

SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON.

BY JAMES W. BELLER. OFFICE OF THE SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON, 100 N. ...

POETRY.

PAY YOUR DEBTS. Surprising circumstance it is. Now in this present day...

ROSABELLE, A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY OAK GREENE.

It has not been very long since I paid a visit to my friend Paul W. ...

ROSABELLE, A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY OAK GREENE.

Many dreary years have passed away since I first saw Rosabelle. I was living in a mountain home...

ROSABELLE.

It was a beautiful day. The sun shone brightly, and the birds were singing...

CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1854.

AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AND NAVIGATION, THE FOUR PILLARS OF OUR PROSPERITY—MOST THRIVING WHEN LEFT MOST FREE TO INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE.

VOL. X. CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1854. NO. 46.

every body "roob" entered the door, and the driver cracked his whip, and off we started...

My old home was both lost in the distance, but my spirit was with Rosabelle, and still wandered with her...

After traveling about ten miles they got out of the coach, had their baggage taken off, and carried into a country tavern on the road side...

I drew forth my bosom and looked for a long time at the writing on it. I examined every letter, and thought how well it was written...

My dear Paul, I put these little things up for you, after you left me. Place the book-mark in your bible, and read it very often...

It was a beautiful day. The sun shone brightly, and the birds were singing. I was looking forward with great anxiety to the first day for that time...

When I got to the hotel, I wrote my name in a big book made of a fine leather, and left very important. I asked the proprietor if he could furnish me with a room...

After a restless night, the morning came. I found my pillow wet with tears, and my heart sad and desolate. I ate but little breakfast and believed my appetite gone forever.

rose in their hair, and large bouquets in their hands. They appeared to be very much pleased with the attention of the gentlemen...

My old home was both lost in the distance, but my spirit was with Rosabelle, and still wandered with her, about our favorite haunts...

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evered all her questions, and wound up my letter, by giving her a full description of the reception of her, and of my reading it, and dreaming that I was by her side again...

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Four o'clock found us at the base of the monument. We entered the iron gate, and the old gentleman first escorted from all visitors, and commenced the ascent...

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Rosabelle declared that she would never reach the top—she was so tired and felt so dizzy. I gave her a glass of wine and told her to hold on to my arm...

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING. OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, ...

banks. The eastern horizon seemed to rest upon the summits of immense mountains, and early in the morning white clouds could be seen floating along...

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