Staunton Spectator.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

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Staunton Spectator.

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Richard Mauzy & Co.

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For 1 yr. $3 in currency or equivalent in specie.
For 6 mo. 1.50 " " "
For 3 mo. 85 " " "

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☞ To any one who will send us *two new subscribers* and *six* dollars, we will send the *Spectator* for one year GRATIS.

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Professional Directory.

S. TRAVERS PHILLIPS. J. FRED EFFINGER.
PHILLIPS & EFFINGER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
will practice in all the courts of Augusta and Alleghany, and in the Circuit Courts of Rockingham, Rockbridge and Nelson.
☞ Special attention given to collecting.
july5–1y

H. M. MATHEWS. ALEX. F. MATHEWS.
MATHEWS & MATHEWS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
LEWISBURG, WEST VA.,
Practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State.
may17–1y

WM. H. TERRILL. WM. M. MCALLISTER.
TERRILL & McALLISTER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
WARM SPRINGS VA.,
Will practice in all the Courts of the counties of Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, W. Va. may17–3m

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 on Augusta street, two doors North of the Spectator office. nov2–tf

JOHN B. BALDWIN. GEO. M. COCHRAN, JR.
BALDWIN & COCHRAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in all the Courts holden in Augusta county. jan4–tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON,
DENTIST,
MAIN STREET, Staunton, Va.
OFFICE:—Over Cease's Confectionery Store.
dec21–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

Agricultural Implements.

WILLOUGHBY GUM SPRING
GRAIN DRILL,
WITH
CROWELL'S GUANO ATTACHMENT.

We are now prepared to receive orders for the above named celebrated Drill. It is needless for us to say anytning in commendation of said Drill, as it is acknowledged by those using other Drills with this, that it is superior to any yet introduced into our county.

We are autnorized to refer to the following gentlemen who have the Willoughby in use:

John D. Sterrett, P. O. Polmer,
M. W. D. Hogshead, J. Wayt Bell,
W. M. Dudley, J. H. Snapp,
Samuel Driver, Isaac Coffman,
A. W. Harman, Joseph Click,
J. A. Harman and others using our Drill.

We will be pleased to furnish circulars and information to parties wishing to purchase Drills.
WOODS & GILKESON.

CIDER MILLS.—The celebrated "American Cider and Wine Mill," on hand and for sale by WOODS & GILKESON.

WHEAT SCREENS—Manufactured in our own city, and warranted to perform the work well. For sale by
WOODS & GILKESON.

PREMIUM REAPER & MOWER!

TO THE "EXCELSIOR" WAS AWARDED TWO FIRST AND ONE SECOND PREMIUMS,
AT THE
AUGUSTA COUNTY FAIR, OCT., 1869.

This celebrated reaper and mower has been in use four harvests in the Valley, and over one hundred and fifty farmers will bear testimony of its good work. We give below a certificate from one of the best farmers in our county. Many others of the same character might be given, but we do not deem it necessary to add any more, as we have them published in a circular, which will be furnished on application at our store, where will be found a large stock of Grant's Grain Cradles, English (Waldron) Grain and Grass Scythes, Clipper Grass Scythes, snathes, scythe stones, rifles, rakes, forks—steel and wooden—a complete assortment of hardware, &c. Call and see us.
SPITLER & HUNTER.

SNOW FLAKE MILLS, April 12, 1870.
Messrs. Spitler & Hunter:
Gentlemen.—I have used the Excelsior Reaper and Mower three seasons, and regard it one of the lightest and most durable machines in use. I have cut 600 acres of grain, grass and clover seed, and have not paid out $1.50 for repairs, and is now in first-rate order. I would not exchange my reaper for any other that I have seen in use.
Yours truly, R. S. HARNSBERGER.

S. M. JONES & BRO., HARRISONBURG,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR
Geiser's Improved Threshing Machines, Wood's Improved combined Self-Rake Reapers and Mowers, "Clipper combined Dropper and Mower," Wood and Clipper single mowers, Ohio Lock Lever Buggy Rakes, Clipper Hay Forks, with three pulleys; patent Emory Grinder for sharpening mower and reaper knives, and dealers in all kinds of Agricultural Implements.
Send for circulars of the above machines.
may3–3m

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—
We are agents for the Geiser Thresher—8 horse, Wood Reaper and Mower combined,
" " " separate.
Clipper Reaper and Dropper,
" Mower,
Lock-lever Buggy Rake,
Horse Hay Forks,
which will be sold upon liberal terms by
BAKER BROS.

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.

ROCK SALT for salting cattle, at
BAKER BROS.

Insurance.

PIEDMONT AND ARLINGTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

HOME OFFICE, CORNER NINTH & MAIN STS., RICHMOND, VA.

Officers: W. C. CARRINGTON, President; JOHN E. EDWARDS, Vice President; D. J. HARTSOOK, Secretary; J. J. HOPKINS, Assistant Secretary; B. C. HARTSOOK, Cashier; Prof. E. B. SMITH, Actuary; D. P. FACKLER, Consulting Actuary; Drs. C. H. PERROW, C. H. SMITH, GEORGE ROSS, Medical Advisers; JAMES E. WOLFF, Superintendent of Agencies.

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CARTER BERKELEY, Staunton,
GENERAL AGENT for the Valley and Piedmont.
JAMES KER, Agent, Staunton.

JOHN F. BALTHIS, Capt. N. FOUNTAIN, R. N. NELSON, Rev. A. POE BOUDE, JOHN PILSON, JOB G. MCVEIGH, CHAS. WITHROW, SOLICITORS.

DIVIDEND paid policy-holders, 1st April, 1869, *forty per cent.*

This Company has met with a success beyond all parallel in Life Insurance, and offers to the Southern public a Home Enterprise equal to any and surpassed by none in existence.

Commenced active operations about Nov. 1st, 1867.

Assets 15th of Sept., 1869, $1,500,000—now much increased.

Policies issued, 8,000.

It has paid for losses of $31,000 and in every instance waived the ninety days time and paid at once.

It advises the payment of *all cash premiums,* because then dividends will continually decrease each next payment until nothing will be required, and the policy may be a source of income, but it will allow one-half loan on life and joint life policies. One-third loan on other participating policies.

It requires no notes for loans of the part of premiums, but endorses the loan of its policies until absorbed by dividends or policy is payable.

It has no restriction on residence or travel.—All its policies are non-forfeitable and the right of parties guaranteed *on the face of the policy,* as part of the contract.

It has the following feature which no other company gives: The late war taught many the penalty of being separated from the Home office by having their part payment forfeited. "The Piedmont" guards against this in *her policies* and in event of separation from its office by any intervention guarantees to such all the right of non-forfeiture, paid up policy, surrender value and reinstatement as though there had been no intervening cause.

Its investments are made for benefit of Southern advancement.

It brings money to our people—keeps money with our people. Then why should they continue to impoverish themselves by sending money off which can as easily—as safely—as profitably be spent at home?

The Piedmont asks all who wish to insure to compare its rates—terms—progress with any company, and feels confident its merits will equal any other company.

HOW OFTEN is THE HOUSEHOLD LOAF buried with the Household Head, and families that might have been comfortably provided for, left destitute by the want of a proper foresight in its deceased protector?

The Virginia Insurance Company,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,

Offers to every head of a family perfect security against this melancholy condition.

IT IS
FOR LIFE INSURANCE ONLY.

ITS CHARTER IS PERPETUAL.

Its Cash Capital, ...$125,000.

It is organized on the basis of the old Mutual Life of New York, and its successful experience.

THE PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN CASH

ITS DIVIDENDS ARE PAID IN CASH.

ITS POLICIES ARE PAID IN CASH WITHOUT DEDUCTIONS.

There are no premium notes, and hence its assets are all cash, which presents the only solid, substantial basis of business for individuals or corporations.

IT INSURES ON ALL PROPER, SAFE TABLES.

IT PUTS NO IMPROPER RESTRICTIONS ON TRAVEL.

IT INSURES UNIMPAIRED FEMALE LIVES.

The Company is a combination of the proprietary and mutual systems, securing the advantages of both.

Its Policies are non-forfeitable after two years, and incontestible after five years for all mis statements and errors in application except as to the age of the applicant.

THIS IS A SUBSTANTIAL HOME COMPANY.

The Assets will be invested in Virginia, and help to build up our own interests in Virginia. It commends itself for its safety, management and organization, to every Virginian and other Southerner in search of a safe Home
Life Insurance Institution.

Live agents wanted in every precinct of every county in the State. Send for circulars.

REFER TO THE FOLLOWING CITIZENS WHO HAVE INSURED IN THIS COMPANY.

A. F. Ackerman, H. Ker,
E. W. Bayly, James Ker,
H. M. Bell, Mrs. C. M. Kelley,
John A. Bickle, Dr. W. S. McChesney,
H. R. Boykin, W. J. Nelson,
Orris A. Brown, H. L. Opie,
W. A. Burke, J. N. Opie,
R. L. Cleveland, W. L. Olivier,
Dr. B. B. Donaghe, C. W. Parker,
James Fagan, B. F. Points,
S. N. Giles, W. R. Pointdexer,
Mrs. Julia Gorman, R. T. Phillips,
A. A. Grubert, E. H. Sears,
C. W. Hunter, James E. Taylor,
C. A. Holt, W. H. Tams,
Wm. T. Jewell, D. S. Williams,
Charles E. Young.

Address, PHILLIPS & MAYO.
General Agents for Virginia and W. Virginia
Lock Box 216, Staunton, Va.

Insurance.

Look at Exhibits:

From Official Reports is made the following Losses of other Companies compared with the Piedmont and Arlington:

Organized.	COMPANY.	No. Policies Dec. 31, 1868.	No. Deaths in 1868.	One in every
1843	Mutual Life	60872	396	154
1845	New York Life	28340	199	142
1847	Connecticut Mutual	55691	424	131
1850	Manhattan	13625	112	122
1850	Charter Oak	19028	137	139
1851	Massachusetts Mutual,	10396	72	144
1851	Phœnix	17761	107	166
1858	Northwestern	27887	178	157
1859	Equitable	27666	185	150
1860	Washington	8885	43	207
1860	Home	10311	65	159
1862	North America	11328	78	145
1862	John Hancock	5018	26	193
1862	Security	10603	64	166
1864	Widows and Orphans	3452	21	164
1864	National, N. Y.	2093	13	161
1865	Universal,	3832	20	192
1865	Hahneman	2452	11	223
1686	Great Westeru	1472	5	294
1866	Atlantic Mutual	2675	15	178
1866	World	1423	9	158
1866	New Jersey Mutual	2691	19	142
1866	Travellers'	3568	17	210
1866	Hartford Life & Annuity	1105	1	105
1866	American Popular	2604	16	163
1867	Piedmont & Arlington	3122	10	312

Average of all companies organized since 1859, one in 188.

Average of all companies organized prior to 1860, one in 145.

Average of all companies, one in 153.

Following Companies have no exhibit as to number of losses, but show amounts lost:

1868, "St. Louis Mutual," policies in force 1st of January, 10,056.
Losses by Death, Policies and Reversionary Additions $455,838.46
Losses admitted and not yet due 85,600.00

Total Losses in 1868 ....$541,438.46

Piedmont and Arlington had 3,122 policies *in force* 1st January, 1868. Losses in 1868, $42,000, and for present year, (1869) losses of Piedmont and Arlington is *far under* experience of general average of Companies above stated, all which show this company has lost less than any other.

Agents wanted everywhere.
jan4–1y

FIRE INSURANCE effected at the lowest rates and on the most liberal terms, with the
SOUTHERN MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company.

Authorized Capital $250,000.00
Accumulations, ...175,089.03

CHARTERED BY THE COMMONWEALTH OF VA.
Office N. E. Corner Main and Ninth Sts.,
RICHMOND, VA.

This Company issues Participating Policies on Farm and City Property, by which the insured becomes a member of the Company, sharing in its profits. A semi-annual Dividend of three per cent., payable to the Mutual Policy-holders of this Company, declared July 1, 1869; also, three per cent. January 1, 1870.

J. S. CALVERT, President.
JORDAN H. MARTIN, Vice President.
H. S. PRICE, Secretary and Treasurer.
Dr. H. G. DAVIDSON, General Agent.

STATEMENT
OF THE BUSINESS OF THE
SOUTHERN MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VA.,
January 1st, 1870.

Number of Policies issued	2,486
Amount of Property insured	$3,477,996.67
Amount of Premium Notes deposited with the Company	135,861.89
Amount of cash premiums and fees received	76,136.36
Amount paid for Losses and Expenses	46,310.66
Losses adjusted not due	2,025.00

Persons in town or country having property to insure will find it to their interest to call on me before insuring elsewhere, and learn the terms of this Home Company.
H. H. PECK, AGENT.
Office with Drs. Hanger & Fultz, 2 doors North of the Spectator office, Staunton, Va.
mar8

Clothing.

S. MANDELBAUM, under Virginia hotel, is receiving his second supply of Spring and Summer Clothing, which will compare favorably with any City House.

He has entered into arrangements whereby he receives all the late styles of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods, daily by Express.

He calls particular attention to his assortment of light CASSIMERE SUITS, also his supply of white, brown, and fancy LINEN SUITS.

His clothing has been manufactured according to his order and expressly for the VALLEY TRADE (by which arrangement he saves the enormous profits paid to Northern merchants.) He guarantees to sell at less than city prices.

His assortment of Furnishing Goods is complete.

HATS HE MAKES A SPECIALTY.

A fine lot of city-made Boots and Shoes on hand, which he sells as cheap as Northern work.

Goods sold only for CASH and at a small advance above COST.

As he always announced he still recommends every garment that is sold.

A fine assortment of SAMPLES on hand for ORDERED WORK. Shirts made to order.

No trouble to show goods.

A call is solicited at the Emporium of Fashion under the Virginia hotel, Staunton, Va.

N. B.—Agent for the celebrated PIVOT ACTION BRACE—a superior suspender for skirts and pants, and an unequalled Brace for the shoulders. may31

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.—The subscribers have on hand a large, varied and well-selected stock of Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes of the latest styles and best qualities, which they will sell cheap.

Ladies, Misses, Gents and Boys can all be accommodated upon the best terms. Give them a call and examine and judge for yourselves.
M. A. BRIGHT & CO.,
New street, Staunton, opposite Dr. Young's drug store. sep28–tf

Mattresses, &c.

NOTICE.—Made at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind,
Hair Mattresses,
Moss and Shuck Mattresses,
Coir Mats, all sizes,
Corn Brooms.
Old Mattresses renovated,
Old Chairs filled with new cane seats,
Books bound in plain binding,
Articles to be repaired will be called for at private residences, and returned when finished.
All orders for work should be made through the Steward, or Foreman of the Shop to the Principal. feb8–1y

HORSE SHOES! Horse Shoe Nails, and Nail Rods by BAKER BROS.

☞ 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.

For the Spectator.

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Dearest sister, I am dying!
Going to leave this world of care,
From this dreary vision flying,
Upward to meet with loved ones there.

Yes, my soul I feel is leaving,
Leaving now this world of woe;
But, dear sister, don't be grieving,
God, our Father, wills it so.

To father, mother, brothers—all,
A last farewell be given,
I must obey my Maker's call
But we shall meet in heaven.

And you, my sister, must we part,
E'er life has scarce begun,
Yes, though it surely grieves the heart,
His will, not ours, be done.

The hours are swiftly gliding past,
My race is almost run,
The hard-fought battle's o'er at last,
The victory's almost won.

Then, fare thee well, I can not stay,
In this dark vale to roam,
My Savior calls, I must away
To my celestial home.

* * * * * * * *

He's gone! he's gone! his spirit's gone,
In mystic realms to dwell,
While I am weeping here so lone,
With him, oh! all is well!

WHAT CAME OF MY JEALOUSY.

It was a misty, yet sweet, September night. I can see the sky as it hung over our cottage home, starry blue, with here and there a patch of white, floating gossamer; and the harvest-moon coming up and flooding all the world with golden splendor. I remember how the crimson roses hung above the door-way, heavy with their own sweetness; and what suggestive odors floated up from the flower-beds in the dim, old garden. I can ever remember the dress I wore, pure white, because that was the dress in which my husband loved me best. Did he love me at all? Or was it my yellow gold that won him?

Immediately after our marriage we went to Europe, where we rambled about for a year or two, wintering in Rome, and spending our summers amid the Alps. Then we returned home. But the nomadic spirit was still upon us, and we took what our own country afforded in the way of gipsy life. In the midst of this wandering, in a little country town amid the lakes, my first trouble came. On the second day of our sojourn at this place, to which we had come in accordance with my husbands wish, I missed him. He was fishing for trout, one of our party suggested; and in the afternoon we strolled down toward the stream. Passing a small cottage, we heard voices, and something familiar made me glance that way. There they stood, side by side, my husband and a woman—a young woman, with glossy, raven [illegible]! I passed on in silence; but that night, when my husband returned and sought me, [illegible]s reserved and cold. I refused to dance, and would not sing for him. He followed me from place to place, his eyes full of grave solicitude. The instant we were in our own room, he caught my hand in his.

"My darling," he said, "what troubles you?"

For my life I could not tell him. I was afraid to let him know that I doubted his integrity.

"Horace," I questioned, timidly, "do you love me."

His fine eyes opened wide with amazement. But he answered passionately.

"Love you? Ay, better than you will ever know, Violet."

"Did you—have you ever loved any one else?" I faltered.

"Never, Violet, on my honor."

I was happy, yet not entirely satisfied. I was a woman. Eve ate the forbidden fruit with Paradise all around her.

"Then who was it," I faltered, "that woman —I saw you with—this afternoon?"

He started, and flushed very red for a moment, then he laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "jealous, are you? Then I am sure you love me. But, seriously, dear, I ought to have apoligized for my long absence. That woman was a friend, an old friend of mine —she's in distress, and I had to help her. Are you satisfied?"

I nodded my head in assent, yet my heart was not quite at rest. After that we went down to our little sea-home, and settled into sober, married life; and for months our bliss was perfect; and then that dreadful night came!

Horace had been gone all day. He did not come home to dinner, as was his custom; so, after having ordered tea, I dressed myself, and sat down on the rose-shaded porch to await him. Sunset, dusk, evening: the moon soaring up above the sea! Still he did not come. Dinner and supper had both spoiled; the flowers in my hair were fading, and I was sick and weary with waiting and suspense. Horace had never remained away so long since our marriage. What could detain him so? Very slowly the night went by. Twelve o'clock came, the moon dropped out of sight, leaving me in darkness. An owl hooted from the top of the old willow, and the surf beat with a weary, sobbing sound.

I worked myself up into a perfect tremor of alarm and nervous excitement, and by degrees the old doubt, or fear, or whatever it was, stole back to my mind. My husband was cruel to keep me in such suspense. He did not love me! It never occured to me that he might be detained against his will. When, at last, the clock was on the stroke of three, I caught the quick tramp of his horse's feet. But it did not greatly relieve me. I felt angry, and instead of running down to meet him, as my woman's nature prompted me, I yielded to my petted, wayward will, and kept my seat. He did not stop to take down the bars, but cleared them with a leap. When he reached the porch, he sprung down, flushed and eager.

"Violet," he cried, the moment he caught sight of me, "are you up yet? I am so sorry."

He approached, both hands extended. But I turned from him, and walked to the other end of the porch.

He stood for a moment in silent astonishment, then followed, and took my hand, though I kept my face persistently averted.

"Violet," he said, "What is it? Are you ill, tired? I was so sorry to keep you waiting, but circumstances—"

"Never mind the circumstances now!" I exclaimed pettishly. "I am very tired, and now that I know you are safe, I will go to bed."

He loosened his hold on my hand, but looked after me as I left him, with a glance I shall never forget. I can see him now, as he stood in the moonlight, so handsome and noble: and I loved him so well! I wonder why I turned from him that night. God knows how it pained me. But the spoiled, willful temper, that has been my ruin, urged me on.

Did you ever speak a harsh word to one you love, and feel something within you prompting you to speak another? Then you understand how it was that I left my husband standing there, weary and supperless.

"Violet, dear," he said, softly, as I paused involuntarily at the head of the stairs, "come back and let me explain, you know I have not kept you waiting willingly."

But I went on without a word, not to our chamber, but to a little dressing-room exclusively my own, and closed and locked the door. I am sure the Evil one must have had control of me that night. In a little while he came up stairs, and tried the lock of my door; then he called my name softly; but I did not answer—and he went away.

A dozen times that night I lifted my throbbing head from my tear-wet pillow to go out to him and implore his forgiveness, but pride kept me back. Thus I lay, sleepless, till morning. It was a wild morning, too, with drifting rain and sobbing winds, and the sea thundering on the strand.

My husband was already in the breakfast room when I went down. He turned, and said kindly.

"Good-morning, dear. Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you," I responded, crossing to a window on the opposite side of the room. He arose, and I hoped he was coming to my side, but he only looked at his watch, and said

"Be kind enough to let me have breakfast at once, Violet, if you can. I am in a hurry, for I have important matters to look after."

I rang the bell at once, and placed myself at the head of the table. When the cheerless repast was over, and my husband rose to go, I felt the hot tears blinding me. I could not let him leave me in anger. I had made a step toward him when he spoke, and his words roused all my old anger and discontent.

"Violet," he said, "I may not be here to dinner. Don't wait for me; it is impossible—"

"Make no excuses, sir," I replied, haughtily; "none are needed."

Oh! those sad, reproachful eyes! But his lips uttered no retort. He only said, "Good-by, dear," and went out.

I watched from the window, hidden behind a curtain, as he rode away through the driving rain. The memory of that day comes back to me like a terrible dream! Toward evening my agony became unendurable; and as the rain poured in torrents, I determined to drive over to my husband's office in the neighboring village. About half-way, we met a covered carriage, containg a lady and gentlemen.

"Why, that's Mr. Reade!" exclaimed my driver, as the vehicle dashed past us.

One glance confirmed his words. It was my husband, and by his side was the same woman that I had seen with him once before. My resolution was taken on the instant. I ordered my servant to drive back to Swan's Nest. I would not wait my husband's return, I said to myself; I could not even charge him with his infidelity; I would go away at once, and never let him see my face again.

In a short time I was ready for my departure. I wrote a note for Horace, telling him that I believed our marriage had been an unwise one, and that I should be happier with my own friends. I begged him not to hunt me down as a fugitive; but to leave me to follow the bent of my inclination. I put the note upon his table, and went out from the home, where my life had been so happy. In less than a week, my father and I were on our way to Europe.

At the expiration of two wretched years we returned; and I learned from our lawyer that my husband had sailed for China, first making over to me, in fee simple, all his real estate—He never, so the lawyer said, expected to return. I went back to Swan's-Nest. Everything was unchanged. The rooms were just as I had left them. My husband would not let them be touched, the housekeeper said. "Had she ever heard from him?" I asked. "Only once," she replied, "and then the letter contained another; it was on my dressing-table." I went for it myself, and read it, sitting there in our old room.

"Violet," it began, "you must pardon this intrusion. It will be the last, for, in all human probability, the disease that now consumes me will soon give me a grave in a foreign land.—But there are a few things I wish to say before I die. I was wrong not to explain all to you from the first. But I desired to spare you what you might consider a disgrace. I thought you could and would trust me. It was my sister you saw. She was vain and frivolous, and ran away with a profligate. The marriage was illegal, and Ethel was disgraced. She came to me for help. I could not refuse her. I was taking her to a safe asylum when I was absent that night. You understand it all now. Don't be troubled, dear, but forget me and be happy. My sister is dead now, and I have not, I fear, long to live. God bless you, dear! In heaven all these wrongs will be righted."

For two years I lived alone at Swan's Nest—two years of inexpressible agony; the news came! A steamer, homeward bound from Calcutta was lost, and Horace Reade was one of the passengers. That was the death of hope!

Another year dragged by. One sweet May evening I strolled down to the sea-shore. The sun was setting in waves of gold and purple, and a full moon came up, flooding a great sea, and the long stretch of glittering sand, with misty splendor. The tide rolled in with a low, musical murmur. I sat down on a rock.

Far out upon the bar, a stately vessel swung at anchor, and a little boat from it was coming in. I watched the tiny craft with a kind of fascination. Presently it grated on the sand, and a man sprang ashore.

A wild, nameless hope took shape in my heart. I arose and tottered forward, blind, and half-unconscious. The instant after a strong arm clasped me.

I looked up into the face above. It was wan, and worn, and changed by suffering, but I knew it in an instant.

"Oh, Horace! my husband!" I cried, "forgive me."

Then I felt his tears upon my cheek, his kisses on my lips. The happy world, drowned in the splendor of the spring sunset, faded out, and I sunk into his arms insensible.

It is all over, the remorse, the loneliness, the aching pain! We live in Swan's-Nest, my dear, forgiving husband and myself.

"I had engaged my passage," he said, "in the steamer that was lost. But I fell ill, and could not come then; and that sickness has restored me to you, thank God!"

I thank him also, daily and hourly, for this undeserved, this perfect bliss.—*Peterson's for May.*

Estimates of the Grain Crops.

The latest estimates of the Agricultural Department indicate, says the Lynchburg *Virginian,* that the wheat crop will fall short of that of 1869 by 48,000,000 bushels. The corn crop is largely above an average; while the cotton crop will amount to not less than 3,500,000 bales, and with a long season but little short of 4,000,000 bales.

With the foreign demand that will be occasioned by the enormous war and short crops in Europe, the prospect for our farmers is better than it has been at any time since the late war between the States. In Virginia, we have had a good wheat crop; much above the average. The crop of oats gathered is almost unprecedented, while the prospect for corn and tobacco is highly encouraging. If the season continues for a short time as favorable as it is at present, the corn crop will be a success beyond peradventure. The heavens seems to be opened; the gentle showers are falling just as they are needed; and all nature smiles in prospect of plenty for man and beast. Let us thank God, and take courage; trusting that dear old Virginia will soon be lifted out of the "slough of despond," as good old Bunyan calls it, into which so many of our people had almost sunk.

Reports from the Texan frontier tell of a series of Indian outrages in that section. Quite a severe battle had been fought between a portion of the Sixth United States Cavalry and a large party of Indians, in which the former appear to have had the worst.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Proverbs of the Billings Family.

PREPARED BY JOSH.

Don't swap with your relations unless ye ken afford to give them the big end of the trade.

Marry young, and if circumstances require it, often.

Don't take yer terbacker box out in company.

If you can't git good clothes and education too, git the clothes.

Say "how are ye," to everybody.

Be charitable. The cent pieces was made a purpose.

Don't take anybody's advice but your own.

Keep both ize open; don't see more'n half you notis.

Don't mortify the flesh too much. 'Twant the sores on Lazzarus that sent him to heaven.

If you itch for fame enter a graveyard and skratch yourself against a tombstone.

Beggars don't have to advertise for runaway dogs.

'Tis a long lane that never turns," and 'tis a good mill that alwas dus.

Young man, be more anxious about the pedigre youre going to leave, than yu are about the wun sum body is going to leave you.

Sin is like weeds, self-sown, and sure tu kum.

Nature is nature, yu kant alter the krook of a dog's tale much, and preserve the length of it.

I would say to all the young men, "go in," and to all the old fellers, "kum out."

About as sure a way to get rich as any I know of, is to get inter det for a hundred thousand dollars and then go to work and pay oph the det.

Filosophers tell us that the world revolves on its axis, and Josh Billings tells us that full half the folks on the arth think tha are the axis.

Departure of Col. Bonaparte.

The American Bonaparte, Jerome Napoleon, grandson of the old Jerome Napoleon and Madame Patterson Bonaparte, left our shores Saturday in the steamship Lafayette for France, and for the purpose of joining the French army of the Rhine. An American soldier, educated at West Point, he has done some active service in the army of the United States; but as a French soldier he distinguished himself in the Crimean and Italian wars. The *World* says:

Col. Bonaparte was on the after deck of the vessel several times before she was cast loose from her pier, but he was very reserved and maintained a careful reticence toward the inquisitive. One question only of any importance did he deign to answer. When asked if he intended to take any active part in the war between France and Prussia, he replied:

"If his Majesty, the Emperor, pleases."

"But, Colonel," said his interlocutor, "you are an American."

"I am an officer of the French army, and a Bonaparte. Every Bonaparte owes a duty to his family and to France."

And then he walked away in a manner to indicate that further approaches would be useless.

It will likely be the policy of the Emperor to play this branch of the family off against the Prince Napoleon, who is now next heir of the Empire to the Prince Imperial. If the Colonel shows any military genius he can scarcely fail to reach the highest position, and may come to be recognized by his cousin as in the legitimate line of succession.

Those who confidently predict the success of either France or Prussia in the grand battle which must soon take place may learn something from the experience of Frederick the Great, as given in the appendix to his History of the Seven Years' War which he so successfully waged against three great Powers. The New York *Journal of Commerce* says:

"Frederick the Great philosophizes concerning war and peace, his good and ill-fortune, depicts the fearful condition of his country after the war was over, stigmatizes war as the greatest misfortune that can befall humanity, and comes to the conclusion that while, indeed, a bad general seldom has success, yet no general should ever boast of having triumphed by his talent or the superior gallantry of his troops.—'There is a God of War,' exclaims Frederick; 'the issue of battles is written in the stars. I have won battles that I had already given up for lost, and have been beaten where victory was already nearly in my grasp.' Then the great king, among many other examples, tells how he won at Leuthen, because a Lieutenant General von Prittwitz, with four guns, reached a small eminence a few minutes earlier than an Austrian battery that was hurrying up for the possession of the same height, while at Kunersdorf he was defeated, owing to the carelessness of a subaltern officer who allowed his company to be broken through or flanked."

Struck by Lightning.

During the thunder storm of Wednesday evening of last week, the dwelling of Eugene West, near Cowan's Tank, on the O. A. & M. R. R., in this county, was struck by lightning. The house was struck near the centre on the Northern side, and some of the weather boarding knocked off, though no one was injured.

David Cline's large Switzer barn, near Timberville, in the same region, was struck by lightning on Thursday last about half past 12 o'clock, and with its contents entirely destroyed. It contained Mr. Cline's crop of wheat,—63 loads, —besides his oats, about 18 tons of hay, a four-horse wagon, a McCormick Reaper, gears, saddles, ploughs, &c., &c., including almost all Mr. C's. farming implements. The barn was a new one, built since the war. Mr. C's. loss is estimated at about $3,000, upon which there was no insurance. There were no lightning rods to the barn.

A stack or rick of wheat in one of the fields on the farm of Jno. A Herring, Esq., a short distance above Dayton, was struck by lightning and consumed on Friday afternoon last. The wheat belonged to John Garber and Mr. Herring.—*Rock. Register, July 28th.*

The War in Europe.

A series of cable telegrams from Europe, published to-day, report the progress of the war between France and Prussia. There has been some sharp border skirmishing; no battle of any magnitude. Prussia maintains her pluck. Prussia skirmishing parties have done damage on French soil. King William's troops have killed a few of Napoleon's men, destroyed some miles of French railroad, and blown up a viaduct. Such operations entail losses on the one side and encourage the other. France is in active naval preparation and still enthusiastic.—France is, however, not impetuous. She is either measuring her antagonist carefully, or, cannot it be said, weighing the risk of a great engagement. There are rumors of cabinet intrigue, ministerial shuffling, but no grand action in the field. In the meantime the European peoples are becoming fevered, trade suffers, commerce is diverted to new channels, finance is deranged and all because Napoleon don't like a kingly nomination for Spain. This situation will not endure long.—*New York Herald, July 26th.*

A large number of applications for the establishment of new National banks continue to be made at the Comptroller's office in Washington. Probably four or five hundred new banks will before long go into operation. The applications are from the South and West, but mainly from the latter point.

The Prussian Ambassador to the United States has written a letter to the United States Secretary of State expressing his gratification at the receipt of his letter of 25th, and at his mention of the harmony which had so long existed between Prussia and the United States in regard to their constant policy and principles in favor of the freedom of private property on the high seas in time of war.

The New York *Times* says the taxes in South Carolina now are very much greater than ever before, while the State debt has been increased nine millions in two years.

For the Spectator.

The Lowly Baptism.

BY M. P. D.

"Let the child now be presented for baptism."

Then up the aisle, a lowly couple passed,
Bearing unto the font a gold-haired child;
And when they gave it to the white-robed priest
It raised its blue eyes to his face and smiled.

It smiled as sweetly as the costly lace,
Wreathed its fair neck, and frilled its chubby arms;
As tho' white robes of dainty needle-work,
Enhanced the brightness of its baby charms.

Yet very coarse and simple was its dress,
And coarse and simple those its parents wore;
And by their wan and wearied looks, one knew
That they were of God's lowly, toiling poor.

The crystal waters of the sacred font,
Clustered among its locks of golden hair;
And in its new baptismal name, the Priest
Gave the fair child unto the Father's care.

As if she clasped an angel to her heart,
The mother took her little one again;
The father, with a new light on his face,
To the Priest's blessing, softly breathed 'Amen.'

No house illustrious is thine, sweet child!
And will the Father watch thee all the same?
And will the angels guard thy budding life,
As tho' engrafted on a lordly name?

God's only son was in a manger born,
And shall He spurn thee, child of lowliness?
Shall He not, in the name of Baby Christ
Stretch forth His love, thy little life to bless?

He, who, thro' toil and dust, and humble years,
Divinely watched the Mediatorial Throne,
If, faithful to thy sponsors holy vows,
Into the fold will lead thee, as His own.

It matters not if in obscurity
Thy humble life shall bud, and bloom, and die;
Christ has for thee a mansion and a throne,
Built on the boundless sapphire of the sky.

Tho' fameless and unknown thy name on earth,
In God's great book thy new baptismal name,
And all the vows thy sponsors vowed for thee,
Are writ in golden glory, all the same.

Smile on, sweet child! God guards tenderly;
The Christ, His great salvation gives to thee;
The Holy Spirit, givers of God and Christ,
Will lead thy feet in love eternally.

MIDDLEBROOK, VA., July, 1870.

Whitefield and the Thunder-Storm.

On one occasion, Mr. Whitefield was preaching in Boston, on the wonders of creation, providence and redemption, when a violent tempest of thunder and lightning came on. In the midst of the sermon it attained to so alarming a height that the congregation sat in almost breathless awe. The preacher closed his note-book, and stepping into one wing of the desk, fell on his knees, and with much feeling and fine taste repeated:

"Hark! The Eternal rends the sky!
A mighty voice before Him goes—
A voice of music to His friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes,
Come, children, to your Father's arms;
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease."

"Let us devoutly sing, to the praise and glory of God, this hymn: 'Old Hundred.'"

The whole congregation instantly rose, and poured forth the sacred song, in which they were nobly accompanied by the organ, in a style of pious grandeur and heart-felt devotion that was probably never surpassed. By the time the hymn was finished, the storm was hushed; and the sun, bursting forth, showed through the windows to the enraptured assembly, a magnificent and brilliant arch of peace. The preacher resumed the desk and his discourse, with this apposite quotation:

"Look upon the rainbow; praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof! It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

The remainder of the services was calculated to sustain that elevated feeling which had been produced; and the benediction with which the good man dismissed the flock was universally received with streaming eyes and hearts overflowing with tenderness and gratitude.

VOICES OF GRACE.—It is marvellous and beautiful to observe how various are the voices of free grace. "I am thirsty," says one.—"Come to the waters," she cries. "I am hungry," says another. "Then eat ye that which is good," she says, "and let your soul delight itself in fatness." "But I am poor and have nothing to buy with." "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "We are weary," sigh the laborers in the sun-beaten fields. "Come unto me," breathes her answer like a breeze from the waters, "and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee," she whispers to the pilgrim ready to faint on the highway." "Behold the Fountain," she cries to the guilty; "the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." To the lost she cries, "I am the Way;" to the ignorant "I am the Truth;" to the dying, "I am the Life." How large her welcome to the sinner, how soothing her consolations to the mourner, how inspiring her tones to him that is faint of heart! There is no disease for which she has not a remedy; nor want for which she has not a supply; and every one who applies to her shall confess at length. "It is enough; I am blessed as if all the methods and riches of grace were alone for me."

THE GRAVE.—"Why," says Ossian, "should'st thou build thy hall, son of the winged days; yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes—it howls in the empty court, and whistles around the half worn shield! Then why should man look forth, as he fondly hopes, upon the sunny future with the eye of fancy, and upon the golden visions which have passed like sun-beams in his pilgrimage, in the hope of brighter ones yet to come, when to-morrow the clods may be heaped on his coffin, and above his dust the sepulchred yews tremble in the wind! Alas! if there is aught on earth which should subdue pride—which should make man feel that the rich and poor meet together, and that the Lord is maker of them all—it is the Grave! It is there resentment dies—revenge and ambition are satisfied. It is there, above the urn of sorrow, man must learn that

"Life is a torrid day,
Parch'd by the wind and sun,
And death, the calm, cool night,
When the weary day is gone."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—How touching is this tribute of Hon. T. H. Benton, to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in the games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have attained through life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years old she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

AMIABLE WOMEN.—"There is scarcely any source of enjoyment more immediately connected at once with the heart and with the mind, than that of listening to a sensible and amiable woman when she converses in a melodious and well-regulated voice, when her language and pronunciation are easy and correct, and when she knows how to adapt her conversation to the characters and habits of those around her."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—The modest maiden, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy, and reclaims him from vice, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way to drive.