficient expression of their respect for the ruling sex. They are mistaken. The beaver must be fairly lifted from the head to satify them, and a slight flourish of the same, accompanied by an obeisant movement of the head and spinal column, renders the act, in their opinion, doubly charming. Elaborate attempts at this exploit are made quite often on our streets, but it must be confessed that most of them are failures. Our exquisites overdo the thing.—There is a golden mean in the management of the hat which they unfortunately miss—their ambition overleaps it.

GROWLERS.—There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, growling because they are not appreciated as they think they should be, and who constantly quarrel with their destiny. These men usually have made a great mistake in their estimate of their abilities, or are unmitigated donkeys. In either case they are unfortunate. If people despise you, do not tell it all over town. If you are capable, show it. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your face, and show your good will by deeds. Then, if the people feel above you, go right off and feel above them. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and if this does not "fetch them," conclude very good-naturedly that they are unworthy your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance to get into good company.

If a horse is at all inclined to kick in harness, listen to no excuses made for his having done so. He may go quietly for a week, month or year; but unless he is a mere inexperienced colt, kick again he will, so sure as he is a horse. If after knowing what harness means, a horse kicks, he is not to be radically cured of the propensity; believe no breaker who promises to "take it out of him."

A GREAT DEAL WORSE.—"Tim, does your mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a great deal worse, though." "What's that?" "Why, she washes my face every morning."

A showman advertises that among his other curiosities is the celebrated "difference" which has been so often split by bargain makers. He says he has both halves of it.

The Land of the Soul.

There's a beautiful land on the other side;
A beautiful, beautiful land.
The fields are Elysian, the bowers are gay,
The mountains majestic and grand;
There are emerald walks through valleys fair,
And music floats on the perfumed air.

A stream ripples through the flowery meads,
A beautiful, beautiful stream;
Rare gems of thought in its depths are sought,
There inspirations teem;
And mortals in the realms below,
May drink of the waters that freely flow.

There are temples of faith in realms above
There are temples of faith and prayer,
And myriads of blessed angels seek
The great Eternal's care,
There pearls of truth and wisdom wait,
Our entrance at the golden gate.

There's a river to cross, a river to span,
Ere we reach the other side,
And we hour by hour are nearing
The ever surging tide;
Death's upheaving billows unceasingly roll
Between the earth-sphere and the land of the soul.

Scene in Palestine

I was traveling over Anti-Lebanon. It was a bright summer day and near noon. Weary and way-worn, I rode down from a bare mountain ridge into the wild and beautiful valley of Hebron, and dismounted beside a little fountain, under the "shadow of a great rock." A group of some fifteen or twenty shepherds were there, too, resting during the heat of the day, and their flocks amounting to several thousand sheep and goats, filled nearly the whole bottom of the valley. At first I was greatly annoyed by the too near approach of both men and animals; but, when the time came to lead the flocks away to pasture again, I watched their motions with intense interest.

The shepherds rose, went into the middle of the dense mass of animals, and then separating, walked away slowly in different directions. As they went, each kept uttering a peculiar cry or call. The sheep heard, and too began to separate one from the other. I observed the whole mass was agitated, as if the sheep and goats had been driven hither and thither by some unseen power. Gradually they form a series of dense, moving columns, following closely in the footsteps of the shepherds, and drawn after them with their voices. I also observed that while each shepherd wound his way through the united flocks, some of the animals fled at his approach, frightened by his voice, others hastened toward him "for they knew his voice." In a short time they were led off, and the fountain was completely deserted, not a sheep or goat ventured to lag behind. Then the calls of the shepherds were heard echoing from rock and cliff, now loud and clear, now dying away in the distance; while the flocks were seen obedient to the calls, following in long, distinct streams the guides whom alone they knew and trusted.

As I sat there gazing with wonder and pleasure on that strange and instructive scene, another beautiful Scripture illustration was realized before my eyes. One shepherd led his flock, by a zig-zag path, up the almost perpendicular banks of the glen. Behind it two young lambs trotted along at the feet of their mother. At first they frisked about, and jumped lightly from stone to stone; but soon they began to fall behind. The poor little things cried piteously when the path became steeper, and the rocks higher, and the flocks more and more distant. The mother cried too, running back and forth—now lingering behind, now hastening on before, as if to wile them upwards.

It was in vain. The ascent was too much for their feeble limbs. They stopped, trembling on the shelving cliff, and cried; the mother stopped and cried by their side. I thought they would certainly be lost; and I saw the great eagles that soared in circles round the cliffs far overhead, sweeping lower and lower as if about to pounce upon their prey. But no! The plaintive cries of distress had already reached the ear of the good shepherd Mounting a rock, he looked down and saw the helpless little ones. A minute, and he was standing by them, then taking them up in his arms, he put them one on each side, in his bosom in the ample folds of his coat, which was bound round the waist with a girdle. The lambs made no attempt to run away from him. They seemed to know what he was going to do when he lifted them in his arms; and the little creatures lay there with their heads out, as contentedly as an infant in its mother's bosom, while the shepherd scaled the dizzy heights again, and took his place at the head of the flock. It may be easily imagined with what deep interest I have ever since read the beautiful words of Isaiah. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom."—*Family Treasure.*

The Follies of American Women.

In a pastoral letter Bishop Coxe, of New York, says:

"When I see the tawdry fashions, the costly vulgarity and the wicked extravagance of the times, I feel sure that thousands of American women are strangers to the laws of refinement—simplicity in manners and attire.

"When I see that thousands of American women read the most shameful romances and the most degrading newspapers, frequent the vilest dramatic entertainments and join in dances too shocking to be named among Christians, I feel that Christian matrons are becoming too few, and that civilized heathenism is returning to the fields we have wrested from the Indians.

"When I read daily, of the most ungodly divorces and of crime against social purity and against human life itself, which are too gross to be mentioned more particularly, I feel that too many of our countrywomen are without God in the world, and that radical reforms are necessary in the system of education on which the young women of America are dependent for their training.

"When I see thousands of households in which young girls are reared for a life of pleasure without reference to duty, I cannot wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind!

"As a Christian bishop, therefore, I make my appeal to you, Christian women, and I ask you to begin the reformation, by faithfully bearing your testimony against all that tends to the degradation of your sex, and the more so, when such crime is not only winked at, but receives countenance in circles which ought to be exemplary."

THE GREATEST BLESSING.—There is no greater blessing for a man than to have acquired that healthy and happy instinct which leads him to take delight in his work's sake; not slurring it over, not thinking how soon it will be done and got rid of, not troubling himself greatly about what men say of of it when it is done, but putting his whole heart and mind into it, feeling that he is master of it, feeling the thing that he has turned out, be it a legal argument, or a book, or a picture, or anything else, is conscientiously and honestly perfected to the best of his power.

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT.—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel of mercy; minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels. Her voice his sweetest music; her smile the brightest day; her kiss the guardian of innocence; her arms the pale of his safety; the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counsellors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessing on his head.

Put off repentance till to morrow, and you have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.