Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor and Proprietor.

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☞ Any one sending us FIVE new subscribers and $10, will receive a copy of the paper for one year, *gratis*.

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may 17—ly

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may 5

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I am prepared to furnish Gentlemen's suits, of the very best materials, made up in the latest styles and in the most workmanlike manner, at low prices, and satisfaction guaranteed. I also keep a full line of Gents' Furnishing Goods. ☞ Give me a call before making your purchases. Respectfully,
oct14-tf J. A. HUTCHESON.

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No. 108 E. Main St., Up Stairs, opposite the Staunton Opera House.
is prepared to give the same satisfaction in all work as in former times.
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HEADQUARTERS,
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My Merchant Tailoring Establishment has just been fitted up with a new and fine assortment of
Suitings, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c., FOR FALL AND WINTER,
of the latest styles and best manufacture.
☞ Perfect fits guaranteed and orders promptly executed.
Call and examine goods and prices. jy2-tf

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Everything is at very low prices, and I am selling Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, as low for cash as any local or traveling agent, or any Marble dealer in the United States. Don't believe anything to the contrary, till you come and see.
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I respectfully invite my former customers and the public generally to give me a call.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
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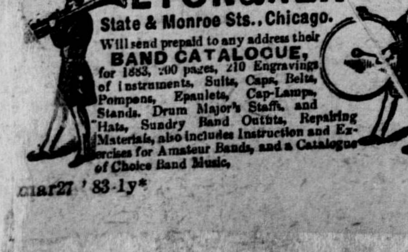

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The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,
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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA
HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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aug7-ly

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IT has never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction. Thousands of mothers are using it all through the land, and all are pleased with its charming effects. IT MAINTAINS THE BABY'S HEALTH BY KEEPING IT FREE FROM COLIC AND DIARRHŒA. Do not stupefy your Baby with Opium or Morphia Mixtures, but use
Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup,
which is always safe and reliable. It soothes and quiets the CHILD, RELIEVES PAIN and INFLAMMATION and gives SWEET, NATURAL SLEEP TO BABES AND REST TO MOTHERS. ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS SELL IT.
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.
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GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free—Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. dec4 '83-ly*

POETRY.

UNDER THE CHESTNUT BOUGHS.

There's a lad to-night, far out at sea—
He may never be home again,
But, whether or not he comes back to me,
My heart is his own, as when
We were side by side on a day long fled,
When I heard his eager vows
And blushed at the tender words he said
Under the chestnut boughs.

They tell me a sailor's heart is bound
By bonds that break at a breath;
Others, perhaps, such love have found,
But his will be mine till death.
But whether he sleeps beneath the wave
Or over the crest he ploughs,
I must always be true to the pledge I gave
Under the chestnut boughs.

It would grieve me less if the news were brought
That he died in a far-off sea,
Than if sitting alone to-night I thought
He could ever be false to me.
The lowland in winter's garb is clad,
Snow covers the mountain brows;
No longer I stand beside my lad
Under the chestnut boughs.

But I feel that my love will come back some day
From over the stormy sea,
As loyal and true as when going away,
He whispered farewell to me.
My heart goes out by the foam-flecked shore,
And never a doubt allows;
We shall surely stand, as we stood before,
Under the chestnut boughs.

—*The Clipper.*

WOMANHOOD WITH HONOR.

A woman's beauty lies within
A tinted cheek or dimpled chin;
A laughing eye, or chiselled nose;
A rounded form, or graceful pose.

Yet deeper far her beauty lies,
In being modest, good, and wise.
No fairer jewel e'er was found
Than womanhood with honor crowned.

S. B.

For the SPECTATOR.

"LITTLE MOSE."

A NEGRO CHARACTER SKETCH.

In the summer of '58 I was invited to quit for a few weeks, the dusty streets and sultry atmosphere of my city home and spend the time with Ned Carter, an old friend and school-mate at his beautiful country home on the banks of the James. I gladly accepted the invitation, and soon found myself most comfortably domiciled at "Hazelwood." This was one of the old Virginia plantations, well stocked with negroes whose inimitable songs could be heard at any time during the day wafted from the tobacco fields or from the comfortable cabins in the rear of the mansion. Frequently, in the evenings, when the laborers had returned from the fields, my friend and I would visit the darkeys at their quarters, and no concert that I have ever attended gave me more real pleasure than the characteristic choruses of these happy people. "Banjo Dick" would furnish the accompaniments, a score of melodious voices would blend in perfect harmony and "Little Mose," the subject of this sketch, would "pat de juba." This soubriquet had clung to him since early childhood, and, considering his diminutive statue, it was still appropriate, although he had grown to be a muscular youth of sixteen years. Mose was the first acquaintance I made among the darkeys. Upon my arrival, he was detailed to wait on me, and in a few minutes after I reached my room, the door opened and Mose placed himself at my service. He was a full-blooded African—as black as ebony, and when a broad grin would part his lips, his pearly teeth would form a striking contrast to the color of his skin.

"Well, Cæsar."

"My name Mose, sah."

"Well Mose, sit down here and shine my boots for me."

"Yaas sah; I kin do dat, sah; dat my 'feshun."

"Ah! it is, is it? Then your master doesn't make you work in the fields."

"No sah; I libs in de house, I does. I ain't none o' yo' co'n-field niggahs. I 'longs to young mas'—mas' Ned. Him an' me's good fren's. Hemos' allus takes me wid him when he goes fum home an' I waits on him all de time. When I dress up in shiny shoes an' de kewat, an' gits in de buggy wid mas' Ned or rides 'long side him on one o' de fine hosses what he got, I does feel dat big—ugh—um! When we goes 'long pas' de 'bacca fiel's whar de greasy niggahs wukkin, I jes frows my head back an' lets on like I don't see 'em. I sorter glances 'roun' at 'em sometimes, dough, an' I sees 'em a-lookin', an' a lookin' an' I knows all de time dey's wishin' dey wus me. I'se a gen'leman darkey, I is."

His was, indeed, a life of happiness. Nothing seemed to trouble him; nothing dampened the ardor of his spirits. He would sing from morning 'till night. The following, addressed to some dusky damsel, seemed to be his favorite song, and when circumstances would admit of it, was always accompanied with his peculiar "pat," which consisted of striking the knees and palms of the hands alternately and keeping time with the music, at the same time giving a motion, *a la* mill-saw, to his body:

"Look sweet, Miss 'Liza, don't you grieb an' cry,
I'se courted you a long time, but I'll marry you by-an'-by.
(Chorus) My purty little pink, I'se gwine away.
My purty little pink, I'm gwine away
My purty little pink I'm gwine away
Down in Tennessee.
Dis time tomorrer night, whar shall I be—
Way down in Tennessee, sittin' in a holler tree.
(Chorus) My pretty little pink &c."

It mattered not whether he was strolling through the fields, "gwine arter de cows" or running a more important errand, it seemed almost impossible for him to pass a flat rock without stopping to practice thereupon "the Old Virginia break-down."

He would have been unlike the majority of his race if he had not been superstitious. He was a firm believer in "spooks" and not unfrequently during his nocturnal rambles came in contact with an imaginary ghost which would cause him to beat a hasty retreat towards home. One evening, while sitting out on the piazza, I observed Mose approaching the house as fast as his short legs could carry him, and as he was passing, I stopped him and enquired the cause of such haste. Almost out of breath he answered:

"Ghos', Mas' Wallace, dat what." When he had recovered sufficient composure to give an account of his adventure, he said:

"Me'n Ole Lige (his dog) was gwine ober to de ribber to see bout my feeshin'-pole an' es we wus passin' de mill-pon' Old Lige he seen sumpin, an' he stop an' 'gin to yelp. I 'gin to feel kind o' curious like, cause I knowed Ole Lige never talk' 'cepin' he hab sumpin to talk 'bout. Den I look 'roun' an' right dar, sah, 'mong de willers, wus a-a ghos' es big es—Oh! golly, mas' Wallace, es big es a house—mos'. Mos' niggahs' har gin'ly kinky but mine, sa git jes es straight es white folks' har; an' when de ghos' 'gin to reach for me wid he long, white arms, he say, 'whar is you?' 'Whar is you?' I didn't say here I is'; no, sah; I didn't say 'here I is' but I—I lit out, sah, an' I run fas'n a ingine. Old Lige he couldn't keep 'longside o' me, an' I 'spec' de ghos' done nab' him 'fo' dis."

I tried to convince Mose that it was only a sturdy gander that he had come in contact with but he was as much of a goose as the ghost was, and all the arguments that I could command were unavailing.

There comes an end to everything, sooner or later, but pleasures flee so swiftly that they seem scarcely begun until they are ended. My stay at "Hazelwood" was protracted through the summer, and even then I was loth to leave, hardly realizing that I had been away from home so long. I never had the pleasure of visiting the place again. Soon thereafter came those alarming troubles which culminated in war and then every patriotic Virginian became a soldier. Ned Carter and I were thrown into different commands and fought in different sections. All that can be said of him—and the most that can be said of any gallant soldier—is that he went to the war and never came back again. I tried to do my duty, and whether I fully succeeded or not, I bear a battle-scar upon my face which disfigures me somewhat, but which I would not have removed if I could.

* * * * * * *

During the last summer, in order that I might recuperate from the effects of a session's close confinement in my lecture room, I set out, with a friend, on a pedestrian tour through the mountains of West Virginia. The days were spent in angling for the wary trout, and when night came on, unless we were near some habitation where we could find shelter, we would pitch our little tent and lie down to sleep under our own vine and fig-tree. We did not wander far from the line of the rail-road, but aside from this precaution, we were indifferent as to where we went. Occasionally we would come suddenly upon the lonely home of a mountaineer and would almost always stop for awhile and refresh ourselves at his hospitable board and fill our haversacks with fresh rations. One day, while leisurely wending our way down through a lonely, desolate hollow, so wild that it seemed scarcely probable that any creature save beasts and birds would choose to have a home there, we came in sight of a dilapidated log cabin. We thought at first that it was unoccupied, but, on near approach, we discovered a few little patches of corn, potatoes, &c., which, we thought, would hardly pay for the labor bestowed upon their cultivation. In a few minutes we came upon a group of half-clothed negro children, who, frightened at the sight of strangers, scampered away to carry the news of our arrival to others at the cabin. We had come upon the dwelling of a family of negroes. Feeling fatigued, we stopped to rest and refresh ourselves with draughts of cool water which were kindly offered. A negro man who had been digging among the rocks on the side of the mountain left his hoe and came down, and soon we were engaged in conversation.

"This is a lonely place you have chosen for your home," I ventured to observe.

"Yaas, sah; dis de only place I kin 'ford to lib now, sah. Dese hard times for de po' niggah, an' he got to lib anywhar he kin git."

"How long have you been here."

"Mos' all de time since de wah; I come fum Eas' Ferginny. Nebber been dar, hab you, sah?" I assured him that I was well acquainted with that section of the State. "I use to lib in Buckingham county an' 'long to Kunnel Carter. I don't 'spec' you knowed *him*."

At the name of Col. Carter, my mind reverted to the pleasant summer spent at his delightful home in *ante bellum* days, and as the poor darkey's countenance lighted up with the hope that he had met an old acquaintance, I thought I recognized in him "Little Mose." "I knew him well," I replied, "and there is something about your appearance that makes me think I know you, too. Look at me closely and see if you cannot tell who I am."

"Lemme see you good." (scrutinizing me carefully) "You looks sorter like Mas' Wallace Andrews 'cepin' he didn't hab dat long cut on de cheek."

"But the war, Mose; you forget the war."

"Oh! Mas' Wallace, dis *ain't* you. Yaas 'tis. Sho dat's who 'tis," and the proffered hand clasped mine in a vise-like grip, and the falling tear which the rough coat-sleeve quickly brushed away showed that the recognition had stirred the fountains of the heart.

"Yaas," he went on to say, "dese mons'ous hard times for us culled folks. Ain't like dey use' to be. Fo' de wah de niggahs did hab to wuk, sah; but den ole mas he gib us bread an' meat 'nough an' clothes 'nough an' dat what some ob us can't hab now, sah. When de rain come, we ud res', an' when de rain didn't come, 'twas mas' corn dat didn' grow. Dem good times done gone now, sah, an'll nebber come no mo'. When de Norf and de Souf 'gin to fuss, den young mas' lef' an' went off to fight wid Ginnel Johnston an' he didn' come back no mo'. Folks did tell ole Miss dat he was tookin pris'ner, an' ud git back to de ole home arter while, but he didn' come. Ole Miss she wait' an' wait', an' pray,' an' pray' dat de good Lord ud please let her ole eyes res' on mas Ned once mo' but (a shake of the head finished the sentence.) Ole Miss 'gin to git feeble mighty fas' den. She seem' like she griebin' herse'f away an' 'twant long 'fo' dey carried her off to res.' I 'spec' she's wid mas' Ned now, dough, 'cause mas' Ned wus always pow'ful good. Arter 'while miss Minnie she married one o' dem big men what stay' in Richmun an' went 'way fum home, an' den, at las', when de wah come to a eend, an' de niggahs wus free, dey mos' all lef' de ole plantation Some went dis a-way an' some went dat 'Twas pow'ful lonesome bout de ole place den. Den ole mas' he say he couldn' stay dar no mo'. He say he gwine to sell out an' go to lib wid Miss Minnie. He tell me dat I 'long to myse't an' I could lieb, too, if I want' to go. I did lub de ole place an' I hate mons'ous to go 'way, but den when night ud come dere want nobody dar to sing, an' dere want nobody dar to dance and pick de banjer like dere use' to be. Den I'd 'gin to wonder whar dey all wus, an' what dey wus doin', an' den I'd want to go too, so, at las', Susan an' me (dat's my wife what I married endurin' o' de wah) we say good-bye ole Mas', fahwell ole plantation, an' den we come away."

As the poor darkey's thoughts went back to days of Auld Lang Syne, his voice would tremble with emotion and tears would traverse his sable cheek.

"Sing me a song that you used to sing," said I, but I was sorry the next moment I had made the request, for a hidden spring, before untouched, seemed to be opened and the rush of fond recollections came upon him with such force as to almost overpower him. He seemed to think that the old songs in which he used to join with so much pleasure had been made sacred by tenderest associations and, in the absence of so many voices once familiar, it was not for him to attempt a reproduction of them. They were never to be forgotten, but never to be resung.

We talked long of old times and the people he used to know. He had heard that his old master had long since gone over to join the great majority, and I told him that his pretty Miss Minnie had grown to be a sober matron and was living with her husband and children far away in the South.

At last, we rose to go. As Mose bade me good bye, the tears glistened in his eyes, and when we had gotton almost out of sight, and as we were turning the point of a ridge, I turned to look back and there stood Mose gazing after us, and while with one hand he shaded his eyes, with the other he waved us a last farewell.

OSSIAN.

Why suffer longer from dyspepsia, indigestion, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, malaria, intermittent fevers, etc.? Brown's Iron Bitters never fail to cure these diseases. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as belching, heartburn, biliousness, etc. Remember it is the only iron preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Ask your druggists concerning its merit.

John G. Saxe sent the following to a temperance convention:—

You have heard of "the snake in the grass," my boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class.
Alas!
'Tis the venomous snake in the *glass!*

For the SPECTATOR.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

THE WONDERFUL BASSIE MINE.

QUERIDA, CUSTER, CO., COL.,
January 12th, 1884.

Six years ago, the town of Querida possessed but two houses. To-day, altho' the town has not had as rapid growth as many other western towns, the inhabitants feel that Querida has taken a firm hold of life, and when many of the towns noted for mushroom growth have reached their climax and died, Querida will steadily and surely advance to heights of prosperity undreamed of by them.

The town consists mainly of one street, on which are the principal business houses and many of the miners' homes. On the right, looking northward, near the centre of the town, stands the substantial and comfortable home of the Superintendent of the Bassie Mine. There are a great many other mines in Custer county, but at present the Bassie is producing more than an aggregate of the others.

Mr. Perkins, the Superintendent, is a man of great mining experience, under him the Bassie Mine has become what it is, having declared four dividends in the last year of one hundred thousand each.

The discovery of this mine was not unusual. Its first owner dug a ten foot hole, but lacking the means, or perhaps pluck, left it. Ed. Bassie, a very poor man, then jumped it At first, he had not means to hire help, or even have assays made, but by sawing wood, he managed to have a load of ore shipped to Canon City. This alone brought him five thousand dollars. Of course, then, his prosperity was assured.—He sold a part interest for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars (350,000 00) reserving a tenth. The mine still bears his name, altho' the town is called Querida, the Spanish for sweetheart.

On the right of the town is a hill—you would call it a mountain—just half way down, a spur juts out abruptly. In this spur is the main shaft, which has now reached a depth of one thousand feet! But the main entrance to the mine is through a tunnel at the foot of the hill, four hundred feet long. At the end of this tunnel, just under the apex of the hill, is the engine room, about forty feet long and twenty feet wide. The shaft passes the lower end of this room. In this mine the ascending and descending is done by means of a cage. This is connected with the engine by a wire cable, two inches in diameter and long enough to reach the bottom of the shaft. The ore is brought out in cars which are placed on the cage, and, of course, the men come and go in the same manner. The whole distance is accomplished with lightning rapidity; but so gentle is the motion, one can hardly realize the distance.

To Mr. Davie Houston, the obliging night Foreman, is due my earnest thanks for escorting me so faithfully through this vast underground structure,—a privilege accorded to only a few!

I could hardly muster courage sufficient to take the final step on the cage, and drop down the dark abyss. But I did, and was more than compensated. We landed at the six hundredth level. At every hundred feet there is a level, and a large station-room cut from the sides of which the mineral is stoped entirely out, for this mine, unlike any other on record, stands alone, baffling geologists and contradicting science.—The formation is principally boulders, some of which are solid mineral, others are only covered with a thin crust of mineral.

In almost all other mines the mineral is found in leads or veins, which are between the distinct walls, called the hanging and foot walls. They generally consist of one ore, or one class of ores. In this mine are found gold, silver, tellurium, lead, copper, zinc, indeed *almost all ores*.

On this level, as on all the others that are worked, is a pump, and a *pump monkey*. The pumps are kept going in order to keep down the water.

We then descended to the eight-hundredth level on the steps, as it gave us the means of examining more carefully the mine, and going through the many drifts and stopes. It seemed a new world. At every turn we came upon men who, in their miners, suits, could easily be mistaken for imps of darkness; that is, if my impression of such imps is correct! About seventy-five men are continually underground, and fully as many more are employed on top Some days many thousand dollars, worth of ore are taken out. The out-put being by no means regular.

Again we called the cage, and in a moment we were at the nine-hundredth level, or more than one thousand feet underground!

This mine is perfectly ventilated, and as safe as a mine can be, being thoroughly timbered—every part of it with twelve by twelve transfers! When the mineral has been exhausted, the cavities are filled in with waste rock, making solid ground again.

Notwithstanding the vast amount of work done, and the many men employed, very few accidents have occurred. The ratio being less for mines than railroads!

Much could be said as to the efficient management of the present authorities, Mr. C C. Perkins, the Supt., Messrs. Robert McGregor and Davie Houston, the Foremen. The safety and preservation of life, being their first consideration, and the sole interest of the company they represent next.

Again we took the cage, and giving the signal for ascent, were drawn rapidly above, in utter darkness, as our lamps would not remain lighted in the strong draft, created by the cage. Imagine going one thousand feet in less than a minute!

As I before stated, the engine-room is just in the centre of the hill, a tunnel four hundred feet in length leading into it from the outside base of the hill. Here the engineer, guided by skill and intelligence, silently performs his work, knowing that human life depends upon his attention to duty.

The car-men wait in turn for their cars to be filled, then run rapidly through the tunnel on a tramway and dump their precious ores into the mill. Much of this ore is crude, and is at once sacked and shipped to be smelted. That which is mixed with earthy matter is put into *the crushers*, sometimes boulders two feet in diamater and crushed. After going through the different washings, screenings, the jigs, and the revolving buddle it is found free from earth, and resembles fine gravel. Even the earth washed from the mineral is valuable, and is taken through another set of processes, the mineral in it coming out like fine sand.—This is then placed on drying floors and when dry is shipped to be smelted.

The mill is a very large building, employing an engine, and a large force of men, presided over by a day and night foreman. Near the mill stand, the blacksmith shops, Foreman's office, and store rooms. The latter contains all the paraphernalia suitable to running a mine of such dimensions, and enough variety to astonish anyone. Often five thousand dollars worth of piping, elbows, T. joints bolts, nuts, and oils are used in a month!

About nine months ago, a restless vagabond element determined that as they were not satisfied with the state of affairs under Mr. Perkins's administration, they would cause his resignation! These "Mollie McGuires," formed an organization, and wrote Mr. P. a letter, to the effect that he must leave Querida before the 13th of the next month! They also wrote to the "Bassie Mining Company," saying that if Mr. P. did not resign at the specified time, they would find means to cause, "not only a resignation of *office*, but of his *head!*"

This had not the desired effect of intimidation! Leave was given Mr P. to act as he thought best for his own, and the Company's sake. All work was suspended, regular companies were formed of the miners and sympathizers. *War was declared!* Notices were sent to each Mollie McGuire—that his "room was preferable to his presence!" In a short while the town was rid of its objectionable element, *and that without bloodshed*. Since then, the camp has enjoyed an unusual amount of peace. The inhabitants are a quiet industrious people!

While all through the east—the cold has been intense, we have been enjoying, with the exception of a few nights, the mildest of winter weather.

With regard to climate, this is surely the most favored spot on earth Would that more of your weak-lunged, delicate people could be persuaded to leave their comfortable homes and sojourn a winter or two with us. The benefit would be incalculable!

Edward Harman, who came here about three months ago, is becoming as rugged as a Rocky Mountain Cowboy.

The Democrats around us, and they are many—are rejoicing at the turn of affairs in Virginia.

Wishing you God speed in this and all other good wishes.

I am yours, respectfully, N.

For the SPECTATOR.

Tinkling Spring Church.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps your oldest and one of your most punctual subscribers, I think of more than half a century as the reader of the SPECTATOR, has sent me some interesting items of history of this old church. He is near eighty-five years old, and remembers many of them: others have come to him by tradition. I am sure it would gratify him to see them in print, as many of his friends at a distance would see them who first saw the light within its bounds. I refer to the venerable Matthew Pilson, for many years an Elder in Bethel church. I may be pardoned for using these few lines from Dr. Foote as an introduction:

"Going down from the splendid prospect on Rockfish Gap to the edge of the 'lake country,' as the sage of Monticello termed it, you enter the bounds of the oldest congregation in Augusta county, one that contends with Opequon for the honor of being the first in the great Valley, and the first in the State after the days of Makemie—the congregation of the Triple Forks of the Shenandoah, which formerly stretched across the Valley from the Gap to the Ridge, in the western horizon. You are, too, in the bounds of that division of the congregation named Tinkling Spring," &c.

"It was organized, as you know," says Mr. P., "by Rev. Mr. Blair in 1747. The first church was of logs. I remember of seeing some of the old sills. They were made into upping-blocks. This was in 1805 or 1806. There was a yard enclosed west of the church, on the slope of the hill, with post and rails to hitch horses in, to protect the saddles and bridles from the stock running in the range. Many of the posts remained after I was grown, and were used to hitch horses to. The second church was of stone, long and narrow, with the pulpit in the side, (north,) perched near to the ceiling, with a sounding board over it. It was well furnished with pews, according to the old style. I should have mentioned that in the first, one corner was cut off from the balance of the church by railings and a door opening from the outside. This was the Preston corner; no one but the family of Prestons entered, unless invited. Old Father Craig was the first minister. Rev. James Waddell, the Blind Preacher, the second, who served about seven years. He lived on the Col. James Patton farm, on South River, called Spring Hill,' lately owned by Zachariah McChesney. The next Pastor was the Rev. John McCue, who served twenty-eight years. On the —of September, 1818, Rev. James C. Wilson took charge. There was a difficulty in getting a home for him. His father-in-law, a Mr. Coleman from Eastern Virginia, said if a suitable place could be bought, he would pay for it. Presently 150 acres of Col. Andrew Fulton's land, on the Greenville road, 2½ miles above Waynesboro', was bought at $52.50 per acre. On Mr. Coleman's return home to make arrangements for paying for it, he died suddenly, when his estate was found comparatively insolvent. Very soon thereafter Mrs. Wilson died. Mr. Wilson was placed in a very embarrassed situation. Mr. John Alexander, who lived where Mr Weaver now does, a son-in-law of Benjamin Stuart, got up a meeting, which agreed to pay Mr. Wilson six years' salary in advance. He commenced a female school, which, in connection with the proceeds of his farm, enabled him to support his family up to the time of his death. That was sudden and occurred in the postoffice at Waynesboro', whilst waiting for his mail He, like Mr. McCue, served the congregation as a supply, and for a term of twenty-two years, most faithfully. Rev. B. M. Smith succeeded him for about six years. Then Rev. Dr. Dabney and Rev. Wm. Calhoun preached some months before the Rev. Mr. See, whose term of service was about fourteen years; then Rev. Dr. Strickler, Mr. Preston, &c.

In the days of my boyhood, the Elders were George Hutchinson, Samuel Pilson, Col. Andrew Fulton, Maj. Alexander Hall, Walter Davis, Matthew Hunter, Thomas Calbraith, and, I think, Andrew McClure The Clerk, as the leader of the singing was called, was George Pilson in Mr. Waddell's time; some time after him, a Mr. McCall; then Charles Patrick and Capt. Samuel Steele a short time; then Mr. Wm. Gilkeson, followed by Col. Frank McCue, who served perhaps forty years. And yet it is strange that this old church, with such an array of able ministers, in a period of 135 years, has furnished but *two* ministers, a Mr. McClure, born, I think, on the Michael A. Coyner farm, licensed by Old Hanover Presbytery and went to Kentucky; the next was Mr. Moffett. The Rev. Newton Craig, D. D, is claimed, but improperly, as he was born in Pocahontas county, on a farm sold his father, George Craig, by the late James A. McCue. What I have told you of Mr. McClure, my father told me. I am sincerely your friend,

MATTHEW PILSON."

"Rev. Andrew McClure was the forty-third minister, born in Augusta, 1755; was received as a candidate November, 1781, at the Stone Meeting house; licensed October 25th, 1782 at New Providence with Messrs. Houston, Rankin, and Carrick. Accepting a call from the North Fork of Roanoke, he was ordained May 9th, 1784. He removed to Kentucky in 1786, and occupies a place in Dr. Davidson's History. He died in 1793."—*Dr. Foote. p.* 111.

The writer spent a day or two in the family of a great-grandson of his, thirty five years ago, in Woodford county, Ky.

We may here contrast Bethel, built about 1779, with Tinkling Spring. She has sent out the famous Wm. McPheeters, D. D., Dr. Baker, the two Logans, and Mines, up to 1856, and Mr. Lewis, grandson of Dr. McFarland, and it may be others the writer can't recall.

OLD MORTALITY.

BAD THOUGHTS.—Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity, and undermine the stablest foundations of character. They are like rot in timber; like rust in iron. They eat into the man And when the process has gone on for a while, and there comes a stress of outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruins!

Ships go out to sea all bright with fresh paint, their sails all spread and streamers flying, and never come back—never reach port. Why? They met a storm, and went down because they were rotten. Under the paint was decay!

Just so bad thoughts, vile, impure thoughts and imaginations rot the manly oak of character, slacken all the stays of virtue, and leave the man or woman to the violence of temptation, with no interior reserve power to withstand the shock. Bad thoughts fed and fattened are the bottom vices of society.

"Harry, you'd ought to know better at your time of life, ogling at the girls you meet." "Fact is, I do know better," said Harry, "but then 'tisn't good taste, you know, for a fellow to be parading his knowledge in public."—*Boston Globe.*

Mr. J. T. McDonald, ROXBURG, VA., says: "My mother and I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and it gave almost instant relief."

Confucius wasn't far out of the way when he said, "Woman is the masterpiece."—Confucius must have been married.

For the SPECTATOR.

How to Succeed.

It is very often the case that, when a young man starts in life, he expects too great results from little effort, and, when he fails to find his expectations realized, he becomes discouraged. This should not be the case. In life's great battle there are many difficulties to be encountered, which are known only to the veteran and which must be learned by the inexperienced. Fortune does not bestow her gifts without an equivalent. She requires every man to exert himself in proportion as he partakes of her benefits. Her motto is, "No excellence without labor."

A young man may, in the start, form good resolutions and labor diligently to keep them; but so many formidable barriers, crossing his pathway, seemingly tend to bar him from the goal for which he is striving, that he is almost constrained to yield the struggle. Never yield: this is only a caprice of Fortune to test your persevering qualities. She has very peculiar notions in regard to human affairs, and subjects applicants for her favors to innumerable tests to prove if they are worthy of the boon of success. Disappointments, failures, and the whole category of difficulties will be thrown in his way. How appalling are their number! but he has time in which to overcome them all if he only exercises perseverance. When an obstacle presents itself, endeavor to surmount it. If one effort is not sufficient, make another and another until you do succeed. At times the way may appear entirely blocked up, but only continue in your efforts and it will open as if by magic, and you will be astonished at your own success.

Perseverance is one of the strongest allies of success. All great discoveries, useful inventions, and high attainments are due to perseverance. All grand architectural works show the achievements of perseverance. Consider how much patient toil was required to build the great Chinese Wall, the Coliseum at Rome, the Mexican Pyramids, and the Pyramids of Egypt. And Nature herself teaches a lesson of unprecedented perseverance. Slowly, but surely, the ocean is filling up by deposits collected and carried there by Nature's own means in the form of thousands of rivers over the earth's surface, and by the efforts of an insect so small as to be hardly visible to the naked eye. Every shower that falls only tends to bring the mountains and the hills to the level of the plains. All are examples of the grand triumphs of perseverance, and show what lofty determination, aided by a persevering will, may accomplish.

Young man, set your mark high and endeavor to attain to it. Let defeat only make you more determined to conquer. Let difficulties only inspire you with renewed vigor for the struggle. Try to emulate the masterpieces of the greatest geniuses. Up, and utilize the time and exercise the talents that God has given you and make your life a success It is a duty you owe to yourself, to your country, and to your God.

D. L. B.

Self Praise.

Conceited people may be divided into two classes—the offensive and the non-offensive. There are people who have a very good opinion of themselves, but they manifest it in such a way as is far from making them disagreeable. Perhaps they talk a little too much about themselves and their wonderful performances, and still the listener is interested and attracted rather than repelled. The man who has done nothing that is worth doing becomes tedious when he talks of himself, but when one has made a great invention or discovered anything wonderful, or explored any rare line of study, or accomplished a grand success in the line of practical business, we like to hear all about the matter, just how he did it and what personal results it has brought to him.

What looks like self-conceit may be after all only the overflow of animal spirits. One who is perfectly sound in mind and body may be expected to carry his head a little higher than other people, and walk with a somewhat more pretentious tread Sidney Smith has said that he thought Christians in general were not grateful enough for the gift of personal vanity. We presume that he had in mind the natural exuberance which makes man satisfied with himself and every thing about him. Who does not prefer the society of such persons rather than those who show their conceit by never seeming to be satisfied with any thing.

There are forms of conceit of which we have nothing extenuating to say. The worst of these appears in the habit of habitually depreciating others. In doing this the detractor is all the time proclaiming to the world, "I am not as other men are. Just look at me! I have never fallen as these people have." Perhaps not outwardly. Some people are never content to hear allusion to the good deeds or the bright sayings of others without calling attention to some corresponding exploit of their own. Conceited people will also manage, by a certain adroitness, to give such a turn to conversation as will enable them to bring in some reminder of their own progress—oblivious of the fact that they have told the same story to the same people a dozen times before.

WINTER'S ADMONITIONS.—The cold weather admonishes us that if the stock is to be kept in good condition the feeding must be increased in proportion to the decrease of the temperature The first office of the food consumed by an animal is to maintain life, and life means warmth. It is the vital heat which keeps an animal alive. If the temperature falls one degree below the normal and necessary heat the animal becomes diseased, and unless the temperature is raised it will die. A certain quantity of food must be oxidized in the body to keep up this warmth. As the outer temperature falls there is increased radiation from the body, and heat is lost. To provide for this waste of heat more food must be consumed, or, instead of a larger quantity, the food must be richer, that is, containing more carbon or nitrogen, the oxidation of which will produce more heat. With proper shelter and tight, warm stables there will be less waste of heat, and consequently less food will be required than with poor shelter and open cold barns. The first consideration then for the farmer should be to make his animals comfortable. As he knows how grateful on a cold morning a cup of hot coffee is to him, let him provide a warm bran slop for his cows, and follow it up with a feed of cut hay and meal. The result will be seen in the full milk pail and the thick cream from the cows and the continuous and healthful growth of the calves. The comfortable lodging and generous feeding is the key to successful winter dairying, and when butter is thirty-five or forty cents a pound, it will pay to give the cows the best of care.—*New York Times.*

HOT MILK AS A STIMULANT.—Of hot milk as a stimulant, The Medical Record says: "Milk heated to much above 100 degrees fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects."

Mr. Hugh L. Kidd, MANCHESTER, VA., says: "I received great benefit by using Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and loss of appetite."

"I shall husband my resources," said the rich woman when she married a poor clerk.

THE OLD FRONT DOOR.

I remember the time when I used to sit,
A happy and thoughtless boy,
When father came home from his work at last,
And I was tired of my toy—
I remember the time (and none more sweet
Shall I know forevermore),
When I sat at eve by my mother's side
On the sill of the old front door.

I remember I'd sit till I'd fall asleep,
And list to their loving talk,
While the crickets chirped, and the fireflies bright
Flew over the garden wall;
And often would father tell the tale
Of the time long years before,
When he led his bride to a happy home
Over the sill of the old front door.

I remember when grandfather failed and died
(And eighty years old was he),
And well I know that never again
He would ride me on his knee;
And though but a gay and thoughtless boy,
I wept, and my heart was sore,
When I saw them bear him slowly out
Over the sill of the old front door.

It is many a weary day since then,
And I, too, am old and gray;
But the tears come crowding into my eyes
When I think of that long past day;
And I only hope that whatever end
Fate may have for me in store,
I shall walk once more, ere I pass away,
O'er the sill of the old front door.

The Lifetime of Man.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced, and asked how long he would have to live?

"Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while! Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement nor be refreshed by anything but by blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that time, I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too long for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for, but to lie in a corner and growl?"

Nature gave him twelve years. The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly have the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be. Should puddings ever rain down, I shall have no spoon. I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure so long."

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten. At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man—"When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire on my hearth; when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit, when life will seem most desirable, I shall die. Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period!"

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass beside."

"That is not enough," replied man.

"Take likewise the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man—"give me more."

"I give then the ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed dissatisfied. Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy—he labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and he lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion.—Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

SUCCESS IN FARMING.—The man who begins a life at farming and succeeds must be strong to labor, industrious, of good health, economical, and have plenty of that invaluable quality "pluck" and energy, with sufficient means to insure a fair start, not only to buy and stock his farm, but also working capital equaling at least one-fifth the investment in land, with surplus means for maintenance during the transition state. Critically inspect, personally, the farm and locality towards which your thoughts and inclinations are turned; act only from your own judgment, and advice of expert friends, put little value upon the recommendations of interested parties.—Spend time and money, if necessary, in obtaining personal information as to the advantages and disadvantages of the proposed locality and farm; then you will have no one else to blame. But above all, when decision is made, resolve to win; let your motto be, when once your lot is cast: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," not twice or thrice, but many times, for undoubtedly you will find that there are disastrous seasons as well as good ones. This is the farmer's lot, locate where he may; but good judgment and industry go far towards overcoming all disasters of the season. As a rule it will be found economical to buy good land, with good, not extravagant, improvements on it, rather than land run down, with few or no improvements, and then be compelled to make them.

BUDS OF THOUGHT.—Honesty is a quality that is more applauded than practiced.

As the youth is inclined so will the adult tend to mature.

Kindness is the emblem of goodness and the light of the soul.

Meanness assumes many garbs, often taking that of religion.

Intelligent, well-bred people never use foul expressions.

There are more successes secured by craft than by courage.

Vanity is a despicable habit and is fatal to good judgment.

Flatterers are knaves who win success by deceiving fools.

Hope is not a current coin to exchange for our necessities.

Good luck for the fool, cause and effect for sensible people.

Sincerity and fidelity are the out-crop of human goodness.

No real pleasure can ever be obtained at the price of pain.

Shun all evil and thus avoid the regret of participation.

A stubborn fool is always a trying strain on our patience.

"Aunt Jane," said an exasperated wife, "I wish it was a custom for women to trade husbands, as it is for men to trade horses." "Why, my dear?" "Because, if it was, I'd cheat some woman dreadfully before sundown."

Among the oldest of smokers—chimneys.