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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Staunton Spectator.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

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Staunton Spectator

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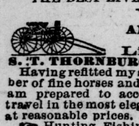

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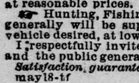

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$1.00 PER BOTTLE.
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has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit. Is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.
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GRAY 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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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.
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Energetic men to canvas this and adjoining counties, for the sale of a Household Article. Address—
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POETRY.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray.
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.

We shall know as we are known
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Far beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone.
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

—Dining Room Magazine.

AT LAST.

Carelessly he said "Good-bye."
Coldly touched her hand with his,
Heeded not her gentle sigh,
Guessed not anything amiss.
"Ah, he loves me not," she thought,
Sighing low with eyes grown dim;
So the months went by, but brought
Nothing new from him.

He is coming home, they said,
And her heart leaped as she heard,
Quick her cheek flushed rosy-red
At the soul-reviving word;
Then, as the morning light is killed
By the dim returning rain,
Suddenly her joy was stilled,
By the old, old pain.

"He will meet me as before,
In the same cold, careless way,
Touch my hand with his no more,
Have no loving word to say."
But he took her hand again,
Held it long and closely pressed:—
"Darling, I have tried in vain
Not to love you best."

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

It was in a luxuriously furnished room where a glowing grate threw genial light and warmth upon the occupants that Gerald Langton, lawyer and millionaire, listened with bated breath and pallid cheeks to a low and melodious voice that told a story of a life.

The speaker, a beautiful woman of about thirty, yet ten years younger than Mr. Langton, reclined in a low cushioned chair, her attitude and manner both speaking of the ease wealth gives, but her face was full of the deepest anguish as her lips recounted the story.

"You love me," she said gently, yet sadly, "and I love you as I never loved any one before, although I am a widow. That you know, but did not know my husband's name. By my uncle's last request I dropped it and took his with the property he had left me.—Do not look at me tenderly, do not shake my voice or my heart, for when you know who I am you will not repeat the offer you made me, and which heaven is my witness I tried to divert."

"Let your conscience be at rest there," said her listener in a grave, yet tender voice; "you have never given me one hope, Maude. By what instinct I knew that you loved me I can never tell. Something in your eye—some tone of your voice betrayed you. If, as you say, something in your past life does separate us, you have been no coquette to torment me with false hopes. But, Maude, tell me again, whatever stands between us, you love me?"

"I love you," she said gravely; "and it is because I love you that I will not let you link your honorable name with that of the wretch who was my husband. I was very young—not sixteen—when he came to make a visit to some friends living at Grassbank. Uncle Richard has a country seat near the village. I first met Alexander at a picnic, where he was the very life of the party; everybody's cavalier; courteous to all; full of wit and animation and service to all. I believe every girl on the grounds thought she had captivated him, his attentions were so well divided and yet so impressive to each one. He claimed to be no more than a salesman in a large wholesale house with a good salary, but he had the manners of a gentleman of education, and the most perfect beauty of face and form that I ever saw in a man. It was not long before it was evident he wished to win my love, and he had an easy task. Such love as a child of sixteen can give him.—He was the impersonation of every hero of poetry and fiction with whom my limited reading had made me familiar. School-girl like I had made an ideal hero, and fitted this, my first admirer, with all the imaginary perfections.

"From the first, Uncle Richard disliked him, pronouncing him false and shallow, and assuring me that my personal attractions had not won his heart; but the fact of my being an heiress to a large property had gained me the protestations in which I so firmly believed."

"It is a painful story to me now, Gerald. Let it suffice that I lived in a world of pleasant dreams while Alexander remained at Grassbank. When he left me, he carried my promise to be his wife at Christmas."

"I think if my money had depended on Uncle Richard, my marriage might have been prevented by his threatening to disinherit me, but both from my father and mother I had inherited money that made me independent in a pecuniary sense of his control or consent."

"Most grudgingly, however, uncle did consent, after searching inquiry about Alexander, resulting in no worse report than that his employers thought him fast, idle, and just the man to be a fortune-hunter. Even then my dear uncle would have protected my fortune by settling it upon myself; but with the reckless generosity of extreme youth I refused to have this done. Never, I was firmly convinced, would my adored Alexander wrong me in any way."

"For a year after the splendid wedding that made me Alexander's wife I was very happy. I was too ignorant of value to understand that we were living far beyond our income—enjoyed to the utmost the luxuries around me—the constant gayety that was in such strong contrast to the school routine from which I had been released."

"Then began a life of neglect, often of quarreling, when I objected to my husband's course of conduct—his drinking, his extravagance, and his late hours. Still I found my own pleasures in society."

"It was four years after my marriage, when I was thunderstruck by Alexander's asking me to request a loan of money from Uncle Richard, with the information added that every penny of my properey was gone."

"Since then I have known that a large portion of it was lost at the gaming table."

"Long before this I had lost all love for my husband. Respect had died out when I knew the dissipated life he was leading, and foolish as I was, I could not continue to love a man whom I despised. I refused the errand, and brought down a torrent of such great abuse that I really expected that Alexander would end by striking me."

"Day after day the request was renewed, but I would not yield. Upon my marriage, Uncle Richard had sold the city residence and taken a permanent abode at Grassbank, where, knowing my husband to be an unwelcome guest, I never visited him. I wrote occasionally, but the love of years, like that of a father and child, had been so sadly strained by my persistence in marrying Alexander that even our correspondence was common place."

"I would not, therefore, write to him to ask a favor that I knew would not have been necessary without criminal recklessness of expenditure, and each refusal made my husband more furious. Then came an overwhelming blow. Alexander forged a check and drew £2,000 of Uncle Richard's money from the bank. I don't think my uncle would have prosecuted him had he guessed who was the forger; but he handed the whole matter over to the law as soon as it was discovered that the check was forged. It was then traced to Alexander, and at the same time it was found that he had robbed in the same way his former employers." He had given up all work upon marriage; but when he found himself without money, his knowledge of the business enabled him to forge the name of Derkiss & Co. Even if Uncle Richard had spared him for my sake the other forgery would have entitled him to penal servitude. He was sentenced to seven years, and uncle took me home full of heavenly pity and forgiveness for the child who had treated him so ungratefully."

"Then your husband is in prison?" said Gerald, in a hard, strained voice."

"No, no, he is dead! He died within the first year. Uncle Richard saw the death in a paper, and sent the money for the burial. No, I am free; but, none the less, I am the widow of a convicted felon."

"But, none the less," quoted Gerald, "the woman I honor and love above all others, and hope still to make my wife."

It took however, more than one interview, full of love's pleading, to win Maude from her resolution. She so honored her lover, and was so proud of his good name and the position he had attained by his talent, that her sensative nature shrank from even the shadow of her misery upon his life.

But the victory was won at last, and the lawyer walked home one evening full of a proud, glad joy, for Maude had then promised to be his wife.

"If you are willing to take Alexander Hull's widow your wife," she said, "I will not oppose you any longer, for I love you with all my heart."

He had no thought but of that glad triumph, he turned up the gas in his office. He was in the habit of making a late visit there before going to his bedroom, in case notes or messages were left for him. One lay there on this evening, a shabby looking envelope, but directed in a bold, handsome hand which he recognized at once.

He tore it open. After a few words of introduction, the note ran:

"You did the best you could on my trial, but the facts were too strong for you. I have now a last favor to ask of you. I die, as you know, at noon to-morrow. You as my lawyer, can see me at any time. Will you come as soon as you receive this, and with the gratitude of the man you know as

JAMES FOX."

"The man I know as James Fox," muttered the lawyer; the smooth, plausible scoundrel who actually made me believe him innocent of the hideous murder for which he was convicted. I can find extenuation for some murders, but this cold-blooded assassination of an old man for money only was revolting. How he deceive me, though, for a time. And how he exulted over his success in doing so when he saw facts were too strong. Shall I go to him? I suppose I must. It is still very early."

It was not yet midnight when Gerald Langton was ushered into the cell of the man who, in a very few short hours, was to meet the extreme penalty of the law for the worst of all crimes. Yet there was nothing revolting in the appearance of the criminal. His dress was neat, his hair carefully arranged, his moustache faultless, his hands white and refined looking. He rose from his seat upon the bed as his lawyer entered the cell.

"I knew you would come," he said, courteously, "though you were offended at my want of frankness. Well, that is all over. You will not refuse the last request of a dying man, Mr. Langton?"

"Not if I can grant it," was the reply.

"This," said the murderer, "is not my first offense against the law. Some years ago I was sentenced to a term of years for forgery. By a strange accident I escaped the penalty. On the same day James Fox was sentenced to two years for petty larceny, and we were sent together to prison. James Fox—my companion, understand, not myself—was deranged, but his lawyers had not been able to save him, as his aberration was not always apparent. When we were entered upon the books of the prison, imagine my amazement when my fellow prisoner gave my name for his own. Like a flash I saw the advantage to be gained by the deception, and allowed the error to pass. My companion committed suicide, and I escaped with two year's imprisonment instead of seven. But I feared recognition and went to Canada. There I lived by my wits until a year ago, when I returned to try and raise money from my wife, and thought I saw an easier plan by committing the crime for which I die to-morrow. But I want to see my wife. I wronged her—I robbed her—but heaven is my witness, I love her. When I was in prison she dropped my name and took her own again. So it is not for Mrs. Alexander Hull you must ask, but for Mrs Maude Temple."

Was the room reeling—the ceiling falling—the wall closing around him? Gerald Langton felt that they were, as the name fell upon his ears. Maude—his Maude—the wife of this cool villain who talked of his hideous crime as if they were ordinary events? Well, he knew that to carry this man's message was to separate himself from Maude forever.—Never would she let him marry the widow of a murderer! Very rapidly all of the terrible facts passed one after the other, and he said: "If you love her why add a misery to her life? She may have lived down the old pain you have caused her; why for a selfish gratification, will you make her whole life a misery?"

"She is my wife! I would bid her farewell."

"She is not your wife. Your own crimes have released her from any allegiance to you."

"You know her?"

"Yes! I know what she has suffered, and beg of you to let her still believe you died years ago."

"She is happy?"

"Scarcely that. Such wounds as hers never heal entirely, but it is cruelty to tear them open when they are quiet!"

"Has she married?"

"No! She is still your widow."

"It is hard to deny myself one more sight of her face and the hope I had that she would say she forgave me."

"Think of her, not yourself."

There was a long silence in she cell.

Every throb of Gerald Langton's heart was pain to him, but Alexander Hull sat in moody silence; evidently reluctant to give up his wish.

At last he spoke.

"You have been very good to me. Tell me, now, if you have any personal reason for your request. Perhaps you love her?"

"I do!" was the reply. "She has promised to be my wife."

"Then it will be James Fox who is hanged to-morrow! I meant to give my real name, but I will carry my secret to my grave. It may be in another world that the little last self-denial will be a plea for me. Go now. You may trust me."

He kept his word, and Gerald Langton kept his secret.

When Maude a few weeks later, became his wife, she little guessed the terrible ordeal which he had spared her, or the added disgrace that belonged to the name she had given up.—*Exchange.*

For the SPECTATOR

Corrections—The Fox Hunt.

NEAR GREENVILLE, March 12, 1884.

EDITOR SPECTATOR:—In your issue of the 11th inst., which is just to hand, I find an article from "Ocular" in regard to the fox hunt of February 22d and 23d, in which he makes a great many erroneous statements, none of which I will undertake to correct or notice, except two or three in regard to myself, in which I deem he or his farmer friend has done me an injustice, as well as placed me in a false position. In the first place, in order to be fully understood, I will state that I did not leave home until the morning of the 22d, and had to travel with my dogs about eighteen miles to the meet at Fishersville, and owing to the horrible conditions of the roads and the distance, it was about 10 o'clock when I arrived at Dr. Dold's, near the church. Here I was so fortunate as to meet my friend, Mr. S. Donald, and also Mr. Harnsbarger, of whom I enquired where the hunters were, and they said they did not know, but we would go to the village together and find out. When we got to Mr. Gully's store, I concluded, after learning the party was large and had a great many dogs, that I would leave a pair of puppies I had with me and not let them go in the chase, and so left them with Mr. G. This left me three dogs, the only ones I put in the chase during the hunt of my own. We were informed that the party had been gone but a short time, and we followed up the road until we came to the ridge road, and were joined by several other parties, among others, Judge Bateman. We rode on down the ridge-road some distance, where he had some dogs, and looking around saw several dogs that seemed to be lost running about through the woods. I called them up, and thought I would take them with me until I came up with the party. After going some distance farther down the road, we heard a pack of dogs running on the other side of the road, going up towards the Staunton road. Mr. Donald and myself dismounted, and ran up the hill to see the chase and put my dogs in. The pack had past, and judging the distance by my eye, and being unacquainted with the ground, I would suppose the pack were, at least, a quarter of a mile from us, and some distance by, when my dogs were turned in. Then in order to meet the pack, we both ran to our horses and galloped up the road, but were too late to see them pass, and we did not see the dogs any more until we got up where most of the party were, when we saw them coming back through a field, and were told that two of my dogs were in front when they passed the party going around. Here, please allow me to say, that I did not expect to compete for the prize from the fact that I got there too late to go in at the start, but was informed by the party that the fox had only been started when I put my dogs in. But I was more astonished at "Ocular's" assertion, that I would be guilty of so ungentlemanly an act as to put my dogs in in front of the pack than anything else, and I think he owes me a retraction in as public a way as he made the assertion, and if he is as willing to do justice as he claims to be, he will make the correction. There is still another point that I want settled, and that is, the idea conveyed that I was in collusion to take advantage and give the honors against his friends, the owners of North and Taylor; and moreover, I wish to state right here, that I am as good a Democrat as he or his friends. F one and two, and, as to a military record, can but say, I went into the army at seventeen years of age, and stayed there until the surrender.

My family having been sick, I have been obliged to stay at home ever since the chase, and had not heard to whom or that there had been any award given, and had I known or been approached in the matter, in any way whatever, would have contended that nothing of the sort should be done, as I don't believe any unbiased man would say that there had been enough of any chase seen to decide the merits of any special dog. I was one of the last to get to Munroe's house on Saturday morning, where the fox had been caught, and was greeted by several of the party that arrived there ahead of me with "your old Vick caught the fox," and it was prefaced by Mr. J. E. H. with something about your funder dogs taking a near cut. I can refer you to a dozen or more of the party. I think nearly all of them heard his remark, but I was near the creek, and did not hear exactly what he did say. I did not see Munroe, but was told that he said he knew my dog, and that it was she who caught the fox; but as to this I carp nothing, but simply state the fact to clear myself to my friends of the charge of making a false statement in regard to the matter.

I have one other remark to make, and that is, I received my invitation from Dr. J. H. Fultz, and supposed he and D No. 2 were the parties getting up the hunt, as also your friends F one and two, and I was informed that the best dogs in the county were to take part, and was very anxious to see the chase, as well as to compare the merits of my own dogs with such celebrated dogs as North and Taylor.

Very respectfully, yours, D No. 1,
or, as better known,
J. ALEX. BUMGARDNER.

A CHEERFUL HOME.—A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility, and courtesy of sons, who come to wear his mantle and fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home, the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men who disturb and disorder and distress the world, are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and trouble to those around them.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, was once stumping his district in company with his opponent. At one meeting he spoke first and he charmed his audience by the manner rather than the matter of his remarks. Then the other man got up and turned the tide of popularity with a single sentence, in which he likened Mr. Blackburn to a swan—"that beautiful bird glides along, the perfection of grace, and dips and curves in lines of beauty, but only draws an inch or so of water!"

For the SPECTATOR.

The First Cooking Stove in Augusta.

MR. EDITOR:—Waiting for the cars to bring us here a few days ago, we encountered at the station a native of the county, who, in 1842–'43, treaded every road, byroad, and cow-path in the county and out of it, carrying to people's doors the Hathaway patented cooking-stove

Jacob Finney, a handsome New York bachelor from Albany, came among us, rented a foundry erected by P. O. Palmer at the Valley Mills several years before, and began the manufacture of this stove. At the end of two years, in which he had been wonderfully successful, Albert Garber, who for ten years or more had been in the Cumberland, Pa., Valley, where, as we think, he was married, was summoned here to the bed-side of his father, the late Michael Garber, who was dying. After that event, Finney sold out to him his establishment, and some one else, not remembered, and he (F.) formed a partnership with Mr. Jones, son-in-law of the late Edward Valentine, and entered upon the manufacture of the stove at Pattinsburg, where, as we think, Mr. J. had been living. Events of to-day, like the waves chasing one another to the shore, obliterate the memories of yesterday. We had forgotten, until reminded by the gentleman above mentioned, that the Rev. Wm. Calhoun, and not P. O. P., had cut a canal of 50 to 75 yards, through a solid limestone ledge, at, perhaps, the shortest curve in Middle river, from its head spring to its mouth, and erected the Valley Mill. Neither do we remember the date at which P. O. P. erected this foundry and began the manufacture of threshing machines, which, had he pursued the course of Pitt at Buffalo, N. Y., with the same intelligent energy, might, like him, have attained a world-wide reputation.

OLD JOHN BROWN.

Some time during John B. Floyd's holding the folio of the War Department under Buchanan, he sent us with an order to our friend Maj. A. M. Barbour, Superintendent of the Harper's Ferry Armory, directing him to have made for us the best specimen of a gun, of the Lorenzo Sibert patent—the latter dubbed the Virginia Pacificator. For three weeks, we were most pleasantly entertained by him and his lovely wife—Miss Daniels, near Leetown, Jefferson county, W. Va. Our last entrance into that historic building was with our attached friend, then Capt. Turner Ashby, when calling, as both of us were, to see Gen. (Stonewall) Jackson. And it was on our ride down Bolivar Heights with Ashby we took our leave of him the last time, a hundred or two yards from the Armory-gate, John Brown's prison. Singular coincidence, just there we met his brother Dick, just from Texas, *via* Fauquier, where he spent two or three days with his mother and sisters. He said to us that we were the first acquaintance he had seen since leaving home, and that was a prominent reason to impress him with the fact. He was elegantly mounted, as was his servant. Asking if we could tell him where he would find "brother Turner," we directed him, took leave of him, and in ten days he was in his coffin.

Maj. Barbour gave the then head-workman in the Armory charge of our gun. To say that he made an elegant job of it, would express it tamely—G. C. Schoppert, now of the firm of Schoppert & Rife, Valley Mills. He is the only man living who was in the John Brown raid, on the part of the authorities in Virginia and the United States in aiding in his capture. He had the minutiæ, in connection with it, accurately written up, when, by a fire a few years a ago, the manuscript was burned. He informs us the Yankee version, gotten up at the time, was everthing else than truthful. His body and mind are active and vigorous, and we mention these facts in order that they may meet the eye of some one who will interview him, and preserve this intsresting chapter of history. With young Rife, the only child of a man who lived to be near sixty before he perpetrated matrimony, a most excellent man, the late Daniel Rife, of Jenning's Gap, who married Schoppert's only child, they are running the Palmer foundry, though preparing to build one of their own near Waynesboro'. From a printed paper before me, I find they are building the most simple and cheapest water-ram extant, making one pound of creek-water drive one pound of spring water to your home. It is said to be the wonder of learned and scientific men.

Since writing the above, have met an old citizen of that vicinity, who corrects an error in the above. Mr. Calhoun built the old mill on the site of the wood-shop, and Palmer dug the canal and built the new mill and foundry after buying out Mr. Calhoun.

OCCASIONAL.

HORACE GREELEY'S BOYHOOD.—Ben Perley Poore says in his reminiscences, published in the Boston *Budget*: Horace Greeley's personal appearance was always a subject of remark from his boyhood, Rollin C. Mallary, a member of Congress from Vermont, who was an able champion of the American system, used to narrate a visit of his to the printing office of a country newspaper at Poultney, Vt., his place of residence. His attention was attracted to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly "sticking type," and who, though full grown, was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than a "feet" through his pantaloons, the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached below his elbows, his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, in the aggregate, taken separately and together, the greenest looking specimen of humanity we ever looked at, and this is saying a good deal, for "we keeps a looking-glass." "That boy," said Mr. Mallary, "will make a remarkable man; I can't hold an argument with him on Masonry or anything else connected with politics." As Mr. M. was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused me some surprise; and we not only "made a note of it," but took another look at the "devil" (printer's we mean), and could not but trace in the expansive forehead "a mind formed in nature's finest mold and wrought for immortality." It was years afterward that he became aware of the fact that boy was Horace Greeley.

SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Two large cucumbers sliced and scalded in boiling vinegar for one hour, then set aside in the hot vinegar, then drain out of vinegar, and to each gallon of vinegar allow 1 pound of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 tablespoonful black pepper, 1 tablespoonful celery seed, 1 teaspoonful mace, 1 teaspoonful allspice, 1 teaspoonful cloves, 1 tablespoonful turmeric, 1 tablespoonful horse raddish, 1 tablespoonful garlic; 1 teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Put in the