MEMORIAL DAY AT STAUNTON.

APPROPRIATE PRAYER BY REV. W. Q. HULLIHEN.

Spirited Remarks by Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, President of the "Augusta Memorial Association."

ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY COL. CHAS. T. O'FERRALL, THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

The floral decoration of the graves of the Confederate Soldiers who sleep beneath the green sod in Thornrose Cemetery took place on last Friday, June 9th, the anniversary of the battle at Port Republic. The procession was not as large, and the number who attended was not as great as on similar occasions a few years ago, yet the number on the grounds was quite large, hundreds of persons having gone there before the procession was formed.

The procession was formed at half past 10 o'clock A. M., on Main street in front and near the Opera House, and was conducted by the following Marshals: Col. J. D. Lilley, Capt. C. Benton Koiner, G. W. Swoope, Elliott Fishburne, Samuel McCue, and Frank Bell.

The procession marched in the following order: "Stonewall" Brigade Band; West Augusta Guard; Staunton Artillery; Star Guards (juveniles,) and citizens.

The "Star Guards" is a company of boys from 8 to 12 years of age, under the command of Master Kenneth McCoy, son of the late Capt. Chas. D. McCoy, Principal of the D. D. and Blind Institution. They had two kettle-drums, well beaten by very small drummers, and with their wooden guns, and good drill, presented quite a soldierly appearance. This portion of the procession was unique, quite *sui generis*.

When the procession and those who had reached the grounds before were assembled in proper order in front of the speaker's stand, Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, President of the "Augusta Memorial Association," announced that the ceremonies would be opened with prayer by Rev. W. Q. Hullihen, Rector of Trinity Church of this city, who, thereupon, offered the following appropriate prayer:—

PRAYER BY REV. W. Q. HULLIHEN.

Almighty and Everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve, pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord.

We adore and magnify Thy glorious name—we render Thee thanks for the goodly heritage which Thou hast given us; for the civil and religious privileges which we enjoy; and for all the manifestations of Thy favor towards us. Grant that we may show forth our thankfulness for these Thy mercies, by living in reverence of Thy almighty power and dominion, in humble reliance on Thy goodness and mercy and in holy obedience to Thy righteous laws. Preserve to our country the blessings of peace. May the kingdom of the Prince of Peace come and reign in the hearts and lives of all men, unite them in holy fellowship, that so their only strife may be who shall show forth with most humble and holy fervor the praises of Him who hath loved them and made them kings and priests with God.

Change, we beseech Thee, every evil heart of unbelief, and shed the quickening influences of Thy Holy Spirit on all the people of this land. Thou knowest the secrets of our hearts. Shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayers, enable us ever to fight the good fight of Faith and lay hold on eternal life.

And as we stand here in the midst of those who we trust are at rest with Thee, having fought a good fight, we would pray that Thou mayst never suffer us for any pains of temporary obloquy and shame to fall from our dutiful appreciation and loving remembrance of the noble self-sacrifice which these our fathers and brethren manifested in a cause which they believed was Thy call to duty.

And may the time soon come when the people everywhere, through the length and breadth of this great country, will think but little of the color of the uniform which enshrouds their heroic dead, compared with the glorious fact that they have left the world an example of unhesitating devotion to what each conceived to be obedience to sublime duty and all unite in giving thanks for the good examples of all these Thy servants who, having finished their course, do now rest from their labors. And may grace be given us so to live without a stain upon our honor that when we finish our course we may not be counted unworthy to lie down beside these our former comrades who were lovely in their lives and in death were not divided.

All which we ask thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

At the conclusion of the prayer, Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, in a fervent and spirited style, introduced the orator of the occasion, the gallant soldier and eloquent speaker, Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall, substantially as follows:—

REMARKS OF DR. A. M. FAUNTLEROY.

My friends and fellow-citizens:—As the presiding officer of the Augusta Memorial Association, it becomes alike my duty and privilege to present to you, as the orator of this occasion, a survivor of this contest which is now known in history as the "Lost Cause."

I have the honor and pleasure of introducing to my auditors a modest gentleman, a most worthy citizen, a distinguished soldier—one who shared with those who now sleep beneath yonder green sod the toils and hardships of the march and bivouac, and dangers of field of battle—one who ever bore himself with conspicuous gallantry, and bears in his person the honorable evidences of his patriotic devotion to those noble principles in the maintenance and support of which our lost ones became a noble army of martyrs.

In a spirit of grateful devotion we have assembled here to do homage to the memory and valor of the Southrons who died in a cause which they knew to be just and righteous.

And it is fitting that you should be addressed on this occasion by one whose devotion to the Confederate cause was akin to those valiant souls who gave their lives in defence of the principles which they regarded as essential to the due preservation of constitutional government and civil liberty. I shall now present—for introduction is hardly necessary—Col. Chas. T. O'Ferrall of the county of Rockingham.

Col. O'Ferrall then, in an earnest manner, with fluent speech, delivered the following eloquent and patriotic address:—

ADDRESS BY COL. CHAS. T. O'FERRALL.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—

I thank my friend for his kind words. I am here, as he has told you, by invitation of the Augusta Memorial Association to deliver the annual memorial address. When I received this invitation, my mind commenced to wander back,—back over the past. I remembered that on the 10th day of May, 1867, by a like invitation, I delivered a similar address here. Yes, a little more than fifteen years ago. Time had not then frosted these locks. I stood then "in the morn and liquid dew of my early manhood." The trials, troubles, and tribulations of life had not then made their impress upon me. Many of these fair maidens who come now with their flowers had then scarcely learned to lisp a name of their country's heroes, while many who with moistened eye-lids participated on that occasion have since crossed over the river, and like the model hero, are resting under the shade of the trees. Oh! how vividly do I recall that occasion. It stands out in living light before me. It seemed to me then and it seems to me now as I look back upon it, that every matron, every maiden was clad in mourning, while sadness rested upon every brow.—At my side sat Augusta's illustrious son—one whom she ever delighted to honor, and whose memory all Virginia reveres—whose brow was encircled with a wreath, whose leaves still flourish and look green. I need not say that I refer to the almost peerless John B. Baldwin.—Near me, also, sat that pure and upright man, Nicholas K. Trout, who, dying since, left behind him a name which shines as bright as the brightest star that "glitters in the noon of night." Occupying a prominent position in the audience was that man of iron nerve and Napoleonic will—the benefactor of your beautiful little hill city—Col. M. G. Harman, who has since been cut down by the mighty Power that created him without a moment's warning. Sitting immediately in my front was that grand and superb old man—the Nestor of the Bar—whose like God makes but seldom—Thomas J. Michie, whose pure soul has since been wafted to realms of eternal bliss. And then clustered about the stand and dotted here and there in the audience were many gallant fellows, who had faced death an hundred times, whose warrior spirits have since taken their flight to meet a warrior's God.

Oh! how, after the lapse of so many years, I repeat, that scene returns with all the vividness of yesterday, bringing with it a train of emotions which darkens to me the golden hue of life and spreads a sable pall over my joys.—Rude were the mounds and unturfed the plats and unnamed the graves beneath and in which rested on yon hill-top that army of heroes, who ever sprang to their places and whose eyes ever flashed at the sound of the long-roll, and for whom their living comrades responded when their names were last called, "Dead, dead at the post of duty."

Stepping with the tap of the muffled drum, keeping time with the music of the funeral march, we proceed to the city of the Confederate dead, and while the band gave forth its dirge-like notes the noble women of old Augusta covered each grave with flowers gathered from their native hills, and watered each with their tears. Yes, this was 15 years ago,—but thank God time has wrought no change in the devotion of the true sons and fair daughters of old Augusta to the memory of the Confederate dead. Mothers of 15 years ago, you have trained your sons and daughters aright. You have taught them to honor and revere the memory of the men who went forth to march, and marching to fight, and fighting to die in defence of the cause which Virginia espoused.—You have taught them that Jackson, and Stuart, and Ashby, and those who following their star or plume, fell in the battle front fill patriots' graves. You have taught them that the old, rusty gray jacket, that rested upon the shoulders of their fathers, and which is now packed away where moths cannot reach it, is a souvenir of honor, glory, and patriotism. You have taught them that the old sword that hangs on your home wall, deep down in its scabbard, once flashed in the sunlight of patriotic valor. You have taught them that the old flag that you have laid away with a woman's love was once the proud emblem of a cause around which clustered the hearts and affections and hopes of Virginia's truest and best; and that its folds once rustled in the breezes above that army, that strewed its heroic dead from the feet of the Pennsylvania mountains to the gate of our own capital city, and dipped its conquering banner in the blood of eight and twenty sanguinary battles. You have taught them to turf the plats, crop down the noxious weeds, scatter the flowers of Spring, plant the rose, the holly, the cypress, and the bay, where our martyred dead sleep, and invite to this sacred retreat the robin and the mocking bird,—

"To warble their sweetest lays and pour forth their heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

And in thus teaching them you have violated no law, common or statute, divine or moral, but you have followed the promptings of that law which the Almighty—the God of nations and of peoples—has implanted and nurtured in your very being.

But my countrymen and countrywomen, while we are here this day to do homage to the memory of men who fought for us and died for us, who shed their blood and gave their lives for Virginia, and whose fame is sung in every passing breeze, in the rustling of every leaf, in the ripple of every brook—whose eternal resting places are ever sacred—sacred at morn when the dew-drops are on the flowers, sacred at noon when the shades cast their sombre mantle, sacred at eve when the dove sends forth its plaintive melody, sacred at night when the silent stars crop out in the blue arched vault of Heaven to light the footsteps of the pilgrim who comes to invoke blessings at these shrines of devotion to principle, steadfast to purpose, and love of country,—we must remember that all was not lost when they fell—all was not lost when our cause went down into the gloom of eternal night at Appomattox, and while they did their duty in life, on the living sons and daughters of Virginia had a duty left to us.

Old Virginia had been rent and torn—the red-hot plough-share of war had furrowed deep her bosom—the charred ruins of once happy homes filled every landscape—her fields laid as desolate as though they had been visited by the hot breath of Eastern siroccos. Her leading sons were in prison or their voices were stifled, while all were disfranchised and disqualified. Gloom as deep as her habilaments of mourning hung over mountain and valley, obscuring the bright sunlight of constitutional liberty in whose splendor Virginians had ever walked, and moved and lived.

They had been tried in the fiery furnace of war, but as the Hebrew children walked forth from the fiery furnace of Scripture unscathed, so they came forth from the fiery furnace of war unscathed in their honor and manhood and with no taint of dishonor upon their garments. Then they were subjected to another trial, more trying, perhaps, than even war, for it required more patience, endurance, and self-control. But from this trial, too, Virginia was led by her sons without a leaflet plucked from the wreath that had adorned her brow from the time she was a maiden until she had become the mother of states and of statesmen.

She took her place again among the stars in the constellation of the Union—her voice, omnipotent, was heard again in the national council, and she became again an integral part of that Union whose magna charta was prepared by her Jefferson, whose life and vitality was breathed into its nostrils by her Henry, and whose success was secured by her Washington. Yes, the very work of her own hands—the edifice she had erected herself, and from which she had been driven with bowed head and in tears after eighty-five years by usurpation of power and the infringement of constitutional rights. I am but repeating, briefly, history, not in the light of partisan bias, but in the light of eternal truth. Time, that mighty assuager of passion, has appeased the animosities engendered, and that survived the terrible conflict, and while the beautiful lines of the poet priest, Father Ryan, fall sweetly upon my ear and thrill me with their pathos:

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me the land that has legends and lays,
That tell of the story of long vanished days;
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in those graves that can ne'er be forgot;
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red
Has flashed on the future the form of the past;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's grandeur in graves, there's glory in gloom,
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

I say that while those words quicken my pulsations, make my heart beat faster and my blood flow freer, I can say that I put the past behind me, I stand in the present and reach out for the future.

I put the past behind me with its roseate hues of glory. I put the past behind me without any pang of shame or acknowledgment of wrong. I put the past behind me freighted though it be with fond memories, crushed hopes, care-furrowed cheeks, widows and orphans, wrecks and ruins. I put the past behind me because manhood, patriotism and christianity teach me to do it.

Manhood teaches me to be magnanimous. It teaches me to be liberal. I remember that the causes which led to a conflict of arms originated before the participants in that conflict, or a vast majority of them, were born; that the seeds were sown in the earlier days of the Republic; that they germinated and sprang up under the heat of passion, and were watered and nurtured by the copious showers of partisan rivalry; that a difference in soil and climate led to different pursuits and products, and a divergence of ideas and interests between the two sections of this great land, and that a nation which in its inception and formation was one indivisible union, with one great heart beating for all and throwing its life-blood through every artery alike to be returned to the seat of life by the veins channels, was severed into two bodies, designated North and South. In size and power the northern half soon predominated, and instead of the national head throwing out its blood as of yore into every artery alike, it withheld its supply from the southern half, and it began to wither and fade.

But pardon this simile—let us not pursue it further. Let us be a little more practical. I have said that soil and climate bring variant pursuits and products, ideas and interests became variant, and those variances led to a rivalry in the management, control, and direction of the government and its policy—the boy of the north imbibed the ideas, principles and prejudices of his father, while the boy of the south followed as inevitably the teachings of his father and drank in his prejudices.

There is no education as strong or which becomes as deeply rooted as home education—it becomes interwoven into our very nature. The child will ever repeat the little infant prayer as its mother taught it. The farmer boy when he grows to be a husbandman will plant and sow and reap as his father before him planted and sowed and reaped, and so the opinions and principles and prejudices of the father will be the opinions and principles and prejudices of the son.

But apart from this direct home-hearthstone education, there was a sectional education most potent and powerful. In the council chambers, on the hustings, everywhere, in every avenue and walk, his education was going on—in the light of day, in the vigils of the night, amid the winter's cold or summer's heat, with feet that never wearied, eye-lids that never closed, and a will that never flagged, this education was progressing with one aim, one object, one purpose—the thorough imbuing of the minds of the people with the peculiar ideas and principles of the particular section.

I was educated in a southern home, in a southern school, under a southern sun, and I believed that to be right which was taught me and I believe to-day that to be right which was taught me.

The soldier who confronted me in his blue jacket while I wore the gray, was educated in a northern home, in a northern school, under a northern sun, and while I love still every shred of the old gray jacket, and my eye moistens when I think of it, my manhood prompts me to throw over him who wore the blue, the mantle of liberality, put past differences behind me and take his hand in hearty grasp as a man who had faced death in defence of what he had been taught was right, and which my liberality induces me to assume he believed to be right.

I put the past behind me, because patriotism teaches me to do it.

Patriotism! What is it? It is the noblest passion that animates a man in the character of a citizen. I am a citizen of this great republic. Whatever affects its prosperity, its glory or its happiness—its inland, maritime, or commmercial interests—its enterprises or its industries—its greatness or power—affects me as a citizen.

As a citizen, imbued, I trust, with patriotic zeal, I am animated by a desire to see her standing forth in the sunlight of history upon almost an utopian eminence. I want her sails to whiten every sea, and to follow whithersoever the trade-winds may carry them; her ports open to every land, that the riches of every clime may be dropped into her lap. I want her to have the strength of a giant, yet the gentleness of a child.

Only last year she commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender at Yorktown; and there, on that memorable occasion, on that consecrated ground, where she became a living reality as an independent republic, it filled every patriotic soul with pride as he contemplated the mighty strides she had made in all that go to make up the strength and power, material greatness and grandeur of a nation.

Her national ensign now dips its pinions in the waters of two oceans. A continent has been peopled. The hum of industry is heard from the pebbly beach of the Atlantic to the billows of the Pacific. Science has unfolded her spacious volums, in which are written the secret principles of nature; and improvement and discovery crowd upon each other in every walk of life.

It is the very height of patriotism to lay aside and put out of sight all that may cause bickerings and heart-burnings—criminations and recriminations—between members of the same national household. Passion should have no place around this Union's festal board—sectional bias and prejudice should be torn up like cancerous sores by their very roots.

Bigotry—intolerence—and selfishness are the prime ministers of the spirit of exclusiveness, which is the spirit of destructiveness. Therefore, as I stand here, patriotism which knows not bigotry, nor intolerence, nor selfishness, nor exclusiveness, prompts me to put behind me the past, to take into my fellowship the brave Northern soldier and say to him, "We were enemies, we are now friends," and together over our dead comrades we will repeat the words of the poet:

"The grass grows green on the graves where they lay,
The flowers bloom alike o'er the blue and the gray,
And tears of loved ones are mingling with dew,
While with it God blesses the gray and the blue."

Yes, I stand here to proclaim these sentiments in the face of this large Virginia audience without abating one jot or one tittle of my Southern manhood, and I believe I speak the sentiment of every brave Confederate soldier present, and that he will say with me, the past is buried, let other tongues than ours proclaim the spirit of bigotry and exclusivenes. Rivet the bans if you please, vote to exclude ex-Confederates from the army and navy—carry on the work of exclusiveness; but as for us, we will be guided by the promptings of patriotism, and that sounder policy which teaches us that all citizens of this land are, or should be, co-equals under its organic law. Yes, let men who once wore the garb of a Confederate soldiers bury their manhood in avarice, and with their prostituted tongues vote to keep even their late comrades under bans; but as for us, we will loathe and despise those sordid, groveling creatures and cultivate that broad spirit of catholicism that should permeate every avenue of this republic, and fill every soul with its heaven-born inspirations.

I put the past behind me because Christianity teaches me to do it.

That Book of all Books enjoins upon us to forgive as we are forgiven.

"Forbearing one another, forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

Thus spake Paul, the Apostle, to the Colossians.

Yes, we put the past behind us; we stand in the present and reach out for the future. We are under our father's roof-tree—under our father's flag. Under this roof-tree we intend to stay—under this flag we intend to live.

Standing in the present, how much is open before us for our thoughtful meditation.

Our national existence has been short, indeed, when we contemplate a nation's life. We are but in our infancy as compared with the ages attained by the mighty republics of history. They fell after attaining to full stature and rising to the dizziest heights of civilization and enlightenment. What remains of Egypt but her pyramids and mutilated sphinxes and ruined temples? And Greece, the mother of the poet and the song—the fruitful muse of all the arts—the land of the philosopher, the statesman and the patriot: she who encountered the formidable Persians and overthrew him. But where now is the whole-souled Greek?

Back, back into the vista the genius of romance in dreamy lands still loves to resort, and to muse amid the ruins of these decayed republics—but history holds them up to us as a warning and to teach us that the fairest and brightest have given away to the darkest and most frightful.

Man grows up from infancy into manhood. His faculties one by one are developed. His physical system expands. Mind, that ethereal essence, gnally stalks abroad unfettered and unrestrained—flies to meet the sun at its rising, and then follows it through the Heavens and watches it to that moment, when with its last rays it bids the world good-night. It follows each star in its path of light, counts the myriads host and chases the comet in its eccentric flight. Chains cannot bind, nor dungeons confine it. Yes, despite these appearances of immortality, which accompany these high gifts, disease strikes him, and he sinks down into the grave of mankind. So it has been, so it will ever be with man.

So it has ever been, and so it will ever be with nations.

The United States stands to-day in point of physical beauty, material greatness, military renown, and statesmanship, the superior of any land upon which the sun of Heaven shines.

The theory of her federative system—the emanation of minds which seem to have been charged with electric thought, and, I might say almost, without being sacrilegious, with inspiration from that God whose almighty eye had witnessed the downfall and failure of so many republics that had preceded its formations—is the admiration and wonder of the world.

That theory, most beautiful in its design, is that of a free people—free in thought, free in mind, free in action, free in fact—that theory is sovereignty in the people, recognizing no crowned head, no preferred classes, no dignitaries, regarding the rulers of this land as holding a trust from the people and for the people.

And I say here, that when the theory of our federative system shall be broken down, or fail to be put in practice by the delegated servants of the people, and there will remain no means of correction, it will require no prophetic vision to read the terrible decree of the downfall of this republic, which the sovereign people will pronounce.

Will that time ever come? This question I cannot answer, but I pray the God who walked upon the turbulent sea billows and calmed the storm, and who directs the destinies of nations, to deliver us and ours from so terrible a calamity.

Yes, a terrible calamity! For the sun, though in the very meridian of national power, would be blotted out in blood; each star in the Union's starry constellation would be plucked from its socket; every column would totter and fall, and the very grass would wither under the scorching wrath of an outraged people—and there would be no restoration, for such is the unbending decree which history with its pen of steel upon its tablets of brass has recorded.

How watchful then should we be of this grand governmental edifice, whose very foundation stone is liberty—constitutional liberty—the liberty our fathers gave us. The trite saying, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," has grown into a proverb; yet how little do we need it. The mariner observes the speck in the sky; he knows that it portends a storm; he prepares to meet it; he takes in sail, rights his vessel, and thus, by his vigilance, he rides the waves in safety while the storm-clouds are spending their fury.

The physician observes a small, hard, unequal excrescence on the hand of his patient. It is to the inexperienced eye a slight matter, but the quick eye of the physician discovers that it is a cancerous growth and as quickly does he apply his knife to remove the roots and save the life of his patient.

All the concerns of life demand vigilance.—Every blessing should be guarded with vigilance, and liberty that greatest of all blessings should be guarded with as much vigilance, and watchfulness, and care, as were Juno's golden apples by the fabled nymphs in the garden of Hesperides. It would not be proper for me in an address like this and upon such an occasion as this to discuss questions of political discord. I have not done so—I shall not do so. I have dwelt in so general a way that no exception can be taken by the disciple of any political creed. I have endeavored to steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis, and to pursue a channel through which every citizen of this land can pass, if he truly desires to worship at the shrine of his country and follow the beacon light of history.

And now, my countrymen and countrywomen, apart from the beauty of our system of government, we have a grand heritage. Well, indeed, can each of us say in the language of the Psalmist:—"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." We live in a land of plenty; the horn of plenty hangs within the reach of every man who is industrious and frugal. A rich and luxuriant soil rewards man's efforts—and every sea bears upon its bosom the rich productions of his labor. Here, every citizen can acquire an interest in the soil and secure for himself a place which he can call home. Yes, home—the dearest place on earth. Oh! it is man's earthly dream. How softly and tenderly we utter the word. When absent from its sacred precincts, how fast do home memories come trooping around us. How they intertwine them selves about the tendrils of our hearts, and though some may be sad memories, yet we would not have them blotted out for the gold of California, for their very sadness makes them precious. Yes, every American citizen has the right to acquire a portion of American soil and there erect his own roof-tree and live under it with those whom God has given him with none to molest or make him afraid.

How thankful he should be that his lot has been cast in such a land, surrounded by plenty and with the right to secure an indefeasible interest in the soil, and he should never fail before closing his eyes in sleep, though wearied with the toils and bending under the cares of the day, to return his thanks to the throne of Heavenly Grace for these blessings vouchsafed unto him by the Mighty Ruler of the universe.

Yea, more, his heart should go out in sympathy for those less favored of other climes. And in speaking of the climes less favored than ours, I trust you will pardon me by reason of the pride I feel in the stock from which I sprang and in the blood that courses in my veins, when I speak of that land of song and story and brave men, yes of that—

"Fairest isle that spreads
Its bright green mantle to the Celtic seas."

The history of Ireland is one long-drawn, continued story of wrong and oppression.

Home, home with the humble Irishman in his native land is—

"A name without a thing!
Like e'en as a lonely bird,
Whose home is on the wing."

He has no spot on God's green earth upon which he can plant his foot and call it home. He can acquire no interest, however industrious and frugal he may be, in the soil of his native land, except the little spot in which he may be laid when his troubles are o'er, and his fitful, feverish brow is cold, and death claims him as his own.

During life, his energies and muscle are devoted, his sweat and toil are given in support of his task-masters, who make their levies upon him while they revel in riches and roll in luxuries. Yet, in spite of all these things—in spite of oppression and tyranny, and blood, and sweat, and toil—he stands forth the admiration of the world. For the courage, the valor, the spirit, the manhood, the patriotism of an Irishman have never flagged; but he walks his native peat with his head as erect, and his step as proud, the same flash in his eye and the same resolution in his countenance as when more than 800 years ago he went forth to meet and drive for the last time the Danish invaders at the battle of Clentarf. Yes, proudly does he step, for the memory and traditions of Ireland make him proud. He loves her with that beautiful tenderness which poetic fancy has immortalized; and if there is but one prayer that an Irishman ever offers, that prayer is, "God save, God bless old Ireland."

His privations and wants; his sufferings and wrongs have made it second nature to him ever to relieve the distressed and to feel for the oppressed.

Show me a true Irishman and I will show you a man who has a heart to feel for the woes of his fellow-man, and an arm to strike in defence of the down-trodden and the right.

Show me a true Irishman and I will show you a man whose hand is ever open to the calls of charity, and whose ties of friendship are like hooks of steel—standing by his friends amid the frowns and sneers and even curses of the world.

Oh! that the spirit of our free institutions could hover like a white-winged angel of love, tranquility, and peace over this now distracted and unhappy land.

In contemplating the dark, dismal land of the shamrock, I repeat, how thankful we should be that our lot is cast in a land like this. And in speaking of this brave and chivalrous people, if time allowed I would like to speak of that number, who, as Union and Confederate soldiers, locked bayonets and strewed their dead from the heights of Gettysburg to the plains of Texas. I would like to speak of James Shields, who, linking his fortunes with the North in the late struggle between the States, and rallying the Irishmen of his section, went forth to battle for the cause he had exposed; of the gallant and intrepid Pat. Cleburne, who gathering about him an Iish brigade, unsheathed his sword under the stars and bars, and fell with the flag-staff of the Southern cross in his hand, and over whose grave laurel wreaths are twined and over whose ashes orange blossoms are sprinkled at each recurring memorial season by the loving hands of Southern women.

But however sadly pleasant my reflections upon this land of my ancestry may be, I must recall them to contemplate again this land where liberty is implanted and prosperity and thrift and plenty sit enthroned. But I must not even weary you longer with a subject so grand as this land—but must hasten on. She is the marvel of the world. Old England looks with amazement upon her broad domain, her fertile fields, her developed industries, her commercial power, her advancement in arts and sciences, and her material greatness.

France, amid her vine-clad hills, where beauty lingers upon every landscape, whose sons have a birthright here, won by their libations of blood, opens her eyes in wonderment.

Italy, the shrine of the artist, who daily kneels to catch and transfer to his life-like canvass the rosy tints of Italy's declining day, stands abashed that even the sun as he sets behind the horizon, gives to American sunset some more beautiful tints.

Germany, that great empire, rich in her minerals of gold, silver, lead, iron, cobalt, and zinc, is attracted by our precious mines—by our mountains of iron ore, in sufficient quantities to run an iron belt around the world, and coal in close proximity to smelt every ton of it.

And even Switzerland, arrogant of the grandeur of her Alpine scenery with her torrents foaming and seething along their rough mountain beds, views with bedazed eyes, the waterfalls and cascades, the peaks towering to the heavens, and the mountain gorges, fit habitations for the nymphs and naiads of this new half-explored country.

All, all turn at this sunset hour to view more than their rival in the American sky.

But sons and daughters of Virginia, while this whole land is dear to us, and we love it from the barren slopes of the St. Lawrence to where its domain is washed by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico—and from its eastern to its western ocean boundary, there is one particular portion of this vast domain upon which we look with peculiar tenderness and love—Virginia.

Whither we may roam—in whatever clime or section our lots may be cast—with whatever people we may mingle—in riches or in poverty, awake or asleep, living or dying, our thoughts wander back in tenderness and veneration to the land of colonial relics, revolutionary monuments, illustrious dead and consecrated ashes, grand traditions, spotless fame, and unsullied honor. We listen through the telephone of our imaginations to her streams as they sing their perpetual lullaby to the descendants of the cavaliers—we listen to her winds as they sweep through her forests and over hill, and plain, rolling a ceaseless requiem for her dead—we listen to her birds as flitting from branch to branch of her trees they rejoice in her genial sunshine. We listen to the buzzing of her bees, the lowing of her herds, and even the deep-mouthed baying of her watch dogs. We see thro' the glasses of our imagination her spring-time carpeted in nature's green with the interweaving of her flowers—we see her summer in its luxuriant growth and golden hue of harvest—we see her autumn with its melancholy—its soft dreamy days following in their regal gorgeousness the sunny footsteps of departed summer—and we see her winter with its leafless and drooping vines, and, perchance, fleece of snow.

Yes, in a distant land, in the dim twilight of old age, far down the vale of years, with bending form awaiting the summons, which shall call him to the boundless ocean before him—the ocean of Eternity—even there the Virginian, with his bedimmed vision, turns his eye to old Virginia—the land of his birth, the home of his childhood.

Other suns may shine as brightly—other regions may be as fair—but no sun shines as brightly, no region is as fair to a Virginian as that of his native heath.

Call this sentiment, if you please, for in the language of an eminent divine, "What is sentiment, but thought with emotion;" and if the Virginian is an emotional being when contemplating his State, it is but an evidence of the existence in him of that higher and ennobling sensibility which is born of Virginia and characterizes her race, and which is but active, glowing, speaking admiration and veneration for the grand and sublime, or beautiful and lovely, or holy and sacred, whether manifested in mind's ethereal essence—in the physical man or material world—one or all.

A believer in the Christian religion could not, if he would, visit the Holy Land, and enter the walled city of Jerusalem, or stand in the garden of Gethsemane, or bathe in the waters of Jordan, or rest at the well of Jacob, or walk the streets of Damascus without emotion. His soul would be stirred within him with reverential sensibility, and he would show in his action and express in his words the fullness of his soul.

So with a Virginian, when he thinks of Virginia's grandness and sublimity; of her climate of unsurpassed salubrity, her soil teeming with fertility, her great rivers upon whose bosoms the navies of the world might float, and whose waters could drive the machinery of the globe, her boundless mineral wealth, and medicinal springs, whose waters almost rival those of that fabled fountain whose taste conferred immortal youth. When he thinks of the pages of history illumined with the light of her deeds; of her Yorktown, where she ended the glorious strife that gave to us a country and the world a refuge; of her battle-fields of late date, some now covered with the thistles and broomsedge, others with the wavy harvests of the husbandman. When he thinks of her heroes and sages, and patriots, and statesmen, and orators, and poets, and editors; of her Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Monroe, Mason, Clay and Harrison (for "she rocked them in her cradle and dandled them on her knee"); her Scott and her Thomas; her Stuart, whose ringing "charge" was ever heard above the crashing volley; her Ashby, the white-plumed Navarre of the Valley; her Jackson, whose fame the world proclaims and sings its pæans of praise; and now, as I shall utter the name of that son, whom I shall place as the apex of this pyramid of her illustrious dead, as Washington is the corner-stone—let every head be uncovered, every tongue be silent, every eye-lid droop—that name which is enshrined in every Virginia household, and which will live in memory's garden in sempiternal verdure—ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

But while all these surroundings and traditions and memories stir us with emotion, and fill our souls with pride, let us not become vain-glorious, nor exclusive.

Let us throw wide open our doors and our hearts and invite other people to come among us and drink in the inspirations which are constantly rising from Virginia's altar like holy incense, and to aid us in developing her undeveloped resources, obliterating the scars of war and filling up her waste places.

I have now nearly performed the pleasant duty assigned me on this occasion. It is a solemn occasion to me—it is a solemn occasion to you. I do not know whether I shall ever have again the privilege of participating with you in these memorial services. God only knows. For wise purposes the future is a closed book to the children of men. We do not know but that many of us, at least before another Memorial season shall roll round, will be called upon to join that myriad host, whose memory we are here to-day to commemorate, in the spirit land. But, women of Augusta, I adjure you by all that is holy and sacred, preserve this beautiful custom to the end of time. The soil for which these noble fellows fought, for which they bled, for which they died, and in whose bosom they rest, will ever fournish the flowers—let your hands ever strew them, and the air of Heaven will diffuse their sweet perfume throughout their sacred precincts. And when you are passing away, and your eyes are set to behold for the last time the sun in the Heaven, bequeath the performance of this beautiful custom as a sacred legacy to your children.

I have endeavored to-day in my feeble way to sow some seed for reflection. I have told you that the strewing of these flowers is a patriotic act and the graves that receive them are patriots' graves. I have declared in candor that the past with all its bitterness has been put behind me, and that my eyes are fixed upon the future of our land in whose horizon I see ever the bud of promise. Our system of government I have endeavored to hold up to your admiring gaze and to picture to you its greatness, power, and grandeur,—and then I have come down to the very inner temple of your hearts, and referred to your closer identity with your home state—and to those things which give your heart a peculiar thrill.

Remember, one and all, that on a very little head board in yonder hill cemetery God has emblazoned in burning letters the word—duty. Take that word as your talismanic word—do your duty to your country, to your State, to yourselves.

To your country that she may go on, and on, and on, in the fulfillment of that sublimity of destiny, to which the star of empire seems to beckon her, and that her blessings may be preserved and increased.

To your State, that her traditions may be preserved; that no stain may rest upon her escutcheon; that no tinge of shame may ever mantle her cheek—no jewel be plucked from the crown that adorns her brow.

To yourselves, that you may do your duty to your country and State, for no man is true to himself unless he is true to them.

And now I shall allow you to proceed on your way, and make your sacred offering with one remark more and that remark is this:—

That it is my earnest desire to see a fraternal grasping of hands and buckling of hearts, and that I shall hail with joy and gladness the day when we shall all stand in spirit and in truth as one brotherhood in this sisterhood of States—when these States, though as distant as the billows, yet shall be one as the sea.

May the God of nations pluck from every heart in this Union all sectional bias and prejudices, and speed the time when our national sun will warm with its genial rays every section alike, and our national ensign will hover over this entire land, bearing in its talons streamers of equal rights and equal protection, love and peace,—and those streamers fluttering in Heaven's breezes over a happy and united people.

At the conclusion of this address the welkin was made to ring with the salvos of Artillery. Then, those who had not done so before, deposited their floral offerings upon the graves of the soldiers.

After this sacred duty was performed, the procession was again formed in order, and marched back to the city, when the companies were disbanded and the members repaired to their respective homes with the consoling consciousness that they had performed a patriotic and holy duty in honoring and commemorating those who sacrified their lives in defense of liberty and the South.

Store-house for Rent.—The Store-house in McGaheysville, Rockingham county, which was used as a store for many years by the late Col. Joseph Mauzy, and by others since, is for rent on low terms. This is one of the oldest and best known store-stands in that county.

Applicants for renting it will address—
RICHARD MAUZY,
mar14-tf Staunton, Va.

Parents who allow their children to grow up with scrofulous humors bursting from every pore are guilty of a great wrong. Think of them pointed out as branded with a loathsome disease, and you will readily procure them the Cuticura Remedies.

A pure, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold, clover blossoms, etc., fragrant with the healing essences of balsam and pine. Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for $1.

500 Trunks just received at Gladke's. my2

Mrs. GLADKE is selling nice STRAW HATS at 25 cents. may2-tf

Job printing of all kinds is executed at the SPECTATOR Office in the best style at very low rates.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!
Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States.—Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle. jan3-1y

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—About noon on last Wednesday, five cars and a caboose of the south-bound freight train on the Virginia Midland railroad ran off the track on a trestle near Fall Creek station, in Pittsylvania county. Conductor E. P. Gay was knocked senseless. One man, name not known, had a leg broken, and one other was injured.—The cars were much damaged, and the trestle broken in some places. The engine broke loose and went on to Danville.

A YOUTHFUL FORGER CONVICTED.—In the county court of Albemarle on last Wednesday, Wm. Gibson, a youth of fifteen years, was found guilty of forging the name of R. N. Flannagan to an order on Payne & Thomasson, and his term in the penitentiary was fixed at two years.

STORM SUNDAY WEEK IN N. C.—*Weldon, N. C.*, June 4, 1882.—A most destructive wind and hail storm, tearing up trees by the roots and demolishing houses in its passage, passed through this section this evening. At Garysburg, N. C., two miles from this place, the Male Academy was totally destroyed.

GIANT OAKS TWISTED OFF.

Fifty or sixty large oak trees, noted for their size and beauty, in the town, were blown down or twisted off at the ground. Two negro children were killed in a building which was blown to pieces.

DESTRUCTION OF COTTON.

Mr. B. H. Suiter, a prosperous farmer, reports that the hail destroyed 140 acres of cotton. Many chimneys were blown down, and very much loss of property is occasioned.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

There are a large number of persons out of employment in every county. Such as want employment and are willing to go to work with energy, can make from $100 to $300 a month working for us. The amount made by our agents varies, according to their energy and ability, some making $100, while other make as high as $500 a month. With an article of great merit, that should be sold to every House-owner who sees it paying 100 per cent. profit to the agent, with no sale less than $400. Any man with energy enough to move himself about to show it cannot make less than $1,500 a year—while a live, pushing man working for the most that can be made will make $6,000. We only want one man in each County, and to aim will give the exclusive sale as long as he continues to work faithfully for us. There is no competition from any source, as there is nothing like it made by anyone but ourselves. Parties having from $250 to $1,000 to invest can obtain a General Agency of from 10 Counties to a State. We want good workers to act for us, and such will obtain, not only a very profitable business, but one that will be permanent and pleasant. We are not paying salaries, and request that those that think of receiving such terms from us that they do not write us, for we only want men who are willing to work for the profits of their energy and ability—let that be what it may. We will mail our descriptive circulars to all out of employment, on receipt of 3 cent stamp. The first to comply with our terms will secure the county or counties they want.

Address, **Renner Manufacturing Co.,**
ma30-3t 116 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** does not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers and Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommend by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere. jan3-1y

A Fragrant Breath and Pearly Teeth
Are easily obtained by cleansing your teeth daily with that justly popular dentifrice, SOZODONT. Composed of rare antiseptic herbs, it imparts whiteness to the teeth, a delicious aroma to the breath, and preserves, intact, from youth to old age, the teeth. Acidity of the stomach will destroy the strongest teeth unless its effects are counteracted with SOZODONT, and this pure tooth-wash protects the dental surfaces by removing every impurity that adheres to them. Ask your druggist for SOZODONT.

Delicate Females.
The exactions of society, added to the cares of maternity and the household, have tested beyond endurance the frail constitutions which have been granted the majority of women. To combat this tendency to premature decline, no remedy in the world possesses the nourishing and strengthening properties of MALT BITTERS. They enrich the blood, perfect digestion, stimulate the liver and kidneys, arrest ulcerative weaknesses, and purify and vitalize every function of the female system.

Not too Cheap to be Good.
"It's too cheap to be good"—not a bit. "Thermaline" is cheerfully acknowledged by the thousands who have used it to be the best medicine for Chills they have used, no matter what the price. A physician says, "A 25-cent box of Thermaline cured a patient after he had taken over $3 worth of quinine and pills." Quinine is so dear as to be almost beyond the reach of the poor.

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*. dec20-6m

$1500 per year can be easily made at home working for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars. oct25-1y

MARRIAGES.

CRAWFORD—CRAIG.—On the 8th of June, at Deerfield, Augusta co., Mr. James Crawford to Miss Annie H. Craig, both of Augusta co.

RUSH—JONES.—On the 1st instant, near Fayetteville, West Va., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. J. T. Tubler, Mr. Clarence I. Rush and Miss Edna L. Jones.

TATUM—TATUM.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Harrisonburg, on Tuesday, June 6th, by Rev. O. S. Bunting, Mr. Lucien B. Tatum, of Richmond, Va., and Mary Seldon Tatum, daughter of Dr. R. Herbert Tatum. No cards.

KERCHEVAL—HALEY.—In Charlestown, Jefferson county, West Va., on Thursday, June 1st, 1882, at the Methodist church, by Rev. J. L. Shipley, Marcellus D. Kercheval, a typo, to Miss Bettie Haley, all of Charlestown, W. Va.

PATTON—PICKRELL.—June 1st, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Alfred Jones, Mr. Bernard H. Patton and Miss Julia Anna Pickrell, all of Rockbridge co., Va.

PULLEN—AYRES.—In Collierstown, Rockbridge county, at the Presbyterian Church, by Rev. H. R. Smith, on Thursday morning, June 1st, Wm. L. Pullen and Ellen M., only daughter of the late Thomas Ayres.

MUTHERSPAW—ENTSMINGER.—In Lexington, June 1st, by Rev. D. C. Irwin, Mr. W. A. Mutherspaw to Miss Lucinda J. Entsminger, all of Rockbridge co., Va.

McCORKLE—CRIHFIELD.—At the residence of the bride's mother, near Clarksburg, W. Va., May 31st, 1882, by Rev. Patterson Fletcher, assisted by Rev. J. C. Rexrode, Mr. Alex. G. McCorkle to Miss Ida Crihfield.

DEATHS.

Obituaries are charged for at advertising rates. Notices of deaths published gratuitously.

HANGER.—June 10th, in Churchville, Augusta co., Va., Marion Casper, infant son of Capt. H. H. and C. D. Hanger, aged 3 months, 25 days.

Thou hast made him most blessed forever:
Thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance. Psalm xxi: 6.
County papers copy.

MITCHELL.—In Augusta county, on May 31st, of typhoid fever, Sylvester Mitchell, aged 26 years. He was brought to this city for burial.

WARNER.—At his residence at Mt. Hope, Fayette county, West Va., on May 24th, Mr. Luther Warner, aged 91 years, 7 months and 20 days.

MELHORN.—In Woodstock, on the 2d of June, 1882, Mrs. Susan Melhorn, relict of the late Michael Melhorn, of that place, aged 80 years, 9 months and 9 days.

Mrs. Melhorn was sick but two days and only two hours before her heath she walked up stairs.

LOFTLAND.—On Saturday night a week, Mrs. Loftland, wife of Madison Loftland, died in Bridgewater, from consumption. Mrs. L. was a daughter of Capt. Jas. Miller, and granddaughter of Capt. Sam'l Miller, who formerly owned the Mossy Creek Iron Works, now the property of Mr. Sam'l Forrer. Her remains were buried in the Cemetery at Mossy Creek in this county, on Monday afternoon of last week.

LEGAL NOTICES.

LOSS OF CERTIFICATES OF RAILROAD STOCK.—The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is the owner of the following Certificates of Stock in the Virginia Central Railroad Company, now the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, which he has lost, and for which he will apply for new certificates:—

CERTIFICATE **No. 305,** dated November 19th, 1850, FIVE SHARES.
CERTIFICATE **No. 442,** dated July 23rd, 1851, ONE SHARE.

FRANCIS BELL,
apr18-2m Dublin, Pulaski county, Va.

NOTICE TO MUSIC SCHOLARS.—About the 15th of July, Misses Regina and Irene Kelley will be pleased to receive a limited number of pupils in Vocal and Instrumental Music. They are thorough musicians, and have an experience of several years.—Terms moderate. Apply to or address—
je6-1m V&V c1t MRS. KATE M. KELLEY.

FOR SALE. Any one desirous of procuring an excellent **MERCANTILE STAND,** in a good, healthy section of country, convenient to churches, and a good school, can get full particulars, by applying to—
sep6-tf SPECTATOR OFFICE.

GREAT REDUCTION

—IN THE PRICE OF—

SEWING MACHINES!

YOU CAN BUY FROM

JAS. W. NEWTON,

A first-class SEWING MACHINE

FOR $25.00 AND $27.50

With all the extra Attachments.

MILLINERY OPENING EVERY DAY

The largest and handsomest stock of

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Plumes and French Flowers

Ever before on exhibition in Staunton, can be seen daily at

JAS. W. NEWTON'S.

Ladies, if you have any doubt about it, call and satisfy yourselves of the truth of the above.

—CORSETS.—

Every LADY to preserve a beautiful figure, must have

A NEAT FITTING CORSET,

And in order to make a judicious selection you must have a great variety to select from, and the place in Staunton to find that assortment is at J. W. NEWTON'S. You will find there Dr. Warner's, Nursing, Coraline, Flexible Hip, and Health for Ladies and Misses. Also, Thomson's glove-fitting, and many other styles, including the "Galvanic Magnetic," said to cure sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion, rheumatism and paralysis. I have the BEST **50c. Silk Embroidered Corset** you ever saw.

Ladies' Linen and Grass Cloth ULSTERS

FROM **$1.00** TO **$5.00** AT J. W. NEWTON'S.

If you are in quest of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, SHOES, TRUNKS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, MATTING,

or anything else, always call at J. W. NEWTON'S before purchasing, and you will find all the goods marked in plain figures, and if you know the quality of the goods wanted you can see at a glance if the price is a fair one. We bait no one by offering to sell well known brands of BLEACH and BROWN COTTON, or any other goods,

AT LESS THAN COST!

Keep steadily in mind the fact that an "INSIDE PRICE" IMPLIES AN "OUTSIDE ONE," and while you get the low price in one line of goods, how do you know but that you pay

THE OUTSIDE PRICE ON ANOTHER?

The original cost of the goods and expenses must be met, or eventually the firm goes under. This selling a line of goods

AT COST, OR BELOW COST,

In order to draw custom, and to CHARGE A BIG PROFIT ON OTHER LINES is a trick as old as the Jews.

A UNIFORM PRICE, AND THAT A FAIR ONE, IS BEST FOR ALL.

I have as large, if not the largest, stock in my line in the city, and am

SATISFIED WITH REASONABLE PROFITS.

Therefore my prices can match any

INSIDE PRICES OFFERED ELSEWHERE

☞THE PROOF IS EASY. COME AND SEE.☜

☞ **Orders from the Country**

Will meet with prompt and special attention, and goods, if not entirely satisfactory, can be returned and money refunded.

Address:

JAS. W. NEWTON,

Lock Box 57. STAUNTON, VA.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by J. E. GRAHAM.
STAUNTON, JUNE 13, 1882.

Flour—Family	$6 50	@6 50
" Extra	6 00	@6 00
" Superfine	5 25	@5 25
Wheat—Lancaster—per bushel	1 30	@1 33
" Fultz	1 25	@1 30
Corn—White	85	@ 90
" Yellow	85	@ 90
Rye	1 00	@1 00
Oats	50	@ 52
Buckwheat—per lb.	4	@ 4½
Butter	18	@ 18
Eggs—per dozen	14	@ 15
Lard	12	@ 13
Bacon—City Hams	13	@ 15
Country Hams	14	@ 15
" Shoulders	13	@ 14
" Sides	14	@ 15
Bacon—Hog round	14	@ 14½
Pork	6½	@ 6½
Coffee—Rio	12½	@ 15
" Laguayra	17	@ 18
" Java	25	@ 28
Sugar—Brown	8	@ 10
" White	11	@ 12
" Cut-loaf	12½	@ 12½
" Granulated	11	@ 12½
" Pulverized	12½	@ 12½
Tea—Black	50	@ 75
" Breakfast	75	@ 75
" Japan	75	@ 75
" Gunpowder	50	@1 30
Syrups	40	@ 65
Molasses	40	@ 65
Salt	2 00	@2 00
Leather	25	@ 30
Cotton Yarn	1 10	@1 10
Hay—Timothy	1400	@1600
" Clover	1200	@1400
Clover Seed	4 50	@5 00

ALEXANDRIA GRAIN MARKET.

Flour—Fine	$4 00@4 50
" Superfine	5 25@5 50
" Extra	5 75@6 25
" Family	6 25@6 75
" Fancy brands	7 50@8 00
Wheat—Longberry	1 36@1 38
" Fultz	1 33@1 35
" Mixed	1 33@1 36
" common to fair	1 28@1 30
Corn—White	0 90@0 91
" Mixed	0 89@0 90
" Yellow	0 89@0 90
Corn Meal	0 95@1 00
Rye	0 85@0 90
Oats	0 65@0 66

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET, June 5th.—Prices this week for Beef Cattle ranged as follows:—

Best Beeves	8 00	@9 00
Generally rated first quality	7 00	@7 75
Medium or good fair quality	5 25	@6 75
Ordinary thin Steers, Oxen & Cows	3 00	@4 00
Extreme range of prices	3 00	@9 00
Most of the sales were from	7 00	@8 00

Total receipts for the week 1188; sales 879.

The quality of the offerings is not near as good as it was last week, the excess in the number of the receipts over the offerings then consisting largely of common Cattle, and the tops were much more scarce. The market was heavy throughout, prices of tops, at least the best of the offerings, showing a decline of ⅛@¼c from the beginning, with common ½c off before the market was more than half over, and progressing in the same direction till there was a decline of fully 1@$1 50, and in some instances a decline of $2 per 100 lbs.

Sheep and Lambs.—With an increase of some 600 head in the receipts over last week, consisting generally of common stock, showing no improvement at all in the quality, there are many more Lambs than last week. The market has been quite slow, and but for some Eastern demand it would have been much more so than last week. Prices are off a small fraction. We quote Sheep at 2¼@6c, few selling at the latter price, and Lambs at 4@7c per lb gross. Receipts this week 5900 head.

Hogs.—Trade is more active this week, showing no improvement in that respect on last week's market. Prices stand near about the same figures as those that ruled last week, values being possibly a trifle weaker than they were last Monday, the extreme figures being the same as they were then, 10@11¼ cents per lb net, with perhaps fewer sales near the latter figure. Receipts this week 5125 head.

ICE! ICE! ICE! I will say to the people of Staunton and the country that I will keep ice all the season at two places in Staunton—Markwood's, at the foot of Gospel Hill, and at J. Johnson's, on Augusta Street.—Besides regular delivery by wagon, ice will be delivered any hour of the day at the two places named, on order. Will supply it all the Summer in any quantity, from one pound to a car-load, to town or county. I will sell as low as it can be sold anywhere in Staunton.
may23-8t JOS. F. TANNEHILL.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—SUMMER LAW LECTURES (nine weekly), begin 13th July, 1882, and 13th September.—Have proved of signal use,—1st, to students, who design to pursue their studies at this or other Law School; 2nd, to those who propose to read privately; and 3rd, to practitioners who have not had the advantages of systematic instruction. For circular apply (P. O. University of Va.) to JOHN B. MINOR, Prof. Com. and Stat. Law. may30-4t

LEFT HOME.—My son, James F. Cassidy, left home last Wednesday, 31st. He is about 15 years old, light complexion, has a small scar on his forehead, and is rather under size for his age. Any information in regard to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his distressed father and mother.

Send word to the SPECTATOR office, or to T. J. Crowder, Staunton, Va.
HUGH CASSIDY,
june6-2t* Mt. Sidney, Va.

W. H. WELLER

Has just returned from New York and is now prepared to show the PRETTIEST STOCK of **DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, AND NOVELTIES,** he has ever had the pleasure to offer, consisting in part of all the New Fabrics in

BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.

Ladies will do well to examine this line of goods before purchasing, as particular attention is paid to this Department.

NEW DESIGNS IN
Black and Col'd Satin MERVEILLEUX,
" " " " RHADAME,
" " " " SURAHS,
" " " " MOIRE FRANCOIS,
" " " MOIRE ANTIQUE,
" " " MOIRE SATIN,
" " " PLAIN SATIN,
" " " SILK BROCADE.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS OF

DRESS GOODS,

IN PLAIN AND FANCY FABRICS.

NOVELTIES IN

FRENCH SATEENS,
ENGLISH SATEENS,
SCOTCH GINGHAMS,
ALL WOOL BEIGES,
SILK MIXTURES,
SHUDDAHS,
LACE BUNTINGS,
NUNS' VEILINGS,
ARMURES,
CHECKS, &c.

Foulard and Black Silks.

Especial care is taken to have only RELIABLE GOODS.

WHITE GOODS.

SOFT CAMBRICS, NAINSOOKS, INDIA LAWNS, SWISS MULLS, DOTTED SWISS, NAINSOOK CHECKS, SATIN PLAIDS, LINONS, PIQUES, PERSIAN LAWNS, VICTORIA LAWNS, &c., &c.

SPRING SACQUES and WRAPPINGS.
Latest Styles. Call and see them, at WELLER'S.

LADIES,—Call and see the beautiful—
PARASOLS,
latest designs. Handsomest in the city, at WELLER'S.

NEW STYLES.
COLLARS,
CUFFS,
TIES,
FICHUES,
CORSETS,
&c., &c., at WELLER'S.

FOR THE
PRETTIEST BUTTONS
in the city, go to WELLER'S.

NEW SASH RIBBONS,
All Shades, at WELLER'S.

FOR
KID GLOVES,
LISLE GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, AND NOVELTIES, go to WELLER'S.
mar28

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.—In all ages of the world the skill and scientific attainments of man have been directed to a study of the various ills to which it is heir. If, after years of constant application, some distinguished physician has succeeded in compounding an agent by which the slightest ache may be overcome, he has been hailed as a great benefactor of his race, and with great propriety the world have gladly sung pæans to his praise. This being proper, in the discovery of a remedy for a single disease, how much more indebted are the whole human family to the inventor of Baker's Bitters, a medicine that has stood the test of time, and proved a panacea for Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa, Cholea Morbus, Cramp Colic, Giddiness, Nervous Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Sour Stomach, while the various nostrums of quacks and empirics have flourished for an hour and then disappeared never again to be revived.

Baker's Bitters are now used by hundreds of families in Virginia as their only medicine, and that they are appreciated even by the medical men as a tonic of great virtue, is abundantly attested by hundreds of certificates in the hands of the Proprietor.

Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants.
E. BAKER, Proprietor,
mar28 Richmond, Va.

DRY GOODS.

NOTICE!

Summer Arrangements

AT

CHAS. A. GLADKE'S

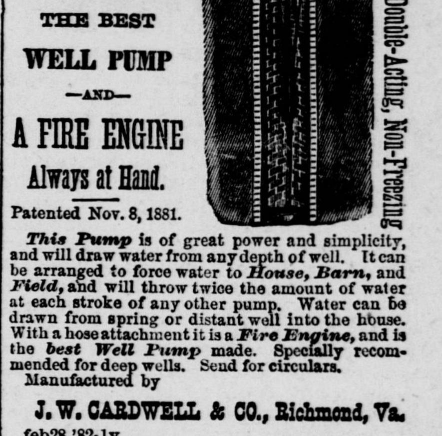
GRAND DOUBLE STORE.

ON AND AFTER THE
1st OF JULY, 1882,
we will open business at 6 o'clock in the morning and CLOSE every evening at 7 o'clock,
SATURDAY NIGHTS EXCEPTED,
☞ UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. ☜

GRAND BARGAINS!

WILL BE OFFERED DURING THE DAY
IN
EVERY DEPARTMENT,
SO COME AND SEE US.
Yours respectfully,
june13 C. A. GLADKE.

SUCCESS PUMP
FORCE AND SUCTION



THE BEST
WELL PUMP
—AND—
A FIRE ENGINE
Always at Hand.
Patented Nov. 8, 1881.

This Pump is of great power and simplicity, and will draw water from any depth of well. It can be arranged to force water to *House, Barn,* and *Field,* and will throw twice the amount of water at each stroke of any other pump. Water can be drawn from spring or distant well into the house. With a hose attachment it is a *Fire Engine,* and is the *best Well Pump* made. Specially recommended for deep wells. Send for circulars.

Manufactured by
J. W. CARDWELL & CO., Richmond, Va.
feb28 '82-1y

WATER!
Artesian Wells,
COMMON WELLS,
RUST'S
Eagle Well
Drilling
MACHINE,
AND MINERAL
PROSPECTIVE TOOLS
ARE RELIABLE.

They work faster than any others, are easier to handle, and require less power. GUARANTEED TO CUT THE HARDEST ROCK. For Earth Boring our "OLD RELIABLE RUST WELL AUGER" has no equal. It works successfully in Quick Sand, Clay, Soap Stone, Hard Pan, Hard Packed Gravel, Slate, Boulders, Soft Sandstone, or in anything except Hard Rock. All tools made from best steel and iron, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Our motto is, GOOD TOOLS AND REASONABLE PRICES.
Send for Circular. **O. RUST, Manager,**
jan24-1y St. Joseph, Mo.

Oliver Chilled Plows!

We respectfully announce that we are now the SOLE AGENTS for the sale of the celebrated **Oliver Chilled Plows** in this locality.

We purchase in car-load lots direct from the Factory, and will carry a full line of PLOWS, SHARES, &c.

These Plows become the leading implement wherever introduced, and every year adds to their popularity. ☞ We guarantee them to give satisfaction in every respect.

A lot of celebrated ST. JOHN—FOUR-DRAWER, DROP LEAF
SEWING MACHINES!
just received, and for sale at **$30.00** each.
☞ **Warranted for Five Years.**
Respectfully,
mar7-tf LYNN & EYLER.

ELDER, NELSON & CUSHINGS,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
No. 103 South Augusta Street,
STAUNTON, VA.
REAL ESTATE bought, sold, and exchanged.
☞ Write for description of properties in our hands for sale.
☞ Money to Loan on Real Estate Security.
jan3-tf

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple **Vegetable Balm** that will remove **Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches,** leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, **Ben. Vandelf & Co.,** 12 Barclay St., N. Y. feb21-1y

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure **Cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.** Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. feb21-1y

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence.
JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York.
feb21-1y

NOTICE!

A legacy of **$2,000** is bequeathed to each of the children of Robert Gay, of Aughedella, county of Tyrone, Ireland, and Eliza, his wife, formerly Eliza Stewart, by the late Dr. Scott Stewart, deceased, if applied for before the 29th day of June, A. D., 1882.

PENNA. CO. FOR INSURANCE ON LIVES AND GRANTING ANNUITIES, *Executors,* 431 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.
oct18-tf

WANTS.

WOOL! WOOL!!
20,000 POUNDS WANTED.
for which we will pay **CASH.**
apr14-3m P. B. SUBLETT & SON.

WANTED!
Dry Yellow Poplar Lumber,
by CLINEDINST & BODELL,
Carriage Manufacturers,
jan31-tf Staunton, Va.

FOR RENT!

FOR RENT—"LITTLE GIANT" MILL.—This desirable Merchant Mill is situated on Valley Turnpike and Valley Railroad, three miles from Staunton. For terms, apply to LEWIS HARMAN,
apr18-tf Staunton, Va.