Staunton Spectator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,
BY R. MAUZY & CO.

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The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is

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Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 56. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1879. NO. 41.

Staunton Spectator.

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Ar. Richmond	8.30 "	7.00 "
Ar. Washington	9.50 "	1.10 p. m.
" Baltimore	11.55 "	3.05 "
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" Covington	5.00 p. m.	8.50 Breakfast.
" White Sulphur	6.20 "	9.45 "
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" Hinton	10.50 "	11.35 "
" Hawk's Nest		2.10 p. m. dinner
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POETRY.

LABOR IS HONORABLE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. B. DAVIS.

Child of toil, why hang thy head,
Ashamed to labor for thy bread?
Toil brings honor—heed this truth—
Joy comes not to the idle youth;
Busy hands, and busy brains
Do sow and reap the golden grains!

Envy not the child of ease,
Seeking his darling self, to please;
His dark hours must come at last,
And bring regrets for moments past—
When his course of life is run,
He dies—and has no honor won.

Merchants in the busy mart,
Scholar proud, with beating heart;
Statesmen in the Senate-hall,
Gathered there at freedom's call—
Know the world your deeds will bless;
You have your spheres of usefulness.

Housewife, weary with thy cares,
Mark the fond smile thy husband wears,
When, his daily toil now o'er,
He seeks his well-known cottage-door—
Read the story it will tell!
For labor then art honored well.

Maiden, at the busy loom,
Toiling hard, in noisy room,
Think, when weary grows thy hand,
Thy labors each will bless the land,
Clothe the monarch and the slave,
From products brought o'er land and wave!

Seamstress, bending o'er thy toil,
Earning bread by midnight oil;
Poorly clad and poorly fed,
Pressing thy weary, aching head—
Know, the world thy effects need,
And thy toil its wants doth feed!

Child of labor, raise thy head,
Blush not to earn thy bread;
In the Spring-time of thy youth
Seek labor's walks or halls of truth;
Sloth will lead to vice and crime—
Labor and toil to deeds sublime!

HAVE HOPE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The shadows of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,
And the smile is scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the crucified,
And He answers all our yearnings by the whisper: "Follow Me."

Woman's Story.

BY DOCTOR SCOTT PARR.

I should have been better. I might have been worse. How much better, how much worse, the story will disclose.

I had just entered my seventh year when my father, M. Viele, gave me a new mother in the person of the handsome and imperious widow of one Colonel Lalor, and a brother in Mrs. Lalor's only child a boy of twelve.

Albert Lalor, with his handsome face, strong will and pleasant ways, soon became my master, ruling my impetuous spirit with a success that no one else could. Madame Viele looked on with a proud, self satisfied smile, and more than once I heard her murmur in her sweet and imperious tones:

"They must marry, Philippe. Your Vi must be my Albert's wife."

And my father would laugh and nod his head approvingly, evidently well pleased with the idea.

But these happy days slipped by all too rapidly.

My father died. Albert was finishing his collegiate course. I, in accordance with father's will, was sent to Paris to be finished under the care of his old and valued friend, Madame Dupont.

Four years later I returned to my stepmother.

It was near the close of a bleak winter day that I reached Gray Fell. But bleak as it was my handsome, stately stepmother met me on the steps of the great pillared portico.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, half under her breath, as she held me off a moment and keenly scrutinized me with her great, lustrous black eyes. Then a warm smile parted her lips, and kissing me tenderly, she added:

"You are beautiful, my child—far more beautiful than I imagined. Albert will be charmed. Ah! a blush dearest? You have not forgotten my old hope, then! But, come, come dear, the air is bitterly keen."

And gathering up the shining length of her black satin she swept queen-like before me, pausing only long enough in the hall to allow a kindly word or two to the assembled servants.

Then, with a rare condescension, she led me up stairs to my chamber.

As we entered the dressing room she glanced at the timepiece and turned to my maid:

"Take Mademoiselle's wraps, Manton," she said, quickly and imperiously, "and then lay out some of her handsomest dresses;" adding, smilingly, as her eyes turned to me: "I shall superintend your toilet this evening, my dear. Dinner will be served in less than an hour and I want you to appear at your best, when you descend to the drawing room. Albert shall be dazzled at first sight."

I blushed, and, with a low, happy laugh, she kissed me and patted my burning cheeks.

The business of the toilet concluded, Madame Viele stepped back and eyed me critically. A glowing smile directly attested her entire satisfaction; but she cried eagerly:

"You are glorious, Vi!—simply glorious!—a very Eastern princess from your tawny head to your fairy feet! That ruby velvet, with its rich laces, becomes your splendid brunette beauty rarely, while those creamy white roses adorn your dusky locks most faultlessly. Ah, child, I am proud of you! you are sure to charm my noble boy. But come, darling," she concluded hastily, "he returned from town some time ago; let us descend."

When we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing room it was tenanted by two persons—a handsome, kingly looking man, whom I recognized at once as my step-brother, and a tall, slender girl, with heavenly blue eyes, pearly skin, and a shimmering crown of pale, golden hair.

A faint damask tinted the girl's cheek as we entered, and I noticed that the gentleman rose with suspicious haste from the chair very close to her own.—I fancied, too, that he had even more hastily dropped one of the dainty white hands toying with a bunch of blue forget-me-nots that matched a tiny cluster half hidden in the flossy gold of her lovely hair.

I had heard of this fair girl, and that her home would henceforth be at Gray Fell. But, for the first time it occurred to me that she might be destined to step between me and the man I had slowly learned to think of only too tenderly.

With a sharp jealous pang I extended my hand to Albert Lalor, who had hastened to me, his fine eyes glowing with admiration and pleasure.

His greeting was cordial and evidently pleased his mother.

"But why don't you kiss her, my son, as in the old days?" she smiled gayly.

And, with an answering smile, Albert bent his grand head and pressed his bearded lips lightly to mine.

"Ah! what a charming blush!" laughed my stepmother, touching my glowing cheek caressingly with her soft, white fingers.

I smiled, but my heart throbbed painfully under the ruby velvet bodice that became me so well. Beneath the pressure of those bearded lips my wayward woman's heart had leaped from tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate love.

I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the new-born feeling, to the handsome, smiling face of my brother, and again my heart swelled with jealous pain at sight of its unruffled calm.

But the next moment Madame Viele claimed my attention.

"Vi, dearest, my great-niece, Peri Holbrook." She smiled.

I turned my eyes from Albert's face to meet the eager, half affrighted gaze of the golden-haired girl I could not but admire.

I bowed, and somewhat coldly accepted the proffered hand, and answered the few musical words of gentle welcome.—Then I involuntarily flashed a swift glance at Albert.

Ah! how the blood leaped through my veins! And how I hated the charming creature standing before me, so regally graceful and sweet. Yes, I hated her; for there could be no mistaking the brooding tenderness and passion with which my stepbrother was regarding her.

But only for an instant did his eyes betray him; and, as the pleasant hours of the evening flew by, I grew half disposed to laugh at my jealous pain.—Nevertheless, when my stepmother followed me to my room I smiled lightly.

"Peri is very lovely, mamma, and Albert seems to admire her."

Madame Viele turned a glance upon me that covered my face with a flood of color.

"Nay, nay," she laughed softly the next instant, winding her arm caressingly about me. "You have no cause for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart-whole, and knows well that it is my dearest wish to see him your husband. Knowing this," she added, with haughty sternness, "he would not dare brave me by loving another." Then, with a swift return to her former tenderness, she continued: "My dear child, I trust you can make me happy by loving my handsome and noble son?"

I could not bear the gaze of her penetrating black eye, soft as it was, and my face dropped blushingly to her friendly shoulder.

"I am eloquently answered, love," she whispered softly; "and let me say that, with your rare beauty and winning grace, you are sure to garner his whole heart. May Heaven bless you, my dear!"

Then, as she kissed me good night, she cried earnestly:

"Don't rush into jealousy, Vi. Peri is a good and beautiful girl, but Albert gives her only a cousinly affection.—Though she is in no way dependent upon me pecuniarily, I promised her dying mother to give her a home at Gray Fell, as you know; and you can see, my love, how very unpleasant it would make it for you to brood over a foolish jealousy. So, dear, put all that nonsense out of your charming head and rest assured that I am right. My eyes are keen, and in the eighteen months she has been at Gray Fell must inevitably have penetrated a secret of that kind."

"Of course mamma is right," I murmured as the door closed on her imperial form, and I summoned Manton.

But, my maid dismissed, I sat down in my dressing gown and stared at the glowing coals, my thoughts and feelings in an anxious whirl. After a time I grew, sighing impatiently.

"I can't sleep, I will go down and get a book."

With the words I crept out into the hall.

I had traversed half its length when the sound of stealthy steps on the stairs sent me with bated breath behind the heavy damask curtains of a window near me.

Burglars were in my mind, but I made no outcry. The next minute the steps passed a few feet from me and I was quickly undeceived.

A voice I well know, murmured in hushed tones, "Don't grieve, my darling, it will all come right. If we only be patient, my own."

And I felt more than heard the soft kiss that finished the sentence.

It was Peri's voice that answered.

"Oh, Albert! Albert!" she breathed, falteringly. "Where is it all to end?—We have done very, very wrong, dearest. And oh, Albert, she loves you! I saw it in those great, passionate, dusky eyes of hers to-night, and in a vague terror of the future I stared almost wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented me."

"Nonsense! Do you want to make me vain?" laughed my stepbrother softly. And then he murmured in graver accents: "You say we have done wrong, darling. Remember that we had to choose between two evils. Remember that my mother possesses an iron will. She would have ground us both to powder rather than consent to what we—"

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Peri before he could finish the sentence I was panting to hear.

"Then cease to grieve, darling," he whispered. "And now, once more, good night."

And I knew he folded her close to his heart for a brief moment.

As their doors closed noiselessly upon their retiring forms I crept weakly back to my chamber, pride, anger, and despair clutching at my heart-strings.

With a stifled cry I flung myself passionately on the rug before the fire and buried my face in the tiger skin covering—a pile of soft, yielding hassocks.

"Lost! lost to me!" I moaned in my fierce agony. And then starting upright, I panted with vengeful breath.—"But what meant that unfinished sentence? Can they ——"

And then I paused and stared breathlessly at the glowing coals.

"Ah! I will watch! I will watch?" I muttered later.

And I shivered at the sound of my own low, relentless voice.

I did watch.

Madame Viele never dreamed of the task that engaged me; nor did the victims of my pride and love. I took care to be always gay and charming, so how could they suspect?

But sometimes I marvelled that my keen-eyed stepmother failed to observe Peri's pallor and evident sadness.

"Ah, well," I laughed harshly, to myself, "she will see it all in good time, and then let them look to themselves!" So I silently shadowed the pair.

Night after night they stole an hour of blissful peace in the ante-room of the dim, old library, and night after night I was ruthlessly on their track. But in vain I listened to their fond speech. The unfinished sentence I had caught in the hall above remained unfinished.

But one wild, bleak night, a month later, my task was ended. With stifled breath I noiselessly crept from the library to my stepmother's chamber.

She sat in her dressing gown before the fire, lost in an enchaining book. At my stealthy and unceremonious entrance she glanced up.

"Great Heaven!" she cried, dropping her book and staring at me in alarm.—"Are you ill, Vi?"

I laughed a harsh, short laugh.

"Only transformed into a Nemesis, mamma."

"A Nemesis!" echoed my stepmother in slow tones of profound amazement, the next instant adding impetuously, "You look like a beautiful spirit from Hades!"

I shrugged my shoulders with another harsh laugh.

"Come!" I said imperiously. "Come and I will show you my Hades!"

She stared at me wonderingly, and half shrunk as my icy little hand clasped hers.

"Softly, madame!" I whispered, as we left her room.

Directly she was standing at the slightly-open door, at which I had so often stood.

I felt her nails sink deep in the palm of my hand as her blazing eyes rested on the scene beyond. I heard her breath come in swift, angry gusts.

For a full minute she stood thus.—Then, dropping my hand, she flung back the door and swept into the dimly-lighted room.

The pair sitting so lovingly before the fire started to their feet, Peri with a sharp cry of anguish. Albert's first words were given to her.

"Be brave, my love!" he smiled down upon her in accents of melting tenderness.

But his lips were white and his eyes glowing.

"What means all this?" demanded Madame Viele, in awfully hushed tones, gazing from one to the other with an anger before which even my fierce spirit quailed.

"It means this, my mother," replied Albert, unfalteringly, as he stepped a pace forward and circled more closely the slender form of the pallid girl beside him. "It means that for three months Peri has been my wife—"

"Wife!" gasped my stepmother, staggering back as if she had received a blow. And then she screamed, pleadingly: "Not your wife, Albert?"

"Yes, mother, my wife," he returned, sadly and firmly, while great tears rolled over Peri's white face. "We grieved to do it secretly, mother, but——"

My stepmother lifted her hand. She had quite recovered herself now.

"Silence!" she commanded, in those awfully hushed tones. "Ask no forgiveness! Ask no blessings! Peri, go! Leave this house, now and forever. Go, and may my curse follow you to the last hour of your life! Albert, you are my son. Go or stay, as you will; but know that from this hour I never speak to you again. From this hour know your blessing or your bitterest curse!"

"Mother"——.

"Silence!" again commanded my stepmother in fearfully concentrated tones. "Go! Not a word! Put that creature forth at once!" pointing her white finger at Peri's bowed head.

"Say you forgive, mother," pleaded Albert "Say"——

"Silence!" almost thundered Madame Viele, her face ghastly as the dead.

He turned away then.

"Come, my darling, we will go," he murmured with infinite tenderness to Peri.

And catching up a cloak and hood she had cast there only a few hours before, he wrapped her tenderly in them and led her to the door.

There they paused and looked back at Madame Viele.

"Farewell, mother," they said, softly, "and Heaven forgive us and you!"

Madame gazed stonily at them without word or gesture, and they sighed and turned away.

Directly the hall door clanged heavily after them. As it did so my stepmother turned calmly to me:

"I am sorry for you, Vi" she said briefly, in stern, even tones. "Let us go to bed."

And with firm step and erect form she led me up to my room. There she kissed me good-night, saying calmly as she closed the door.

"From this moment they are dead to us! Never mention their names again!"

It was all over now. I had sated my vengeance.

"It is well!" I said, as my head touched my pillow.

The days came and went. My stepmother was erect, cold and imperious as ever. Not by word, look or tone did she betray her secret suffering. But at the end of a year she had lost every vestige of youth and health. A pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her easy chair now.

One morning she called me to her.—It was on my nineteenth birthday.

"Vi," she said, curtly, "it's all Dead Sea fruit!"

I gazed at her, dimly comprehending her meaning. Then she said:

"They have a little daughter, Vi, and they have named her after me!—Ray Lalor, Vi! Shall we have them back, Vi!"

She looked at me wistfully. There was a brief strife between the good and the evil, and then I replied:

"It is Dead Sea fruit, mamma. We will have them back. I can look upon Albert as my brother now."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Viele.

And three days later Albert, Peri and the little Ray were established at Gray Fell.

The Household.

A spoonful of sugar added to dried corn when seasoning improves it.

Hartshorn rubbed on silk or woolen garments will restore the color without injuring them.

Sand-paper is the best polisher for smoothing irons. It removes all roughness and starch.

Fly spots can be removed with a camel's-hair brush dipped into spirits of wine, and then applied to the spot.

A teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia added to the rinse water will make rusty black goods look as good as new.

Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease or drops of paint out of cloth.—Apply it till the grease can be scraped off.

Common cement, such as is used for plastering cisterns, cellars, etc., is excellent for scouring knives, forks, spoons, and tinware.

A teaspoonful of borax added to an ordinary kettle of hard water, in which it is allowed to boil, will effectually soften the water.

Potatoes cut into small squares and put into cruets or bottles with the water that is to wash them, will clean them quickly and thoroughly.

Crockery with gilt bands or flowers should not be wiped. It should be washed quickly, rinsed, and drained until dry.

Chalk or magnesia rubbed on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and held near the fire will absorb the grease so that it may be rubbed off.

Water spots may be removed from black crape by clapping it until dry. If dried before the spot was noticed, it will need to be dampened and then clapped in the hands.

Croup can be quickly cured with alum and sugar. Shave or grate off about a teaspoonful, then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar (to make it palatable,) and administer as promptly as possible. If it is shaved off instead of grated, care should be taken to have it cut in small partcles.

For the SPECTATOR.

The Stuart Papers—No. 9.

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE LATE JUDGE ARCHIBALD STUART, OF STAUNTON.

While attending court in Lexington on one occasion, Judge Stuart encountered a youth named JOHN ALLEN, and encouraged him to study law, taking him into his office and family. After obtaining license to practice law, Allen settled in Kentucky, and very soon became distinguished. He and Henry Clay were rivals at the bar and for popular favor, and it is still a question which was the more talented. But Allen's career ended prematurely—he was killed at the battle of the River Raisen, January 22d, 1813. The following are extracts from a letter written by Allen to his early patron:—

FRANKFORT, 13th Oct'r, 1803.

Dear Sir:—Since I wrote you I have had a trip to the Mississippi, visiting some of our tawny neighbors. That part on the Mississippi, just below the mouth of the Ohio is yet within the Chickasaw boundary and in point of importance to the western people will be second only to New Orleans itself. I, therefore, have but little doubt that a purchase will shortly be made of the Indian right of hunting, &c., and leave given for the settlement of the place. And now a word of communication to your own ear ear—if the castle should turn out an airy one suffer it in silence to return from whence it came. Suppose a capital of $100,000 to be put in trade so soon as the above purchase shall be made—a house at New Orleans to manage exports and imports, another at the mouth of the Ohio (with the aid of its subordinate houses) to manage the trade with the western citizens, also the Fur trade with the Indians on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other tributary streams,—suppose your friend to have a considerable share in organizing the affair, and among other things a power of letting in some of his friends, and suppose his eye immediately turned upon you, will you write me whether you would like to place money in such a bank, and if so, to what extent. So much for that part. Your friend also has a considerable share in the ground where the settlement must be made. The town ( ) will be laid off under his direction—he would like to name it Jefferson, for your friend of that name, but is unwilling to use the name without permission. It would be indelicate for any but a particular friend to make application. Will you, as that authorized friend, procure me the permission of using it and advise me thereof.

* * * * * * * *

I am obliged to attend closely to my practice to keep the money account in my favor. Those other things are my hobby horses and are rode hard when I am not on law subjects—the plan is broad and the necessary information difficult to be come at. I have done much and much is yet to be done. I have got out of the habit of taking any time to myself,—this accounts for my writing you so seldom this year. I know you can and will view it right. I fear Mrs. Stuart will think I have been negligent, be my advocate with her.—Inclosed you have a letter, which you will please look over and hand her.—Expect another letter when I can write it. Your friend,

J. ALLEN.

The Hon. A. Stuart,

Mr. Jefferson was President of the United States when the following was written:—

MONTICELLO, Sept. 15, '06.

Dear Sir:—I went to Charlottesville to-day with a view to ask you to make this your headquarters while attending court. Having got there too late to see you, I now make the request by letter. The ride is so short that it is scarcely more inconvenient than lodging in Charlottesville.

Accept affectionate salutations and assurances of esteem,

TH. JEFFERSON.

At the date of the following letter, Mr. Jefferson had retred finally from public life, and was settled at Monticello as at former:—

MONTICELLO, Aug. 8, '11.

Dear Sir:—I ask the favor of you to purchase for me as much fresh timothy seed as the inclosed bill will pay for, pack and forward, and that you will have the goodness to direct it to be lodged at Mr. Leith's store in Charlottesville by the wagoner who brings it. You see how bold your indulgences make me in intruding on your kindnes.

I do not know that the government means to make known what has passed between them and Foster before the the meeting of Congress; but, in the meantime, individuals, who are in the way, think they have a right to fish it out, and in this way the sum of it has become known. Great Britain has certainly come forward and declared to our government by an official paper that the conduct of France towards her during this war has obliged her to take possession of the ocean, and to determine that no commerce shall be carried on with the nations connected with France. That, however, she is disposed to relax in this determination so far as to permit the commerce which may be carried on through the British ports. I have, for 3 or 4 years, been confident that, knowing that her own resources were not adequate to the maintenance of her present navy, she meant with it to claim the conquest of the ocean, and to permit no nation to navigate it, but on payment of a tribute for the maintenance of the fleet necessary to secure that dominion. A thousand circumstances brought together left me without a doubt that that policy directed all her conduct altho not avowed. This is the first time she has thrown off the mask. The answer and conduct of the government have been what they ought to have been, and Congress is called a little earlier, to be ready to act on the receipt of the reply, for which time has been given.

God bless you.

From yours affectionately,

TH. JEFFERSON.

Judge Stuart.

MONTICELLO, Nov. 15, '11.

Dear Sir:—We have safely received the cask of timothy seed, as also the very excellent parcel of butter which you have been so kind as to send us; for which be pleased to accept my thanks, or, perhaps, I should more properly request you to tender them with my respects to Mrs. Stuart.

You have, days since, seen the most excellent, national, and dignified message of the President, and the documents accompanying it. In these you see the British government have openly avowed that they will enforce their orders of council: that is, will keep exclusive possession of the ocean, until France will allow her manufactures to go in the ships of other nations into the continent of Europe and France herself, although she does not permit, even in time of peace, the manufactures of any nation to be brought to England in other ships but of the nation manufacturing them. In the meantime she is taking all our vessels, which is all the war she can make on her side. And, indeed, the style of Foster's correspondence is altogether a style of defiance.

Always affectionately yours,

TH. JEFFERSON.

Judge Stuart.

[*To be continued.*]

J. A. W.

Autumn Leaves.

A belt of autumn woods, glorious with tinted foliage and the scarlet berries; a slope of green grass, where the sunshine slept in golden brightness; and a scarlet-hooded damsel, with a basket on her arm, like Red Riding Hood of yore.

Crack! sounded the sharp report of a rifle, and little Lillian Estcourt dropped her basket as a tall, bronze-faced man crashed his way through the woods and faced her, rifle in hand and a game-bag swung lightly over his shoulder.

"Hallo!" quoth M