Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

☞ When payments are not made strictly in advance Three Dollars will be charged.

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

Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator

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STAUNTON, VA.
COURTS.—Augusta and adjoining counties, Federal Court at Harrisonburg, Court of Appeals of Virginia, at Staunton. feb21-tf

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PRESTON A BAYLOR,
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☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for. dec 5—tf

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and Real Estate Agents,
STAUNTON, VA.
may 5

TAILORING.

J. A. HUTCHESON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
109 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.

I desire to call the attention of my friends and the public to the fact that I have just received a most beautiful line of—

DRESS GOODS
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

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.

P. B. GRAVES,
Fashionable Tailor,
No. 103 E. Main St., Up Stairs, opposite the Staunton Opera House.
is prepared to give the same satisfaction in all work as in former times.
Special Attention Paid to Cutting.
Work done outside of shop. Cutting and repairing done in best manner and on short notice. ☞ TERMS CASH. ☜ au27-tf

MERCHANT TAILORING
HEADQUARTERS,
M. F. McNAMARA,
No. 10 NEW ST.,
STAUNTON, VA.
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

MARBLE WORKS.

VALLEY MARBLE WORKS,
STAUNTON, VA.
the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.

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.
J. C. MARQUIS.
P. S.—I also call attention to my Catalogue of Designs of the Wonderful White Bronze Monuments and Head Stones. au27-tf

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THE BEST LIVERY IN THE STATE.
AMERICAN HOTEL
Livery Stables.
S. T. THORNBURG.....Proprietor.
Having refitted my stables and added a number of fine horses and vehicles to my stock, I am prepared to accommodate the summer travel in the most elegant and handsome style at reasonable prices.
☞ Hunting, Fishing and Pleasure Parties generally will be supplied with any kind of vehicle desired, at low prices.
I respectfully invite my former customers and the public generally to give me a call. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*
may18-tf S. T. THORNBURG.

ARTHUR JERRAM,
Successor to
ROBERT HILL, Jr.,
Manufacturer and Bottler of
GINGER ALE,
Lemon Soda,
AND
SARSAPARILLA.
Bottled Beer & Porter
ALWAYS IN STOCK.
NEW STREET,
oct23 '83-1y Staunton, Va.

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP!
BUY THE BEST.

BLATCHLEY'S TRIPLE ENAMEL PORCELAIN-LINED OR SEAMLESS TUBE COPPER-LINED
PUMP
Do not be argued into buying inferior Goods. For sale by the best houses in the Trade.
C. C. BLATCHLEY, Manuf'r,
308 MARKET ST., Philad'a.
Write to me for name of nearest Agent.
feb26 6m

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known throughout all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine whose praise and praise—the best of its kind—for every pain of external pain.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuance of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human Flesh and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican

MUSTANG LINIMENT

Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

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which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as
Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.
For the BRUTE CREATION it cures **Spraining, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil,** Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.
The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN OR BEAST.

mar13 83 1y

TUTT'S PILLS
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.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 41 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
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.
Office, 41 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.
aug7-1y

MY BABY USING
DR. FAHRNEY'S

TEETHING SYRUP.
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.
PREPARED BY
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Adopted for use in the
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OF AUGUSTA COUNTY, VA.
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Webster's Common School Dictionary	80
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POETRY.

THE MODEL WIFE.

My good wife is knittin', and 'yond plays the kitten,
The yellow bird carols above,
But she heeds not the charmer, the snarl con't alarm her;
Her thoughts are on me and of love.
Her smile so bewitchin', lights parlor and kitchen,
For she s sunshine both upstairs and down;
All bustling and busy, is Bonnibelle Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

She's too true to her labors to gossip with neighbors,
With a greeting she passes them all;
And the women that always are whisperin' in hallways
She shuns, for their talk is too small;
With affairs of Miss Prattle and Dame Grundy Tattle,
With the names of poor Jones, Smith, or Brown,
Coining mischief they're busy, but not so with Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

When her tins, a bright tie in, like silver are shinin',
And the kettle is singin' for tea.
You'll find her a-sittin' and quietly knittin',
Awaitin' the comin' of me;
And the thoughts so beguilin', the dimples go smilin'
The plump rosy cheeks up and down—
Still her fingers are busy, no dreamer is Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

When I finish my daily long tasks I sing gally:
"From the toil of the bench, love, I'm free!"
Though the stars twinkle o'er me, my heart flies before me
To her who is watchin' for me.
I steal in behind her, with strong hands I bind her,
My queen of the calico gown;
The little hands busy, I clasp and kiss Lizzie,
The best little wife in the town.

—LEONARD WHEELER.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

When the editor comes from the office at night,
At a very late hour, in a dubious plight,
The impression prevails, and the story is told,
That an editor's wife can be alway cajoled
With a fib about "bridges" and broken-down "press"—
But we who have been there are free to confess
That when husbands are late and suspicions are rife,
It is best to own up to the editor's wife.

But, all jesting aside—since I dimly surmise
That the ladies regard me with sinister eyes—
Who more than the wife of our bosom deserves
The sweet veneration her beauty preserves?
And the years may go by and our heads may grow white—
Her beauty is ever as pure and as bright
As when she faced poverty, sorrow, and strife,
And blessed our estate as an editor's wife.

You may drink to your trade and your creatures of fame—
I raise not my glass till I hear her sweet name,
'Tis to her who alone uncomplainingly bears
The all of our sorrows and most of our cares—
Whose wealth of sweet influence subtly inspires
Our grandest achievements and noblest desires—
'Tis to her I would drink—our companion in life—
God's best inspiration—the editor's wife.

—EUGENE FIELD.

For the SPECTATOR.

The Biggest Fox Chase since the War, alias the Biggest Fiasco on Record.

MR. EDITOR:—Your readers will remember a squib a week or two ago about a "forfeited silver cup," in which reference was made to the pleasures of the chase near Fishersvillle, and the part certain gentlemen in your direction played in it and forfeited the cup. Well, sir, I am sure that all who gave it any attention will think I builded better than I knew in laying the foundation for some fun, and a narrative in which, if at all able to do justice to the subject, I may be able to contribute something to the amusement of your patrons. Permit me to say, that not having been a participant, and relying entirely on what I have gathered from the gossip of some who were, I will not vouch for perfect accuracy. I say, unhesitatingly, that every word is penned in perfect good humor, with no intent to tread on any one's toes, wound any one's sensibilities, or do the slightest injustice, to the feelings of the humblest individual who took part.

Our eyes caught a paragraph a few days ago, in one of the papers, headed "the greatest discovery of the age," in which any one can be his own photographer, and illustrate what he designs. I confess to regret that the inventor couldn't have just made it convenient to have strayed this way about this time. Had he done so, with the material on hand, I am quite sure, conjointly, that we would have been able to eclipse—

THE CARTOONS OF THE CAMPAIGN NEWSPAPER,

your readers being the judges, in originality, variety, and all the concomitants that tend to those peculiar facial developments that result in spreading the cheeks, causing unusual contraction of the muscles in the region of the eyes, and an involuntary ebullition of sound from the air-passages, that is most expressively described in the word "cachinnation."

In as much as we have an extraordinarily wide field to cultivate, we do not expect to have from you any such broad hints as we found in one of the good newspapers of the day a week ago, headed "boil down," in which the editor said: "We want church news, field notes, pithy and to the point. Don't write essays, empty and useless as last year's bird-nests. Come to the jist of the matter at once. Give us postal-card notes of what is going on in your work. Omit the rhetoric. Abjure adjectives. There's always room for a field note."

Now, Mr. Editor, all know this is a fast age. The railroad is almost a thing of the past, and the telegraph has brought the ends of the earth together, and, through the telephone, the husband in Omaha can tell the wife in Boston—

"I AM COMING;"

but we are, we confess, hardly ready for this sort of lightening machinery to carry us to Heaven, and, seriously, we think the editors of the good papers, (for a second copied it,) are somewhat inclined to disregard the good, conservative, wholesome doctrine embodied in those two words, at least so far as the soul is concerned, *festina lente*.

But to come back; I am sure you will excuse the digression. We learn that the usually sleepy village of Fishersville could not have shown more life and animation than it did had Barnum, Jumbo, and His Royal Highness, the "white elephant," just from Siam, suddenly appeared in their streets as the influx of sixty-five men, and some where between thirty and fifty-five dogs, made their appearance. And, gentle reader, when, think you, was it that those interested in the proposed big day's sport fixed upon for the grand demonstration? On that day, when, because of big events in connection with our birth as a Nation, (with a big N,) and the biggest man we read of who figured therein extensively, the day upon which he first saw the light, has, very appropriately, as we think, been made a National Holiday, so the getters-up of the hunt made—

THE 22D OF FEBRUARY, 1884,

the day. In as much as a wide area of country was made to pay tribute, embraced in four, and there may have been more, counties, we will be excused if we indulge in some detail in describing the *proprio personæ*, their characters, antecedents, and the *res gestæ* involved in the hunt. Because of the difficulty of dealing with so large a body of men, we must of necessity be permitted to classify them, and, in doing so, there would seem to be no more convenient and economical way than to adopt the Parson's idea in "boiling down." So we will divide them by the avocations for the most part which they ordinarily pursue, claiming the liberty, in some particular cases, perhaps, to travel a little way outside. But before we attempt what may be regarded somewhat in the light of a personal delineation of individuals, we will have a disclosure to make, which we are very sure will startle the denizens of this quiet old State of ours—from "Land's end to Johnny Groat's house." Our State has recently passed through what may justly be termed a death-struggle, in shaking off an incubus that all staid, sober-reflecting men, now that they have had time for retrospection, can not cease to be astonished that it was possible for her ever to have been brought into such a situation. And is it a violent presumption to suppose that there are many, very many, staid, discreet, sensible men, now that the smoke of battle has lifted, excitement is subsiding, and reason once more is mounting her throne, who will ask themselves, "How was it possible that I should have been innoculated with such a virus?" and who will repent in sackcloth and ashes, through the remainder of their lives, be it long or short.

As will be remembered, the former hunt which resulted in the forfeit of the cup, was between a son of Esculapius of the "City of the Hills," as it is grandiloquently styled, you will remember where, and a gentleman representing the distilling interest of the county, near New Hope. It is natural to suppose that they would have been the party that arranged this hunt. Not so, however, as altogether new characters appear upon the scene, and it is quite a singular fact that will not alone excite surprise, but create mirth, when I demonstrate that the prominent actors all belong to a certain political party, which, as we have said, in the late election, proved to be terribly in the vocative. In the first race, it was the dogs of a Funder and of a Mahoneite that failed to reach the goal and forfeited "the cup," as pitted against a pair of Funders, the owners of the two noted dogs, "North" and "Taylor." Now it is a prominent Internal Revenue official, who, unknown to the two last gentlemen, comes to the front, and assumes the arrangement of the whole affair. He writes to his friends in Albemarle and Nelson of the same political faith, and arranges the time, place, and circumstances, and you will discover it turns out to be a regular pitched battle between the—

MAHONEITE AND FUNDER CANINES.

To return to the hint thrown out as to our proposed plan of classification, we may say that of the different business avocations the farming interest very largely predominated, as it should everywhere, but, unfortunately for the best interests of the country, is shamefully in the vocative in the National and State councils. Then distillation, medicine, mining, drugs and medicines, boots and shoes, life-insurance, *infernal* revenue, and last, but not least, law, were all represented. As it will be proper in enumerating the representation of counties to a fair understanding of the political status of parties, we will say that the—

FATHER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE'S

native county, Albemarle, in her delegation was divided. The head of the delegation was in truth a chip of the old block, as it regards his relationship by regular descent to Monroe, and as the oldest son, the heir-apparent, as well as same name of the High Priest in the Masonic Temple of Virginia. Then in politics, as with his father, he belongs to those in the Republican fold, like Judge Rives, Wickham, Dezendorf, &c., who have gotten in through the regular door, and unlike the Mahone party, who got in in some other way, and we remember what the Scripture says of the last class, and how it designates them. His near neighbor, who accompanied him, belonged to the dominant party. The other two delegates belonged to the defeated faction. Of these, one, the junior, may be said to have been fortunate in the distribution of the loaves and fishes, although a resident of the county, and five or six miles distant, got a teat at the University of some sort to suck, amounting to $600 per annum. He rides in once a week, and whilst we haven't made a nice calculation, it seems to us a pretty tall *per diem* of ten or twelve dollars. How is that for high? The other fellow, they do say, worked awful hard, is lank and mighty hungry looking. They do say that he was the willingest little critter that you ever did see,

BUT THAT HE COULDN'T QUITE REACH IT.

The next county in order was Nelson. Her first representative was a noted hotel-keeper on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, a stalwart in size, yet a baby by the side of a brother, an old and popular Sheriff of the county for many years. Rumor says that he was an aspirant for a seat in the House of Delegates. If any intimation had been thrown out to friends at the Capital to have one made in time, we've not learned, as since the days of Maj. Daniel Smith, of Kanawha, a half century ago, there couldn't have been one found of dimensions sufficient. Yet, of this fact, there can't be a shadow of a doubt, that he treated himself to a fine suit of store clothes. Devlin, of New York, we doubt not, was the lucky recipient of the order. But it is notorious that the people of Nelson are very unappreciative of merit, and couldn't see it. Now, it will be a long, long time, associating with his would-be constituents, four-fifths of whom were never outside of the smoke of their own chimneys, before those store clothes would be the least bit "siled." Then were the jolly Sheriff to wear them, they would bring unpleasant associations, looking at them always "as the substance of things *hoped* for and the evidence of things not *seen*." Then, too, he would be the butt of coarse jibes and stale wit, on the part of his political opponents, whenever they would see him trigged out. Yet permit us to make a suggestion, and I am sure the first time he meets us, where all the conveniences are at hand, he will say, "I thank thee, Jew, for that word," come let us smile. Inasmuch as he is "for Arthur because Arthur is for us," let the Republican party send him to Chicago, where we are sure his sunshiny face and stalwart size will reflect credit on Virginia,

AS A DELEGATE TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The second delegate from Nelson, a successful farmer, some years ago had an itching to wear the representative toga. Again the good people of the county couldn't see it. Forthwith, in sheer disgust, he began to read the *Whig*, and to side over like, forninst the party that was throwing up their caps in honor of the chief of the "Mozart Convention." About that time, or very soon after, an individual in the county of Albemarle, who had been sucking a teat of the Internal Revenue Department, we suppose had neglected to worship at the shrine of the ex-railroad magnate, when the first thing any one knew, the would-be legislator of Nelson was wearing his slippers.

The other one of the three delegates from Nelson belonged to the farming community, and, as we were told, sympathized with them fully in their great political defeat. We will say here, lest we may forget it, that the Nelson delegation were quiet, modest, and unobtrusive lookers-on at the sport, and we have had no opportunity to give them any prominence in the narrative.

Crossing the Blue Ridge, we learn that the county of Rockingham had but a single representative. Whilst we haven't had the pleasure of ever having met him, we remember very pleasantly his paternal grandparent, and his father and ourself have known each other from boyhood. Whilst he stands alone on this occasion in his representative capacity, with the august responsibility of the great county of Rockingham resting on his shoulders, who is it with the temerity to say that he was much—aye, very much—more than equal to the occasion, and that the honor that has been reflected upon her is far, very far, more than was conferred upon him. Let us see. He bears the name and is a regular lineal descendant of the "Lord of the Hills" of the "Founder," with a half-dozen other *aliases*, which, for the sake of brevity, we may be excused here from considering, and, for the same reason, he can't designate how many generations he is removed. Then, too, is he not, on the maternal side, the grandson of one of the first men of his day—self-made, so much more to his honor—who, apart from the fame which he won at the bar, represented two several districts in Virginia in Congresss, after representing his adopted county in the House of Delegates. Then, if you please, reader, bear it in mind who his paternal ancestor was. Has he not worn the honor of sitting where Lee and Harrison and Mason and Archer and Leigh and Tazewell and Tyler, and many others of Virginia's worthies, have sat? Then, too, does he not now wear the ineffable honor of being next in rank to the present most distinguished Governor Virginia has had since the days of Dunmore, to whom, if not akin, there would seem to be a striking resemblance. He, too, besides the many acts that will carry his name down as a sweet savor to coming generations, has won an unusual honor in being the Commodore of the Chesapeake.

Then, again, this representative from the great county of Rockingham is the son of one who figured lately as second on the ticket—

FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THESE UNITED STATES.

There is yet one other honor to which his father is entitled, that as a truthful chronicler I should mention. It was in the summer of that memorable year, when so many of our cousins across the "Herring Pond" were dying of starvation, the year 1847, when we found him occupying a position something akin to that referred to as being held by our present Governor. He should be styled—

THE COMMODORE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

It was our fortune about the same time to experience the novel excitement of shooting the falls "of the beautiful daughter of the stars," as the Indians called the Shenandoah, for the first time at the head of a half dozen of boats, one containing liberal donations for our suffering Irish relatives. On reaching Harper's Ferry, the Commodore, I found, had preceded me a few hours, and with a like number of boats. Raised as he was at the head of navigation, he was as much at home on the rapid stream as a duck, and doubtless had forgotten more than we ever knew as a navigator. Yet we found him presently much more our superior, posing in altogether a different line. After seeing the lions of the Ferry, he proposed that we should *walk* down the tow-path to Alexandria. I think the distance is from fifty to seventy-five miles, though it is a wild guess. We thought we were somewhat of a pedestrian, yet, as we shall presently have occasion to refer to a remarkable physical exploit of a youthful son of Esculapius in the progress of our narrative, we are sure that he could have far better coped with our companion than we could. Whilst the change from the "cribbed, cabined, and confined" precincts of a flat boat, as we swung along at a rapid gate, was pleasant, we found before we had measured one mile that we had, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, aroused the wrong passenger. I think the distance to the Point of Rocks, by the tow-path, is near twelve miles. We had scarcely mesured half the distance when our companion, I do not know if out of sympathy for me or because he had discovered he was getting more than he bargained for, proposed that—

WE TAKE THE CARS AT POINT OF ROCKS.

As a matter of course, we were only too glad, and doubtless, as the girl before the Parson, not sure he heard her, said yes twice, am not sure I didn't also. He had not made the proposition very long when we heard the whistle of the engine. We were some miles short of the goal, and the train must have been at Shepherdstown, or above, when both started in a dog-trot. Bless your soul, reader, it wasn't very long until I felt I would swap a boat-load of flour for a seat in the cars, whilst our companion, as long-winded as a sleuth-hound, was going along at his ease. Yet we made the connection, and I learned a lesson, but paid too high for the first quarter.

We are not through with our representative yet. He poses in an important character as—

ATTORNEY FOR THE UNITED STATES

in the Federal Court of the Western District.

Hence the reader will appreciate our designation when we say the Rockingham delegate will be understood as the "Law."

Inasmuch as the aggregate attendance outside of Augusta was but eight, we must follow closely our classification to manage the remaining fifty-seven.

Of these, the distilling interest had two representatives; one representing the oldest concern in the county, near Greenville, we will call "D. No. 1;" the other, near New Hope, will be recognized as "D. No. 2." There were two representatives of the drug establishments of your town, but as the compounding of pills is a prominent, as well as legitimate part of the profession, we will designate them as "P. No. 1 and P. No. 2," according to seniority, which will be readily understood. There was but one establishment in the boot and shoe trade, so we shall designate him as "Boots."

There were three of the sons of Esculapius in the crowd, and, for the sake of brevity, we will designate them by the three first letters of the alphabet, A., B., and C. Dr. A., of your town, was one of the originators of the fun, with "D. No 2," of New Hope, had forfeited the cup, and all in this quarter were on tip-toe to hear from them, when, as we have said, he of the Internal Revenue "stole their thunder."

Dr. B., the senior of both, has retired from practice, has a scion filling his slippers at the Capital, and besides being a successful farmer, was, on the occasion of the last hunt, with a near neighbor, elevated to the dignified position of being made the judge of the speed of "North and Taylor" as between them and their competitors.

Dr. C., the junior of the three, and one of the representatives of Little Tammany, will appear presently in a new role—other than the dispenser of pills.

There was but a single representative of that rapidly increasing and very important interest, mining; so should a necessity occur to refer to him, we will call him "Mr. M." There are but two others to describe outside of the great, honorable, and respectable interest underlying, and the solid substratum, as we have said, on which *all* the others rest—the farmer. One of these is life-insurance, and whilst we don't know, yet strongly suspect that he carried in his little carcass a tremendous sum, in the shape of policies, and as he seemed on the first day to be so reckless of life, as we will presently show, had any of the risks that he incurred resulted in "his shuffling off this mortal coil," we are inclined to believe, apart from all other pecuniary considerations, in the shape of investments, real estate, and all that, there would have been a widow in the "City of the Hills," who would presently have created a sensation. We will designate him as "L In."

We have elsewhere referred to the individual we are now about to describe as the getter-up, the one who projected this big affair. We have said that he was a prominent official in the Internal Revenue service, but in what way he was indebted to luck in getting in, we don't know. Neither do we know if he was initiated in your town, or had belonged under the man of the three big "Bs," as in some cases the old employees were retained. Yet, reader, when we come to enumerate them, does it not strike you that so many of them are of the same political faith? I do not doubt that each and every one of you will have anticipated me in this suggestion, that in view of the fact all of them are putting their houses in order, and making those very necessary, aye, indispensable, preparations for a trip—

TO THE HEAD OF "SALT RIVER,"

they were inclined to extract as much comfort from the situation as possible, and hence the God-send to them in having a day or two to frolic.

But to the count; there is this Internal Revenue official, and more of him presently, the young man—who is connected with the University *teat*—and his bosom friend referred to—who has hankered ever so much for one. And it is proper to add, that we were greatly perplexed, in his case, as we saw much of him, to decide, was it the failure to make the connection with the *teat*, or to secure some one to pour out his coffee and darn his stockings, that, as a *very* young man, has made him prematurely *gray*, or both combined. Then there is Rockingham's big representative "Law," who, besides the weighty responsibility of his great county on his shoulders, with its three prominent citizens that came home a little while ago, from Richmond, with a little flea in each ear, has on his own shoulders a big load of honor to carry. Is he not a lineal descendant—a few generations removed, and bears the same name of the "Lord of the Hills," The "Founder" &c. Then also there rests on his shoulders the responsibility of personating Uncle Sam—in his highest court—in one midst. Well, he belongs under our enumeration. Then too is "D. No. 2," the young man, mixed up in the first hunt—impulsive, energetic and excitable—as he only wanted 30 minutes in that race, "to bag the fox." Then there are the three members of the Nelson delegation, were of that party, and it is our duty as a truthful historian to add, that two members of that very fortunate or unfortunate family, as the future alone will decide, near Fishersville, Mr. Jno. Ed. and Hugh H, were deeply, intimately, prominently mixed up in it. They turn out to have been the right-hand men of the Internal Revenue official in making all preliminary arrangements.

Yet there was a prominent point in our Internal Revenue official in your town yet to note.

Many of my readers, when the hint is thrown out, who will revert in memory to one of the mountain counties in northern New York—west of the Adirondacks. In a lonely, secluded, retired spot in one of them, we regret that we can't fix the name, an humble grave may be found, that is a sort of Mecca to those of the Wendell Phillips, Sumner, Stanton stripe—sincere, devout, fanatical—whilst a strict surveillance is kept, and it is under lock and key, yet is no armed soldier, with lonely vigils, guarding it, as in the case of Guiteau's victim, as the family is poor. There lie

THE REMAINS OF OLD JOHN BROWN.

Our projector—of this grand feasco—is no other than the son of our old friend—very many in your town will call to mind, for near four years the Provost of the town.—He it was that acquired a national reputation, that we may say is reflected to some extent upon this of his son—because of the fact

THAT HE HUNG JOHN BROWN.

Now, reader, sum up, if you please, the combined influence of these re-adjusters, and compare them with our two humble funder-friends, whose fortune or misfortune it was, to own the two noted canines, "North and Taylor." Let us for a moment see who they are. The traveller from your town, over that road of historic fame—so grandiloquently described a year or two ago, as having been projected from it to Goochland, by the "Lord of the Hills," but in humble parlance has been better known as the Staunton and Scottsville road. Midway from Fishersville to Waynesboro', two white houses arrest the traveller's eye. The one on the left, is tenanted by one of our funder friends—we will, or perhaps have already designated him as Farmer or "F. No. 1." He was to the manor born—and went thro' the four years conflict, with the reputation of a *good* soldier—as a member of the First Va. Cavalry. He is the owner of the now famous dog "North."

Nearly opposite to him, and something farther from this road, to the right, is his friend, Funder, or "Farmer No. 2." He first saw the light among the "Blue-stockings" of Old Briery, in Charlotte, as famed in Eastern Virginia, as the old Opequon, in Frederick, or the "Old Stone" in Augusta. He too was a good soldier, all thro' to Appomattox, as a member of the Charlotte Cavalry. He is the owner of the dog "Taylor," now of county-wide reputation.

Well, on the evening of the 21st the clans began to assemble, and Albemarle, Nelson and Rockingham were to the fore. Knowing that on all previous occasions the company was expected to rendezvous in the vicinity of Dr. Addison M. Dold's, we penned this paragraph on Thurday night, in anticipation of getting off a notice to *you*, early the next day, feeling assured there were many on the *qui vive* for the result.

"As a matter, of course, all expect that Dr. Addison M. Dold will furnish the *game*. We can't explain it, but for many—very many years, there has been

A SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE DOCTOR AND "REYNARD,"

and the latter has cast his lot with the Doctor for well nigh on to a half century past, and so far as we are able to judge, has had a *carte blanche* from him, to multiply and replenish, and to have on hand a full supply, for just such an occasion as this. There seems also to have been this further understanding, that each was to supply his respective table, with poultry, all together outside the Doctor's premises, as the latter has for many years, been as innocent of geese, ducks and turkeys, as Uncle Ned's pericranium of hair."

You may believe, gentle reader, when the cavalcade of sixty-five men met in the village of Fishersville, on Friday morning, the 22d February, followed by from 35 to 50 dogs, their fine horses were a subject of remark. The indifferent horse was the exception, yet we must be excused for particularizing the fine dun-dappled mare of "F. No. 1," and the fine brown mare of "Life Insurance," as it will be our province to notice her and her rider presently.

"F. No. 1 and 2," on discovering that Dr. Dold was slighted, and Fishersville become the point of rendezvous, at once determined not to open their mouths, but to give the other party a *carte-blanche* to do as they pleased. Indeed, it would have been a work of supererogation, as they were not consulted, yet all disinterested observers noticed all had been cut and dried, and in a few moments Mr. Hugh H. cried out,

"BOYS LET US GO,"

when the entire crowd struck out, passing up the street towards Staunton.

Slighting the Doctor so manifestly, became a subject of comment among the lookers on, and one and another reason was suggested as to why it was done, but the universal conclusion arrived at was that—

NORTH AND TAYLOR MUST BE TAKEN TO PASTURES NEW.

The company found their way to a point known as the "Cottage fields," and thirty years ago it was a part of the late Maj. Moses McCue's farm. The crowd was so large it was soon discovered all hope of much fun or enjoyment of the chase, was very questionable. Approaching the hills of Christian's Creek on the South side, "F. No. 1" said, "Gentlemen, we will find no foxes following