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General Intelligence.

BOXING UP A NEGRO.—A gentleman at Louisville, walking among bales and boxes at the steamboat wharf, heard a voice exclaim from one of the cases, "open the door." The owner of the boat, Mr. Shaw, ripped open the top with a butcher's cleaver, when out jumped a strapping negro nearly dead with suffocation, and steaming his escape pipe of a steamboat. He was greatly exhausted, but was revived by the fresh air and the application of stimulants, when he gave the following account of his singular incarceration:—"It appears that he belongs to Mr. Job Lewis of Germantown, and has been hired in town. He states that the scheme which had well nigh cost him his life, was concocted some months ago by John Bennett, a free black. The intention was to ship him in the manner attempted at Cincinnati, from whence he was to be conveyed by the Abolitionists to Canada. In the box was a quantity of moss, a number of plates, and a few dozen of water crackers. Air holes were bored in the end of the box. They forgot, however, to put in a supply of water. He states that he would inevitably have died in a very short while, if he had not been extricated, and his condition when taken out of the box confirms the opinion."—[N. Y. Sun.

OREGON.—We have all along expressed a conviction that a hostile collision between the United States and England is not to be seriously apprehended. The time has passed for civilized nations to attempt to settle a difficulty by a resort to arms which can only be reasonably and satisfactorily adjusted by amicable negotiation or reference, especially when the differing nations have an immense interest in the preservation of peace. To men of coolness and judgment on both sides of the Atlantic—such distinguished diplomatists as are at the head of affairs in the United States and England, the prospect of war produces very little impression. The English press selects the most friendly and peaceable terms, seeming almost to yield the matter in controversy to our "clear and unquestionable right." Still their Premier has asserted authoritatively, that Great Britain has rights connected with this territory of Oregon—to preserve which every amicable means shall first be exhausted—but if these fail she is prepared forcibly to maintain them. Fully concurring with President Polk in his view, we are, nevertheless, of the opinion, that from international courtesy as well as from policy the disputed territory ought to be made the subject of negotiation. This while it will tend to throw more light upon history and early discovery which our hardy western citizens in bodies can settle and subdue the unoccupied district. The delay consequent upon an equitable arrangement—the collection and examination of testimony, will enable our country, in fact, to follow the advice of Mr. Calhoun, given in the Senate of 1843, in practicing "a wise and masterly firmness" in relation to his calculation, the great onward spirit of the American race will carry to the regions of the far west, where they will accumulate in such numbers as to bid defiance to any fleets or armies that Great Britain can send against them. The emigrants will be the rightful possessors and owners of the soil, and its most zealous and successful defenders. [Harrisburg Union.

NEW YORK. is about to be enriched with a museum of Chinese curiosities on an enlarged and elegant scale. The Commercial Advertiser says:—"JOS. H. WOOD, JOHN R. PETERS, JR., and their associate proprietors of the unique and splendid collection of arts and antiquities from the Celestial Empire, have purchased the old Grace Church property, seventy feet on Broadway and fronting two hundred and seventy feet opposite Trinity Church grounds, which are to be regulated in classical style to correspond with the magnificent new church. The museum is to occupy the whole ground, and to be connected immediately. The mechanical skill and scientific attainments of Mr. Peters will enable him to arrange the collection in the most appropriate manner."

WHITE SLAVERY IN WALLACHIA.—One of the late numbers of *La Lune*, a journal published in Hungary, contains the following announcement from Wallachia:—"To be sold, by the sons and heirs of the late Nicholas Niko at Bucharest, two hundred families, the male members of which are for the greater part, laborers, locksmiths, shoemakers, goldsmiths and musicians. The proprietor of these families will not dispose of them in any smaller lots than those consisting of five families, but the price is at least lower by a ducent per head than the ordinary established rates, and advantageous facilities for payment are tendered."

This announcement is not, as might be supposed at first sight, a pleasurable; it is serious, and what is more, it is legal, for the Czar's grant in 1818 by the Prince John Karadach to the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and which is at this day in full force and vigor, actually sanctions this slavery.

Thus, while the christian nations of Europe are yearly expending millions in sending war vessels to the African coast, for the purpose of preventing the trade of black slaves, white ones are advertised and sold, under the protection of the law, in two christian countries situated in the very interior of Europe itself.

MOST LAMENTABLE.—We learn from the Pittsburg Post, that two little girls, children of Mr. Albertson, of Allegheny, were drowned on Thursday in crossing the Monongahela river in the ferry boat. They were sitting in a buggy, on the boat, when the horse scared at a steamboat which was passing, and backed the vehicle off into the river. The poor little girls fell into the water and perished in a moment. Their father and mother, who were present, but unable to rescue them. The oldest of the children was five years old, the youngest four. We have rarely recorded a more painful occurrence. The scene on the boat was distressing in the extreme.—[Keystone.

DR. DUBUIS has resigned the Presidency of the Dickinson College, and accepted the pastoral charge of Union Church, in Philadelphia.

DEATH OF MR. NOLAN.—It will be seen, by an obituary notice in the usual place, that Mr. Francis Nolan is dead; he died yesterday afternoon. Mr. Nolan kept the tavern in which Paul Raux was murdered by Henry McCarry. It is in the memory of all, that he came in for a share of suspicion of being engaged in that murderous operation; but subsequent developments have proved that suspicion for the time took a wrong direction. The effort on his mind was such as to bring him to a bed of sickness, and he has been declining from that time until death relieved him. There is scarcely an individual, if indeed there is one, in this community, who believes he had the slightest cognizance of that transaction. He died an innocent man. We are told that he spoke to his friends up to Friday, when the published confession of McCarry was read to him, he felt that injustice was done him by the murderer on the gallows, and he spoke no more, but breathed his last, without uttering a syllable.

He goes and in his death, there are but few, indeed, will not deem him another victim of the atrocious murderer, McCarry. It will be recollected that he was arrested on the morning after the discovery of the murder, by one of the officers of the Mercer street police, but was soon after released. During his illness and shortly previous to his death, he spoke of this act, but fully acquitted the officer of all and every intention to do wrong, and more than once, he invoked the blessings of Heaven upon Messrs. Hays, Zell, Cook and Ridgely, and particularly the latter, for their unvaried kindness and attention to him. Mr. Nolan has been long known in Baltimore, and has always borne the character of a most mild, amiable and unobtrusive man, against whom not a word of ill could be spoken.—[Balt. Sun.

THE TARIFF IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The New Hampshire House of Representatives, on the 24th inst., adopted a resolution, and others along with it, by a vote of 181 to 85, which repudiates a tariff for protection.

Agreeably to public notice, quite a numerous and interesting assembly convened yesterday evening to witness the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of a new church on 8th street, in the rear of the Patent Office, to be under the pastoral charge of Rev. SERRANUS TUSTOX. The stone was laid by the Masonic Fraternity, with their usual ceremonies; and the scene was enlivened by the chaste performances of the Marine Band.—The introductory prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. BOGERTON of the M. E. Church; and the benediction was pronounced, and the audience adjourned, well gratified with the services.—[Washington Constitution, July 3.

JOHN FITCH, THE STEAMBOAT INVENTOR.—A correspondent at Riceborough, Ga., in relation to this great inventor, says:—"In your last number I notice an article headed 'John Fitch.' From my father, Roswell King, and uncle, Reuben King, nephews of John Fitch, I have heard much of his character and enterprise, also of his failures in the steamboat experiments. Some men live too late, some too early, and John Fitch among the latter. When Fitch went to Europe, my father went for him to South Carolina, to obtain for him the exclusive privilege of navigating the waters of that State for a term of years, by boats propelled by steam; Lowndes, I think, then Governor of that State, advised him to wait the meeting of the Legislature. In the meantime Fitch returned, penniless and dispirited; he went West, and, I think, died in Ohio from *morbid fever*, not in Kentucky from *poison*. You say a monument is about being erected in Kentucky to his memory. This would be quite unnecessary. Thousands are already erected, with this advantage over other monuments, they are moveable. Every smoke pipe in every quarter of the globe is a monument to the memory and genius of John Fitch. Reuben King, at this time my neighbor, when a lad of 14, was one of the passengers in Fitch's boat on the Delaware, in October, 1788."—[ROSWELL KING.

ISLAND TRADE OF THE WEST.—Suppose a steamboat takes in produce at Pittsburg for New Orleans, then loads with goods for the Fur Company at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, and then returns to Pittsburg, what will be the length of her voyage? The Cincinnati *Chronicle* thus answers this question:—

Miles.	
Pittsburg to Cincinnati,	498
Cincinnati to Louisville,	127
Louisville to mouth of Ohio,	345
Mouth of Ohio to New Orleans,	1012
New Orleans to St. Louis,	1848
St. Louis to Weston,	500
Weston to the Yellow Stone,	1348
Yellow Stone to St. Louis,	1184
St. Louis to the Ohio,	172
The Ohio to Pittsburg,	980
Total,	8094

Eight thousand miles might a steamboat run on the waters of the West in a regular voyage before she returned to her original port!

It would be easy to extend this voyage in a regular trade to twenty thousand miles. What will not navigable rivers and iron roads do for this Republic?

AN INTERESTING GATHERING.—Ninety-three revolutionary soldiers reside in Cayuga county, New York. In the same county there are the widows of eighteen deceased soldiers of the late war, who are pensioned on account of wounds received.—These veteran soldiers are invited by name, in the last Auburn Journal, to participate in the approaching celebration of the anniversary of our independence.

TO MAKE CORN STALK MOLASSES.—Take the corn stalks as soon as they have their growth, or as soon as the tassels begin to blossom, cut them in pieces, boil them in a kettle for an hour or two, press out the juice any way you please, and boil it down to a syrup.

Two girls between the ages of fourteen and fifteen years, were drowned at Milton, Vt., last week. One of them having gone into the river to bathe, got out of her depth, when her companion went to her assistance, and they both sunk together.

I Remember, I Remember.

BY THOMAS HOOD.
I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came leaping in at morn;
It never came a wink at noon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

Miscellaneous.

Blouquet Extract.
"A spirit of fault finding; and unsatisfied temper; a constant irritability; little in equalities in the look, the temper, or the manner; a brow cloudy and dissatisfied—your husband or your wife can not tell why—will more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life any thing but a blessing. It is in such gentle and quiet virtues as meekness and forbearance, that the happiness and usefulness of life consists, far more than in brilliant eloquence, in splendid talent, or illustrious deeds that shall send the name to future times."

Evenings.—There are two periods in the life of man, in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and old age. In youth we love it for its mellow moonlight, its millions of stars, its rich and soothing shades, its still serenity; and these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to hear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbath there—or look into the deep bosom of creation spread abroad like the canopy above us, and look and listen until we can almost see and hear the waving wind and melting songs of other worlds. To youth, evening is delightful, it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervor of his fancy and the softness of his heart. Evening is, also, the delight of virtuous age; it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of his life—serene, peaceful, and made with the wisest of the great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

Wealth.—Excessive is neither glory nor happiness. The cold wretch who thinks only of himself, who never has his hand within the well and puts it out but for the purpose of more and ostentation, who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he was made to be their lord; as if they were for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandizement; such a man may be rich, but tragically he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean, which is the appropriate register of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that, and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow men; let them fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness; to cheer the way worn pilgrim. I wish you indeed to be distinguished. Look at his illustrious patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists, who, in various ages, have blessed the world; was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, Epaminondas, upon the rolls of fame? Their wealth was in the mind and heart. These are the treasures by which they have been immortalized; and such alone are treasures which are worth a serious struggle.

LITERARY BILL OF MORTALITY.—Goodbye, in his Library Magazine, estimates that of about one thousand books published annually in Great Britain, six hundred are accompanied with commercial loss; on two hundred there is no gain; on one hundred the gain is trifling; and only on one hundred any considerable profit. He sets it down as certain, that out of the whole thousand, six hundred and fifty are forgotten within the year, another hundred and fifty within three years, and scarcely ten are thought of after twenty years.—Of the 50,000 books published in the seventeenth century, not more than 50 are now in estimation, and of the 80,000 books published in the nineteenth century, not more than three hundred are considered worth reprinting, and not more than five hundred are sought after at the present time. Since the first commencement of printing—that is in thirty-two centuries—only about five hundred works of writers of all nations have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time.

SADNESS.—There is a mysterious feeling that passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again, a sorrow will come upon us across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence?—Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

OUT OF HEART.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.
"Why so sad, Ernest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arm around his neck and kissing him.
He looked up with a sad smile and replied:—"I am almost out of heart, Mary, I think of all pursuits, a profession is the worst. Here have I been, week after week and month after month—and I may soon say year after year—wasting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself known; but a physician must sit patiently in his office, and if unknown, see men without half his acquisitions rolling in wealth, while he perhaps is starving. And it will soon come to that, but added bitterly, "I do not get employment!"

An unbidden tear started into the wife's eye, but she strove to smile, and said:—"Do not despond, Ernest, I know you've been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and knowledge to make your way as soon as you get a start. And depend upon it, she added with a cheerful look, "that will come when you least expect it!"

"She has told me often," said the lucky hour has never come," said her husband despondingly. "And now every cent of my little fortune has been expended, and our credit will soon be gone when it is found we do not pay." What then is to become of us?"
Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experience, when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His wife would have given way to tears, if she had been allowed, but she felt the necessity of sustaining him and answered cheerfully:—"And what if every cent is gone? Have no fear that we shall starve. God sent ravens to feed Elijah, and he will yet interpose for our aid."—"Trust in him, dear Ernest."
The husband felt rebuked, as she thus spoke, and answered less despondingly.

"But really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day laborer, the humblest farmer is sure of his food and clothing, but I, after having spent years in study, have wasted years besides waiting for practice; and now when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood I lose all that I have spent, both of time and money, and must forever abandon the idea of pursuing my profession. It is too hard," and he arose and walked the room with rapid strides.

"His wife sighed, and remained silent."
But after a moment or two she arose and went up to him, and fondly embracing him with her arm, said:—"Dear Ernest you must not worry yourself so. You think it painful for me to bear poverty, I know, or you would not take it so hard; but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread, a log-cabin would be preferable to me if I shared them with you, than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Some day, within measures, you will yet be great and rich. Have patience only for a little while longer. There is a knock at the door now—it may be for you."
As if her words had been prophetic, the little girl, their only servant, appeared at this crisis and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry.—With an exulting smile his wife ran for her hat, and then sat down, with a beating heart to await this return.

"Ernest almost the first symptoms that the young physician had received, when he had asked him the village for more than a year. The place, too, was large and populous, but there were several medical men of large practice, and all these combined to put down their young rival. More than once heretofore Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair; but his young wife cheered and encouraged him, though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up. Mary Linwood was, indeed, that greatest of all blessings, a good wife; she sympathized with her husband, consoled to the greatest, and by her gentle words chased despondency from his heart."
Hour after hour she sat there waiting her husband, yet still he came not. At last darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy. She was about rising to go to the door, when she heard her husband's foot on the step, and hurrying out she met him on the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are, were his first words. "If it had not been for you I should have given up long ago, and now my fortune is almost ruined."
"Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not unkind of his probably wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting room, where the tea things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage with a trembling hand, while Ernest told the history of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent for to old Governor Houston's—the richest and most influential man you know, in the country, and when I got there I found that the Governor had been thrown from his carriage and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the town had been sent for, one after another, but none could do him. In despair, his wife, without orders, had sent for me. I saw his only chance for life depended on a new and difficult operation, which none of the older physicians had ever seen performed. Luckily I had assisted at one when a student. I stated what I thought could be done. The old Governor is a man of iron nerves and steel resolution, so when he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to my hands. I succeeded beyond my hopes; even the other physicians were forced to acknowledge my skill; and there is now nothing but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting he put this roll of notes in my hand."

Mary was in tears long before her husband finished his narration; but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed, just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.
From that day Ernest Linwood was a made man. The fame of his skillful operation was in every one's mouth; and, by the aid of his patient, who now became his patron, he stepped at once into practice among the best families of the place. Wealth as well as reputation flowed in upon him; but she always attributed his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had cheered and sustained him when all else failed.

Selected for the Spirit of Jefferson.

I Saw This Year.
I saw this year—the big bright leaf
Gave over that eye of blue,
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew;
I saw these smiles—the wraith's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine,
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.
As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of evening evo
Can banish from the sky,
Thou smilest unto the moaviest mind
Thine own pure joy impart;
Thine smilest leaves a glow behind,
That lightens o'er the heart. BYRON.

RELY ON YOURSELF.—We often hear young men complaining that they are born poor. "Very well; what harm? Look around you and you will find that nine tenths of our rich men were, in early life, not worth a cent; educate yourself, then, with the reflection, that if the past is any guarantee for the future, your chances are good of being rich. The fact is, while you ought to have been up and doing, you have been crying to Jupiter to help you out of the mire with your wheel. Rely on yourself hereafter. Consider that, in this world, where every man is striving his best to outdo his neighbor, you will have to wait forever. If you treat the advance of your fortunes as a lottery, you will be disappointed. The old Greek began to carry the calf when young, and became eventually strong enough to bear a bull. Do you, like him, go to work in earnest, and by and by you will be astonished to see what you can do. The great secret of the failure of the rich man's sons in life, is this: they depend on their father's wealth, lose all energy, enterprise and industry, and are at last, in spite of their advantages, disappointed by those who have been stripped and girt for the race for years. We once read a story, whose hero took for his motto, "Push," and whose hero, who was very difficult to get on, and he felt his heart sinking, he whispered "Push," to himself, and went to work resolute on success. That made his iron will, quite as much as his genius. Your men who have no minds of their own, and are unable to rely on themselves, are like children in go carts, who, the moment their support is gone, tumble headlong. We love a sturdy, determined boy at school, even if he is a little obstinate; for we know he will get along in the world. All your great reformers have been men of resolute will. Luther would have failed at the crisis of his fate, had he not said he was going to Worms, though it should rain. Duke George nine days in succession, and every roof be piled with devils. When the charges of French cavalry broke among the British squares at Waterloo, his successive waves before Edwinstown, in a tempestuous sea, Wellington exclaimed, "Gentlemen, we must die at our post; there can be no retreat." We once read a story, resolution; and that only, which won the day. And this is the secret of all success. Take our word for it, young man, unless you make up your mind to rely on yourself, you will never achieve anything worthy of your manhood.—[Neal's Gaz.

BE CAREFUL.—It is extremely dangerous to attempt to cross a floor with underclothes, when a woman is mopping. We knew a man once who had the temerity to undertake it; but he got paid dearly for his boldness. The mistress of the mop perfectly demolished him—there was nothing left but a little tobacco juice and a suspender button! Just as we expected.

DON'T DESPAIR OF THE MOST HARDENED.—Make no calculation that any are so proud, vain, self-righteous, or unbelieving, that the Gospel cannot subdue them. They have souls, and they have feelings. They often feel misgivings, and fears, and remorse, to which God alone is witness. How can you tell that God has not sent you to speak to such a person at such a time? Besides, God's Spirit is to do the work, and that spirit can do anything. Beware of limiting Omnipotence. [Christian Citizen.

FAIR BITTING.—A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times says he saw an Irishman bet a Dutchman one dollar on Fashion, which of course the Irishman lost. Shortly afterwards the money-taker came round, and was offered by the Dutchman the dollar he had won. "No, no," said the collector, "this don't go—its pewter." Der "Tuyvil" said the Dutchman; "I won it all the while ago of an Irishman—the cursed cheat." "Well, you said the collector, "you've got another dollar; you must have had, or you could not have bet." "Oh yes," said the Dutchman, finding that he was cornered, "Oh yes; but mine God, mine ish a pad wan tu!"

LEARN A TRADE.—How often do we hear middle-aged men say, "I wish I had learned a trade. Why do they express the wish? Because they see the mechanics obtain good livings and prosper around them, while they and a thousand others barely get support. Who are suffering the poverty? Mechanics? Is not your wealthiest neighbor a mechanic? Yet strange to say, many young men will not learn trades; they wish for more respectable business. They don't wish to gash their hands by edged tools, or lay bare their shins by mauling. But, my friends, if they go to trading, they will sell their hands, brown their skins, and be obliged to wear coarse clothing. And some parents are unwise enough to permit their sons to live as they please, and continually run themselves in debt. How frequently do indulgent parents say my boy is too weakly to work at a trade—the fact is a little daily labor would help such a boy materially. The hired of a hand saw, a sledge hammer, a printing press, and a lathe, is not the thing. Unless more boys are put to trades, or on farms, in a few years every city, town and village in the Union will be crowded with ruffians and starved up clerks, doctors, ministers and paupers. Now, in all conscience, we have too many by one half of such characters who are sucking the life-blood from the community.

A word to the young! Learn trades. Work at something, no matter what. Go to a tailor's shop, a printing office, or sail loft; do any thing but study law, physic or divinity. Then you will be happy if you live, and always have within your reach a good support. Rich or poor, matter, do something useful and you will never repent it, even should you live to the age of Methuselah.

GOOD.—Now children, said a schoolmaster, remember what I have told you. All the misery which afflicts the world, arose from the fact that Eve stole an apple and divided it with Adam.
"Gosh!" said a low-headed urchin, "what a pity it had'n't been our Sal. She's such a stinky critter, that whenever she steals an apple she eats the whole lot herself!"

A GOOD FARMER.—"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "O yes, massa, he very good farmer, he hab two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell his hay in de fall and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides ob de cattle dat he for de want ob de hay, and make money twice."

The ignorant man is dead even while he walks upon the earth—though he is numbered with the living.

What can it Be?

We copy the following singular incident from the Savannah Georgian. To us it looks like the wonderful effects of Mesmerism—that principle (though that word is scarcely applicable) which we cannot understand, but are forced by our senses to believe in. We commend it to those who are fond of curious investigations. As comparative Anatomy has thrown so much light upon the great science of physiology, in like manner this animal influence, well authenticated, may aid in developing some of the mysteries of Mesmerism, at once so inexplicable and so full of thrilling interest. There is no doubt of one fact; we find here explained one of the mysterious phases of "community of sensation." It furnishes a text for much speculation.

"THE SNAKE AND THE SQUIRREL.—On the 30th day of May last, I was riding on a small road in the 13th district of Dooly county, near the Appalachee, when I saw a common sized fox-squirrel sticking to the side of a pine tree, some six or eight inches from the earth. When I got opposite the squirrel, I saw him move a little on the side of the tree. I rode some 20 or 30 yards past the squirrel, when the idea occurred to me, that it might be charmed by a snake. I immediately turned back, not for any other reason, than when I got within eight steps of the tree where the squirrel was, all at once I heard a rattle snake commence singing, apparently under the feet of my animal. I slept spurs and got off a few yards, stop and looked back, and saw a very venomous looking rattle snake not more than 4 or 5 feet long. I immediately dismounted from my animal and took up a light wood limb that lay near, and gave the snake a pretty severe blow, which caused him to hing round and strike me. I immediately struck the snake, the squirrel leaped from the tree. I think, about three feet, and it seemed to me the squirrel leaped higher than far. I gave the snake a second blow, and the squirrel leaped again, and so on, until I gave the snake a third blow, when the snake sung weaker, and the squirrel seemingly got weaker in the same proportion. I then went to the tree, thinking to find the snake that had charmed the squirrel, but it was not there, nor no nearer than eight steps. I looked at the squirrel, and he would not stir, when I immediately returned to the tree, and he appeared to be tired almost to death, panting and struggling for breath. I returned to the snake, and with the same limb pecked his head soft. I again returned to the squirrel, and saw him, in about one minute, or less, breathe his last. I took up the squirrel and the blood had run out of its left nostril down the jaw and neck, and down the left fore leg, and off at the foot. I am certain that the squirrel was never hurt by me. After partly killing the snake, when I first went to the squirrel, I touched its thigh with the toe of my boot. It never moved, nor never tried to get out of my way. I give it as my opinion, that killing the snake was the cause of the squirrel's death. The snake was not larger around, I think, than the body of a large man. He had five rattles and a button. B. B. HAMILTON.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a flower which the devastating hand of time cannot crush nor the lightning scathe. It rears its beautiful head in the morning of prosperity and expands, and blooms, and casts its nectarine odour on the sensitive heart, and when the night of adversity sets in and its chilling, withering dews fall upon its flexible leaves and humble stalk, it is not seen to sink beneath the oppressive load, but like the millifolium rose, raising itself with its weight of gems to kiss the orient's beams, it springs into a new existence, and its beauty and its fragrance impart a charm to all around.

SHOULD PARENTS SCOLD?—It has neither reason, religion, common sense, nor experience to recommend it. While there are conscious men, and mighty to justify its total and immediate abolition. It soures the temper of the children, so that one through scolding prepares the way for two or three more. It sours your temper provided it is sweet, which is a question if you are prone to scold; and thus the more you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become a scolder, and your children likewise.

Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it, they can love you as well, after you have scolded them as they did before. You may reproach them with firmness and decision, you may punish with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up the bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their esteem. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with love by me. After they have scolded them, when I first went to the squirrel, I touched its thigh with the toe of my boot. It never moved, nor never tried to get out of my way. I give it as my opinion, that killing the snake was the cause of the squirrel's death. The snake was not larger around, I think, than the body of a large man. He had five rattles and a button. B. B. HAMILTON.

THIS PATRIOTISM.—A western editor has the following burst of patriotism in his prospectus:—"Devotion to the land that gave me birth and the glorious principles under which I have been reared, has forced me into the ranks of her illustrious champions. I shall continue to defend her rights, unswayed by power, unseduced by wealth. But if the cash don't begin to come in, darned if I don't have to slope."

WAR.—War may be the game of ambitious potentates, but it is the error of commercial communities; and an extensive commerce between civilized nations is, therefore, one of the best securities for the peace of the world.

A RECTOR.—"Why do you not hold up your head as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a laboring farmer. "Square," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them, stand upright like yours."

POINTED REMARKS.—"Do you keep pine needles?" inquired a strapping fellow the other day at a dry goods store. "Yes," replied the shop keeper, "all sorts of needles and pins." "Well, then, I will have some ten pins and four needles."

A piece of common Indigo made into paste with spirits of camphor, is said to be an antidote for the bite of snakes of any kind. We would not advise any one to "get bitten" on purpose to try it.

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains, is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

Spirit of Jefferson.

CHARLESTOWN:

Friday Morning, July 11, 1845.

Mr. John W. Stables will visit the several counties of this Congressional District during the next few weeks, and is authorized to receive any moneys due on subscriptions, &c. He will make an effort, also, to increase the subscription of the "Spirit of Jefferson" in the neighboring counties, and we hope our friends will give him any assistance in doing so that may be in their power. June 27.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

The present No. closes the first volume of the "Spirit of Jefferson." In commencing this journal, we were fully conscious of the difficulties that were to be met—the prejudices to be overcome—and the open and secret opposition to be encountered. So far, we have had no cause for desponding. We have undertaken the work, and have known, nor shall know, any such word as fail. Our whole energies, physical and mental, shall be brought in requisition, to keep our little craft above water, and to shun the breakers upon which its forerunners have stranded.

During the past year, though we have encountered difficulties, there has been much to call forth the warmest feelings of the heart. There have been many green spots, that we look back to with pleasure.

The life of a newspaper editor is one (and he who tries it will find it so) of toil and anxiety. He is regarded as the slave of all, and master of none. He is expected to minister to the diversified tastes of his patrons, as though there was the most perfect coincidence of opinion between them. This, however, we have not attempted to do. We have conducted our paper according to our own conceptions of right, hoping, and indeed believing, that by this means we could best subserve the public good. To give entire satisfaction, is more than we could possibly hope for; yet, that our journal has been acceptable to our readers generally, we have had the most flattering evidences from friends at home and abroad. For the future, we shall feel a fresh stimulus in discharging our duty, and laboring for the common good of our party and our principles. Each day gives us additional experience, and better enables us to cater for our friends. Claiming some zeal in our enterprise, and untrifling industry in its prosecution, we are determined to test fully and fairly the feasibility of its success.

May we not again ask, the co-operation of our friends? The paper was not established solely for the benefit of its proprietor, but for the common good of the party whose political tenets it advocates. Each individual member, then, should feel some interest in its success, and be willing to give some little aid in building it up. We only ask for your influence in extending its business; we do not solicit gratuities, or wish to tax your pockets beyond what we give you value received. Many subscribers can be yet added, if our friends in this and the neighboring counties will make a united effort. The present time is auspicious, and we hope to hear a good account.

From our Whig friends, we have heretofore looked for but little support, and have not, consequently, been much disappointed. The political waters, however, are again quiet, and we should be pleased to enroll a goodly number of them with our list of patrons. When necessary, we say now, as we have said heretofore, that we shall unceasingly against their measures, yet always regarding that it is the most glorious feature of our Government, which tolerates a free and honest difference of opinion.

To those kind friends, who have exhibited by their acts as well as their professions, so lively an interest in our success during the past year, we feel under obligations that can never be effaced. It might be invidious to particularize, or we should be glad to name some few who have rendered us most essential service. We can only promise for the future, that we shall endeavor to retain their good opinions, and prove ourselves worthy of their persevering efforts in furthering the interest of our journal.

THE POSTAGE BILL.

In one particular, with all due deference to the Postmaster General, do we think a construction is given to the Post Office Law, unwarranted by the whole tenor of the Bill. It was evidently the design of its framers, to give to the people the greatest possible advantage, so as to save the Department from being thrown to any considerable extent upon the Government for support. With this view, and for the purpose of diffusing knowledge, the Bill wisely provided, that Newspapers should go free, "within thirty miles of the place where printed." This, certainly, was intended to declare, that papers should go free to any place, which, by common consent, was understood to be within the distance designated. The main roads, the common thoroughfares, were to be the lines for measurement. But, the Postmaster General has decided, that the mail route is alone to be considered, thereby nullifying, to a great extent, what we conceive to be the plain meaning and intention of the Law.

To illustrate the injustice of this decision, let us take Berryville, in Clarke County. By the common ways for travel from this place to that, it is only twelve miles. Yet, for convenience in connecting with other routes, the mail from here is carried on the rail-road, by way of Winchester, making the distance to Berryville some 33 or 34 miles. Again, we will take one of our own towns—Middleway is only about 6 1/2 miles by the turnpike road from this place, yet the mail route from here there, is about 27 miles, just coming in the distance. Several places in Berkeley, Frederick, Loudoun, &c., might be mentioned, where the decision of the Postmaster General operates alike unjustly. We hope that he may look into the matter thoroughly, and see good and sufficient cause for reversing his decision.

In the first stages of the Bill it may be presumed that errors will be committed, and many parts of it misinterpreted. A little time, however, will only be necessary to set all right, and then we believe it will all move on harmoniously.—There is no event of the 19th Century, that will tell more favorably on the prosperity and ultimate advancement of our Union, than the Postage Reform Bill.

The fifth No. of those popular Lectures on Science and Art, by Dr. Dionysius Lardner, has been received from the publishers, Messrs. Greely and McElrath. The price is only 25 cts. a number, and each one contains a mass of facts, illustrated by plates, on scientific subjects, that are truly valuable.

HONORS TO THE DEPARTED.

Our citizens have determined to give some demonstration of respect, in honor of the great and illustrious JACKSON. Whilst the whole country has arisen as one man—shaken off the trammels of party prejudice—it is proper, that Jefferson should vie with her sister counties, in commemorating the achievements of the greatest General of his age, and all in all, the Patriot, Sage and Philanthropist, whom every American should delight to honor.

For this purpose, our Artillery Company, always foremost in works of honorable distinction, have taken the matter in hand, determined on its successful prosecution. A Committee from their body waited on the Hon. WILLIAM LUCAS, requesting a Bology on the life and services of Gen. JACKSON, which, much to his personal inconvenience and interruption of professional duties, he has consented to deliver. In consequence of the present busy season with our farmers, and the meeting of a similar character as the one proposed, at Winchester, on the 26th inst., the day fixed for the Funeral Solemnities, &c. here, is the first Saturday in August, (23 day.)

The citizens of the County and the neighboring counties, without party distinction, are cordially invited to join in the ceremonies, and participate in the necessary arrangements. A meeting of the citizens of this county is requested at the Court-house on Monday week, (Court-day,) for the purpose of making arrangements to co-operate with the military, and the Committees that have been previously appointed. We hope the meeting will be fully represented from all sections of the county.

The time fixed on is a favorable one for all classes to participate, and if our citizens will but enter the matter with becoming energy and zeal, we shall be able to carry out the design, in a way worthy of the illustrious Chieftain at whose shrine we wish to pay our homage.

Mexico.

The news from this country would seem to indicate that she will be compelled to declare war, upon the annexation of Texas. She has been on the eve of two or three Revolutions of late, and the populace are in the most rebellious attitude. Nothing but war it is thought will appease them; if not with the United States, their own rulers.—They will not try, however, the former pastime more than once. Their hot blood, and phrenzied madness, will be then cooled.

Raymond Gazette.

We have received the first No. of a new paper, bearing the above title, from Raymond, Hinds Co., Miss. It is published by our worthy and esteemed friend, SAM'L T. KING, Esq. The paper is neat in its appearance, and vide its political character, interesting in its matter. Whilst we have no fellow feeling for the principles advocated by the "Gazette," yet we hope its worthy editor and publisher may be amply rewarded for his labor in giving weekly to the people of Hinds, an able and respectable Whig journal.

JOHN M. PATTON, Esq. of Richmond, a member of the Executive Council of the State, has been appointed Professor of Law at the University of Virginia, in place of Judge H. S. George Tucker, resigned. It is thought to be doubtful whether Mr. P. will accept the honor thus conferred.

The board at the Hotels of the University has been reduced to \$100, and all things indicate that the next session will be a very prosperous one.

DEATH OF GEN. DAWSON.—Gen'l J. B. Dawson, member of Congress from the third district of Louisiana, died at his residence near St. Francisville, on the 26th ult. He was born at Nashville, Tenn., and was forty-five years old. Gen. D. was a man of generous impulses and chivalrous bearing, universally popular in Peliciana, and his loss is much regretted by all who knew him.

GREAT FIRE IN QUEBEC.—One third of the City in Ruins!—The city of Quebec, which was desolated by a fire on the 28th of May, was again visited by another conflagration on the 28th of June, which consumed about 1,300 dwellings and rendered homeless 6,000 persons! It broke out at 11 o'clock at night, in St. John Suburbs, and raged until 9 o'clock the next day, laying in ruins about thirty streets. The loss is immense, and the insurance only sixty thousand pounds.

The Executive mansion, at Washington, was thrown open to visitors on the 4th, and the civil and military officers at the seat of government, and a large number of citizens and strangers, paid their respects to the President and his Lady.

See an interesting article on our 4th page, as to the proper application of Manures to Land, by a farmer of Jefferson county. His pen should be more frequently employed for the benefit of his brother farmers.

So far the business of the Post Offices in Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Philadelphia, New York, &c. has greatly increased since the new Postage Bill has gone into effect. In some, the average daily increase has been near double. A good beginning, and we doubt not it will so continue.

SENATORS FROM FLORIDA.—On the 1st inst., the legislature of Florida elected David Levy and James D. Westcott, jr. as U. S. Senators from the State of Florida. They are both sterling Democrats, and were elected by a majority of twenty-six on the first ballot.

That horde of "Letter Writers" infesting Washington, seem "hard up" for even speculations to go on. They assert some of the most ridiculous reports as to the President and "his Organ," that the mind of man ever conceived. It is strange that the editor of the "Union" deems it necessary at all to give the lie to many of these silly reports. They bear upon their face a sufficient refutation.

The Martinsburg Gazette says that the files in that vicinity are dying off in great numbers.—They seek water, become torpid, and finally burst and die. The same thing has been noticed here, as well as in several other sections of this State and Maryland.

THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—Is he who will steal or borrow his neighbor's paper, and then curse the editor, because he differs with him in politics. He is worse than a sheep-killing dog, and ten degrees lower in the sink of meanness, than the man that stole the pewter of the blind negro's cane.

The editor of the "Augusta Democrat" says this, and we rather "cotton" to the idea, that he is more than half right.

It is said that the consumption of Opium is alarmingly on the increase in England. A single vessel from Constantinople brought 23 tons, 3 qrs and 13 lbs of that deadly drug.

The Public Moneys.

In noticing various articles which have lately appeared upon the subject of the safe keeping of the public moneys, the Union, after a perfect avowal upon the matter, says no branch of the whole subject which they discuss has escaped the Argus eye of the Secretary of the Treasury. We only assure our friends, the Union continues, that he is doing all in his power to secure the public moneys. He is restricted by the provision of the act of Congress of the 17th June, 1844, which forbids the establishment by the Secretary of any new system. This can only be done by Congress. In the meantime, we will only add that the Secretary has abandoned none of the principles which he has so long advocated in the Senate, on the subject of the currency; but those views can only be carried out by the legislation of Congress. If the present system is pernicious, we need hardly say that it is not the fault of the Secretary; for he has constantly voted to place the money of the people under the control of their own agents and independent of all banks whatsoever. Congress in their wisdom must now dispose of this great question; and we doubt not but that the Secretary will be found most cheerfully co-operating in establishing a better system than that of which our friends now so justly complain. We will add, that the Secretary is determined to place the amount at any one time permitted by the law (\$1,000,000) in the mints, so as to increase, to the greatest practicable extent, our coinage. We have no doubt that he will continue the operation as long as the public interests demand it.

Accident on the Fourth.

The Union of Saturday night gives the following graphic sketch of a dreadful accident, at the close of the fire-works in the Low Grounds near the President's House, on the night of the 4th:—"Near the close of the display, as the pyrotechnist was about firing a stand of twelve rockets, it fell, so as to direct the missiles, not upwards, but ranging a few feet above the heads of the crowd on the flat, though precisely in the right direction to strike among those on and around the South wall surrounding the grounds of the President's House. Mr. James Knowles, a worthy and industrious citizen of Washington, was transfixed through the heart by one, and was instantly killed. His poor wife hung on his arm at the time. Some ten or twelve others were struck, and more or less injured; though, at present, we are unable to give the names of the unfortunate sufferers. There were, probably, seven or eight hundred people congregated on the hundred yards square, over which these missiles of death were scattered. Never before had it been our lot to witness so striking an exemplification of the truth of the scriptural phrase—"In the midst of life, we are in death." For, but an instant before, the vast multitude were full of wonder and delight; when, immediately after the occurrence of the sad accident, all was turned to mournful distress. A thrill of horror appeared instantly to pervade the throng which quickly separated in profound silence and dismay. The wife of the unfortunate man was borne past us on the arms of two gentlemen, and her heart-rending shrieks are yet ringing in our ears.

"We learn that a colored woman was also killed; and that Mr. McGee had his arm dreadfully lacerated, with two children in his arms, which were also injured.

"We understand that, in the course of the day, another unfortunate accident happened at Georgetown. A cannon was prematurely discharged wounding one of the bystanders very severely.

The Condition of Virginia.

The Richmond Whig has asserted, and the charge is heralded forth by all the presses of like character in the State, that the Democratic party are alone chargeable with the present retrograde movement of Virginia. The Enquirer has again and again showed the utter groundlessness of the charge, by proof from the record.—In the last number we find the following:—"Some weeks since, the Richmond Whig, in a bold and arrogant article, charged the Democratic party of Virginia with being the sole cause of the retrograding of Virginia in the rank of States.—It was under their rule, said the Whig, that the Old Dominion had 'dwarfed and dwindled,' until she had become 'almost the most contemptible State in the Union.' In warding off this unjust assault upon the Democratic party, we sought the 'records,' to whose inspection the Whig had challenged the world, and demonstrated that the blame was due alike to both political parties in the State—that, so far from the Democratic party being responsible for the want of liberal measures for the development of the vast resources of the State, the recorded votes prove that the policy of the State was swayed by sectional, and not by party considerations—and that as many Whigs as Democrats had voted against schemes of internal improvements, calculated to give new spirit and life to remote corners of the State. The Whig did not meet the issue which itself had tendered, and was content with its triumphant assertion of the 'general fact,' that the Democrats had always held the power in Virginia, and were alone responsible for 'forgetting the important duties of Whigs, 'in mass,' voted for a generous system of improvements, which would have been carried, despite the powers of the Richmond Junto, and all the other monsters which the fertile genius of the Whig might invoke.

"Notice is given in the Winchester papers, that HENRY B. STREET, Esq., has been nominated by a meeting of the Stockholders in the Winchester and Potomac Rail Road Company, for President of the same, and will be supported at the annual election in August.

WHEAT.—The Richmond Whigs say that Messrs. Haxall & Brothers, millers of that city, have purchased, in one parcel, ten thousand bushels of wheat at one dollar per bushel. It comprised the crops of two farmers.

Want of room precludes the Message of President Jones to the Texian Congress, as well as several other articles of interest bearing upon Texian annexation.

The Fourth was appropriately honored in Martinsburg. The Declaration was read by Col. HURSTEN, and an Oration delivered by ARCHIBALD CARY, Esq. Among the toasts on the occasion, we notice the following:

By Chas. James Faulkner: *The 4th of July*—The Anniversary of the dawn of American, and of the close of the Texian Independence. As a nation, the Republic of Texas will this day cease to exist, but the light of her extinguished "Star," will reappear with increased lustre within the circle of our own effulgent constellation, and henceforth the glories of Yorktown and of San Jacinto will be the common inheritance of one free and united people.

By E. G. Albright: *The memory of General Andrew Jackson*—The last of the Revolutionary Presidents.—"The meaneast rill, the mightiest river, Roll mingling with its faster ever."

The Texan Congress, at their recent session, have re-instated Commodore Moore, to his proper rank in the Texan Navy.

THE MEXICAN INSTALLMENTS.—Mr. Shannon, our late Minister in Mexico, has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State on the subject of the two Mexican installments. It now appears, that the drafts given to our agent upon the Mexican treasury, "had not been paid, nor any part of them," up to the date of Mr. Shannon's leaving Mexico.

The Fourth at Shannondale.

As was anticipated, the Fourth was spent at Shannondale most pleasantly. A goodly number of our citizens, and those from adjoining counties were present, to participate in the pleasures of the day. The whole ceremonies were much enlivened, by the presence of Capt. Rowan's Artillery Company.

ANDREW HURSTEN, Esq., acted as President of the day, assisted by LORENZO LEWIS, Esq., Capt. JOHN W. ROWAN, and JOHN C. R. TAYLOR, Esq. The President having called the assembly to order, and opened with a few remarks, introduced B. F. WASHINGTON, Esq., as Reader. Mr. W. prefaced the reading of the Declaration, with some exceeding pertinent remarks upon that great instrument. He glanced at the benefits resulting, and the evils shunned, by its adoption. His remarks, explanatory of that clause which declares "that all men are created equal," struck us as quite original, and forcible and convincing in their conclusion.

The Address of JOHN B. HOZE, Esq., was most happy and eloquent. The orator seemed to be inspired by the Day, and the pleasant associations that surrounded him. As the Address will be found in our paper of to-day, we shall not attempt to analyze it, but hope all will give to it a careful reading.—That portion bearing upon our own State, for her shameful neglect on the subject of Education, will meet the cordial approbation of our whole community.

After the proceedings at the Grove were gone through with, about 300 partook of a most sumptuous dinner, prepared by Mr. Fitch, the Agent of the Company. And, it may be unnecessary to say, that his guests done full honor to the ample boards that were before them. After the cloth was removed, the following Toasts were drank:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *The Fourth of July*—The natal day of Freedom—day that Americans love to celebrate.
2. *The Heroes and Sages of the Revolution*—Their memory brightens as the fruits of their wisdom ripen.
3. *The United States*—May the lapse of time serve but to strengthen the bonds of Union.
4. *George Washington*. [Drank standing.]
5. *Our Army and Navy*—Their glorious achievements in the last war afford a guaranty that they may be relied on in the hour of peril.
6. *Lafayette*—Indigenous to France, yet in America no exotic.
7. *Andrew Jackson and William Henry Harrison*—Great and good while living; lamented in death.
8. *The Congress of the United States*—May their councils ever be founded in wisdom, and their acts propitious to our best interests.
9. *The President of the United States*—Let prudence be his guide, and a Nation's welfare his only object.
10. *Virginia*—The Mother of States and Statesmen.—With all her faults, we love her still.
11. *Free Principles*—May their benign influence extend wheresoever man may need their blessing.
12. *Our Country Forever*—"May she ever be right—but right or wrong, our country forever."
13. *The Ladies*—God's "last best gift to man."—"His prudence had he tried on man, And then he made the ladies, O!"

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

The Order of the Day.
The Reader of the Declaration of Independence.
The President of the Day.
The Shannondale Springs Company.
The Captain of the Charlestown Artillery.

Meeting of the Committee.
The Committee of Arrangements appointed at the public meeting of the Citizens of Winchester, for the purpose of providing that suitable honors be paid to the memory of Gen. Andrew Jackson, on the 26th inst., adopted the following resolutions:

1. That Gen. James H. Carson be appointed Chief Marshal, and Col. H. H. Lee, Assistant Marshal, to direct the procession, with the power of appointing the necessary aids.
2. That W. G. Singleton and John S. Gallaher, be appointed a Committee to invite those brethren of the surrounding Masonic Lodges to be present on that occasion.
3. That John B. T. Reed and Harvey Brown, be appointed a committee of invitation on the part of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
4. That E. C. Bredin, Thos B. Campbell, H. E. Baker, John Fletcher, James Keenan, John Brannon and Benjamin Miller, be appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions to meet the expenses incident to the occasion.
5. That Jacob Baker, David W. Barton, Geo. H. Keller, Lewis Linsey, J. N. Bell, Lewis Shearer and Ben. A. Lander, be appointed a committee to provide a place for the delivery of the Oration.
6. That in accordance with the resolution of the initiatory meeting inviting the presence of our fellow-citizens of the surrounding counties at the Funeral Procession, the following committees for the Counties composing the Tenth Congressional District, be appointed to disseminate the invitation:
For Jefferson—Braxton Davenport and Andrew Kennedy.
Berkeley—Dr. John S. Harrison, and Philip Pendleton, Esq.
Hamphshire—David Gibson and Dr. Robert Daily.
Clarke—Dr. Cyrus McCormick, and Benjamin Morgan.
Warren—Giles Cook and Jas. B. Richards.
Page—Gabriel Jordan and Wm. C. Lauck.
Morgan—Cromwell Orrick and R. C. Gustin.

7. That Hugh Barr, Henry Haymaker, James Hancy, John B. Campbell, John Barr, John Taylor, and George Haines, be appointed a committee, to provide music, firing of minute guns, and tolling of the bells.

When the Marshalls shall have made their arrangements, a Programme of the Procession, will be published. JOHN BRUCE, Ch'n.

J. C. BOWEN, Sec'y.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.—The orders have been sent to General Taylor, at Fort Jesup, near the Sabine, to march the troops under his command, amounting to about 1500, to the western frontier of Texas. This is a judicious and well timed movement on the part of our Government.

A new counterfeit has made its appearance at Pittsburg. It is on the North Western Bank of Virginia, at Wheeling—denomination \$10. The engraving is coarse; light vignette, agricultural implement and steamboat in the distance. Pay A. Williams—dated "Wheeling May 1, 1844" immediately over the President's name, and also that of the Cashier. There is no implement on the genuine notes of this denomination.

At New York, money is represented as more and more plentiful. The deposits in bank are enormously large, and are increasing. The Express of that city says:

"The Oregon and Mexican questions are settling down quietly; and the public mind is impressed with the continuance of peace. These causes induce capitalists to seek investments, and as there is but very little business doing, it is difficult to find employment for money in mercantile paper. Specie continues abundant, and the rate of exchange is at such a point that banks do not apprehend any want of funds from that source. It is, therefore, difficult to make investments. Stocks are higher; all the State securities on which the interest is regularly paid are very high. It is also difficult to put out money on bond and mortgage on property in the lower part of the city.—From present appearances, there is no prospect that the rate of interest will increase for some months to come."

ANNEXATION—GLORIOUS NEWS!

The steamer Princeton, arrived at Annapolis at 2 o'clock, on Thursday, 3d inst., bringing the glorious information of the re-union of Texas to the United States. Dr. Wright, proceeded immediately to Washington with the despatches.—The news was received in Baltimore by Telegraph, and many a patriotic sentiment was pledged to welcome back this long lost Pleiad to the galaxy of twenty-six.

We gather the following from the Washington Union, who obtained the information from Dr. Wright, who left Washington, Texas, on the 21st June, and arrived at Galveston on the 22d, on which day the Princeton left that place:

"The United States ship Princeton, Commodore Stockton, arrived at Annapolis, from Galveston, Texas, after the short passage of nine days, having consumed only 93 tons of coal. She steamed against head winds, with the exception of only 36 hours, when she was assisted by her sails.—No Atlantic steamer has ever made so good an hourly average, with the same economy of fuel; and, considering all the circumstances, it may be regarded as an unprecedented passage.

"The News brought by the Princeton is of the most interesting character. Both Houses of the Texian Congress have unanimously consented to the terms of the joint resolution of the United States. The Senate had rejected the treaty with Mexico by a unanimous vote. Capt. Warraman had arrived at Washington, Texas, to select posts to be occupied by the United States troops, and to provide for their subsistence. A resolution was introduced into both houses of Congress, requiring the executive to surrender all posts, navy yards, barracks, &c., to the proper authorities of the United States. The joint resolutions were introduced into both houses of Congress on the same day, and were almost identical in their tenor. The resolutions passed the Senate on the 12th of June, and were sent to the House; the house laid them on the table, and passed their own resolutions unanimously, and sent them to the Senate on the next day. In the mean time, considerable jealousy arose as to which branch should claim the honor of the paternity of the resolutions; and it was finally settled that the House should take up the resolutions of the Senate, and amend them in the third section. The House then passed them in their present form, and sent them back to the Senate, which body concurred in the amendments. The President is pledged to give full and immediate effect to the will of Congress, so far as depends upon himself."

Giving the consent of the existing government to the annexation of Texas to the United States.

Whereas, the government of the United States hath proposed the following terms, guarantees, and conditions, on which the people and territory of the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

[Here follow the resolutions of the United States Congress.]

And, whereas, by said terms, the consent of the existing government of Texas is required: Therefore,

Sec. 1. *Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas in Congress assembled*, That the Government of Texas doth consent that the people and territory of the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

[Here follow the resolutions of the United States Congress.]

And, whereas, by said terms, the consent of the existing government of Texas is required: Therefore,

Sec. 2. *Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas in Congress assembled*, That the Government of Texas doth consent that the people and territory of the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

[Here follow the resolutions of the United States Congress.]

And, whereas, by said terms, the consent of the existing government of Texas is required: Therefore,

Sec. 3. *Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas in Congress assembled*, That the Government of Texas doth consent that the people and territory of the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

[Here follow the resolutions of the United States Congress.]

And, whereas, by said terms, the consent of the existing government of Texas is required: Therefore,

Sec. 4. *Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas in Congress assembled*, That the Government of Texas doth consent that the people and territory of the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

[Here follow the resolutions of the United States Congress.]

And, whereas, by said terms, the consent of the existing government of Texas is required: Therefore,

Sec. 5. *Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas in Congress assembled*, That the Government of Texas doth consent that the people and territory of the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

[Here follow the resolutions of the United States Congress.]

And, whereas, by said terms, the consent of the existing government of Texas is required: Therefore,

Sec. 6. *Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas in Congress assembled*, That the Government of Texas doth consent that the people and territory of the Republic of Texas may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, and admitted as one of the States of the American Union, to wit:

The Glorious Fourth!



CHARLESTOWN, July 4, 1845.

JOHN BLAIR HOGE, Esq.

Dear Sir:—The undersigned, Committee of Arrangements, on behalf of the military, and citizens of Charlestown, respectfully request a copy of your very eloquent and patriotic Oration delivered this day at Shannondale, for publication.

The Committee hope you will comply with their request, believing that you do, that its perusal will be as acceptable to those who did not hear its delivery, as it was gratifying to ourselves and those who had the pleasure of being present.

With high esteem, we subscribe ourselves,
JOHN W. ROWAN,
JOHN AVIS, Jr.,
J. H. BEARD,
J. W. BELLER,
H. N. GALLAHER.

CHARLESTOWN, July 5, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received your letter, doing me the honor to request, for publication, a copy of the Address delivered by me at Shannondale, on the 4th inst.

It would be mere affectation in me, to refrain from expressing the gratification, this additional evidence of your kindness and partiality has called forth—and while I beg you to accept my warmest thanks, I can only say that I do not feel myself at liberty to decline the flattering call you have made upon me.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obt. serv't,
JOHN BLAIR HOGE,
Messrs. ROWAN, AVIS, BEARD, } Committee.
BELLER and GALLAHER, }

ORATION.

Another year has gone by—gone to swell the ever-flowing tide of Time, and again, on the anniversary of our Nation's birth-day, we are assembled to commune with each other, and to offer to an overruling Providence the tributes of our homage and praise.

"Fellow Citizens, upon an occasion so dear to every American heart, in what manner shall I perform the grateful office, your kindness has assigned to me? Upon what subject shall I seek to address you, when so many, and such varied emotions, are suggested by the hour and the scene?"

Shall I speak to you of Liberty, that holy spirit which ever prompts the heart, and nerves the arm, to resist oppression? The nation, alas! is as lacking, in its soul-inspiring "Shall I speak of Patriotism, that love of our native land, which forms the strength of our free government, and like a cord binds us in the ties of brotherhood?—Its fire burns in every heart, its promptings influence every action.

Shall I go back to the mighty Past, and recount the deeds of those, whom we are bound to call our Fathers? Their ardent devotion to their cause, their undeviating integrity, their firmness of purpose, their unshrinking determination, and their glorious triumphs, would all be noble themes, yet each would fall upon our ears, as a twice-told tale.

From childhood, you have heard the orator dwell upon the scenes of our Revolutionary history, with the warmest rapture, and the poet, kindling at the recital, call from lyre, the wildest notes of joy and triumph.

It would not be in vain to study the example and the character of our ancestors, to seek to be actuated by their spirit, to follow them through their paths of toil and danger, to extend our sympathies to their sufferings, and to glory in their victories. In other words, to cast iron us, the busy, stirring realities of our own generation, and drink of the fountains of purity and patriotism, which seem to spring up, every where, in the history of their day. But however useful and pleasing, such a duty might prove, a different course seems to be before us; we are to observe the present, that we may prepare for the future.

Then, Fellow Citizens, remembering the glory of our origin, and ever bearing in mind the rich legacy, which has fallen to us from the past, let us look, calmly and dispassionately, to our own land, our own people and our own duties.

In this, the 19th century, the world is wont to boast of its degree of improvement, when compared with that of past ages, and we, as Americans, are prone to go yet farther, and regard ourselves as intrinsically our elder nation.

In some respects, we are. We are yet enthralled in political darkness. We are yet oppressed by despotism and oppression; ignorant of the elevation of human character, and deaf to the promptings of Freedom's spirit, men look with calmness, upon the tyranny which tramples them in the dust. But our own, is a far, brighter destiny.—We live in a land where Liberty has reared her temple, surrounded by all that elevates and improves mankind, and in the sunshine of prosperity, we boast the enjoyment of those rights and privileges, which lack but the name of freedom.

Reason and judgment, co-operated with patriot-ism and the love of liberty, in prompting them to that struggle, which secured to us the blessed priv-ileges we now enjoy; such privileges, the results of that content of our hearts, would have been cheaply purchased by a war of half a century.

When the wonderful difference between our Revolution, and the internal struggles of other lands is taken into account, it is suggested that the master spirits, who guided and directed that contest, knew that the march of man was, and would be onward, that the civilization of ages had changed and elevated his character, that the clouds of ignorance and prejudice, which had so long lowered o'er his head, and darkened his vision, had been dispelled by the light of Reason, and that a new and improved system of govern-ment, in accordance with his advanced condition, should be attempted.

A mighty and a noble work, for the accomplishment of which, influenced by such considerations, was the effort made. Human power and energy were tried, and with-stood a fierce ordeal. Victory like a light from Heaven, beamed upon them, and an astonished world, beheld the banner of political progress, first unfurled to the glad winds of the Year of our Revolution; the deeds of the heroes of the Revolution; and the influence of their actions upon ourselves, and the world at large, is the proudest monument that we could erect to their memory.

It is but proper, however, that we should look to the effect produced upon the human race, by the example of our fathers, for we find just cause for honest exultation in the reflection, that great and lasting benefits, ensuing to the increase of political happiness, have resulted from their suc-cessful struggle.

During the last half century, nations have arisen from their lethargy, and casting off the shackles of despotism, stood forth before the world in the pride and bloom of freedom. A mighty tide seems to have flown from that one fountain, swelling in its onward course, and sweeping be-fore it, the monuments of tyranny and oppres-sion. Who can estimate the ultimate establish-ment of the republics of the world, and the estab-lishment of the republic of self-government.

At this day, different influences are operating upon the minds of men, and different opinions in regard to political government, naturally spring from them. The truth of this remark, is illustrat-ed by the reflection, that there are those, who from prejudice, interest, or the teachings of false principle, are firmly wedded to the monarchical system. By them, every act of ours is watched, that their sleepless scrutiny may be rewarded, by the discovery of some fault in the machinery of our institutions upon which they may base their gloomy predictions of failure and overthrow.

There are, on the other hand, those who have imbibed the spirit of Liberty, who have awakened to the true character of man, who hope for the ac-complishment of the plan of universal freedom, yet doubt its practicability. Their eyes are turned upon us in mingled fear and hope—they regard us as pioneers, whom they are to follow.

Let us then, awake to the responsibilities and duties resting upon us, and so perform the part as-signed us, in the grand drama of life, that we may prevent the fulfillment of the invidious prophecies of the one class, and add new life, to the drooping hopes of the other, remembering that "Freedom leaves where'er it flies, A desert or a Paradise."

We may not be justified in indulging the anti-cipation, that at some future day, the Sun will rise and set upon nations revelling in the blessings of Liberty, yet a glimmer of cheer and but little to dispirit.

A survey of the progress which characterizes our own times, in science and in art, in commerce, in agriculture, and all other departments of hu-man energy and industry, is beyond the scope of the duty assigned me, yet it is in character with the occasion, to turn for a moment, to the contem-platement of the wonderful changes of opinion, upon the important subject of political government.

This seems to me, to be the tendency of the age, en-grossing the thoughts and minds of all men. The ob-ject of government, the nature of society, and the phi-losophy of civilization, have all been canvassed with an undying interest. Ancient dogmas are dispe-nded, old prejudices are shaken, and men seem to be awakening from the sleep of ages.

The effect is before us, and we find that the condition of human society is becoming perma-nently changed—a change important in its char-acter and beneficial in its results, tending as it does, to the promotion of liberty and happiness.

This new spirit among men, is clearly to be traced, to the impulse given to the progress of free principles, by the successful termination of the American Revolution.

But, fellow citizens, let us look to our own land and our own people. Our career, thus far, has been one of progress—a progress which seems to have been the work of Omnipotence, so vast, so wonderful does it appear.

A traveller, as he gazes upon the brow of a beautiful mountain, overlooking the valley of the West—He gazes upon landscapes gleaming in the rays of the summer's Sun, and fields burdened with the ripening grain, and his eye brightened and beamed with pleasure, as it rested upon the quiet and peaceful homes of his countrymen. The distant hum of men mingling in the busy world and the sounds of life and activity, were borne to his ears.

As he gazed, he thus soliloquized: "For but few years, have I been a wanderer from this moun-tain height, all was wild—a wilderness, but now how changed! The deep darkness of the wild-wood is gone, the stream which mingled its gentle murmur, with the songs of the forest birds, now bears upon its bosom the prod-ucts of a thousand climes. Improvement, with its magic power, has swept by in its onward course, changing even nature itself."

Such is a slight illustration of the unparalleled progress, which has characterized us as a people. But however gratifying, it might be, to dwell upon the evidences of our national prosperity, on this day, when the recollection of the past is fresh in our hearts, considerations of a more important, if not more pleasing character, demand our serious attention.

We learn from history, that few governments have maintained for even half a century, in their original purity and excellence, the principles upon which they were founded. The inevitable tendency, will afford us too many evidences of a departure from the Republican simplicity of our ancestors, and the consequent prevalence of wrong tendencies and dangerous influences.

It is not my purpose, to speak of those in detail, as they seem to present food for calm reflection, rather than subject for argument. It has been said, that the existence of two great political parties, in our government, which will watch with jealous eyes, the measures and move-ments of each other, must prove beneficial. This may be true, but I condemn, and I call upon every Patriot, to condemn the fierceness and bitterness of party strife, so often exhibited among our people. The finer feelings and the nobler impulses of our nature, are sacrificed to the spirit of party. No difference of opinion is brooked, no character is so pure that it is unassailed—no line of conduct is so free from suspicion, that it is not attributed to the basest and most unworthy motives.

Veterans, who have toiled and suffered for the Republic, whose brows have become wrinkled and whose hair has grown gray in its service, seem but shining marks to point the venomous arrows of slander and detraction.

We boast that we enjoy civil and religious lib-erty, that our Constitution secures to all, freedom of thought and speech. What a commentary upon these empty vanit-ies, does the history of the past year afford! We have shown to the world, an intolerance which would have disgraced the darkest age of per-secution—we have seen men dragged from their burning homes and their life's blood shed, because they dared to think—we have seen the majesty of the Law openly defied, and the sancti-tary of God, sacrilegiously invaded by the madness of faction. Oh! the future is before us, in all its

darkness and mystery, and can we read no omen of the ill, it may bring upon us? In the streets of an American city, not one short year ago, a temple dedicated to the Most High—fell before the fury of a phrenzied mob, and as the holy image of the Cross was hurled to the earth, a demoniac yell of triumph broke upon the air. Does not this fact, that is to be re-corded in the annals of a free, tolerant, christian, peace-loving people!

Our government is not perfect, for imperfec-tion is stamped upon every human work, yet we can guard against the evils, which are now upon us. It is not for me to dwell upon the decay of pa-triotism, the neglect of principle, the growing thirst after power, the corruption flowing from wealth and luxury, the disregard of the voice of experience and the blind carelessness of the fu-ture, which, I fear, too plainly characterize us as a people. Speaking from a conviction of duty, I can but express the hope, that every one who boasts the love of his native land, will seek to know the responsibility resting upon him individually, and to follow that path which duty and patriotism may call upon him to pursue.

There are those, fellow citizens, who can fore-see in the future, nought but ruin and desolation, whose fears lead them to anticipate at no distant day, the destruction of our free institutions, and the severing of those ties by which we are bound together. I belong not to this school of croaking philoso-phi-ers. I have sought to read the destiny of the Republic, and while reason and observation have taught me, that dangers are to be guarded against, amidst the prospect of a bright future, I can not see the scattered fragments of a broken Con-stitution, have been presented to my vision.

We have the past, to instruct and to guide us—the present is before us, to improve—and we need fear no evil from the future, if we but keep steady in view, the prosperity and happiness of our people and the perpetuity of the Union. The Union—to it we owe all that we are, our glory, our character, our existence. Who would surrender this sacred and precious inheritance, who would sever from their holy companionship, the stars and stripes of our banner?

No! let us ever live as brothers—as worship-ers at the same pure shrine of Freedom—as sharers of the same high destiny, and should the storm-cloud of war, now lowering over our heads, burst in its fury upon us, may we find, rallying around the standard of their common country, men from the mountains of the North and the plains of the South, bearing upon their garments, the stars and stripes of the Western prairies, and the spray-drops of the Eastern ocean.

I have spoken to you, fellow-citizens, as to a portion of the people of the Union—as to Ameri-cans—but standing upon the soil of our Mother State, with her mountains and valleys around us—with the proud memories of her past glory sug-gested by the day—our eyes are naturally turned upon her.

Would that more were seen to cheer—would that her present were worthy of her glorious Past! I ask not the causes of our retarded progress—I seek not to theorise—for in all its magnitude and importance, the neglect of the education of our people, must force itself upon every mind. The hour has come, when the men of Virginia must arouse themselves, from the strange indif-ference in which they have so long remained—they must awake, to the absolute necessity of re-form upon this subject.

Let us then, to divide it as we may, Virginia stands with folded arms and in listless apathy, while her sister States are moving forward in the march of improvement. Why is it? Her resources are unbound-her sons are brave and chivalrous—her honor is as dear as of old—why is it? Words boot not to explain, what all know.

There is blame to fall somewhere, and casti-gatory cannot estimate it. Our rulers are culpable, they who hold the reins of powers—they who are charged, with the promotion of the people's inter-ests—they who mockingly profess to be their ser-vants—in the face of the world, must bear the burden of the blame. It may sound in your ears, as a hackneyed and threadbare theme, yet the fact stares you in the face, that Education, which develops the powers of mind, refines the feelings of the heart and ennobles the character, has been de-nied our people, until they have almost become a by-word of reproach.

The age in which we live is one of improve-ment, the world is progressing. Our nation is advancing, but our State is immovable—imbed-ded in the mire of exploded theories and refuted dogmas. We have talked of Freedom, until it has be-come an unmeaning name. Does not history teach us, that Education and the spirit of human liberty, have ever moved hand in hand, co-work-ers in the same glorious improvement? Until our people are educated, the richest treasures of the earth, will lie buried in our hills, and unconnect-ed by works of enterprise, we shall live as strangers to our brethren.

We owe it to ourselves, to the memory of our Fathers, to the ancient glory of the common-wealth, to the Union and to the world, that rising up as one man, we should wipe this stain from our escutcheon.

Let us not boast that we are Virginians, let us not exult in the name, when thousands of our brethren, bearing the same proud title, still wear the chains of darkness; whose minds are blanks, whose vision is circumscribed, whose intellects, like untrimmed lamps, shed but a feeble, flicker-ing light around them.

Look at the States which stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the trying scenes of the Rev-olution—whose people are our brothers—men of the same mould—shareners of the same liberty. Why have they improved, and we not? Why are they in the advance? why droops our proud old banner, far behind?

Upon its broad folds, we see the emblem of our Fathers' hatred of oppression, and in characters bright with the glory of the past, we read their motto, Sic Semper Tyrannis. Do we bow before no despotism? Is there no tyranny in ignorance?

Oh! that Virginians would awake from their ignominious lethargy, and casting from their minds, the chains of ignorance—Onward! Onward! are to decide. The work is mighty—the end is grand. Can it be? Will it ever? Men of Virginia you glorious.

Our own day may not reap the rich reward, still we should strive—if not for ourselves, for those who are to succeed us in the grand drama of human existence.

Let us then be up and doing
With hearts full of our duty
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

The Fourth of Snickersville.
Snickersville, July 5, 1845.

MR. EDITOR:—It may not prove uninteresting to many of your readers, to know the manner in which we passed the 4th of July in Snickersville. A barbecue was prepared in a grove near the vil-lage, at which many partook, and passed the day in feasting, drinking and dancing; but there were many who could not skip the light fantastic toe, and had to rely for such an entertainment, but had a great desire to pay some regard to that greatest of all days. Accordingly, at the sound of the cannon, they repaired to a fine spring in the suburbs of the town, upon the green sward of na-ture, with no other canopy but the blue arch of heaven; the workman left his shop, the merchant his desk, the professional man his office, and last, though not least, the elderly matron and rye-checked maiden her toilet, and assembled in this picturesque place, to mingle their voices in praise of the great day they had met to commemorate. Who could look upon the group there assembled, without calling to mind the days of the Revolution, when our forefathers left their quiet and peaceful homes, endured the pangs of cold and hunger, with no bed but the mossy or snow clad turf, no counterpane of covering but heaven, to secure the blessings of freedom? Brightest to the group was

heaven's best gift, "young woman"—like the moths of the Revolution, urging their sons and hus-bands to deeds of valor and renown—like the sisters and sweethearts, whispering in the ears of their brothers and lovers, those sweet words of en-couragement, "thy cause is a noble one—go ye forth to battle in your country's cause, and when the com-flict is over, return to the bosoms of those whose prayers ascend to your behalf, and with us enjoy the rich fruits of your labor."

The meeting was organized by appointing a President—the pealing cannon gave signal for the commencement of the exercises—the Declaration of Independence was read by a young man present, in an audible and distinct tone; this was responded to by a salute of musketry, which was applicable to the occasion, was delivered. This was succeeded in the same manner—the company then partook of some lemonade prepared for the occa-sion—13 regular toasts were drunk, and the com-pany returned to their respective homes. There was no pageant parade, but all was in the simpli-city of our Republican fathers. Nothing occurred to mar the enjoyments, and all left with the proud satisfaction of having spent another day in the service of their country, and the heartfelt prayer that its existence might be eternal.

VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.—Yesterday our unfor-tunate city was again aroused by the report of fire-arms, which proceeded from the auction mart of Messrs. Benjamin Kendig & Co., on Camp Street. It appears that a young lady, named Henrietta Blanchard, the daughter of poor but very respect-able parents in New York, about 19 years of age, came to this city by a railroad, to reside with a married sister on this side of the river, whose husband is a merchant tailor. Sometime afterwards a man named John Parker Pittwater, a negro tra-der, at least forty years of age, and who lived but two doors from Miss Blanchard, visited her and gained her affections; and under the most solemn promises of marriage, became her seducer. So soon as the misery of her situation opened itself to Miss B.'s view, she forthwith demanded of him to whom she had yielded all that is valuable in life, her sacred self, and her affections—to fulfil his promise. This he evaded; and written and verbal promises, made until she became a mother in March last, were all likewise broken. A few weeks since the infant died, and finding that Pit-twater did not intend to keep his promise, but, instead of which, offered his victim one thousand dollars as hush money, and to go away, her pe-titioner forsook her. This roused the woman in Miss B. She became almost frantic, and yester-day, being as usual, she wrongs longer, she sought him in the auction room, to fulfil his promise with her, and was turning away when she shot him in the back with a pistol loaded with a ball—the ball passed through just above his left hip. Immediately afterwards the poor girl fainted; but on recovering, said she willingly resigned her-self to the laws for what she had done, and was conveyed by Capt. Winters to the prison, on Bar-ronne street, where she is now awaiting the result of Pettivay's wound.

Last evening strong hopes of his recovery were entertained.—[N. O. Republican, June 26.]

GRAIN SPECULATORS.—The Hagerstown News learns "that there are persons upon the line of the canal to that country engaged in the transportation of wheat to Georgetown, to be shipped from thence to Canada. It is admitted to have been a small duty, those ground into flour and shipped to England, all products from Canada being ad-mitted into the mother country at a mere nominal duty. These persons are paying ninety cents per bushel to be delivered in August. Unless the next arrival from England brings more favorable news concerning the crops in that country, we believe that price will be fully maintained."

THE GREATEST PIECE OF PEDESTRIANISM EVER PERFORMED.—A foot race came off on Fri-day, in the neighborhood of Stonington, Conn., in which Maj. Champlin performed a mile in the as-tonishing and almost incredible time of four min-utes and nineteen seconds. He now challenges to run any man in the U. S. one mile for the one thousand dollars, or upwards, to come off over the Union or Beacon Course, any time between this and the first of August. The challenger can be heard of, or seen, at the American Hotel, Stoning-ton. It is not unlikely that that he will be accom-moderated."

THE RUNNING & WALKING MATCHES.—The one mile race for \$200 over the Beacon Course, on Tuesday, was won by William Baylow, in 4:36—the Indian 4:42—Amrose Jackson 5:1, and Stand-ard 5:9.

The walking race was won by the North Star of Canada—he went 6:1-3 miles in the hour; pursu-\$200

ON THURSDAY MORNING, the 26th of June, by the Rev. S. W. Harkley, Mr. JOHN SNYDER, of Shepherdstown, to Miss KATHARINE LAURENCE, of Frederick, Md.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 25th inst., by the Rev. J. Chisholm, Mr. JAMES H. BROWN, to Miss MARGARET E. BURKHART, all of Berkeley County.

ON THURSDAY LAST, in Shepherdstown, by the Rev. Wm. H. Coffin, Mr. JOHN H. BENTON, to Miss STRAN-NAR MAHALATH SIMONS, of Jefferson, formerly of Carroll County, Md.

DIED.
Deceased this life, on Sunday, the 8th of June, 1845, in Madison Parish, La., Maj. WILLIAM C. DEWEE, of Raymond, Md., a native of the State of Virginia, aged 44 years.

\$200 REWARD.
LOST, a Silver Watch, double case, Daird of Edinburgh, the maker No. 2100. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the Watch. Silver medals will please keep the look out for it. July 11, 1845. W. M. McPHERSON.

To My Friends.
I RETURN my thanks for their patronage, dur-ing my residence in Charleston; and to those who have unsettled accounts, I would say that they will put me under an additional obligation if they will call and settle. If they cannot con-veniently pay, close by note. It will take but little time, as their accounts have been ready since the 1st of March.

My creditors will require but little persuasion, I am convinced by experience, but there are a few who have not yet called; and to them I would say I am ready also. Respectfully,
JOSEPH F. ABELL.
Harpers-Ferry, July 11, 1845—3t.

Turnpike Notice.
A MEETING of the Stockholders of the Smith-field, Charlestown & Harpers-Ferry Turnpike, will be held at CARTER'S HOTEL, Charlestown, on Saturday the 22d day of August next, for the purpose of electing Directors of said Company for the ensuing year. It is desirable that stockholders who cannot attend in person, should send their proxies, so that a majority of the stock may be represented.

July 11, 1845—td. H. KEYES, Treas.

Fresh Pine Apples.
LEMONS, Oranges and Candy, just received and for sale at No. 4, Miller's Row. July 11, 1845. ANDREW MILLER.

Shoes, Hats, &c.
WE have on hand a fine stock of heavy Shoes of foreign and domestic manufacture; Straw Hats, of all qualities, for sale at the low-est rates. HARRIS, HAMMOND & Co. July 11.

Furniture, Furniture!
AND
Cabinet-Making Establishment.
THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Smithfield and its vicinity, that he still continues the

Cabinet-Making Business. In all its various branches. His shop is one door North of Henry Smith's Hotel, on the lower street, where he has on hand a good supply of

FURNITURE, Of various kinds and of the best quality, which he will sell on liberal terms, and take in ex-change, all kinds of country produce at market prices.

He would also give notice that he has pro-vided himself with a good HEARSE, and will at all times be prepared to furnish COFFINS, and convey them promptly to any place in the County, at the shortest notice, and upon the most reasonable terms. His prices for Coffins are as follows:

Walnut Coffins, from 8 to 12 Dollars;
Cherry, do. 12 to 15 Dollars;
Mahogany, do. 20 to 25 Dollars;
ETERNAL APPRENTICE wanted. A boy about 16 years of age would be preferred, to learn the Cabinet-making Business. None need apply un-less they are of good habits. SAMUEL SNOOK, Smithfield, July 11, 1845.—6m.

FRESH PORTWINE—for sale by
July 11. KEYES & KEARSLEY.

Books and Stationery.
THE subscribers keep constantly on hand a general assortment of Religious, Miscellane-ous and School Books, with a general assort-ment of Stationery. By an arrangement which they have with an extensive bookseller in Philadelphia, they can at all times furnish any work to be had in the U. States, (should they not have it on hand) in a few days after they receive the order, and at Philadel-phia retail prices. They will also receive orders for any of the Periodicals. All in want will find their interest to call on us.
July 11. J. J. MILLER & WOODS.

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July 11. J. J. MILLER & WOODS.

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Visiting Cards, Steel Pens and Quills;
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Pencil, India Rubber, Pink Tapo;
Ink Sand, Wafers and Red Ink;
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July 4. J. H. BEARD.

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