

Spirit of Jefferson

BENJAMIN F. BEALL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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VOL. 18. CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1866. NO. 44.

BALTIMORE CARDS. STABLE'S ANODYNE CHERRY EXPECTORANT.



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[From the Richmond Dispatch.] A Romance in Real Life.

Elopement of a Lady with an ex-Confederate Officer—A Strange Denouement.

In the autumn of 1864, Captain [redacted] from Abbeville District, S. C., was commanding a company in one of the infantry regiments in Kersey's division of the Confederate army.

He had a great favorite with his command, and he was served throughout the war with fidelity and distinction. In General Early's last great disaster in the lower Valley, Captain [redacted] was badly wounded, and was shortly afterwards removed to one of the hospitals in this city.

His condition was a very precarious one, and the patience and cheerfulness with which he bore his sufferings attracted the attention of a lady, who was visiting the wards. The lady in question, the wife of an estimable citizen, was then about twenty-five years of age. She had been married for some years, and had one daughter, then about five years old.

She was exceedingly fascinating and attractive, and an ardent southerner, having labored unceasingly in contributing to the comfort of our soldiers. All her sympathies were awakened by the sad condition of the wounded officer, and she took him under her own special care. It was some weeks before Captain [redacted] could again be moved with safety, and he was then, with her husband's consent, taken to her home.

Day after day passed, and Mrs. [redacted] was indefatigable in her attentions. Mr. [redacted] was engaged the greater part of the day in his business, and having implicit confidence in his wife, saw without any fear the strong "friendship" which appeared to exist between her and Captain [redacted].

Up to this time Mrs. [redacted] had acted with great candor and sincerity. She was attached to her husband, and devoted to her child, and apprehended no danger in finding herself becoming more strongly attached to her patient, and more dependent for happiness upon his society. The relation was simply a "fraternal" one, and with this assurance she quieted any doubts that were excited by the occasional demonstrativeness of Captain [redacted].

This condition of affairs lasted until the beginning of 1865. Mr. [redacted] thought that his wife's friend recovered but slowly, but his charitable and generous heart would not allow him to make any remark or express a wish for his departure. The little girl, however, was somewhat neglected, and the whole of the mother's time was spent in the company of the wounded officer. At last, in January, 1865, Captain [redacted] was discharged, and rejoined his command. Mrs. [redacted] seemed relieved by his absence, but soon became dull and low-spirited. Still she received letters regularly from Captain [redacted], and to this her husband made no objection.

In April, 1865, on the retreat of General Lee's army, Captain [redacted] was again wounded, and afterwards taken prisoner. It was stated in the papers that he had been killed, and Mrs. [redacted] seemed almost crazy with grief, but this was still attributed to nothing more than "friendship" and "sisterly regard." After some time it was ascertained that Captain [redacted] was at Point Lookout. He was ultimately released, and without coming to this city, went to his home, in South Carolina.

Mrs. [redacted] gradually recovered her cheerfulness, and was all that her husband could desire until a few weeks ago, when Captain [redacted] arrived in Richmond, and went immediately to call upon her.

Mr. [redacted] was unfeignedly glad to meet his wife's friend again, and invited him to stay at his house. Then the plot thickened. There was no need for Captain [redacted] to remain constantly in the house, but he continued to do so. He declined all introductions that were offered him, and would not go at all into general society. At every hour of the day he was found in the company of Mrs. [redacted]. They played, sang, read poetry, and walked together, until Mr. [redacted] became fairly annoyed and his fears aroused.

He had no doubt that the wife who had promised to "love, honor and obey" him, but he did fear for the peace of mind of the young officer.

The manner and appearance of Mrs. [redacted] gradually changed. Her face became paler and thinner—at one moment her cheeks would be flushed with excitement, and at the next colorless as snow. At one time she would be wildly gay and joyous, and then, a few hours later, be gloomy and despondent. Her conduct towards her husband being characterized by the strongest contrasts of warmth and coldness in word and expression. The great struggle between duty and inclination was being fought in her heart, and she knew it not! Her husband was trusting and confident—unsuspicious in his devoted love—while his honor and integrity of his name were threatened and jeopardized. People at length began to talk, and some unpleasant rumors reached the ears of Mr. [redacted]. He then hinted to Captain [redacted] that his visit had been a long one, and on Monday, the 11th instant, the Captain left his home with the expressed intention of returning to his home in the South.

Mrs. [redacted] became moody and reserved. She would not allow her little daughter to be near her, and treated her husband with coldness and contempt. It was noticed that she went out at a great deal in the evening, but no particular attention was paid to this, and her husband endeavored in every way to soothe, by his love, the sorrow, whose cause he did not then suspect or comprehend.

On Monday last Mrs. [redacted] told her husband that she was going out to spend the evening with a friend, and he promised to call there for her at about 9 o'clock. He hurried up town, and was punctual to the hour, but found to his surprise that his wife had not been to the appointed place. Not even then did he suspect the worst that was suspended over his head! He went home, learned that his wife was still out, and walked into the nursery, when his little daughter put her arms around his neck, crying, "Pa! here is Mama! I do want my Mama. Poor child! where, then, was your mother! Could not your voice ring in her ears and turn her back before it was too late?"

Mr. [redacted] comforted his little daughter as well as he could, and then he handed a note which had just been left at the door by a servant. It contained but a few words, but when it had been read the happiness of his life was gone, and a brave, strong heart was crushed with despair. Only a few words— "I am not guilty, but I have deceived you, and I cannot any longer act a lie. I trusted

to myself, and had rather leaped into upon sin than admit my fault. You will never see or hear of me again. Hate me, despise me—anything, but do not let my innocent child learn to blush for her mother.

Mr. [redacted]'s first impulse was to track his wife all her life, and they kill himself; but there was still the poor child crying amid her tears, "Where is my Mama?" and he resolved to make one effort to save her upon whom he showered all the rich treasures of his love.

Polly and crime naturally travel north, and on Tuesday morning Mr. [redacted] left for Washington by the Washington railroad in pursuit of his wife and her friend. His mind was torn by doubt and uncertainty, and it was a relief to suspense when he disembarked at the Federal capital. On the wharf he heard some men talking, and intuitively stopped. They were speaking of a lady and gentleman who had come up on the night boat. They said that the lady and gentleman appeared to be very friendly at first, and walked up and down the forward deck very quietly. After a while, however, they seemed to quarrel, and high and bitter words passed between them. Mr. [redacted] listened with intense interest for the end of the story, and asked in a careless tone what became of the quarrelling pair. "Why sir," said the man, "just as soon as they got to the wharf the lady jumped into the 'Metropolitan' omnibus, and the man—plague on his bones—took a hack for the Baltimore depot."

Mr. [redacted] thought the plan was deeply laid, but drove to the Metropolitan Hotel and registered his name. He then went to his room, but had not been there five minutes when a servant knocked at the door, and with a very significant look, said that a gentleman in the parlor wanted to see him. Mr. [redacted] went down to the parlor, and in a few moments his wife, sobbing passionately, was lying at his feet. His first impulse was to cast her from him, but she clung to him in desperation, and implored him to stay. Her words were broken and strange: "Husband—for God knows I may call you so—I was mad, mad, mad! He told me that I must stay; he said he would be a brother to me, and I, fool like, believed him. I did love him. Husband, for God's sake, do not leave me; do not drive me to ruin! When I left our house I dared not kiss our child—I dared not! I knew not what I was doing; and on the cars, before we had been an hour gone, I thought I heard our child's voice crying, 'Where is my mama! I do want my mama!' It nearly killed me. He was respectful, tender at first, but on the boat he insulted me—insulted me grossly; still he is but a man. I left him—left him at once—and came here! Husband! do what you will with me! Kill me if you will; curse me; I deserve it all; but God knows that I am not altogether lost. Speak to me—do speak to me. Oh! I do not look so strangely—so strangely!" She faints.

During the whole of Wednesday and Thursday she was delirious, and then unveiled the secrets of her heart. Mr. [redacted] was constantly with her, and saw how ingeniously and systematically her pure thoughts had been perverted and changed. He listened to every word she uttered, and when at last she regained her senses, he could kneel and return thanks that he could take back the wife of his heart to the mother of his child—to his home, without incurring the shame or reproach of a mercenary wife.

Mr. and Mrs. [redacted] returned to Richmond on Friday evening last, and from the lips of an intimate friend we heard this too true tale precisely as we have narrated it. Names of course are suppressed, and the principal purpose of its publication is that it may serve as a moral and a warning to others. It is conducted most grossly, still he is but a man. I left him—left him at once—and came here! Husband! do what you will with me! Kill me if you will; curse me; I deserve it all; but God knows that I am not altogether lost. Speak to me—do speak to me. Oh! I do not look so strangely—so strangely!" She faints.

The Richmond Whig comes out in a long editorial in opposition to emigration from the Northern States and the introduction of Northern capital. It says: "Alabama, with one year of peace, begins with five thousand North-east cotton planters. It is frightful to think where we shall end. There is not a single Southern State in which this process, this fatal process of New England colonization, is not going on as rapidly as the wind. This hour, we must resolve to stop it, before it envelops and crushes us in its ananconda folds. We do not mean that it must be stopped by a resort to violence or any unwarrantable means, but by refusing, as we have the right to do, to sell our lands, or any part of them, or less or tenant them out to radical enemies of the South."

A correspondent in the city of Mexico furnishes an interesting letter from the capital city of that republic. The liberals are very ardent in their sentiments in view of the expected withdrawal of the foreigners; and the vacant chair of Maximilian is a bait at which four chiefs, including Juarez, are already casting impatient and longing glances. The imperialists urge that the matter of evacuation is not yet settled, but the liberals are so confident that Maximilian will leave in advance of the French that they are making preparations on a grand scale for the inauguration of the republic.

A colored woman named Fanny Miles, died near Waynesburg a few days since, aged 105 years. She was once a slave of the State of Governor Boreman, of this State, and in 1814, was manumitted by his grandfather, "for her faithful services and kindness towards his children."

The Washington Star asserts that the votes of the more conservative Union men were obtained for the constitutional amendment by a pledge from their Radical colleagues that no action of the sort shall be taken during the present session upon the bills also reported from the joint committee on reconstruction. This virtually refers the whole matter to the people.

A project for the construction of an alpine tunnel through Mount St. Gothard, into Italy, has been adopted by the Italian Government. It will occupy eleven years in its construction, and the estimated cost is fourteen millions of dollars.

Senator Wilson is greatly exercised because the Pennans dared to put the green above the red, and presumed to consider either color of any account in comparison with the irrefragable and indelible black. He has been to see the Head Centre about it.

[From the Washington Star.] Chuck Mullins Taken Bad with Trichinosis.

BY CROSBY S. NOYES.

Everybody about Center Market knows Chuck Mullins. Chuck is a "curb-stone operator," to be found on the north front on most market days, dispensing his little assortment of "trucks"—his sasafra-bark, corn-cakes, chickens, poke-berries, &c., from the tail end of his weather-beaten old wagon.

Sometimes Chuck brings to market a barrel or two of charcoal, the product of his piney-woods patch in Prince George's, and that's how he happened into Dubant's yesterday. He sold his charcoal, and having pocketed the pay, and given a short two of admiration at the show of good things, potable and eatable, to be seen at Dubant's, was making his way towards the door, when the spirit of mischief brought to his nose the appetizing perfumes from a nice piece of roast pork, just then under colored Harry's experienced carving knife. Chuck edged up to the eating bar and eyed the pork with watering mouth, and with brows knit as if revolving a question of finance, and then, with the proud air of a Princes' Chamberlain who has made up his mind, pulled off his overcoat, mounted one of the tall stools that line the counter, and called for a plate of that roast pork. His evil genius here played him the sentry trick of placing him next a City Father, whose love of good eating takes him often to Dubant's, and whose propensity for practical joking made him about as dangerous a neighbor for poor Chuck as need be. Chuck, having dispatched his pork with a speed that left him flushed and oily, but with the "sacred rage of hunger" still unappetized, called for another plate, remarking confidentially to his neighbor that he "could eat roast pork till the cows came home." City Father turned to make a sympathetic response, but as his eyes lit on Chuck he recognized in that worthy the miserable scallawag who had stuck him with a touch of trichinosis at Christmas time, so with smiling face, but with blue vengeance burning underneath, he remarked, urbanely, that roast-pork well cooked was certainly fine eating. But glancing at Chuck's plate the smile fell from his face, as if a horrid doubt had come over him in view of what he saw there.

"Good heavens!" said he. "Did you eat that pork without mustard?" "No, mustard!" faltered Chuck; "what for?"

"What for! why to kill the worms!" "Worms—wurm!"

"Yes. Is it possible that you haven't heard of the terrible trichinosis disease lately invented in pork?"

"Nary word," stuttered Chuck, sweating with fright and dreading he hardly knew what.

"My unhappy friend, you're a general! It has been demonstrated by microscopic and various other kinds of analysis—with the details of which it would be cruel to occupy your few brief moments on earth!"

"Oh, Lordy!" gasped Chuck.

"That every female trichinosis contains 200 young trichinosis, and that every mouthful of living hogmeat is a mass of them, so with a few trifling moments on earth!"

"Oh, Lordy!" gasped Chuck.

"You look like a man overflowing with gastric juice. By this time the worms are doubtless swarming in your sympathetic glands and peritoneal cavity!"

"Owl owl owl!" bellowed Chuck, rubbing his hands dolefully over his abdominal region.

"In fifteen minutes they'll be at the lining of your duodenum!"

"Oh, Lordy! I feel 'em now!" said Chuck.

"In an hour you'll be a walking mass of worms, and in three hours—if your life is prolonged to that extent—peristaltic action will commence, and soon after that the worms will begin to eat you bodily!"—and Chuck's tormenter here took out his watch and laid it upon the counter, as if to time Chuck's dying agonies as a matter of scientific inquiry.

"Oh, for gristhus sake!" roared Chuck; "don't let the cursed maggot eat me up 'ere afore yer eyes! Oh dear! Mammy allus said my belly 'ud be the death of me! Owl owl owl!" and he roared and groaned fearfully.

"Are you an only son?" inquired the joker.

"Dead I am!" responded Chuck earnestly; "I am an orphan!"

"I have a wife, perhaps?"

"Dead I be—Owl! Marier Jane! Owl! Owl! Owl!"

"Children?"

"Tawl Owl Owl Owl!"

"You honest babes—a wife, and a motherer. Gentleman!" (to the convulsed bystander) "this man's life is worth saving. He's a poor, miserable sinner, and sells the toughest turkeys raised since Noah; but he's of some use to his family; and he's not fit to die!"

"Dead I am!" plead Chuck, with both hands pressed convulsively on his stomach.

"I don't think," said the joker doubtfully, "I don't think the worms have reached his pericardium yet—let's try and save him—Here boys—quick! bring me the castor!" and pouring out mustard, vinegar, salt, Worcester's sauce, horse-radish and cayenne pepper on a plate, he remarked—"I'll give him a dose of this to destroy the worms until we get some active remedy—now open your mouth!"—and he ladled away into the gap in Chuck's face, who swallowed with such good will that he was speedily spitting, gasping and choking at a tremendous rate, with the tears standing in his eyes and great beads of sweat on his face.

"Don't that stir 'em up!" inquired his benevolent neighbor, who had been pricking the sensation internally, at.

Chuck admitted tearfully that he did.

"All right, that's hopeful. Now, Harry!" (with a wink to the grinning waiter) "you jump up to the drug store and get a double X dose of Croton oil-Trichinosis-Killer. Meantime (to Chuck) 'it might prevent the worms from getting hold if you were to hop about a little.'"

No sooner said than done, and Chuck was

speedily executing a set of jumps and shufflings that any champion jig dancer might have envied; and when a little out of breath with that exercise he threw himself upon the "sanded floor," rolling over and over with an incredible velocity, well calculated to bother the worms, and which obliged his bystanders to hop around lively to keep out of the way.

"Now here's your medicine," said the City Father; "take it right down!" Chuck swallowed it at a gulp.

"Now, is your team ready? Jumpin', then, and put out for home, and when you are fairly out of this scrape remember the friends who have saved your life, and above all don't ever again eat fresh pork without mustard!"

Chuck declared as well as he was able that if there was one thing more than another he would bear in mind it would be that, and off he started—one hand occupied with reins and whip and the other pressed desperately upon the worm-infested region.

The Marlboro' stage coming in encountered Chuck just about Long Old Fields. Chuck was sprawled out half over the tall board of his cart, vomiting, sweating, &c.—in short, getting relief in as many ways as did Sancho Panza after his famous drach of balsam. It is pretty certain that no trichinosis affected a lodgment in Chuck's internal combinations that time.

The Real Masonic Grip.

Major James Gamson, of Le Roy, New York, though a small man had the most powerful grip of hand of any man I ever knew. His hand was like a smith's vice whenever he chose to exert his strength.

It was one night in the height of the anti-masonic excitement of 1830-78, that a silly fellow by the name of Smith, came into Le Roy and sought out the Major, saying that he had heard that he, the Major, could give the real master-masonic grip, and that he had come over eighty miles on foot to obtain it. The meeting took place in the village tavern, where, as usual, many persons were congregated, who, knowing the strength of the Major's grip, were on the look out for fun. Having, according to the custom of these days, taken a drink, the Major extended his right hand and straightly grasped that of Smith.

"Are you ready?" asked the Major.

"All ready," replied Smith.

The Major, steadily looking Smith in the eye began to tighten his grip. Smith grew uneasy and began to wince.

Tighter and tighter grew the Major's grip, and Smith began to beg to be let out on any terms.

"This is only the Entered Apprentice grip," said the Major; "I will now give you the Fellow-Craft;" and the Major gave his hand several more turns, which caused much groaning and many ludicrous contortions on the part of Smith, who lustily begged to be let off, said he was satisfied and did not want any more grips. The Major, however, was inexorable, and still held on to Smith all the time, shaking his hand, and every shake causing a groan.

"Now," said the Major, "having come a long way to get the real Master Mason's grip, it would be wrong in me to let you go hence without it."

"There it is," said the Major, "the real Master Mason's grip, and one that you will not soon forget;" at the same time exerting to his utmost his great muscular power, causing the bones of Smith's hand to crack, and the blood to start from under his finger nails—Smith in the meantime bellowing with pain.

"Go home," said the Major, "and tell your anti-Masonic friends that if any of them want the Master Mason's grip to come to me, for I latter myself that I can give it as well as any other man."

The Major gave one more turn of the vice and then released his victim. The next day Smith, with his hand done up in a poultice, started for home, entirely satisfied with the Masonic information he had so painfully obtained—a wiser, if not a better man.

Idea About Women.

A French book, recently published at Brussels, contains among other interesting matters, a collection of aphorisms about women, taken from the writings of various authors. We copy a few of them:

Chamfort.—In the choice of a lover, women consider more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own.—Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more pleasing than history.

Bonaparte.—If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will rise up against us; but if we do the same of any individual woman they will charge with us.

Charles Lemaitre.—Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

Daniel Sterne.—Most women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms that even their very presents are generally beneficial.

Madame De Staël.—Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's an episode.

Outlines.—Only he has nothing to hold from women, yet he is truly sincere in his regard.

Diderot.—There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet they protect each other's interests.

Stuill.—No woman, even the

Spirit of Jefferson

BENJAMIN F. BRALL, Editor.

CHARLESTOWN, VA.

Tuesday Morning, July 3, 1866.

THE BAR.

The members of the Jefferson Bar, who are excluded from the courts by reason of the test oath, are requested to meet at the office of Cooke & Kennedy, Bank Building, Charleston, to-morrow, (Wednesday), at 10 o'clock. A full meeting is desired.

APOLOGY.

The sickness of the editor must apologize for the lack of editorial matter this week; and the printers request the readers of the Spirit to overlook all errors in the make up of the paper.

SENATOR WILLEY.

This member of the Senate is now showing his abolition hand. He has thrown off all disguise, and comes out broadly and fully in favor of negro suffrage. We are not surprised at this position of the Senator. The course he pursued at the outset of the Confederacy, favoring the cause of the South, and his subsequent desertion of that cause; his position in regard to a Division of the State of Virginia, and his subsequent change of that position for the sake of retaining his seat in Congress; his Senatorial conduct in the case of Jefferson and Berkeley counties; and his frequent changes of policy upon other matters of public concern, have all led us to expect anything but statesmanship, anything but political honesty, at his hands. He has been false to his party and his friends, and he should be assigned hereafter to an exclusive association with the negro. Joe Chapline, et id omne genus.

GENERAL.

The Hon. Ben. Stanton, Ex. Lt. Gov. of Ohio, and M. C., who has been practicing law in this circuit for the past twelve months, has gone from our midst, and we hope, never to return. We do not know why he has left, but take it for granted the scent of a rat ran athwart his nose. At any rate he has gone, and if forever, still forever let it be; and may his shadow never fall again upon our part of the earth. There are many other radical de-citizens, who had better follow suit for the good of the country. We have no need for such as they, professionally, politically, or socially.

THE ACADEMY.

The late session of this school for boys closed last Friday, by the reading of compositions which were listened to by quite a large number of the patrons and friends of the institution. As a general rule these compositions were well written and well read—two or three of them showed much talent for narrative, and others evinced considerable power of oratory. This school is under the charge of the Rev. C. N. Campbell, assisted by Mr. James B. Craighill, and we are glad to know that they have not only shown through capacity as teachers, but have won the respect and affection of their many pupils. Mr. C. was the recipient of a large and handsome bible, presented to him by his scholars as evidence of their appreciation of his untiring devotion as their teacher, and of their united love and respect for him, and Mr. Craighill was the recipient of a public assurance that he too had a strong lodgment in all their hearts. The presentation address was made by Master Arthur Hawks, in a manner far more felicitous than nine-tenths of the speeches by grown men on similar occasions. I was replied to by Mr. Campbell—who to whom it was a complete surprise—in a voice that told how deeply thankful he felt in having won the affection and confidence of those for whose education he had been laboring with unwearied care and devotion throughout the session.

BOANOCOE COLLEGE.

We have received the annual Catalogue of this venerable institution of learning. We are glad to learn that it still maintains a most prosperous condition. The number of students attending during the past year numbers 145, whilst it is reasonably supposed this number will be largely increased during the next Collegiate course.

A new Professorship, that of Agriculture and Mining, has been added to the regular course of studies, and the Board of Trustees are making every effort to sustain the well earned reputation of this seat of learning, as one among the best conducted institutions of the country.

We confidently recommend the institution to all who have children or wards to educate. Every facility afforded by other colleges to acquire a thorough education is here systematically used, whilst the tuition charges are considerably less.

THE COUNTY SEAT.

We understand that there is some hitch in the erection of the public buildings over at Shepherdstown. This hitch should be made final, for the people of Jefferson will not submit much longer to the change; and the less money expended at Shepherdstown the better for our tax payers.

HARVEST.

Our farmers are quite earnestly engaged in the wheat harvest, and we are glad to hear that the crop is much more promising than it was a month ago, although it will not average half of a fair yield of the county.

THE PROSCRIBED CONFEDERATES.—The New York News argues that the new constitutional amendments, even if ratified, will fail to exclude from office the prominent Confederate officers at whom it is aimed. The points are these: First, The operation of the amendment must be prospective or else it would conflict with the spirit of other provisions of the Constitution which forbid the passage of *ex post facto* laws. There is something in this point, but we should not like to rely on it. Second, however, is better. It is, that the parties to be proscribed must first have been convicted of having engaged in insurrection or rebellion before they could be excluded from office.

Memorial Ceremonies.

The memorial ceremonies in honor of the Confederate dead, buried in our midst, took place on Wednesday of last week, under the direction of the Ladies Memorial Executive Committee. The day was an exceedingly pleasant one, and the large gathering of the people from the neighborhood and adjoining counties and states, evinced the deep interest felt in whatever concerned the memory of the fallen heroes of the Confederate Armies.

The grounds selected for the opening ceremonies was the beautiful lawn in front of the residence of Mr. Littleton, near Charles town, The east portion of the house being used as the speakers stand, in the center of which was suspended the portrait of the immortal "Stonewall" Jackson, appropriately draped in emblems of mourning.

At 10 o'clock A. M. the large concourse of people was called to order by the Chief Marshal of the day, Col. W. E. Cutshaw and the impressive memorial services were commenced by an appropriate invocator prayer by the Rev. C. N. Campbell, followed by an Anthem from the Choir, which was performed in excellent style.

The Rev. Isaac Gibson of the P. E. Church followed in another appropriate prayer to "Him who ruleth above, and in whose hands are the destinies of the nations of earth." Upon the conclusion of these services, T. M. Isbell, Esq. who had been selected to pronounce the Memorial Oration was introduced, and eloquently and impressively spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Deeply sensible of my inability to meet the responsibilities of this occasion, yet I could not resist your untiring appeals to participate in a ceremony which tenderly sensitizes the present hour—Indeed to minister at the altar which beauty and affection have erected to heroic patriotism, is a privilege which connects a high and solemn duty into a mournful pleasure; and hence it is I have not hesitated, in this moment of profound sorrow, to hasten into your presence and assume the part assigned to me, in the closing scene of the great drama which has been enacted in our midst.

The act of collecting and depositing in sacred places the dust of fallen heroes, is at all times a touching and imposing spectacle, but to you matrons, and maidens, sires and sons, these obsequies speak not only of national calamities, but of private and personal bereavements, which bow down our hearts in unutterable woe, did not a light gleam over this dark picture, which makes us smile through our tears. While kneeling at the graves of these unselfish and fearless soldiers, who with tender words of parting, left behind the dearest idols of their hearts, and rushed forth with terrible energy to the carnage of death—while thus kneeling and weeping consolation like a sweet incense rises from their tombs, and admonishes us that the sepulchres at which we bow, are the homes of stainless virtues, lofty patriotism, and exalted heroism. Over the graves of such men a halo of glory is ever seen, shining through the tears of all worshippers at their shrines, and gilding their sorrow into a smile of pride and triumph. Cornelia when asked for her jewels pointed to her living sons. Virginia matrons when asked for theirs, will with more than Cornelia's pride, point to their dead on the field of battle. Oh! what a sweet-scented savour is this coming from the charnel-house of war to comfort, and cheer, and bless the bereaved, and what glorious illustrations of the distinguishing characteristics of Southern heroism will they furnish for the applause and imitation of the most distant generations!

Now that the last sword has leaped from its scabbard—the last gun fired and the roar of battle hushed, let us gather the relics of the past and consecrate them to the use of the future: for from the arbitrament of the sword to the judgment of history, will the great struggle be referred. We may well wait, with patient and complacency, the issue of a candid and truthful examination of the motives and conduct of the Southern people, in the terrible conflict through which they have passed. Without departing from the obvious course of propriety marked out for this occasion, I may say that all history does not furnish a parallel to the sublime attitude of the Confederate States, when, without established government in the beginning—without a navy—without credit—with a sparse population, with its capital chiefly in the labour of the country, and that labour in some particulars an element of weakness in our political organization during the existence of hostilities—when such a people found themselves confronted in arms by a first rate power, with unlimited resources, when and money, complete mastery of the ocean, with a tumultuous population in which cupidity and fanaticism conspired in aid of whatever patriotism remained; I say, when the South accepted battle under these circumstances simply in defence of what she believed to be her reserved rights, under the national compact, she exhibited to the world a spectacle of moral grandeur and personal courage, unapproached in the annals of any people. Whatever diversity of opinion may now or hereafter exist as to the propriety of her course, there can be none with respect to the gallantry with which she maintained it. Her decisive victories and disastrous defeats are equally conspicuous for unshaken courage, and when in the vicissitudes of fortune she lowered her standard, she abated naught of her integrity or honor, amidst the general wreck of her hopes; this at least was left as a legacy to her sons.

Virginia—a large sharer in this rich inheritance—now that her spear is broken and her banner furled—Virginia alike faithful to her traditional glories and her present renown, emerging from this conflict mutilated and despoiled, transfixed with a thousand wounds, and bleeding at every pore, comes with unbroken pride and unshaken honor to bless her sorrowing children and bid them call the role of her dear defenders. Were it practicable were I to let them sleep in the earth they watered with their blood; for to the soldier, no spot can be more fitting to receive his remains than the last one he defended with his life, and consecrated with his death. But to identify and make perpetually certain the final resting places of these comrades in arms, and resters in immortality, it behoves us to inaugurate the ceremonies of the day, that in all the future, the pilgrims who annually assemble here may recognize the monumental offerings. Whether from the orange groves of Florida, or theorges of the Alleghenies, from the sugar plantations of Louisiana and Texas—the rice and cotton fields of the Sunney South, or the grassy plains of the fertile West, from whence ever they came, let them not lie in undistinguishable dust, but each guard a hero's hole, and every stone a history.

Geographically, Virginia, and especially this Valley, was the Flanders of America—Pressing close up to the populous North, teeming with the comforts and luxuries of

life, with roads suitable for military transportation at all seasons, and supplies much beyond other sections along the border, it was here that the more thoroughly embodying the spirit of the revolution than of its great captains, first began that brilliant course which illustrated the highest civic virtues, and greatest military talents. The immense forces necessary to enable the enemy to contend, with any hope of success, against this leader, so fertile in resources, so indefatigable in energy, and so never respected, than feared by his adversaries, had accumulated here vast armies who from bullets and bayonets in the field, and disease in the camp and hospital, had left behind them thousands of dead and dying, who having played their parts, lay down to rest in the earth made his home for every fate, she nerves herself for the coming future, not stops to recount the material sacrifices she made in her defence. If any thing can add to the glory she gained in war, it is the manly firmness with which she yields to her fate. She has no maudlin tears to shed over vanished hopes—no whimpering complaints of the manner of her misfortunes. It all was lost save honor, that she wears in her heart, a casket worthy of the most precious jewel. She is Southern still with all the noble qualities and glorious associations of the part around her. She follows the footsteps of no successful general to swell the applause of vernal crowds, nor will she bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning. She kneels to God alone, and commits our country to His holy keeping.

Write in the mystery of the secret council of Heaven are the dealings of Providence with nations! "Tis not for us to penetrate the veil that conceals them. In the fulness of time His ways, will be vindicated to man. Let us then renew our faith in His good purpose, prepare for the duties devolved upon us by the extraordinary conclusion of public affairs. These duties will address themselves to us as they arise, and claim at our hands a faithful support of that policy which will soon restore peace, and bring back to our country individual happiness and national prosperity.

And now, my friends, with solemn dirge and muffled drums, we proceed to inaugurate these memorial services, bring flowers, fresh flowers, to deck the grave, and wreaths immortal to crown the tomb where Honor lies. Moistened with your tears and sanctified by your prayers, every rose will unfold its leaves to make the Hero's shrine as fragrant as his fame will be enduring. The services at the stand were concluded by the singing of the Hymn "Thy Will Be Done" by the Choir, and Prayer by Rev. R. Smith, of the E. M. Church.

The procession was then formed in the following order:—
Marshal and Assistant Marshals.
Chief Marshal—Col. W. E. CUTSHAW.
Assistant Marshals—Col. R. P. Chew, Maj. W. M. Cook, Capt. J. W. Rowan, Lieut. James G. White, Lieut. Chas. L. Moore, Archie H. Aisquith, John Zach Shugart, and Sewell Mercant.
Gentlemen's Committees.
Ministers, Orator, Editors, and invited Guests.
Fourteen Little Girls in White Dresses, festooned with black Rosettes, representing the "Unknown Dead."
Fourteen Young Ladies, dressed in White with Black Scarfs, and Mottoes of Ivy and Myrtle, each representing a Southern State.—Mr. W. P. HENSON, Marshal.

Mrs. Judge I. R. DOUGLAS and Miss IRENE LEECH, President and Secretary of the Memorial Executive Committee.
Ladies' Committees.
Ladies of the Choir.
Ladies bearing Floral Offerings.
Surviving Members of Baylor's Cavalry, headed by their commander, Col. R. W. Baylor.

Surviving members of Company D, 12th Va. Cav. handsomely mounted, and in charge of Capt. Henry Kearney.
Survivors of Company A, 12th Cav., under Lieut. S. D. Engle—also well mounted.
Persons in vehicles and on horseback.

With slow and solemn tread, the church bells pealing a mournful requiem, the procession moved from the grounds through the principal streets of the town, visiting respectively the Presbyterian, E. Methodist, and Protestant Episcopal graveyards, the gates leading to the enclosures being appropriately and beautifully festooned with flowers and evergreens; that to the E. M. Church being encircled with a wreath bearing the following inscription in floral letters:—

"In Memoriam."
The ladies encoiled the graves of the Confederate heroes who repose in the churchyards above named, and laid upon each of their beautiful floral tributes—the ex-Confederate military acting as a guard of honor. These sad duties being performed, the procession again took up the line of march and proceeded to "Edge Hill" Cemetery, where two hundred of the gallant heroes of the Confederate armies have been recently reinterred. Here the ceremonies were most imposing and affecting. The surviving companions of the heroes who lay entombed formed in hollow square around their kinsmen, and with uncovered heads, stood in mute and sorrowing silence, whilst the ladies distributed upon each honored grave the sad tributes to the memory of those who heroically met death in defence of what they believed to be a holy and righteous cause.

The solemn ceremonies being ended, Heaven, as if in sympathy with the sorrowing concourse, began to pour out in gentle showers the tribute of the clouds, amid which the assemblage mournfully dispersed.

The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Committees pertaining to the Memorial Services, are deserving all praise for the manner in which they performed the various and arduous duties devolving upon them. In this connection, we may, without injudiciousness, mention the names of Geo. W. Sadler and J. F. Blessing, of the Reinterment Committee, whose unwearied and laborious services are deserving the highest meed of praise.

The graves of the honored dead were beautifully mourned and sodded, and to each was placed white Head and Foot Boards, legibly inscribed with the name, company and regi-

ment of the silent occupant. Fourteen graves were without inscriptions, but all were known.

"As heroes of a glorious cause."
The ladies composing the Memorial Executive Committee desire to return thanks to Miss Malissa Baker, Miss Amelia Babcock, and other ladies of Baltimore, for their kind contributions of floral emblems, and also to Mrs. Dr. Boyd, Mrs. Judge Parker, and Mrs. Major Hunter, of Winchester, for similar contributions. Messrs. Steele and Allen, of the Winchester Floral Gardens, also contributed munificently in flowers, &c.

The number of persons present, and who took part in the Memorial Services, were variously estimated at from three to four thousand. Everything was conducted in the most imposing and decorous manner, and all seemed imbued with the consciousness of having performed a grateful tribute
"To separated worth."

MRS. FORREST'S SEMINARY.
Last Friday evening we attended the closing scenes of the last session of this most admirable school for young ladies. The exercises were confined to the exhibition of the musical proficiency, vocal and instrumental, and the reading of English compositions of the first and second classes, and we express the opinion of all present when we say they reflected great credit upon pupils and teachers. The musical programme was made up of choice pieces from the best masters, performed with skill, and of some of the sweetest songs in the language, sung in the most effective manner—especially so in a solo "La Manola," and a duet "Beautiful Venice." This branch of the school is under the control of Miss Armstrong, an accomplished musician of our town; and the applause won by her class furnished the best testimony of her qualifications as a teacher.

The essays, or compositions, were of rare excellence—indeed we much doubt if any of our schools ever furnished so many of these productions that were so noticeable for merit; and the committee of gentlemen to whom was assigned the duty, must have experienced great difficulty in making a selection. We should certainly have been at loss to distinguish between several of them, remarkable for their purity and finish of style, and each of which found special admirers among the auditory.

Mrs. Forrest, and her assistant Miss Leech, by their gentle manners have evidently won the hearts of their pupils, and the parents of those under their charge are satisfied that these ladies have fulfilled their whole duty. The graduating class was addressed by Mr. Travers, who congratulated its members upon their scholarly attainments, and their eminent fitness to walk in the new paths of life now opening to them. We regret our inability to obtain a copy of this address, for we are sure that it would be read by old and young with pleasure and profit.

The following is the list of the compositions, with the names of their authors:—
"Our Latin Class," by Miss Mary Tomlinson.
"The Value of Mathematics," by Miss Sallie P. Langdon.
"Woman's Accomplishments," by Miss Mary Ranson.
"An Imaginary Town," Miss Ann's S. Forrest.
"Moral and Intellectual Powers of Woman, compared with those of Man," by Miss Belle Gibson.
"The Value of a Good Education," by Miss Bessie Timberlake.
"Highest Aim of Woman's Life," by Miss Minnie Henderson.
"Fashionable Education," by Miss Ida Perry.

"Independence of Thought," Miss Lyttie Aisquith.
"Valedictory," Miss Ellen Lisle Rutherford.
Six medals were awarded; the first, a Gold Star, with the motto "Excelsior," was given for highest marks to Miss Lyttie Aisquith.
2d. Gold Scroll, for greatest improvement in music, to Miss Ida Perry.
3d. Silver Maltese Cross, for progress in mathematical studies, to Miss Sallie F. Langdon, of Kabletown.
4th. Silver Star, for advancement in Latin, to Miss Mary Tomlinson.
5th. Silver Star, for French to Miss Lyttie Aisquith.
6th. Silver Shield, for scholarship and deportment, to Miss Alice R. Ely.

Three gentlemen of this place, Messrs. Travers, White and Lee, after an examination of the compositions, that were given them without the names of the authors, awarded the prize, a copy of Tennyson's Poems, to Miss Sallie Langdon, for her Essay on Mathematics. The exercises of the evening closed with the Benediction, by the Rev. Mr. Amblor.

The Torturing of Mr. Davis.
The World says, commenting on the statement that Danton—we beg pardon—Stanton is alone responsible for the ironing of Mr. Davis:

"Here was a cowardly outrage inflicted upon the foremost man of the whole rebellion, and neither the President, the Lieutenant General, nor any member of the Cabinet, except the torturer himself, seems to have known or cared anything about it. Now, is it not barely possible that Lee and Davis, in the crisis of a terrible struggle, may not have been aware of what was done to the private soldiers of our army? If they were to blame for the acquiescing themselves with the facts in the streets of fearful war, what is to be said of our chief executive officers, who in the hour of triumph, allow the good name of a great nation to be sullied by conduct toward a fallen foe that would disgrace a barbarous power."

Boy Drowned.—Jacob Gwyn, of this place, a boy about eighteen years of age, was drowned in the Potomac about a mile above the Falling Waters, on Sunday last. He accidentally got into deep water, could not swim, and the boys along with him were all too small to render him any assistance. His body was recovered a few hours after.—New Era.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

THEFT.—A rather bold theft was perpetrated at the "Carter House" on Wednesday last, Mrs. TROMYER, who was stopping at the Hotel, had gone into one of the rooms for the purpose of taking a rest. Previous to lying down she divested herself of her gold watch and breast pin and laid them upon the sill of her chamber window. Shortly after she noticed the blinds being opened from the outside and a hand thrust in, seizing the watch and pin. She immediately gave the alarm, and the thief, BILL MORSE, a loyal citizen of African 'scent was pursued and captured with the articles in possession. He was subsequently taken before Justice Myers, who upon the testimony adduced, committed him to jail for trial.

ARCTIC FOUNTAIN.—We stepped into the Drug establishment of CAMPBELL & MASON the other evening, and were rather taken down by a singular and unique looking object mounted upon the counter. Upon enquiry as to whether it was intended for music, physic, or as a mere ornamental monument of the establishment, we were politely informed that it was an Arctic Soda Fountain, from which refreshing draughts of delicious beverage gushed in copious showers, and of this we had our demonstration when we were politely handed a sample of the cool, invigorating fluid, drawn from the alembic of the Northern Pole.

We advise all who desire to be refreshed during the summer season, to hie to the region of Campbell & Mason's Arctic Fountain.

IMPROVEMENT.—Our neighbors, HUMPHREYS & Co., across the way, have put up an Awning in front of their Hardware Establishment. This is quite an improvement, and we hope others will follow the example. It will give to the streets a cool and shady appearance.

MAYOR'S COURT.—The first case brought before his Honor, John Avis, Mayor of Charlestown, was GOLDSMITH vs. PILKER. It appears Mr. Pilker had hurled a stone at a one-eyed puppy belonging to Mr. Goldsmith, pelting him, the aforesaid puppy, somewhere in the abdominal regions, whereupon, like other radical puppies, he set up a "traumajus" howl and yelling. His owner thereupon took his part and intently reproved Michael the "pelter." This changed the scene of the action as well as the belligerents, and Mr. Pilker gave Mr. Goldsmith a pelt, and thereby ensued a cause for the Mayor's adjudication. The case was dismissed by Mayor Avis, but Mr. G., not being satisfied therewith, subsequently brought it before the higher adjudicatory of Judge Myers' Court, who upon the testimony adduced, decided to hold Mr. P. to bail in the penalty of twenty-five dollars, not to pelt hereafter either Mr. G. or his dog.

CAUTION.—We learn that a young lady who was at the depot waiting for the cars on Friday last, came very near being run over by the train. She was standing on the siding as the cars came down, and supposing she was on the track upon which they were approaching sprang to one side and in doing so narrowly escaped being run over. A gentleman standing by noticed the danger and happily saved her from instant death. We caution persons from standing near the track when the trains are approaching, as it is rather dangerous temerity.

ACCIDENT.—WILLIAM CROWL of Shepherdstown, whilst with a severe accident on Monday last, whilst gunning. He had mounted his horse, and in the act of taking up the gun which he had set against a tree, the hammer caught against some obstacle which caused the piece to explode, the contents entering the left arm above the wrist, causing a serious wound.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Quite a sad affair occurred at the residence of Mr. GEORGE AMBROUSE, near Rippon, on Friday last. A little son of Mr. JOHN FUGITT, about ten years of age, took a gun out of the house in the absence of the family, and before he got out of the yard, the gun went off, killing him instantly. This is another of the many warnings to small boys not to handle fire-arms.

A CHEAP DISINFECTANT.—Let every family procure, say two pounds of dry chloride of lime, four pounds of common washing soda. Dissolve the soda in six gallons of water, in a keg or barrel, and gradually add the chloride of lime, stirring it until it is all mixed in, then let it settle, and you have the chloride of soda, which takes a pint or so and sprinkle around where bad smells arise, and this should be done every week, say twice. The vessel in which it should be kept in a dark place and covered closely or stopped a tight.

Thus for 40 cents you may have some six gallons of chloride of soda strong enough for disinfecting, &c., purpose, and sufficient to keep your premises pure and clean for the whole summer, and if everybody would use it, we should have a very pure town indeed.

[Harrisburg Journal Commercial.

Another New Explosion.
We had supposed that in nitro-glycerine the most violent of dangerous and destructive explosives had been reached, and that a compound which explodes by concussion merely, with a force ten times that of gunpowder, would maintain undiminished its terrible prominence. It seems, however, that we were mistaken, and the terror of nitro-glycerine dwindle into insignificance when compared with those of the new compound, we believe, a California invention. At all events that is the only place where it appears to be in use, and its introduction into mines of that State, for blasting purposes is quite recent.

Sodium, which is the metallic base of soda, is a very harmless substance, and it was first discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy half a century ago, and has been used chiefly in the manufacture of alumina. What other substance is used in making the amalgams we have not been able to learn.

The Journal from which we got most of our information in regard to the new compound says: It is explosive power, one ounce of sodium amalgam is equal to twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, or two and a half pounds of nitro-glycerine. It is exploded by moisture, and a spoonful of water coming in contact with it would produce an explosion equal in destructive effect to that of five thousand pounds of gunpowder, or five hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine. In other words, its explosive force is fifty times as great as that of nitro-glycerine, and four hundred times as great as that of the best gunpowder. A fearful accident, and dangerous in the extreme to handle or transport. Would it not be well for the authorities, while fooling into the nitro-glycerine question, to leave a little attention to sodium amalgam.

General News.

A rattlesnake, ten feet in length, was found in the gutter at New Orleans. A police officer killed the insect.

The steamer J. S. Hall sank in the Arkansas river last Saturday. The crew and passengers were saved, but the boat is a total wreck.

Lieut. Gen. R. S. Ewell is hard at work planning near Spring Hill, Murry Co., Tennessee.

The wheat crop in Illinois promises a good yield. The harvest is now in progress.

Some sacrilegious thief entered the Town Hall in Staunton, Sunday night and stole a picture of Stonewall Jackson.

A meeting was held at the Court-house in Staunton, on Monday, at which resolutions were adopted strongly protesting against the recent Constitutional amendment.

Dr. Maddox has been fined \$100, and sentenced to six months imprisonment in jail for fooling W. H. Vernon in Richmond several months ago.

The lawyers of Staunton, in a body, visited the cemetery in that place on the 21st, and assisted in the patriotic work of "encouraging and fitting up the soldiers' graves."

Gov. Jubal A. Early is engaged in writing a history of his Valley campaign.

Baronau has bought for his Museum, the African collection of the late Gordon Cumming, the great lion hunter.

The Baltimore Sun estimates the population of that city; at the present time at three hundred thousand.

The Democrats have carried the election in Nebraska, electing Morton, and carrying the Legislature by eight or ten majority. This will secure two Democratic U. S. Senators.

The citizens of Staunton, closed their houses of business on Thursday last, to labor in the soldiers' cemetery. Their graves have been dug to which the remains of soldiers buried outside are to be transferred.

A wild cat from the woods invaded a negro settlement on the suburbs of Norfolk on Tuesday night, and was only driven back to his native wilds after much uproar and excitement among the Africans.

The Gazette and Banner reports most favorably of the improvements in the wheat crop in Rockbridge. Enough will be made for home consumption and some to spare—other crops are flourishing.

The Columbus, Miss. Sentinel learns, that the crops in that county are more promising than was hoped for during the rainy season.

The latest reports from Red River country are favorable as to the prospects of the crops. The overflowed lands have been newly planted.

A desperate fight occurred at Brandenburg, Kentucky, on Tuesday, between the citizens and some horse thieves they attempted to arrest. The thieves were all wounded and two of them captured.

M. Brunet, of France, has discovered that silk can be manufactured not only from the bark of the mulberry tree. He has succeeded in reducing the fine textile substance forming a portion of the bark into minute fibres, very durable, and having the general appearance of silk.

An Austrian official has arrived in Mobile, with authority from his Government to offer positions in the Austrian army to any late Confederate officer who wishes to enter the army. His Government very wisely wishes that army consumption and in Berlin, playing an engagement at one of the theatres of that city. It adds that the expresses great surprise that there should be so much credit attached in this country to the story of his death.

The latest foreign papers, state that Maximilian has declared his purpose to abandon Mexico, unless France will relieve him from his present pecuniary embarrassments, and that Napoleon has instructed Marshall Bazin to assume the direction of affairs in that country if Maximilian shall leave it.

A chariot race came off at Suffolk Park, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, which attracted great attention. Miss Virginia Mason, of New York, drove Lady Sherman and Prairie Flower; Miss Sherwood, of Philadelphia, drove Flora Bell and Empress. The race was made three times, best three in five. Miss Mason won the three straight heats. Time 2:25, 2:30, 2:35. The ladies were dressed in classic costumes.

In the excavation for the new structure about to be erected by M. John T. Ford, at the corner of Baltimore and Holiday streets, the workmen turned up an old copper coin, which bore the date "1722." It is about the size of one of the old copper cents, though not quite so thick, and the only legible character on it is the date. Whether it is an English or French coin could not be ascertained. It is dated eight years before Baltimore town was founded and has probably lain where it was found for nearly a century as the building which stood over it was one of the oldest in that part of the city.

The trial of young Wm. E. Jones, for killing a Federal soldier in Winchester, during the war, was concluded a few days ago, but the finding of the court has not yet been announced. It is understood, however, that he must be acquitted, as the evidence adduced at the trial showed him to be a regular Confederate soldier, and killed his adversary in a fair encounter. This gallant boy has borne himself, however, during his incarceration and with chains upon his limbs, like a brave man, exhorting the attention of every one of his enemies who were for his blood.

A New York dispatch of 28 ult., says:—In the absence of any stirring events at home people here are taking a most lively interest in the European news just now, where the curtain of the great drama has just been lifted. The news which ought to reach this city on Saturday afternoon, Sunday at latest, will probably bring in the particulars of a battle fought near Dresden or Leipzig. Nobody here cares whether Austria will prevail or the reverse, but it is a lively spirit for peace and energetic Italy, and all hope that she may soon be able to incorporate Venice which she dominates. Private cables received from Europe about the pressing state of affairs, and all fear that the balance of war will soon spread across the entire European Continent, as Russia is fully prepared to lay, states, and is determined to take a hand in the very moment France abandons her neutrality.

Boy Drowned.—Jacob Gwyn, of this place, a boy about eighteen years of age, was drowned in the Potomac about a mile above the Falling Waters, on Sunday last. He accidentally got into deep water, could not swim, and the boys along with him were all too small to render him any assistance. His body was recovered a few hours after.—New Era.

