Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is
$2.00 A YEAR,
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.

VOL. 61. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1884. NO. 34.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square of eight lines or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ A liberal discount will be made on advertisements published for 3, 6, or 12 months.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

☞ Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications of a personal or private character, will be charged for as advertisements.

Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Va.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

MEADE F. WHITE. A. C. GORDON.
WHITE & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
COURTS.—Augusta and adjoining counties, Federal Court at Harrisonburg, Court of Appeals of Virginia, at Staunton. feb21-tf

S. S. SMELTZER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA
Office in Stout Building, Court-house Alley

C. A. RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
Special attention given to the collection of claims, and prompt returns made.
COURTS—Augusta and Rockingham.
OFFICE—No. 2 Law Building. oct7

WM. A. HUDSON. WM. PATRICK.
HUDSON & PATRICK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

J. R. TUCKER, Lexington, Va. H. ST. GEO. TUCKER, Staunton, Va.
TUCKER & TUCKER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and the adjoining counties. Also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and will attend regularly the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge. au22-tf

H. M. MATHEWS. ALEX. F. MATHEWS.
MATHEWS & MATHEWS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
LEWISBURG, WEST VA.,
practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State.
may 17—1y

THOMAS D. RANSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

PRESTON A BAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA.,
practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WARM SPRINGS, VA.
Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for.
dec 23—tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON,
DENTIST,
MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery store. dec 21—tf

T. C. ELDER. WM. J. NELSON.
ELDER & NELSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
and Real Estate Agents,
may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

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.

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

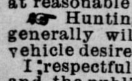
MARBLE WORKS.

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

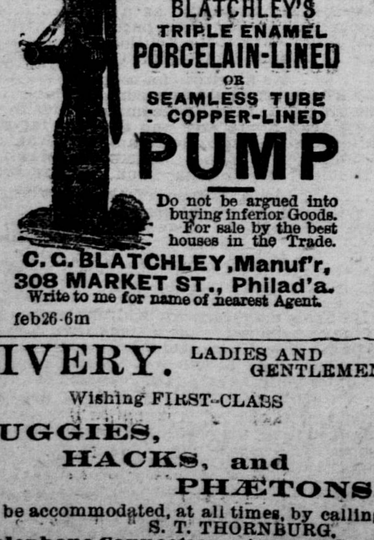
LIVERY STABLES.

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.



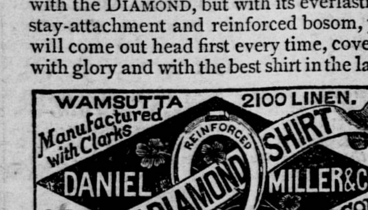
feb26-6m

LIVERY. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Wishing FIRST-CLASS
BUGGIES,
HACKS, and
PHÆTONS,
can be accommodated, at all times, by calling on S. T. THORNBURG.
Telephone Connection. AUGUSTA ST.,
je5 Staunton, Va.

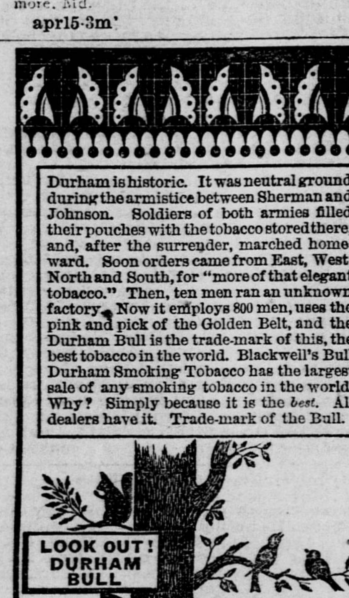
A STRUGGLE WITH A SHIRT.

Three hundred and sixty-five times each year every mother's son of us has a struggle getting into his shirt.

If a shirt is worth getting into, if it is strong and well made, sure not to rip or tear, perfect fitting, then there is some compensation for spending so much of our existence in such a struggle. You may wrestle with the DIAMOND, but with its everlasting-stay-attachment and reinforced bosom, you will come out head first every time, covered with glory and with the best shirt in the land.



If your dealer does not keep it, send his address to Daniel Miller & Co., sole manufacturers, Baltimore, Md.
apr15-3m



feb26 '84-1y

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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, 44 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, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

aug7-1y

DR. FAHRNEY'S

HEALTH RESTORER.

THE wonderful cures effected by this now well-known remedy, not only in our private practice at home, but throughout the United States, has drawn the attention of the medical profession to its use throughout the land. In Chronic Rheumatism and Acute Gout, Jaundice, Bilious disorders and Liver Complaint, Pimples and Eruptions on the face, Erysipelas, Dropsical Troubles, Painful and difficult Menstruation, Nervous or Sick Headache, Costiveness or Constipation, Milk Leg, Scald Head, Skin Diseases, Ulcers and Boils, Kidney and Urinary weakness, Female weaknesses and Tetter affections.

A large proportion of the CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES that afflict MANKIND have their origin in an impure state of the BLOOD and a depraved condition of the LIVER, and poisons the very fountain of Life; and no better remedy can be used than **Health Restorer.** A SINGLE BOTTLE will produce such a change of feeling as often to ASTONISH the SUFFERER. Be ADVISED and give it a trial. ALL DRUGGISTS AND STOREKEEPERS sell it.

$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

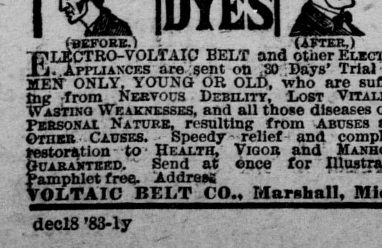
PREPARED BY

DR. D. FAHRNEY & SON,

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

apr15 '84-1y

30 DAYS' TRIAL



ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

dec18 '83-1y

POETRY.

MAY.

BY WADE WHIPPLE.

Her fetters are broken,
Fair nature ope's the doorway of her heart;
Unprisoned now, a thousand fairies part
Their snowy wings, and on the orchard boughs
In bridal vestments whisper sweetest vows,
So softly spoken
That am'rous echoes from the loit'ring birds
Do sweet the hours with honey-laden words.

In mazy dingles
Where sun-flecked shadows overlap the mosses,
From ferny deeps the slender crane's-bill tosses
Its purple disc, and, o'er the violets bending,
The dews reflect the blue-eyed glances blending;
In pairs and singles
The bees roam lazily amid their shrines
And dip sweet draughts from deep-celled columbines.

The breezes linger
Mid odorous aisles where blossoms rain their kisses;
Morn blesses noon, and noon, o'erflown with blisses,
Fills evening's urn with nectar for the revels
Of merry elves o'er downy slopes and levels;
With dext'rous finger
The sunlight tips the brake's new woven kirtle;
And gilds the lashes of the mild-eyed myrtle.

The brook, subduing
The revelry that marked its lip's unsealing,
Sings now a melody of deeper feeling,
As of a love, it's passion's tide o'erreaching,
Guerdons the heart with truer, holier teaching;
So fond its wooing,
The leaves bend down from birchen twigs to listen
And with its tender tones their own loves christen.

O welcome hours!
That wake the heart of nature from its numbness—
That lave her lips with balm to heal the dumbness—
That rescue bring to stay our hope's dejection,
And votive choirs to hail Faith's resurrection.
O tender flowers!
What hallowing emotions do ye wake not!
What heart like yours were loveless, tho' it spake not!

GOOD-BYE.

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smilingly, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who is journeying to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
And unto him who steps but o'er the way—
Good-bye.

Alike to to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who is passing out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
Good-night.

MRS. BAKER'S RELIGION.

BY FLORENCE B. HOLLOWELL.

"Mrs. Baker, ma wants to know if you can't come and sit up with granny to-night. She's worse, and ma'n T'lly's worn out."

Mrs. Baker was frying crullers on the kitchen stove when little Tom Marsh came in to deliver his message. She had been hard at work all day, and was tired, warm, and considerably out of temper. She was certainly in anything but a mood to confer favors.

"No, I can't," she snapped, turning upon little Tom a face scarlet from the glow of the hot fire. "Your mother ought to know better'n to send for me. I told her only yesterday that I was up to my eyes in work, and that I expected company to-morrow. She'll have to find some one else. Goodness knows, I put myself out enough for folks without being called on to be a sick-nurse," and she resumed her frying, while Tom ran home to report his non-success.

"Mother," said Madge, coming into the kitchen just as Mrs. Baker, having finished the frying of the crullers, was removing the kettle of lard from the stove. "I've fixed the spare room up beautifully. I know you'll be pleased with it. And to-morrow I'll fill the mantel vases with flowers just before Mr. and Mrs. Spear come. And, mother," very timidly, "would you be willing for me to ask the Shakespeare Club to meet here next Tuesday evening? They never have met here, and I've been a member for over a year."

"You must be out of your senses," said Mrs. Baker, crossly. "Do you suppose I'd let two dozen people come trapesing over my parlor carpet, and breaking, tearing and burning everything? I'm not so foolish."

"You speak as if they were so many wild animals, mother," said Madge, in a tone of some resentment.

"They act like wild animals," said Mrs. Baker. "I'd like to know if they didn't burn up one of Mrs. Clark's lace curtains?"

"That was an accident," said Madge, "and not, likely to occur again. Mary Lewis pushed the gas jet to one side so as to see the glass better, and didn't notice that she pushed it right in to the curtain. Mrs. Clark didn't blame her at all."

"She can afford to have her curtains burned up perhaps. I can't. Don't argue the subject, Madge. When I say 'No' I mean it, as you ought to have learned by this time."

"I've learned that and a good many other things, too, mother. I know I often wish I was back at boarding-school."

"It's like you to say that! It shows your ingratitude."

"I don't mean to be ungrateful; but I know you don't make things very pleasant for me at home. Susie Clark could have the club at her house every night in the week if she wanted to."

"There, that's enough! Go up stairs until you learn to control your temper," said Mrs. Baker, going into the pantry; and Madge went out, closing the door behind her with a good deal of unnecessary noise.

"You look tired, Sarah," said John Baker, coming in as his wife was putting supper on the table.

"I've good cause to look so," was the response. "I've worked like a galley slave ever since sunrise."

"Where's Madge been?"

"Oh, I never depend on Madge. And I might work my fingers to the bone without its affecting her in the least."

"You do the child injustice, Sarah. She's always willing to help, as far as I see."

"You never see very far."

"Perhaps not. By-the-way," with a very natural wish to change the subject, "Hiram Long shot old Mrs. Starr's cow to-day. You know he said he would if it ever broke into his corn-patch again. The old lady's bout wild over it."

"Serves her right!" said Mrs. Baker, curtly.

"That ain't Christian-like, Sarah."

"He gave her warnings enough," said Mrs. Baker, "and she knew he was the sort of a man to keep a promise of that kind. Why didn't she keep the cow tied up?"

"She said the creature would break loose no matter how she tied her. And it does seem a hard case. The cow was the old lady's only support. I was thinking, Sarah, if we couldn't do something for her? You being on the relief committee, you know, could easily——"

"John Baker, do you suppose—do you actually suppose I'm going to lift one finger to help that old woman who insulted me ten years ago? It would look well for me to be rushing to her aid now."

"I think help would look better comin' from you than from any one else. She'd know you had forgiven the past, and that your religion meant something."

"When she comes to me and asks my pardon for what she did ten years ago, I'll think about helpin' her," said Mrs. Baker, coldly, ill-pleased at her husband's criticism. "I do my duty as far as I see it, and I flatter myself I'm as good as the general run of folks."

The entrance of Madge prevented further conversation on the subject, and with a heavy sigh John Baker took his seat at the supper table. He noticed that his daughter's eyes were very red, but did not question her about them, for he suspected the cause of their condition. But was more than usually kind in his manner to her, and on rising from the table slipped a silver dollar in her hand, whispering: 'Buy yourself some little trinket, darling."

The unexpected gift, coupled with the tender words, proved too much for Madge in the overstrained condition of her nerves. Throwing her arms about her father's neck, she laid her head on his breast and burst into a tempest of sobs and tears. And the eyes of the father were dim as he tried to sooth her.

"This is perfectly ridiculous," said Mrs. Baker, exasperated at the scene. "One would think the girl was seven years old instead of seventeen. Leave the room, Madge, and don't come back again until you can behave yourself."

"You're too hard on the child, Sarah," said John Baker, as Madge went out, sobbing wildly. "She's all we've got, and we'd ought to make her home happy."

"And do you pretend to say that I make it *unhappy*?" demanded Mrs. Baker. "You just spoil her out of all reason. She don't know what she really *does* want, and so she makes mountains out o' mole hills. If she had to drudge as Lucy Cole does she'd have room for complaint. I wish you wouldn't put notions into her head. I have work enough to manage her without your setting her up to think herself abused."

John Baker said no more. He knew by long experience that further argument would be useless. Sarah called herself a Christian and was one of the most active members of the Calvery Church, every Thursday evening her voice was heard in prayer meeting, and she held prominent positions on various committees appointed by the elders. She was always ready to join in plans to pay the church debt; she was chief worker in every fair and sociable; her contributions to the poor-box and to foreign missions were always large, and the minister depended greatly upon her help in every scheme in which practical energy was required. But her religion seemed to drop from her heart like a cloak from her shoulders when she entered her own home. She did not appear to think it necessary to exercise it there at all. The gentle reproofs of her good-natured husband and the rebellion of her pretty daughter only irritated her without bringing her to see where she erred. She was very angry now, and began to clear the table with unusual energy. But as John took his hat and went out on some errand at the village post-office, and she was left alone, she grew calmer, and by the time the dishes were all washed and put away her irritation was almost forgotten.

"I guess I'll run over and see Mrs. Marsh a minute," she said to herself, as she took off her big gingham apron and hung it up. "Like as not that Tom told her all I said. He's one to enjoy making a fuss, and I don't want hard feeling. So I'll just step over and tell her myself why I can't sit up with her mother."

Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Baker were very near neighbors, and had always been very intimate. They were accustomed to running into the house of each other at any hour without the ceremony of a ring or a knock, and so Mrs. Baker went around to the back of the house when she reached Mrs. Marsh's, and, finding the kitchen-door open, stepped in at once.

As she did so she heard the sound of voices in the adjoining room, and the door of which was a ajar.

She had now advanced half-way across the kitchen, intending to make her presence known, when the sound of her own name spoken by a voice which she recognized as belonging to Mrs. Long, another neighbor, made her pause.

"Mrs. Baker's religion ain't the kind that stands soap and water," this woman was saying. "It hasn't made a spark o' dif'rence in her. She's as stiff-necked as ever. She may be good at rushin' round to society meetin's, but as for makin' personal sacrifices, it ain't in her."

Mrs. Baker heard, and trembled with indignation, but worse was to come.

"She certainly doesn't carry her religion with her into her daily life," said the voice of Mrs. Marsh, "and that's the only true kind of religion, I think. She keeps hers for show, not for use. I'm intimate enough at her house to know that."

"She bottles it up and takes the cork out only on Sundays and at prayer-meetings," and Mrs. Baker recognized Tilly Marshes high treble. "It's a convenient kind of religion, you see. But it don't impose upon any one but herself."

"When a person makes professions, they'd oughter stand by 'em every day in the year," said Mrs. Long. "Mrs. Baker preaches a sight, but she don't practice wuth anything."

For a moment Mrs. Baker was tempted to rush into the next room and frankly tell her neighbors "what she thought of them;" but angry as she was, an instant's deliberation convinced her that such a course would be highly injudicious, and might lead to a scandal which would afford the village gossip for months to come. So, without giving any intimation of her presence, she hurriedly left the house.

"So this is how my neighbors talk of me behind my back!" she murmured, as she reached her own kitchen again, and threw off her hat and shawl. "This is how I am traduced because I would not sit up all night with a querulous old woman."

She was very, very angry; but gradually she grew calm, and began to think over quietly all she had heard. The longer she thought, the more reasonable seemed the charges that had been brought against her by her neighbors.

Had she brought her religion into her daily life? Was it not true that it was kept more for show than for wear? Bottled up, as Tilly had said, and the cork taken out only on Sundays in prayer-meeting. Had her religion made her more lenient to the faults of her daughter? Had it caused her to be more gentle and kind to her husband? Had it caused her to forgive old Miss Starr an offence of ten years' standing?

Poor Mrs. Baker! the truth brought home to her thus roughly from other lips did more toward opening her eyes to her own past conduct than any advice or council, however kindly meant, could have done.

When John came in at ten o'clock he was surprised to find his wife in tears. Such a sight was extremely novel to say the least, and he was very much distressed by it. But he was not given any key to the mystery. Sarah took up her candle and went to bed without a word.

Madge thought her mother strangely silent and subdued the next morning, and watched her with some anxiety.

"I'm afraid mother's going to be sick," she said to her father, following him out into the yard when he went to the pump for a pail of water.

"She *does* act sorter queer," admitted John. "We must jest be gentle with her and not answer her back if she gets riled."

As Madge came back into the kitchen again her mother looked up from the pan of milk she was skimming.

"You can have your club meet here on Tuesday if you choose, Madge," she said. "I've thought better of what I said yesterday."

"Oh, mother, how good of you!" cried Madge, running to kiss her—a caress which Mrs. Baker received very kindly. "We will be ever so careful of the carpet and curtains. And I want to tell you, mother, that I am sorry I made such a fuss last night. It *was* ridiculous, as you said, and I'm ashamed of myself. And I beg your pardon for speaking to you as I did, too."

"We'll both forget all about it," said Mrs. Baker; "and now"—as John came in with the water—"I want to hold a consultation about Miss Starr. It was only right that we should do what we can to help her. What do you say to a subscription to buy her another cow, John? I should think we could raise enough to buy her a milker quite as good as the Queen."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed John. "You have such a clear head, Sarah! I'll put my name down for three dollars."

"And I will carry the subscription paper around," said Madge. "I'm a first-class beggar, you know!"

The news that Mrs. Baker had undertaken to restore to Miss Starr her means of livelihood flew about the village like wild fire, and a handsome sum was soon raised for the old lady, whose gratitude to her former enemy was very touching. She could not say enough in Mrs. Baker's praise.

The first step is always the hardest. Mrs. Baker found it not at all difficult to keep on in the new path into which she had stepped. There were, very naturally, times when she forgot her new resolution; but the thought of Miss Tilly's remark about her religion was always sufficient to begin again.

"How good of you, Mrs. Baker, to take up the cause of that poor Miss Starr!" said Tilly Marsh, one day, when she met her neighbor in the village street

"It was only my duty," said Mrs. Baker. "I was the proper person to see her, you know, since I am on the relief committee."

When Miss Tilly went home she said to her mother that she felt sure they had done Mrs. Baker injustice in thinking her vain, glorious and selfish.

"Perhaps we did," said Mrs. Marsh. "I don't understand her lately. She isn't at all as she used to be. Something has changed her. I wish I knew what it was."

But she never knew.

Gen. Rosser's Contribution to the "Annals of the War."

To the Editor of the State:

I have read with much pain and regret the articles published in the Philadelphia *Times*, by Gen. T. L. Rosser, under the caption of "Rosser and His Men." As extracts from them are being copied into some of the papers, even in Virginia, I feel constrained to say that their bombastic egotism and absurdity are surpassed only by the "romanticism" of the statements they contain. Rosser was undoubtedly a brave, dashing, and enterprising soldier, and I can account for the production of his articles now only on the hypothesis that his success in money-making has turned his head, if it has not changed his heart also. His ridiculous vaporing, when he came to the Valley in the fall of 1864, in claiming that he and his "Laurel Brigade" came as the "saviors of the Valley," and were going to show the rest of my command how to fight, excited no little amusement at the time, and is well remembered; but I never suspected him of being capable of the folly of which he has now been guilty.

His statement, that I ordered him to get ahead of Sheridan's army, as it retired down the Valley in the early part of October, and arrest its march, is without any foundation in fact. He had then under his command, including Fitz Lee's two brigades and his own, only some 1,500 or 1,800 cavalry, at the farthest, instead of 3,000, as he says, and I certainly had no idea that the accession of his "Laurel Brigade" to the other two would enable them to do what my whole force had not been able to accomplish. The note which he cites as being written to him by me is either an illusion of the memory or the perversion of the purport of one I may have written, if he has such in his possession. The two divisions of cavalry that were on my flanks respectively, one under Lomax and the other under Rosser, were ordered to pursue on different routes and prevent the burning of houses, barns, &c., by the cavalry that was bringing up the rear of Sheridan's army as he moved down the Valley. Rosser became so elated with some success he had obtained over the burning detachments that he boastingly sent me word that he was going to drive Sheridan across the Potomac, when, knowing the danger into which he was rushing, I sent a message to him to caution him against any rashness, but before my message reached him the unfortunate affair of Tom's Brook had occurred. His present story in relation to that affair leads me to suspect that great injustice may have been done to that colonel mentioned by him, who was court-martialed and cashiered on charges preferred by him on account of his conduct on that occasion. The statement in regard to the remonstrance sent to me about getting him into that difficulty at Tom's Brook is also a myth, a figment of the brain. The statements that he proposed to me to allow him to follow the reserves at Cedar Creek along the pike, so as to charge the enemy when routed; that he charged up to within sight and to within a mile of New Town during that battle; that when the enemy had been thrown into confusion he requested permission to charge "the enemy then flying before Gordon," and that I arrested the progress of my troops in the midst of victory early in the morning, are all altogether imaginary; and his statement in regard to the retreat from the field in the latter part of the day, is a gross exaggeration. If he had made the proposition in regard to following the reserves along the pike I would have rejected it on account of its absurdity, as the enemy had a very heavy cavalry force on his right flank on the back road, which, Rosser says, "was strong enough at any time to have fallen upon me and crushed me, and which I was not strong enough at any time to drive off." What would that cavalry have been doing while he was giving "the broken masses the sabre," and Wright's corps (the Sixth) remained intact? Then, too, how was he able to make a successful crossing of Cedar creek on my left, "driving the brigade of cavalry from its position and pursuing it to within a mile and in sight of New Town," as he says he did, in the face of that cavalry force that was able to have fallen upon and crushed him? Then, too, when he was within a mile of New Town he should have been in the rear of Sheridan's army, while it was confronted by my main force; why did he not then charge the enemy from the rear and rout him? The statement that I arrested the progress of my troops in the hour of victory is without the slightest foundation in fact, as I did not arrive upon the field where they halted until they had halted, and I then endeavored to press on, but found it impracticable to do so. Notwithstanding the condition of things he represents as existing on the retreat, 1,500 prisoners captured from the enemy were safely carried off, and all the wagons and artillery, including that captured from the enemy, would have been carried off but for the fact that a bridge at a narrow passage where there was no other passway, broke down, thus compelling all the wagons and artillery beyond that point to be abandoned. Instead of his sending to find me at Fisher's Hill, I had halted a part of my force at that point and sent for him to bring his command there.

His statement that all who served with me "could not fail to have noticed how deficient he [I] was in the knowledge of topography, or the *coup d'oeil*, on the battlefield," will be a surprise to all my staff-officers and especially to my topographical engineer, and is about as accurate as that other statement which Gen. Rosser makes, that "it so happened that the greater part of his [my] adversary's army was cavalry."

If any one will take the trouble of reading Swinton's account of the battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam, in the "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War," and my report in reference to the same battle, he will be struck with the great similarity in our descriptions of the topographical features of the part of that battlefield where our left operated, Swinton's being word for word the same as mine, which latter was written some four or five years before his was, and is very minute; and any one acquainted with the topography of the Valley will recognize the accurate description of it contained in my published account of the Valley campaign, which description was written in the City of Mexico in the early part of 1866, without maps or notes relating to the subject to refer to.

The official returns of Sheridan's army for the latter part of August, 1864, and the 10th of November of the same year, now on file in the Adjutant General's office at Washington—there being no intermediate returns on file in the office—show that at the former date his infantry and artillery numbered about 45,000 for duty in the field, while his cavalry numbered less than 9,000; and that at the latter date his infantry and artillery numbered about 40,000 for duty in the field, while his cavalry numbered less than 9,000. Yet Gen. Rosser says the greater part of my adversary's army was cavalry! *Ex uno disce omnes.*

The statement that on his return from New Creek my army was starving, will be as surprising to my officers and men as his account of the capture of New Creek is doubtless to Gen. Wm. H. Payne and his gallant brigade who did all the capturing there, as the account of the rout of Custer's camp at Lacy's Spring will be to the same parties, who did the main work on that occasion, when the whole force on our side did not exceed 650, instead of being 2,000 as stated by Rosser.

The statement that I refused him permisssion to make the expedition to Beverly, and that in my absence he obtained the permission from Gen. Fitz. Lee, is also entirely imaginary. I gave him the permission and he made the expedition in January, instead of February, as stated by him. If I had refused him the permission and he had applied to Gen. Fitz. Lee and obtained it from him in my temporary absence, both would have been guilty of insubordination, for which they ought to have been court-martialed; and I would never have allowed Col. Munford to have been tried by a military court, on charges preferred by Gen. Rosser, for not properly seconding him in the preparation for that expedition, of which charges Munford was acquitted. His statements in regard to the affair at Waynesboro' are equally as unreliable as all the others I have noticed.

It is a great pity that Gen. Rosser has so far forgotten himself as to have written the articles for the Philadelphia *Times*, and his folly in doing so will be deeply regretted by many of his old comrades. He furnishes another lamentable instance of a Confederate officer who has undertaken to build up a fictitious reputation for himself on the ruins of that of others, his being the worst instance of the kind I have yet seen.

His recent contribution to the "Annals of the War" cannot fail to recall to the mind of the intelligent reader the *fanfaronade* of such characters as Ben Jonson's *Captain Bobadil* and Shakspeare's *Falstaff*.

In nothing that I have said do I mean to reflect in the slightest degree on the "Laurel Brigade," which was composed of as gallant soldiers as our army furnished.

J. A. EARLY.

Lynchburg, April 24, 1884.

Good versus Bad Cooking.

By our Agricultural Editor.

To be able to cook well is an important, we will not say, an essential qualification, for any young lady. For all, at least, who expect or desire at any time to become the mistress of a family. The day has come when even the daughters of the rich think it not beneath their dignity to learn how to make good bread and pastry, to roast or bake a joint, or cook a potato. And truly there is much more involved in the latter clause than many would suppose. To cook even so simple a thing as a potato exactly right, just done enough and not too done, mealy and savory, is a grand accomplishment, and worth far more when the happiness of a family is involved, than to be able to play the finest air on the piano-forte or sing the sweetest song that ever stirred mortal heart. And yet we by no means despise music either. But of the two, a good cook or a good musician, we do not hesitate to say that the first is far more important accessory to the well-being of a family than the other. Even mediocre qualifications may attain to excellence in music, but it calls for an exercise of talent little short of genius to make an accomplished cook, or if this is a solicism, then let us say, a competent cook. There is not only economy, but grace and religion in good cooking. Let, then, all young men beware when about to enter the field of matrimony, and if they have not ample revenues, let them see to it that the girl they are about to wed be one that knows how to cook well. This should be the case even though it is intended to employ a cook. Better undertake to board at a hotel than to have a poor cook in the kitchen. For let it be distinctly understood that a good and wholesome meal depends upon good cooking, and not upon cost. An expert cook will manipulate an excellent dinner out of very plain material, but the most costly viands are spoiled in the hands of a botch. Badly cooked food is a sheer waste not only of money, but of nerve, muscle, and soul power. The hungry stomach cannot recuperate on what it cannot digest, and it is a fact that very much of the food that is eaten is never digested, but passes through the system slightly changed. The wife that is capable at cooking may defy all rivals in the affections of her husband. The art and science of cooking ought to be taught in every female school. Music and French are, of course, important in a course of respectable female education, but good cooking and physiology are all important sciences to the maintenance and success of happy homes. And yet, where is the school, go far or near, that includes either of the latter in its curriculum? Every female should possess at least one good treatize on cookery, and should take frequent lessons under an expert.—*Index-Appeal.*

INVITED TO TAKE A DRINK.—Mr. McKenzie said: "To-day I was in the country, and while in the train, I got into conversation with an agreeable young man, who turned out to be a commercial traveller.—His views were not the same as mine, either on religion or temperance, so that we had plenty of ground to go over in our talk. When we left the train together, I was struck with the earnest way in which he pressed me to have a drink; it was as though it was a point of honor with him to get me to dishonor my principles. Let *us* always be the aggressors, and in every place speak up boldly for Christ our Saviour and His wonderful salvation."

Prohibition has already closed over four hundred saloons in the State of Kansas, more than one-half of the number which were there two years ago.

In the London Temperance Hospital over 14,000 patients have been treated, and it has not been necessary to use alcohol once.

If any Dealer Informs

You that he has for sale a dentifrice identical with or containing ingredients equalling or superior in efficacy to those of SOZODONT, discredit the statement and insist upon having that alone. By doing so, you will secure a dentifrice *par excellence* the best in the market, containing botanic elements of rare preservative influence upon the teeth, and one which will endow them with most becoming whiteness. Another desirable feature of this staple toilet is that it imparts fragrance to the breath. Sold by druggists.

For the SPECTATOR.

Christians, Moffetts, Trimbles, &c.

Robert, John, and William Christian are among the earliest settlers we can find any history of at the earliest day this part of the Valley was settled. They gave name to Christian's Creek and Christie Fort, at the mouth of Hawk's Creek, that runs through the Churchman farm. They came by the way of Williamsburg; may have left Mary, their only sister, there; made their selection of a home here; and, as we suppose, went back for her. She married John Moffett, who we know nothing of; suppose he must have been of their party of immigrants. She had the *seven* children named in these extracts from the county records. He left for an examination of the North Carolina region, as tradition says, and never came back. Waiting seven years, after acting, as you see, as administratrix of his estate, and her brothers made guardians of her children, she married John Trimble, a late emigrant from Pennsylvania; moved with him, as we believe, to the Glossbrenner farm, a mile or so above the mouth of Jennings's Branch. Her only child, James, 14 to 16 years old, when the Indians made a raid and killed John, her husband. She escaped through the tall weeds and concealed herself in the cliffs on the bank of the creek. They burned their cabin, carried off her son James and his playmate and companion, Adam, a Guinea negro of same age, and her daughter Catharine, mother of Capt. John M. and Judge Ben. Estelle, and quite a number of other persons; and her son, Col. George Moffett, of the Revolution, made up a company, pursued, and in Tygart's Valley, where they stopped to hunt, had the prisoner women to wash and mend their clothes, came upon them, killed the Indians guarding them, and rescued the captives without the loss of one.

Mary Christian was the ancestor of the Moffetts, Cochrans, some of the Trimbles, McDowells, McCues, Carsons, of Burke county, N. C., and many, many others, and yet to their shame, be it said, much of the early history of her family is lost.

Mary Moffett's bond, as administratrix of John Moffett, dec'd, (her husband,) with Robert and Wm. Christian (her brothers) as securities, dated 17th May, 1749. £500.

James Trimble's bond as Surveyor, Book 1, page 382, 1751.

Mary and Robert Moffett, orphans of John Moffett, dec'd, Robert Christian, guardian, with John and Wm. Christian securities, November 16th, 1752.

Catharine and Wm. and Hannah Moffett, orphans of John Moffett, dec'd, guardians, John Christian, November 16th, 1752.

George and John Moffett, orphans of John Moffett, dec'd; Wm. Christian, guardian.

John Trimble gave bond as guardian of Hannah Moffett, orphan of John Moffett, dec'd, March 17th, 1758.

These scraps, Mr. Editor, are all we can gather of the early history of three families that made an impress on their times—Christians, Moffetts, and Trimbles.

OLD MORTALITY.

For the SPECTATOR.

Florida—Dr. Wm. Brown.

MR. EDITOR:—I had a desire to see a friend, who is suffering with weak lungs, try Florida. He writes me:

"I would not think of going to Florida or Georgia before September or October. I am not encouraged in the idea either by the recent experience of Dr. Thomas Pollard, of Richmond, who went to Florida in January, and was brought home a corpse, having died of dystentery. It appears that in attempting to escape cold weather, we risk malarial diseases. Such has been the experience of several of my friends and acquaintances."

We had a letter from our venerable friend, the Rev. Dr. Wm. Brown, from the west coast of Florida. His home is near Clearwater Harbor, Hillsborough county. His letter is dated: "Bayview, April 9th, 1884." He says:

"I wish it were in my power to give a full and satisfactory answer to your long and interesting letter. But I am obliged to 'labor with my hands, working that which is good,' and this to an old man of 73, and so long unused to it, leaves no time for writing beyond what is indispensible. If I were to reply fully to all the questions propounded by friends, it would keep me busily employed, day and night.

The climate of Florida in winter is delicious, and wonderfully suited to invalids generally, especially to those who have bronchial or pulmonary troubles. The summers, I am told, are pleasant—the nights almost always cool. This county is proverbial for its healthfulness of climate.

My health, and that of my family, has been remarkably good, and all seem much pleased with their new home. It grieved me much to leave Virginia in my old age, but I seemed to be shut up to it, as the only way of making a living. My orange grove is large, and the trees in full bearing. The crop of last year was sold for $900 on the trees, and that of this year is quite as promising. I expect to be at Union Theological Seminary in May and the meeting of the General Assembly at Vicksburg, but I shall hardly be in the Valley.

A. A. Robinson, Commissioner of Florida, Tallahassee, as the representative of the Florida Board of Immigration, publishes a pamphlet, map, &c. It is a great fund of information."

Mr. Editor, it is because of compunctions of conscience of having taxed my venerable friend, in behalf of an invalid friend, referred to in the first part of this communication, that prompts me to publish it, with the hope that it may cause others to spare him, and then the gratification to his many friends to hear so pleasant an account of him and his, and the encouragement afforded to others, of a man of 73 expatriating himself, severing so many and such tender ties, and setting the example of energy, industry, hopefulness, deserves to be put before the public

OCCASIONAL.

For the SPECTATOR

Oldest Mill in the County.

The old Fackler Mill in Staunton, known in the old plats as Col. Beverly's Mill, is perhaps the oldest in the county.

There is an old mill about six miles southeast of Staunton, where a small tributary of Christian's Creek empties into it, called Hank's Creek. It was in ruins sixty years ago, having given way at the stone foundation. A friend, who was raised in that neighborhood, writes me and says: "My father bought the chopping-stones from this old mill, and tradition says they had been quarried at the foot of Turk's Mountain. A man, known as "Joe Harrison," built it. He first built what was known as a tub-mill, at the mouth of Hunter's Creek, on the place known years ago as the Gen. Imboden place. The ruins were very distinct fifty years ago, 200 yards above the mouth of the creek. There was not fall enough, when he built a geared mill two miles above, at the mouth of Hank's Creek, and got an overshot wheel by cutting a race three-fourths of a mile long, that carried all of Hank's Creek. This was close to the settlement made by Robert, John, and Wm. Christie, and was immediately around the "old fort," known as "Christie's fort," near Robert Moffett's and John Churchman's. When a child, those old traditions fascinated me, and "Aunt Debby Rutledge," who was over ninety years old when I was ten, lived at Hunter's Creek, a mile below Barterbrook. I used to go there and listen to her for hours. Her grandson had a blacksmith shop and tilt-hammer that was the grand resort of the neighborhood.

OLD MORTALITY.

Just as expected, Mahone's methods have been potential with his black cohorts, and by their support he remains boss of his party, and will carry with him to the National Republican Convention a delegation, which, if admitted, will vote just as he may direct, and as a unit.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

INDICATIONS OF SPRING.

BY K. S. L.

Sweet sounds of rural labor
In fields at early morn;
Blossoms and buds unfolding,
Of every hue and form.

All earth from slumber waking,
Thrilled with a new delight;
A whisper in the breezes
Of coming days more bright.

A warbling from the branches
That makes the pulses leap;
The flash of streamlets rushing
From hill and mountain steep.

The sunlight's fitful brightness,
The gentle fall of rain—
These are the signs that tell
The Spring is come again.

THE OLD HOME.

I'm thinking to-night of the old, old home—
The home of the dear, dear past;
Of friends that are scattered the wide world o'er—
Of pleasures too perfect to last.
The curtain of mem'ry is widely withdrawn
And broadly the vista is seen—
The farm-house, the locust grove, low garden wall
With close-clinging mantle of green.

The barn, with its low-brooding wings, stretching wide,
The floor where the threshers would meet;
The sheds for the cattle, the mountains of hay,
The bins full of bright, golden wheat.
The well-sweep that never refused or withheld
Refreshments for man or for beast;
And, stretching away to the rim of the hill,
The aftermath—Autumn's rich feast.

O, long, long ago, in the beautiful past,
A light-hearted band gathered there,
Six sturdy-limbed brothers, with muscles of steel,
And sisters, a handful and fair.
Peace, plenty, and pleasure, abode with them there,
Their childhood a blessed delight;
No Summer e'er blossoms so brightly as then,
No Winter sun ever so bright.

O, land that I love! O, home that I know!
Though miles in the distance away,
Thou art not so utterly lost to my heart,
As those dear companions to-day.
I think of thee always as something my own,
But left in the distance awhile;
And always I find thee in that dreamy past
A-light with fond memory's smile.

No frown ever greets me—my beautiful home!
Unmarked by the mildew of change;
But they—my companions—are lost to me quite,
Their hearts and their faces estranged.
Yet, stay! there are some that are mine evermore,
Their memory is bright as the sun;
Their glad eyes look out from the old happy past,
Though they with all earth-work are done.

Two sleep in the land of my love and their birth;
Another—a soldier and brave—
Was buried afar, on the field where he fell,
And God only knoweth his grave.
Another went home, in the Autumn of life—
A life full of heartache at best;
Afar among strangers, they left her to sleep—
God gave to the weary one, rest.

The others—ah, me! 'tis a wide-scattered band!
No time can the distance decrease;
No hand binds the threads that are loosened, alas!
Till life and its warfare shall cease.
For something far sadder than distance or death
Hath crept the divided between,
And nevermore now can the chasm be crossed,
Till death shall have shrouded the scene.

Yet, far in the distance, hill-folded alone,
A dream of a dream unto me,
The home that I loved in the life that is done,
A bright, haunting memory will be;
And sometimes I sit in the gloaming, at eve,
And think of the long-perished years,
Till my heart that is strong for the battle of life,
Grows weak as a babe with its tears.

Stock and Poultry.

Sheep.—For those sheep which have the scours use a little linseed meal with the feed.

Guinea hens.—Guinea hens keep hawks away. They are noisy birds. Worse than a piano next door. They give warning to other fowls.

Fowls.—If you wish to raise a good many fowls you must keep them in separate small flocks. Large numbers do not flourish well together.

Milk for Poultry.—Do not forget that when you have an overplus of milk it is good for hens. They will pay back in eggs.

Swine.—Do not forget that swine require green food as other animals. If you do not wish to turn them loose feed it to them in the pen. That which they get in ordinary "swill" is sometimes not enough.

Butter.—In treating butter after it comes from the churn, many people, say the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, ruin it entirely by working it until it is salvey. Long churning produces the same trouble, completely "breaking the grain" of the butter.

Sick Hogs.—Give hogs charcoal for indigestion; not too much, as it may produce scours. Salt should not be given in too large quantities, but it should be given nevertheless. Wood ashes are good for worms, as the salt also is.

Chicken Cholera.—An exchange says: The homœopathic remedy, nux vomica, is now recommended as a remedy for cholera in fowls. It is given in the form of pellets, or a very small quantity dropped into the feed."

Cracked Heels.—Horses' feet need especial care during the wet weather of spring. Dry their feet and legs before putting them in the stable. If they are allowed to stand with muddy feet and fetlocks, cracked heels will be the result.

Treatment of a Curb.—The treatment of a curb should be as follows: First bathe the leg with cold water, and then bind it in thick cloths, steeped in cold water and kept wet, until the inflamation and lameness have disappeared. Then the part is to be blistered, and the blistering repeated two or three times. Rest is requisite during the treatment.

Feed for Young Chickens.—Young chickens may be fed with almost anything that is given to older fowls, but it must be made fine, to suit the weak digestion of the chicks. Coarse oat meal, corn meal and bran wetted, crushed boiled potatoes and meal mixed are all good, but not sloppy food should be given.

Turkeys.—In keeping and rearing turkeys for the market it is always good policy to secure the very largest breeds that may be had, more especially if rearing for the early holiday market, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*. The largest turkeys at that time command the highest prices, and the slightly greater cost of food in raising and fattening is not observed in the larger amount of profit. The bronze turkey is a large, magnificent bird, but naturally wild and wandering. I greatly prefer the Narragansett (or silver grays as familiarly known). They are as large, have less offal, neat, compact bodies, low on the ground, are light feeders, in habit more domestic, are hardy and easily reared. Turkeys will not bear as close breeding as common fowls.

It was a pithy, and we fancy a... oughly correct answer which w... a poor law officer in I... spoke to him of th... made in the tr... cast Lond... then...