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Office—with Hon. A. H. H. Stuart. no7-6m*

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OFFICE—In front of the Court-house. se12-tf

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je15-tf

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Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public, and may be consulted at his office at all hours.
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feb 4—1y

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may 17—1y

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will practice in all the Courts holden in Augusta county, and in the Circuit Courts of the adjoining counties.
☞ Strict attention given to the collection of Claims.
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offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

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Refers, by permission, to the Law Faculty of the University of Virginia.
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practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
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Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for.
dec 23—tf

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
*and Real Estate Agents*,
may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

READ THIS.

For sale at the old Tobacco stand, Corner Main and Augusta Streets, formerly occupied by Armentrout, a large and carefully selected Stock of

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCOS,

At Old Prices.

Notwithstanding the increase of the prices of all Tobaccos in consequence of the addition al Revenue Tax, yet at this old stand you can buy at the same low figures as heretofore.

Nineteen different kinds and styles open at Retail.

Tobacco at 60c. per pound.
Tobacco " 75c. " "
Tobacco " 80c. " "
Tobacco " 90c. " "
Tobacco " $1.00 " "
Tobacco " 1.20c. " "
Tobacco " 1.30c. " "
Tobacco " 1.40c. " "
Tobacco " 15c. per plug, old and sound.
Tobacco " 20c. " "
Tobacco " 25c. " "

In addition to the above, I keep a large stock of all grades of Smoking Tobaccos, from 50c. per pound to $2.00 per pound, and 70,000 Cigars of my own manufacture, from $18 to $80 per thousand.

Don't forget the place. When you come to town give me a call, and you will see that I can supply you with anything pertaining to the Tobacco trade at the very lowest prices.

Respectfully,
mar23— CHAS. E. HAINES.

TOBACCO AND SEGARS!

Having purchased the Tobacco establishment of Messrs. Cochran & Walker, and having added thereto a full line of goods laid in on favorable terms, I am enabled to offer inducements to dealers. My stock consists of all the various grades of

OBACCO and SEGARS, SMOKING TOBACCO, PIPES, SNUFF,

and all articles kept in a regular Tobacco house. Those in want of anything in my line of business will please call and examine my stock.

C. T. Cochran remains with me, so that I have the advantage of his long experience in conducting the business.
feb16-tf M. A. BRIGHT.

SCOTCH SNUFF.—For sale at Factory prices, freight added.
feb16-tf M. A. BRIGHT.

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

CHARLES E. GREGORY,
Practical Tinner and Sheet Iron Worker,
*Augusta Street, Opposite Lyman & Co., Staunton, Va.*

I wish to inform the public that I am at all times ready and prepared to do any kind of work pertaining to my business, such as Roofing, Guttering and Repairing. I also keep constantly on hand a good assortment of **Home-made Tin-ware,** which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

A share of public patronage respectfully solicited. sept5-1y

NOTICE. I HAVE OPENED A TIN-SHOP,
IN THE TOWN OF MIDDLEBROOK,
and am now prepared to have done, in the best style and as cheap as possible,
ROOFING, SPOUTING, MENDING,
and manufacturing WARE of all kinds. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mr. J. FRANK ARGENBRIGHT will run the shop. Give us a call.
Work done in this and adjoining counties.
nov7-6m S. N. GILES, Agent.

LUMBER BUSINESS.

H. J. LUSHBAUGH & BRO.,
Manufacturers of
Sashes, Doors and Blinds,
BRACKETS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, &c., &c., &c.
Near Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Depot,
STAUNTON, VA.
N. B.—No material but seasoned lumber used
dec 5—1y

GROCERIES AND PRODUCE.

JOHN W. TODD,
GROCER
AND
*COMMISSION MERCHANT,*
STAUNTON, VA.
Constantly on hand, a full stock of
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, SYRUPS, SALT, LEATHER, TOBACCO, CANNED GOODS, &c., &c.

☞ I want to buy and will pay the ☜
Highest Market Prices
for deliverable in Staunton or on Railroad,
1000 BARRELS FLOUR,
1000 BUSHELS PRIME WHEAT,
500 BUSHELS CORN,
1000 BUSHELS OATS,
200 BUSHELS CLOVER SEED.

Baled Hay and Mill-Offal
FOR SALE
Low for Cash.

☞ All Goods Delivered Free. ☜
JOHN W. TODD,
jan2-1y 26 N. Augusta Street.

☞ The Best Place for ☜
BARGAINS.

Goods Delivered Free.

C. A. RICHARDSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CASH GROCER,
Corner Main and Augusta Streets,
STAUNTON, VA.

☞ Quick Sales and Small Profits. ☜

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!!
NEW STORE.
CHAS. C. WHEAT,
GROCER AND PRODUCE DEALER,
At Jno. B. Hoge's old stand, on Augusta Street.

Having resumed my old business, I would respectfully announce to my friends and the public, that I will keep everything usually found in a

CITY FAMILY GROCERY.

My Stock will be select and complete, embracing in part, the following:
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, MOLASSES, LARD, BACON, SALT, LEATHER, &C., &C., &C.,

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage when in business before, I will endeavor, with good goods at low prices, to give satisfaction, and by strict attention to business, to merit a renewal of our old business relations.
☞ All Goods delivered free of charge.
Cash paid for Country Produce or taken in exchange for goods. jy11

J. S. GILLIAM, (late with C. A. Richardson.) R. T. LEFTWICH, (late with P. B. Hoge & Bro.)
NEW STORE.
We have just opened a well-selected stock of
GROCERIES,
on Augusta St., bet. Main and Frederick,
STAUNTON, VA.
We intend to keep good Goods and sell them low as possible. Call and see us.
m25-tf GILLIAM & LEFTWICH.

CONFECTIONERIES! CONFECTIONERIES!!—A full line of
CONFECTIONERIES,
consisting of Oranges and Lemons, Plain and Fancy Candies, Canned and Fresh Fruits, Pickles, Mince Meat, Nuts, &c. All to be sold in any quantity at the
*LOWEST CASH RATES, BY*
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

CAKE AND CRACKER DEPOT.—A large assortment of Cakes and Crackers, 20 or more varieties always on hand, fresh and nice, and for sale at the lowest cash rates by
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.—A fresh supply always on hand, and sold at the lowest *cash* rate, by
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

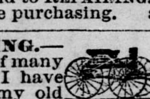
FOR CHOICE GROCERIES of all kinds for the least money, call on
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

ALL GOODS delivered free of charge, by C. A. RICHARDSON.

CARRIAGE MAKING.

J. H. WATERS & SON,
Manufacturers of
CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
NEAR VIRGINIA HOTEL, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Keep constantly on hand Carriages and Buggies of every description. By close attention to business and fair dealing, they guarantee entire satisfaction.
☞ Strict attention paid to REPAIRING.
Give them a call before purchasing. apr 28

CARRIAGE MAKING.—

At the solicitation of many of my former patrons, I have again taken charge at my old stand, where I will carry on the CARRIAGE MAKING Business in all its various branches, and I am determined that my work shall not be surpassed in finish, style, durability or price.
Special attention given to repairs.
aug4-tf JOHN M. HARDY

SEWING MACHINES.

SEWING MACHINE AGENCY!
New Street,
(DR. ARTHUR'S BUILDING,)
Two Doors North of Main,
*STAUNTON, VA.*

We would call the attention of the public to the fact that we have opened an office at the above place, and are prepared to furnish any Sewing Machine desired, and all fixtures, needles, &c., at reduced rates.
Particular attention will be given to repairing machines, and old machines will be taken in exchange.
Persons wishing to buy will do well to call on us before purchasing.
sept19-6m CARTER & FAGAN, Agents.

## POETRY.

### BE NOT AFRAID.

BY MRS. JERNINGHAM.

I like not the philosophy
That fills the mind with doubts and fears,
The narrow path conducts to heaven,
Strewn, as it is, with wheat and tares.
Upon the lake of Gallilee
The chosen twelve were sore dismay'd,
Until the Saviour's gentle voice
Spoke these sweet words, Be not afraid.

The building of the ark required
A hundred years of ceaseless care,
And those who at the Lord's command
Entered the same were void of fear.
The waters, with a mighty sound,
"Rose" till the earth was lost to sight;
The sun shone forth at break of day,
The moon and stars still ruled the night.

Observe the timid little birds,
That to the earth for food repair,
How easily they are disturbed
By the least sound that stirs the air;
Instinct their voiceless teacher is,
No reasoning power dispels their fear;
Yet even birds will love the hands
That for their use doth food prepare.

The world is like the floating Ark,
The denizens are tempest tossed,
Or like the boat upon the lake,
In which the twelve were well nigh lost,
Like them in danger let us raise
Our hearts to Heaven in fervent prayer,
Until the blessed Lord shall say,
Be not afraid, for I am here.

For the Spectator.

## CARRINGTON.

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

Yes! "all is fair in war and love,"
And the ups and downs of life;
The preying hawk, the cooing dove,
Such extremes of peace and strife
Will commingle and unite
In advancing what is right
At the last! At the last!!

Pretty! lovely!! glorious!!! Why man, it is simply the most exquisite, the most delicately beautiful face I ever saw in my life. Surely you must not think me extravagant in my praise.—Eleanor Herbert, did you say her name was?

Rupert Grandeville's own face, as handsome as a god's, with its blue eyes, its dark gold-brown beard, cut pointed, and flowing away from his perfect chin, with its heavy drooping moustache, its gold brown hair curling over his plendid head. Such a face and head, not excelled by the famed Apollo Belvidere of the Vatican—this fair, faultless, manly face of Rupert Grandeville was all alight with enthusiasm as he turned for a second to look at the graceful, slender young girl who had passed his vision for one second with veil uplifted, as she stopped for an ardent, admiring glance at a group of statuary in the elegant show window of the shop, just inside of which Rupert Grandeville had been having a chance chat with one of the proprietors. Old Mr. Doweller smiled at the young man's unusual interest, so plainly manifested.

"She is as pretty a little bit of flesh and blood as one would wish to see, and as noble a girl as lives," he said. "I have only known her a short time—known her by sight and reputation, I mean—but all I see and all I hear tends to heighten both admiration and respect. Her story is like a leaf from a romance."

Mr. Grandeville's handsome eyes were all eager attention, and he drew nearer to the speaker, fearful lest he might not hear all of the interesting story.

Mr. Doweller was a clever merchant, a man of a good heart, a gentleman of considerable culture.—In his youth he had traveled in foreign lands, seeing and observing much that was worthy of remembrance; but withal, he was quite a plain, modest, unassuming man. He only purposed telling the story of Lenore and her brother as he knew the facts, and as it impressed and interested him. In reply to Rupert's request, he proceeded:

"You can see at a glance she is a young lady of refinement, and culture, and breeding. Her very walk indicates it, and yet she is very poor—so poor she was obliged to open a small lodging-house a few months ago to obtain means of support for herself and young brother, an unfortunate little lad—lame or blind, I think—a boy of seven or so, with a face like one of Guido's angels in St. Peter's or Raphael's cherubs in the Sistine chapel at Rome."

Rupert suddenly straightened from his attitude of lazy, graceful enjoyment of Mr. Doweller's story. "A boy, lame or blind, with a face like an angel?"—He repeated the words almost mechanically; then an expression of sudden, bewildered surprise dawned on his face.

"Yes," answered Mr. Doweller, "but that is not the *creme* of the story. It seems that Miss Herbert was born and reared in luxury, and all her life had been led to expect that she and little Alfred would be her grandfather's heirs."

Rupert interrupted him, assuming a thoughtful air, and knitting his manly brow for a moment, as if in the almost fruitless effort to recall something—the description, the name, the circumstances connected with the past.

"Alfred! The boy's name is Alfred then?"

Mr. Doweller looked a little surprised at the interest that had suddenly taken the place of Grandeville's first curiosity.

"Alfred and he and Eleanor (she was always called Lenore) would have been the heirs of the magnificent Carrington estate. Grandeville, you are smitten with her. Yea, as Tennyson says in his Morte D'Arthur, "smitten thro' the helm" and "a little thing may harm a wounded man." So be careful, Sir Rupert. You actually gave a nervous start then! But, as I was saying, the old gentleman in a fit of anger, because the young lady refused to marry somebody he had set his heart on, revoked his will, and died very suddenly before he had time to come to his senses, as everybody believes he would have done. But Miss Lenore and little Alfred are beggars, while some far off relations of old Mr. Carrington in the country became heir in consequence of an unfortunate fit of wrath—fortunate enough for him, but certainly unlucky enough for pretty Miss Lenore. But I see I have made too long a yarn; I have bored you, Grandeville. After all, it was only a sweet, pretty face that momentarily charmed you." Rupert rose leisurely.

"No; you have not bored me at all.—Very romantic little story. Owen Meredith *treated* the world to LUCILE, based on a plot not near so good. The world has *apparently* enjoyed that *wondrous* poem. Now, surely I can properly appreciate your story. Have I not read Lucille? Have I not heard your truthful narrative? Very, very romantic, Doweller. I suppose that you will send the things I have ordered to-day. I will not keep you any longer."

He strolled leisurely into Regent street, so handsome, so graceful, so completely a man to woo women's hearts—whom no woman had ever yet been able to quicken a heart beat.

"Eleanor Herbert! So that's old Mr. Carrington's granddaughter's name,—I've heard of Alfred before; but nobody ever told me when the Carrington estate came so mysteriously and suddenly to me that I had beggared a girl with the purest, noblest, sweetest face I ever looked at. Wouldn't marry a man she did not love for the immense fortune I feel I have actually stolen from her, and I know she would marry the man she did love if he hadn't the second coat to his back. Eleanor Herbert—sweet Lenore! What a sweet name! And keeps a lodging-house! I will know where before I am a day older."

And Mr. Rupert Grandeville bowed and smiled as he promenaded up Regent street, and scores of fair faced, queenly looking women felt their hearts yearn towards him in his grand, perfect beauty, and manly grace.

* * * * *

A cozy little room in which seemed centred all the warmth, and beauty, and freshness of a June day, with one window almost hidden by flowers that grew luxuriously under the watchful care of little Alfred Herbert; vines running in perfect riot of greenness and gracefulness wherever the boy's artistic eyes had seen fit to train them; a gilt wire bird-cage, where a gold-throated, dark-eyed, dear little canary sung contented among the summer-like greens; an aquarium, where glittering gold fish and curious little sea creatures went darting through forests of fern, over rocks of coral and beds of shells. A room where there were books, music and games, and all the indications of good breeding and refinement as the proper and natural surroundings for a child that had been gently raised amid the comforts and luxuries that wealth bestows. Here Lenore had gathered together all that was left of the elegancies of her old life at Carrington, so that the delicately nurtured boy, who never stirred a step without such painful distress that most of his life had been passed on the bright crimson silk lounge that in Winter was drawn up by the fire, that in Summer stood in the coolest, shadiest room—so that Alfred, with his face like a Guido's angel and a Raphael's cherub, and his nature and disposition correspondingly sweet, might suffer as little as possible from the great, sudden change in his condition.

But two years had gone by, and, for all his delicate beauty and softness, the boy had never once complained of the great difference, except as it affected his darling Lenore—fair, lovely Lenore—equaling *at least* in his estimation any Peri that ever peeped in the gates of Paradise. She was the light of his life, whom he looked to and worshiped as only she deserved.

Very few friends had been sought or accepted by these two brave, yet shrinking people. Mr. Pelton, the kind old gentleman who let them the house, and lodged with them with old Miss Jones, who occupied the second floor and had her meals in his rooms; good natured, garrulous, devoted Emily, who was working housekeeper and *chef de cuisine*, and their latest new confer, Mr. Moreland, the literary gentleman, who spent so much of his time at his office in the city, but who was the light of the house the moment he crossed its threshold on his return.

When their intimacy had been fully established, Alfred took him into their confidence and told Mr. Moreland all about their change of fortune, of his sister's perfect behavior under the circumstances, of her courage and cheeriness, of the gray-haired old man she refused to think of for a moment as her lover, of the unknown fortunate stranger who had become heir so romantically to all the broad and fertile acres of aristocratic Carrington, and all the wealth he and Lenore had always been taught to consider as theirs

And Mr. Moreland had listened and looked grave, and then caught a sudden upward glance of Lenore's eyes, as she sat leaning restfully against the head of Alfred's lounge.

I think I should pray hourly for some dire and special judgment on that usurping fellow's head. Lenore—he had fallen into a way all her friends had of calling her by her sweet Christian name—Lenore, you must hate that fellow most cordially.

I wish I could conscientiously say I don't feel hurt, and—well, Mr. Moreland, a little envious, when I think of the dear home at Carrington, where in all probability he is enjoying himself this minute. But, truly, I do not hate him. I have never felt any disposition to either cherish or encourage feelings of hatred. It would not be Christian-like, and a display of such sentiments would exercise a very evil influence on one who is so dear to me as my dear Alfred, my loving brother.

Mr. Moreland looked eagerly at her.

"Such ardent passions seem strangers to your heart, Lenore. Alfred has told me how you refused your suitor's hand, and, of course, you could not have loved him to have done so."

He was thoroughly interested in Alfred's remarks, and Lenore smoothed Alfred's bright hair gently, with her sweet face slightly averted and flushed.

"I did not love him, certainly, or"—

She hesitated, charmingly confused, and Moreland's eyes grew more and more eager.

"Shall I finish for you? You did not love him, or you would not have resigned a fortune for him?"

He paused inquiringly, watching the rising carnation on her cheeks, while her beautiful, modest eyes were looking intently at bright figures in the carpet and not raising them at once.

Not that, Mr. Moreland. Had I cared the money would have made not the smallest difference whether I kept or lost it.

He walked over to the forest of flowers in the rear window; then called Lenore, and every pulse in her body bounded under the passion and command of his tone as he said:

"Lenore, come here. I wan't you."

He parted the snowy ruffled window curtains that draped the window from the street and let them fall, a frail, pure barrier between them and all the world, and then he looked at her, all his soul in his splendid eyes.

How could I wait another moment, Lenore? Lenore, darling, how I love you! And you will tell me you return it, as only such a true, grand woman could return it. Lenore, Lenore, my love!

It thrilled her from head to foot with such delicious ecstacy—those low, impassioned words, with his eyes riveted on her face, his breath coming quick, irregular, and his handsome face aglow with earnestness.

Then, always true, always frank, always womanly, she lifted her eyes and gave one swift, smiling, blushing glance, that was eloquent with the success of his suit, and Moreland knew she was his own forever, she whom a world of money could not buy.

* * * * * * * *

Lenore.

She looked up from her sewing in his radiant face.

Yes.

He pulled her muslin from her hands laughingly.

How long have we been engaged? A year or so, isn't it?

A year! Oh, what makes you so foolish, when you know it hasn't been a month.

And you've been happy, dear? Perfectly happy, in the anticipation of being a poor man's wife?

A great solemn tenderness dawned in her eyes.

Oh, my darling, you can never know how entirely happy and content. I would have nothing different, nothing better than you, just as you are, my king among men.

He lifted her sweet, adoring face to his own, paler than Lenore had ever seen it, and radiant with some wonderful pleasure.

Lenore, it almost makes me tremble to think how undeserving I am of such love, but, Heaven my helper, you never shall repent giving it to me. Lenore, I want to ask you something. How would like to go back to Carrington? Will you go back—with me? Can you believe me when I tell you that I am old Mr. Carrington's heir—I, Rupert Moreland Grandeville. Lenore, love, isn't it grand, glorious—this beautiful romance of ours? And you and I and Alfred will be so happy, won't we, darling!

* * * * * * * *

That was Lenore's love story, passing strange, passing sweet, but the beginning of a life so crowned with every blessing of Rupert's love, that often in after years, Lenore, a wife and mother, with wondering face, and bated breath, and awesome eyes, asks her heart if it can be true.

Lenore's heart was alwas brave and true; her soul was ever pure and spotless. She was one of the heroines of life, a noble, womanly woman, with instincts gentle, true and good—a christian woman.

The happiness that was so complete, the cup so filled with joyful contents, caused the ever beautiful, gentle, loving wife to ask over and over again the same question—can all this be true?

And that proud, true heart, answers jubilantly—yes! and Rupert's ardent eyes echo the glad answer; and her babies' sweet, cooing lips re-echo it. And again she thinks of him as he has always been to her, "A King Among Men."

* * * * * * * *

Carrington as a home of elegance and ease with all its numerous comforts indoors and out, as a spacious and magnificent country seat cannot be surpassed in the hospitality and happiness of its owners. And no estate of gentry or nobleman near the great city of London is better or more favorably known than the wealthy and happy home of the Grandevilles. Rupert and Lenore are ever the same loving, devoted couple. A half score of years have passed since our love story opened at the lodging house kept by the brave and gentle girl—they have been peaceful, happy years, only such as come to hearts that truly love, changing not at all under any circumstances that try the weaker elements of less heroic natures. The true love of noble hearts is grand and elevating, reaching higher and higher until it attains its brightest, highest degree on earth. May there exist in all Christian lands many, many happy homes not unlike the one we leave at CARRINGTON.

OCULAR.

## Saved.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

Lizzy Glase paced the floor with a nervous tread—battling with herself.

What would she say to the man waiting so patiently for the answer to the all important question? That she loved him she knew right well, despite the knowledge that he was a drunkard.

"I can hardly answer to-night, Tom, for—" "For what? But I know what you would say, Lizzy, dearest I confess to being weak-minded, but with you as my little wife and guide, I shall be led aright," and saying this, Tom Taylor drew the slight figure toward him.

"What is it, darling? Are you angry, that you will not kiss me!" he said, as she attempted to withdraw from him.

"I cannot kiss you, Tom," she replied, "because you—you have been drinking, and I cannot kiss a man whose breath is contaminated with liquor."

The young man dropped his eyes, and a blush stole up to his brown cheek, and then he offered the same excuse that all men offer when first they commence to tamper with stong drink.

"That's all very well for you to say, but if you love me you'll practice what you now preach. If at the end of six months, say the day before New Year, you can come to me and honestly declare that you have signed the pledge, and not taken a drop of liquor meanwhile, I'll marry you next day;" and saying this, Lizzy Glase looked firmly into the eyes of the man she loved dearer than life.

"Then you are going to break our engagment because I drink occasionally?" said Tom, a little disdainfully.

"No, Tom, I love you, and I think you will for my sake be abstemious in future, and I wish you would sign the pledge. You have drunk lipuor often of late, though I did not fully realize it until to-day, and if you do not abstain from it now, I must refuse your attentions in future."

"You profess to love me," said he, "but you do not, for love would induce you to stand by me and try to keep me from temptation; but instead, you drive me to destruction."

"Listen to me, Tom," said Lizzy, her eyes glistening and her voice trembling. "You say I do not love you, because I will not sacrifice my happiness and welfare and that of others for you when you will not make the slight sacrifice for me of signing the pledge Reason is as necessary as love, and how could I keep you from destruction when you are determined not to listen to me, but to go in the very path which, I am sure, leads to ruin and a drunkard's grave?"

"You know I love you, Lizzy, but you are unreasonable. I am in no danger, and can govern my appetite. You talk as though I was very near a drunkard's grave."

It was all in vain that careful black-eyed Lizzy pleaded with her lover, and when she saw that pleadings were useless, she said, in a voice firm but full of anguish:

"Then, dear Tom, farewell; I must break my vow. I shall pray that you may see the error of your ways—farewell!"

He walked slowly down the street. More and more his feelings softened, and before he had reached his home he said softly to himself: "A glass of liquor shall not separate me from my darling Lizzy. I can much easier dispense with that than with her love, and I will sign the pledge to-morrow, and we will be happy again."

He entered the house, and was passing on to his room, but a young man opened a door and stepping into the hall, said pleasantly: "That you, Tom? Walk in a moment, I want to speak to you."

"It is too late," said Tom, passing on; but the young man urged, and finally grasping his arm, half dragged him into the apartment.

"You shall have a drink of this brandy," he said, "the best you every drank; here's a glass ready for you."

"No, I thank you," said Tom looking as he said this, longingly at the brandy. "No, Charley, I don't wish for any brandy to-night."

"Well, but taste of this," said Charley; "you can't object to that." Taste and give me your opinion of it. I say it is the best brandy that ever was made."

Tom drank, not only the first, but more and more, until his good resolve was forgotten, and he staggered to his room. The next morning he awoke with a blinding headache and a guilty conscience.

"I cannot see Lizzy to-day," he said, "nor sign the pledge, while last night's indulgence is so near, but in a few days, when this has passed by, we will be good friends once more, and I will not drink again."

Had he gone at the moment, confessed his fault, and pledged himself to abstain thereafter, he might have been saved; but he listened again to the voice of the tempter, and fell, and the drunkard's seal was upon him. A few months after he had heard Lizzy Glase's farewell, he fled from his native town, determined to change his course, and be again a man. A thousand times he had thought of her warning, and a thousand times resolved to drink no more, but every time his resolution was broken, and at last, disgraced and dispised, he fled no one knew whither.

All the money which was his six months before was gone; his partner, taking advantage of his condition, appropriated what money he had to his own use; his dress was shabby, his eyes bloodshot and his form emaciated.

He arrived at a small village. It looked so quiet and peaceful and inviting that he determined to make it his future abode.

He was weak, and hungry, and heart-sick; he leaped against a pile of boxes near him and groaned in agony of spirit. A man touched him on the arm.

"Look here, stranger," he said, "you look faint. Come round the corner here, and get a glass of whiskey."

He started at these words, his thirst was maddening, and he was about to follow the man's directions, when another man, tall, gentlemanly and kind, said, in a low, earnest tone:

"Stranger, I see that you are unhappy; but whiskey will not help you."

"Help me!" screamed Tom, looking at the man wildly; it has already been my ruin; but what can I do? I am tempted on every side. I have no work, no home, no friends."

"I am the friend of just such as you," said the man, in a soft, fatherly tone.

Tom looked up in surprise, and there was a gleam of hope in his face.

The kind man drew his arm within his own. "Come with me," he said, "away from these dens of murder and destruction, and I will give you every inducement to reform. I read your history in your face, and I know the whole story from my own experience, for once I was a drunkard, and was tempted alike as you are, but a kind heart cheered me, and a kind hand led me into a better path, and it is my greatest desire to help all those who have fallen into temptation."

Tom had indeed found a friend.—He was soon at work, and had joined a temperance society in the village, and his superior education, his refined manners and uncommon ability soon raised him to a high position.

Mr. Dick, the gentleman who had befriended him, was a merchant, and Tom was employed as clerk in his store. He kept this position for his abilities were soon discovered, and the position of head book-keeper was given him. Months passed on and he became the handsome, elegant gentleman he was before the wine cup maddened him, and many a young girl felt the blood rushing to her face when she heard his step or felt the clasp of his hand, but Tom had not forgotten the black-eyed girl who had so firmly refused his attentions, and his highest ambition and hope were to make himself worthy of her love, and then seek her out and make her his wife.

Two years passed away. Tom's employer gave him leave of absence to visit his native town. It was with joy and pleasure when he arrived there and found his darling Lizzy still faithful to him, and with what pride she received him.

At the threshold of that old mansion that night he received a good night kiss, and the promise that the early spring should find them man and wife.

For the SPECTATOR.

## Virginia Enterprise.

*Mr. Editor*:—Has the thought ever occurred to you, that those men who left the territory of what is now West Va., to cast their fortunes with the South were, as a general thing, the best and most enterprising of her people?—It has been men of this character that are *now* contributing to the well being of the State. I have often reflected on it, but within a few days my attention has been called to an illustration of its truth. These men are bringing into use some of Virginia's hidden mineral wealth. A gentleman of Kentucky, since the war, took out a patent on an improvement in cooking stoves, called the Farmer's Favorite. His name is Culver. He has removed to Virginia, bought the Washington House, Lynchburg, at one time kept by the late W. W. Gibbs of this county, and has spent over $20,000 of the money resulting from his invention, in its improvement. He sold to a gentleman of the name of Jordan, near Christiansburg, and two of the sons of the late Jacob Lorentz, of Lorentz Store, Lewis county, and it may be to many others, the right to make this stove in the States of Virginia, Tennessee, and the two Carolinas. They established their point of manufacture at Richmond, where they use what is called Powhatan iron, two-thirds, and one-third Russia, that makes a malleable iron, so tough and hard, a piece of it I am told can be used to cut a wagon tire. I get these facts from an intelligent employee of the company, who lately spent a Sabbath with me, in moving from one of the counties in East Va. to Pendleton county, West Va. The Company employ two-horse wagons usually, but the roads became so deep, they doubled their teams and dispense with a driver, the salesman being a driver, and thus saving expense. He had been in Pocahontas, Greenbrier, and other counties last fall, and says he sold more stoves in Pocahontas and for the money, than in any four others. This Powhatan iron, I am inclined to think it is the *Winn* furnace, built just before the war by Jordan, Winn & Co., and operated by Gen. Stone, for some time before he went to Egypt. *What is it made of iron, that our ores in Virginia are not adapted to?* The Abbott and Milnes iron is used for wire, car-wheels, cannon, &c. Volumes might be written in enumerating the wealth of Virginia in her iron alone. I felt an interest in this enterprise, too, because of the connection of the Lorentz's with it, as I had long years ago made the acquaintance of their father, who built up a fortune in merchandising, by a tannery and farming. It was before the building of the Parkersburg road, the writer trudged through the mud and climbed over the yew-pine roots, in a trip through Northwest Virginia, and spent a day or two with old Mr. Lorentz. Now, that our political troubles are likely to end, we may hope for further and richer developments of the kind.

CARL.

LUDICROUS INCIDENT.—A scene occurred at the station house, which, if often repeated, would soon do away with all necessity for circuses, negro minstrels, or other public amusements. A colored woman named Delia Jones had preferred a charge against a negro boy named Smith Beal, a somewhat notori ous youngster in police circles, of "cussin" and assaulting her. Beal being found guilty was sentenced to receive ten lashes, to be administered by the woman. When taken below the woman with many shouts of laughter said that she "clared to goodness" she could not whip the boy, although he had behaved so badly to her. After much persuasion and being locked up in a cell with threats to keep her there, and at the earnest and repeated solicitations of the prisoner, she consented to whip him, and accordingly proceeded to do so, accompanying each blow of the rawhide with guffaws of laughter, which were so ludicraus that they were joined in by all of the bystanders, including the prisoner himself. She then departed, her shout of laughter continuing to be heard as long as she was within hearing distance.—*Alex. Gazette.*

A Wise Reply.—"Madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" "I hold my tongue."

## Death of Gen. Jas. J. McDowell, of Ohio.

We copy the following sketch of Gen. Jas. J. McDowell, who died at his residence in Highland county, Ohio, on the 17th of January, from the Hillsborough (Ohio) *Gazette* of the 25th of January:

"We are called upon this week to record the death of one of Highland county's oldest and most honored citizens, which occurred at his residence at 11 o'clock P. M., Jan. 17th. In the ripeness of age, after a long life of usefulness to his kind, marked with benevolence, honesty, and patriotism, Gen. McDowell has been gathered to his fathers.

He was known to all our readers, and needs no eulogium at our hands.

The main facts of his life have been furnished us as follows: Gen. Jos. J. McDowell was born in Burke county, North Carolina, Nov. 13th, in the year 1800. He was the youngest child of Gen. Jos. McDowell and Margaret (Moffett) McDowell. His father was a native of Virginia, and moved with his father's family, at an early day, to North Carolina, where he was engaged through life, mainly, in agricultural pursuits. He was an active participant in the stirring events of the revolutionary days, holding the rank and exercising the office of Colonel in the Patriot army. Colonel Campbell, Gov. Isaac Shelby and himself each had separate commands during the battle of King's Mountain, which had such an inspiriting effect upon the country during the darkest days of the Revolutionary struggle.

He was also actively engaged during the Border struggle with the Creek, Choctaw and Cherokee nations. He was a member of the State Convention that adopted the Constitution of the United States; served as a member of Congress during the administration of Adams and part of that of Jefferson, and was General of the old-time militia of North Carolina. His wife, Margaret Moffett, was a daughter of Col. Geo. Moffett who was an officer of the Revolutionary army. She died in Woodford county, Ky., near Versailles, in 1815. Gen. Jos. J. McDowell—the subject of the present brief sketch—in the year 1805, in company with his mother and her family, moved to Kentucky and there remained until 1817, at which date he returned to Augusta county, Virginia. He subsequently turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, in which he was continuously occupied until 1824, when he moved to Ohio and settled in Highland county.—Here he also engaged in farming until the year 1829, when after disposing of his farm, he moved to Hillsboro and engaged in the dry goods business until 1835. Whilst he had resided in Virginia he studied law, and in 1835 he was admitted to the Bar of this State, and in 1836 commenced the practice of his profession. He became a partner of W. O. Collins and until 1843 was actively engaged in professional labors. General McDowell was always zealous in the cause of his clients and was remarkable for eloquence as an advocate.

In 1832 he was elected a member of the Lower House of the Ohio Legislature, and in 1833 a member of the Senate. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, where he faithfully and creditably served his constituency for two terms until 1847.—After the expiration of his Congressional labors he returned home and continued the practice of his profession. While serving as a member of the Ohio Legislature the rank of Major-General of the Ohio Militia was conferred upon him in the year 1834.

He was married April 23, 1822, to Sarah A. McCue, daughter of Rev. Jno. McCue, an estimable Presbyterian clergyman of Augusta Co., Va. Together they have walked the ways of life, sharing its burdens and partaking of its joys; and now she, who has been his loving partner through all the long weary journey, is left to mourn his departure. She has become a mother in Isreal. The snow of age now whitens a brow that beams with broad beneficence.

She is not far from him. With a vision rendered clear by a long life spent in the service of the Divine Master she is able to peer beyond the Dark River and see the spirit of her now redeemed mate basking in the light that irradiates from the throne of God.

Gen. McDowell's life was a long and useful one. In every vocation in life he did his duty as a man, and won the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. He was a patriot who loved his country and all its institutions with the devotion of an ancient Spartan. He was a man of unblemished moral character, of spotless integrity, with warm, noble and generous impulses, with a heart overflowing with charity for mankind. In the last year of his life he learned to follow in the foot-steps of a loving Savior, and he worshipped at His shrine with the unfaltering, confiding faith of a child. He lived, and was honored and loved. He died, and will be honored and remembered. He died, supported by the faith in that God whose love had supported him in his declining days, and

"When life flowed by, and like an angel, Death
Came to release him to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath
And holy triumph sparkled from his eye.

"Then gentle hands his "dust to dust" consigned;
With quiet tears the simple rites were said;
And now he sleeps, till, at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

THE TORTURE OF BEARING-REINS.—The severe bearing-rein as used by coachmen generally is nothing more nor less than horrible and needless torture to the poor, suffering horse—torture while in harness, and the cause of internal maladies when he is put back into the stall for food and supposed rest.—If there is one thing more opposed to natural health than another it is the increased production and then the waste of the saliva which is so necessary to the functions of the body. Who ever saw a horse in a field foaming at the mouth? Who ever saw a properly bitted hunter do so when ridden to hounds in an easy bit and obedient to a light hand? I never saw it, nor do I think that any one else has seen it; therefore, to begin with, the position of the carriage-horse's head, gagged with a bearing-rein, out of place, and that profusion of saliva ever falling from the mouth, must show something essentially wrong. The perpetually tossing head arises from the fevered state of the poor animal, and his consequent attempts to get rid of an irritating infliction, and not from the vulgar idea of a fiery wish to be put in action. Of this I am certain, that the less artificial constraint you put into a horse's mouth the better. The less you encumber his graceful limbs with lumber in the shape of harness the better. The freer you keep his limbs and his respiratory organs the longer he will serve you, and the greater will be the labor he will perform for you.—*Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley.*

"Mr. Smith, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed Smith, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself"

"That's not bad. Ah! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs. Smith," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered—

"I suppose because you were born so."

### DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft, and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below!

Don't forget your father,
With his failing sight,
With his locks, once thick and brown,
Scanty now, and white;
Though he may be childish,
Still do thou be kind—
Think of him as years ago,
With his master mind!

Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair, and smooth and white
As the driven snow;
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her hearing poor?
Guide her gently till she stands
Safe at Heaven's door.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft, and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below!

## Married Politeness.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered:

"Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly, but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate.—We thought: How pleasant the courteous reply! How gratifying it must be to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger whom they have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be one of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed or listened to with ill-concealed impatience. Oh! how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request—

"Oh! don't bother me," cries her gracious lord and master.

Does she ask for necessary funds for Susy's shoes or Tommy's hat—

"Seems to me you're always wanting money!" is the handsome retort.

Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite, it is ordered, not requested:

"Look here, I want you to do so and so—just see that it's done; and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish for every casual acquaintance he may chance to recognize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." "I beg your pardon" comes as readily to his lips, when by any little accident he has disconcerted her as it would in the presence of the most fashionable sticklers for etiquette. This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best. Why should he hesitate to show it? not in sickly maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure, honoring her in public as well as in private. He knows her worth. Why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he praised her," saith holy writ, not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as opportunity occurs, in many ways of her virtues.

Though words seem little things, and slight attention almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural.—The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the thoughts and feelings they engender and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother! Why should he thank her? Father never does.—Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstones fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness to every one and any one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead, the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

SULPHUR FOR SCARLET FEVER.—Dr. Henry Pigeon writes to the London *Lancet* as follows:

"The marvellous success which has attended my treatment of scalet fever by sulphur induces me to let my medical brethren know of my plan, so that they may be able to apply the same remedy without delay. All the cases in which I used it were very well marked, and the epidermis on the arms in each case came away like the skin of a snake.—The following was the exact treatment in each case: Thoroughly anoint the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment; give five or ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day. Sufficient sulphur was burned, twice daily (on coals on a shovel), to fill the rooms with the fumes, and, of course, was thoroughly inhaled by the patient. Under this mode of treatment each case improved immediately, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery, and I firmly believe in each it was prevented from spreading by the treatment adopted. One case was in a large school. Having had a large experience in scarlet fever last year and this, I feel some confidence in my own judgment, and I am of opinion that the very mildest cases I ever saw do not half so well as bad cases do by the sulphur treatment and as far as I can judge, sulphur is as near a specific for scarlet fever as possible."

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.

"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his clergyman. "I always spend Sundays in settling accounts." "You will find, sir," said the clergyman, "that the day of judgment will be spent in the same way."

"I should have no objection," said a hen-pecked husband, "to my wife's having the last word, if I could only be assured that it would be the laat."

Insults are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.