

Spirit of Jefferson.

BENJAMIN F. BEALL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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January 16, 1867—1v.

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July 17, 1866—1y.

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Jan. 16, 1867.

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STARRY & LOCK, Charlestown Depot, Jan. 16, 1867.

Spirit of Jefferson

VOL. 19.

CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1867.

NO. 49.

Spirit of Jefferson.

BENJAMIN F. BEALL, Editor. CHARLESTOWN, VA. Tuesday Morning, August 6, 1867.

Obituary.

We hardly know whether pleasant or pithos predominates in this clever jeu d'esprit, from the Nashville Gazette.

DIED—In Washington City, District of Columbia, on Monday, May 13th, 1867, of paralysis, COMBIA LIBERTY, after a severe and protracted illness of seven tedious years.

The deceased was born in 1776 of a poor but respectable couple—Honesty and Patriotism. The first seven years of her life were a struggle with misery, even as were the closing years. But she grew up a beautiful lass, and made her entrance into society in 1787, winning the admiration of friends and the jealousy of rivals.

At an early age she formed a tender attachment for Principle. A happy union followed, and in the course of events a numerous offspring rose up to bless her. The duties of matrimony, however, did not detract from her beauty, and as she advanced in years she increased in loveliness. Devoting herself exclusively to the care of her numerous family, and sure of the future lay before her bright as the vision of beatitude.

But alas for human frailty! In an evil hour, elderly matron though she was, she listened to the honeyed words of an unprincipled young fellow named Radicalism, not yet out of his teens. She resisted his advances for awhile, but in November, 1860, lost to all sense of womanly dignity, she abandoned the partner of her youth, and took up with this young scape-grace.

This faux pas created a lamentable disturbance in her previous happy family. Eleven of her most loving children refused to live with their young step-father, and sought for themselves other homes. For this piece of contumacy the wicked step-father disinherited ten of them, and dragging the eleventh back to the old homestead, he inflicted on her untold barbarities and outrages. The poor old mother, heart-broken by the disgrace of her household, was struck with paralysis, and has been bedridden for several years. The physician who attended her was chosen by her unprincipled husband; and the public opinion is, that they were employed to kill instead of cure, as the old lady was an obstacle to his ambitious designs on her property and that of the children. Last Monday, after unheard of suffering and anguish, she breathed her last.

Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek. But now I see it is no living hue, But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red Which Autumn tinges upon the perished leaf.

To look upon the dancs.

Abolishing the Negro.

One of the most remarkable publications which has lately appeared is a book with the eccentric title, "Nojoke: A Question for a Continent," by Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, author of "The Impending Crisis of the South." It will be remembered that nine years ago a great stir, was created by the "Impending Crisis," which was an arsenal of all kinds of abolition statistics, arguments, and every description of inflammatory and destructive missile of hatred, malice and fanaticism against the South. The endorsement of this incendiary book by some sixty old Northern members of Congress gave it, in the eyes of many Southern people, the significance of a declaration of war, and led to some excited and violent debates in Congress at the session of 1858-'59. No doubt, whilst the origin of the late war must be looked for in causes which existed before the present generation, no agency of this day has done more to precipitate the "impending crisis" than the book so named; and now, the crisis having come and gone, leaving the free freedom for which, professedly, such men as Helper helped to bring on, the author, having abolished slavery, comes out for abolishing the negro.

It ought not to be at all surprising to see this representative man of radicalism now publishing an argument to show that the negro is an inferior race; that he must be driven out of the land; that by the 4th of July 1876, or at farthest, by the end of the present century, "get somewhere south of that south-moving boundary," Mexico. Of course, at this moment, when the vote of the poor negro is needed, Mr. Helper will not be likely to receive the endorsement of sixty radical members of Congress. But who does not understand that as soon as the radical party can become independent of their aid, these unfortunate creatures, for all that radicalism cares, may be elbowed into the gulf of Mexico?

At the bottom of all this turbid abolition philanthropy of the present day lies a clear and well-defined purpose to substitute white labor in the south for black labor, under the abiding conviction, in the language of Helper, that the best system of government ever yet devised beneath the sun can never fulfill its promised mission of unexampled greatness and grandeur until after it shall have been brought under the exclusive occupancy and control of the Heaven-descended and incomparably superior white race of mankind.

The traffic in Coolies, or Chinese laborers, it appears has reached our shores, and several plantations in Louisiana, if the telegraph is correct, are now employing Coolie laborers. Coolie labor is really slave labor, and the traffic is only less infamous than that in African slaves. The Coolies are bought by traders at the Chinese ports, at prices ranging from \$30 to \$70 per head, and they are sold for from \$300 to \$500 each in South America and the West Indies. It is believed that over 30,000 Coolies are annually imported into Peru and Cuba. A Havana correspondent says: "The number of Chinese Coolies that died on the passage to this port between the year 1847 and 1866 was 11,291 out of 90,019 Coolies shipped from Macao, &c. Out of 11,462 shipped this year, from February 22 to June 30th, the number that died at sea was 1,360."

Two married ladies at Independence serenaded their husbands, one moonlight night last week. The instruments were a brace of twigs for each of the liege lords.

ITEMS FROM ABROAD.

LONDON, July 27.—Dispatches have been received from Munich, stating that ex-King Otto, of Greece, is dead. He died of the measles. Deceased was the second son of Louis I. King of Bavaria. He was born at Salzburg on the 1st of June, 1815, and succeeded the Greek throne when he was only seventeen years of age. He leaves no issue.

Late Japanese advices received here, via Hong Kong, report that the American ship Anna Kimball, had arrived at Nagasaki, Japan, with a cargo of rice, which it was alleged she had taken from a port of China which had not been opened to foreign trade by treaty stipulations. The facts having been reported to the commander of the United States squadron in those waters, she was, by his orders, seized and heavily libelled for infraction of a treaty made between the Chinese Government and the United States.

VIENNA, July 27.—The Sultan of Turkey has arrived here from England, and is now the guest of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The official journal of this city says that it is the right and interest of the Emperor Napoleon to enforce the treaty of Prague. The same paper also says that the Czar of Russia has sent to the Emperor Francis Joseph, a note to the foregoing effect.

CHEROKEE, July 28.—The Empress Eugenie yesterday visited the United States steamer Colorado, now lying in this harbor, and was received with all the honors befitting her exalted rank. At her approach, salutes were fired and the yards were manned. The vessel was gaily decked with colors from stem to stern. The other vessels of the American squadron, and all the French men-of-war and shipping in the harbor were also profusely decorated with bunting. The Empress was received by the captain of the Colorado and his officers, and was conducted through the various parts of the ship. At the conclusion of the inspection, her Majesty graciously expressed herself highly pleased with the appearance of the ship, and gratified with the warmth of her reception, and left for shore amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the sailors, who manned the yards, and a parting salute from the great guns of the Colorado.

PARIS, July 28.—On Saturday evening Admiral Farragut was received at a state dinner by Emperor Napoleon. The dinner was especially given by the Emperor in honor of the American Admiral. The French Minister of Marine and other members of the Imperial Cabinet, and the Ambassador of the United States, General Dix, were among the invited guests.

—European correspondents at Belgrade give currency to a report that while the Turkish Council were considering by what means they might obtain money to defray the expenses of the Sultan's visit to Paris, a proposal was made by one of the high officers to sell Jerusalem to Russia. It is further said that the report is generally credited, and that Turkey is believed to be willing to sell Jerusalem to the Emperor of Russia for one hundred millions of piasters. General Ignatieff and Ali Pacha are reported to be busy with the preliminaries for the purchase now.

—A correspondent of the Paris Temps, writing from Germany, gives a gloomy picture of the position of the Emperor Francis Joseph. He says that monarch's situation as Emperor of Austria is very different from that as King of Hungary. He is isolated, and his Minister, Baron Von Beust, is bitterly and actively opposed by the Viennese nobility. The Croatian subjects of the Emperor are as discontented as the Hungarian subjects, and the millions of the Hungarians are in the midst of the anxieties caused by this wide-spread dissatisfaction that Francis Joseph received the terrible tidings of his brother's death.

—During a recent discussion in the Corps Legislatif upon a question touching the attitude of France and the United States and England, M. Gladstone said that every liberty was wanting in France, and added that the country would not remain much longer in its present condition. France was doing penance with a foolscap on her head. The language is significant.

A Burglar Trapped.

The New York correspondent of the Troy Times gives the following:—

I was informed of a case in which a burglar was handsomely trapped a few nights since. The house of a resident of Brooklyn was entered about midnight, and the occupant, Mr. —, awakened. As he arose in bed he saw standing in the room a rough-looking man with a bludgeon in his hand. "What do you want here?" was the inquiry of Mr. —.

"I want your money or your life," suddenly replied the thief.

"You do, eh?" exclaimed Mr. —, and he slipped his hand under his pillow and drew forth a splendid revolver. "You do, eh?" he repeated, and sprang from the bed, presenting the revolver at the head of the thief.

"Now, sir, I want your money or your life," he continued, still presenting the revolver.

The thief comprehended the situation at a glance, and fairly "shook in his boots," as he stammered, "I will go out, sir."

"No you won't until you give me your money—then you may go!"

The thief drew from his pocket ten dollars and handed the sum over.

"Now, I want your coat." This was delivered. "Now, I will take your shirt, boots, and pants." The thief hesitated. "If you don't take them off instantly I will shoot you dead where you stand and throw your body out of the window." The thief complied, and stood naked. "Now you may leave," said —, "by the same way you came—through that window, down the shed, and over the fence. And if I ever see you within fifty yards of this house again, day or night, I'll shoot you dead—so help me God!"

The thief took his departure, and when — related his adventures next morning to the family, who were entirely undisturbed by it, he was obliged to exhibit his captured clothing and money to induce belief.

—A lady about to marry was warned that her intended, although a good man, was very eccentric. "Well," she said, "if he is very unlike other men, he is more likely to make a good husband."

—An Exchange paper says there is a lady in that town so modest that she will not allow the Christian Observer to remain in her room over night.

POETICAL.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

There's a land far away mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time; Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold, And life is a treasure sublime.

Our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land, But our visions have told of its bliss, And our souls by the path from its gardens are fain'd, When we faint in the deserts of this.

And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose, Where the spirit we form with temptations and woes, From the evergreen mountains of life.

Of the stars never read the blue heavens at night, But we think we've seen the rainbow have trod, And the day never smiles from his palace of light, But we feel the bright sun of God.

My friend and room-mate. This trait in his character I have reason to know from personal experience. John was for the corps the "father of things elegant, the glass of fashion."

He it was who devoted the greater part of his farlough to acquiring a knowledge of waiting for the sole purpose of imparting it on his return to "the corps," he it was who initiated into many of the little arts of the toilet of both sexes; he it was who recounted to us, eager listeners, stories of high life and other life in the city of New York.

John B., who invited the fashionable tailor up from New York with his measurer and samples a few weeks before we graduated, in order that his brother brevet 2d lieutenant might not disgrace themselves on their entrance in Gotham by an *outré* appearance. He told us of the best hotel to put up at; where the best oysters were to be found; he showed us where—but here I fear my writing materials will not hold out if I tell all that Prince John taught us. He was a splendid fellow—my shadow never grew less. Since then he has become a famous soldier; and certainly, though his brilliant career as a man of fashion and a commander in the field, he has been the most fortunate and lucky of men. In everything he attempts he is successful, and that goddess so fickle to other mortals seems invariably to smile on this dashing cavalier.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Recollections of Army Life.

BY AN OLD DRAGON.

Cadetship at West Point near Forty Years ago—My Distinguished Fellow-Cadets—Bob Lee, Sidney Johnston, Leonidas Polk, Charles Mason, Ben Brice, Joe Johnston.

Let me turn to a more agreeable subject; let me recall some of those fine gentlemen and gallant fellows whom Taylor's supervision and Worth's training sent forth from West Point. In turning back over a space of nearly forty years, the first who loom up in the distant retrospect are Albert Sydney Johnston and Leonidas Polk; then follow Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and John B. Magruder.

The first cadet I ever heard give the word of command was Sidney Johnston, and the impression his appearance made on me is as clear and distinct now as it was then. His stalwart form and well developed muscles gave him an appearance of great strength, whilst his gentle manners and benevolent countenance indicated a man of the tenderest affections. Hard to arouse to anger, he was ever ready to espouse the cause of the oppressed. His noble nature endeared him to his fellow cadets and his associates in after life.

On one of the great pages of history must be written the deeds of this gallant soldier and true patriot.

Leonidas Polk, tall and straight as an arrow, was the orderly sergeant of my company. Scrupulously strict in the discharge of his duties, retiring in his manners, and a devout member even then of the Episcopal church, he invariably commanded the respect of all.

Jefferson Davis was distinguished in the corps for his manly bearing, his high-toned and lofty character. His figure was very soldier-like and rather robust; his step springy, resembling the tread of an Indian "brave" on the "war path."

Robert E. Lee held the two offices in the corps usually filled by the best soldiers of the class—sergeant-major and adjutant. He discharged the duties of these offices with zeal and fidelity. His personal appearance surpassed in manly beauty that of any cadet in the corps. Though firm in his position and perfectly erect, he had none of the stiffness so often assumed by men who affect to be very strict in their ideas of what is military. His limbs, beautiful and symmetrical, looked as though they had come from the turning lathe; his step was as elastic as if he spurred the ground upon which he trod. He was noted among his classmates as a great student, and as having passed through the trying ordeal of a military school without a single demerit mark. (Generally got one hundred and fifty a year.) During Bob Lee's stay at West Point, I am satisfied he never swore an oath, tasted a drop of ardent spirit, nor used the "weed" in any shape or form. The same virtues of abstinence may be attributed to Charles Mason; but I think "Charley" occasionally let his sin off, at least he looked as if he did. Mason was in Lee's class, and intellectually had no superior at the Point. How well I can remember his bright, piercing eyes, gleaming and "snapping" with excitement as he stood at the blackboard, demonstrating some intricate and beautiful mathematical problem. Mason early left the army, and has since sought and gained that distinction in civil life which his high talents and pure character entitled him to. He was for a long time Commissioner of the Patent Office, chosen for his scientific attainments, and filled with ability for several years a place on the Supreme Bench of Iowa.

Another prominent cadet in Lee's class was B. W. Brice. He was high up as a soldier, but low down as a student; very handsome, full of wit and humor, and always ready for fun and frolic. Everybody liked him, and he was glad to call Ben Brice his friend. He was of "our set," and considering the circumstances, it is wonderful he ever reached the office of Paymaster General. U. S. A., which he now holds, and the duties of which he discharges with mastery ability.

Joseph E. Johnston had a great deal of the military spirit that pervaded the corps and which was infused by Major Worth. He was not remarkable for his studious habits, and he belonged to a fast set, of which I myself was an active member. Few of that set escaped arrest, confinement and court-martial. Joe Johnston was one of those genial spirits that gave zest to a cadet's life. Full of ambition and a desire to excel, he was yet ever ready to join a scouting party to Butternut Falls, the residence of the immortal Benny Haves. His appearance was very military; and when under arms, no man looked more the soldier. He was very expert in the manual of arms, and carried Brice's musket so perpendicular that it leaned a little too much to the front. Though we recognized his talents then, we little dreamed that he had the military genius he has since displayed as a commander.

My old friend and classmate, John B. Magruder, was perhaps the most elegant and distinguished cadet in the academy in that day, and I do not believe West Point has ever had his equal. He was a first-rate soldier, of fine appearance, and very strict when on duty as "officer of the day," never failing to report the slightest violation of regulations, even though the delinquent was his most intimate

THE LEADERS OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

George Alfred Townsend is writing some very interesting letters to the Troy Times of men and things in New York, and he thus describes its three most prominent lawyers:

The bar of New York has a just renown. Its strength is unimpair'd to-day. At its head in natural gifts, is James T. Brady, the "Little Giant" of the forum, a man of positive genius, of desultory learning, with a memory that is tenacious and universal; a manner adaptable, spontaneous, magnetic; a perception skilled and keen, of convictions unstable, yet of earnest momentary sympathies, he has as a pleader equal force at the bar and on the stump, and a generally patriotic though not a high legal leaning, is fragmentary. He divines what most men have read. He would rather carry a point than deserve it, and the happy turning of a period has frequently carried him away from the post where he meant to stand. In appearance he is very individual; a round, grand storehouse of a head, ringletted; under its deep, sober brows falls a weak yet animal face, scarcely strengthened by a bunch of "superior"; his eye has penetration, but not discernment; the man's real nature is subordinate to his appetites, and he has had so many fulsome adulators of his intellect that with the weakness of genius he asserts that his true loves are more bodily and more practical. His body is slight and low, abruptly round, where the turbanic soup is deposited; and so much power in suggestion, argument, glib preciseness, has he, that he is explosive rather than projective; a man of the school of Garrick, Sheridan, and Fox; useful to clients, but high lo to himself. When he speaks you are charmed.—His manner is conversational in the main, severely humorous, and his ready knowledge of human nature, if at fault in rare instances, is seldom misdirected against the bulk of a jury.

He is a man of clubs and comrades, most excellent collector when in the company of his inferiors, and however more thorough men may affect to rate him, Brady's head is a match for all their books. The ready sympathy of the pleader has kept him steadfast to the Union—though a democrat, his instincts are truer than learning. There is no man in New York whom I would set down as of equal genius with James T. Brady.

Cold, Greek in the antique signification of most pure and stately features, as he is "Greek" in the vulgar by name, Charles O'Connor seems to stand highest in esteem as an orator and profound thinker, and as a mathematician and reverences of the law. He is gray and pale, with glittering teeth, an English temperament and a haughty carriage, and he keeps precedent and gall in the place where other men keep progress and sympathy. The lines in his face are of disdain; his voice is merciless; he is, in public character, an American Lord Derby, without a heart upon his sleeve, or an apparent forgiveness in his eye. His prepared arguments have a mathematical power as irresistible and as unappreciated as a stone spear-heat. He knows the law as if he were himself articulate.

William E. Evans, the peer of O'Connor in learning, is a man of law tempered with satire. He looks deeper than the motive of a statue; to its germ, and that which makes it heighten, ripen, and overshadow with freshness, protecting foliage. The tree of law is a rod to O'Connor; to Evans an arbor. The one is a secure and unshaking support for the arm and reverences of the law. He is gray and pale, with glittering teeth, an English temperament and a haughty carriage, and he keeps precedent and gall in the place where other men keep progress and sympathy. The lines in his face are of disdain; his voice is merciless; he is, in public character, an American Lord Derby, without a heart upon his sleeve, or an apparent forgiveness in his eye. His prepared arguments have a mathematical power as irresistible and as unappreciated as a stone spear-heat. He knows the law as if he were himself articulate.

The Most Beautiful Hand.

I recollect that once there was a dispute between three ladies, which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water, and held it up; the other plucked strawberries until the end of her fingers were pink; and the third gathered violets until her hands were fragrant.

An old haggard woman passing by asked "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?" All three denied her, but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute; and they told her, and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful, indeed," said she, "when she saw them; but when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, 'It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is tipped with red; it is not the hand garlanded with fragrant flowers; but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful hand.'"

As she said these words her wrinkles fell, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven, with authority to decide the question in dispute.

—When is a lady's neck not a neck? When is it a little bear (bare).

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Ten Lines or Less, constitute a Square.

Yearly Advertisements by Special Contract.

Mock Gems in the Paris Exhibition.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald says:

Spirit of Jefferson.

BENJAMIN F. DEALL, Editor. CHARLESTOWN, VA.

Tuesday Morning, August 6, 1867.

Richmond Radical Row.

Botts Overlaid, and Humnicott Master of the Situation!

Public expectation has been very much excited in Virginia for months past, by the efforts to get up a mass republican Convention, to be held in Richmond on 1st inst.—It was accordingly held, and such a motley crowd never before assembled in the capital of the Old Dominion, if in any other capital. The Convention was composed of delegates, white and colored, from many of the counties and all of the cities and towns of any importance in the State. The negro element preponderated, and with their allies, the Radicals, had things all their own way. The Enquirer of Friday says: A most melancholy spectacle was presented in this city yesterday. On the night before a limited number of "co-operators" arrived, and if there had been a painter among them, he would have found a motto for a picture in the lines of Pope: "See all our nobles begging to be slaves! See all our souls aspiring to be slaves!" White truth, woe, wisdom, daily they decay; Nothing is sacred now but villainy!

The several caucuses held on Wednesday night were reported in our local columns yesterday, and we were led to infer that all would be harmony in the Radical camp.—But alas for expectations! The well-known sage about the miscarriage of the best laid schemes of mice and men was singularly illustrated by the performances in the Convention.

Humnicott had declared that the prospects for a fight were "blue," and added, with savage unctious, "The world is moving on; so is the Republican party." It seems, however, that he only meant to disarm his enemies to make victory easy. There was indeed "no fight," but such a thorough lambasting even Botts never had before. There was indeed "no fight," but there never was such a sad case of drowning in cold water. The co-operators were treated as boys treat rats. They were allowed to walk into a wire trap and then doused in cold water until there was not a dry hair on a single dead rat.

We are sorry for these unfortunates. In spite of the warnings which we have been giving them for weeks, they heedlessly rushed into the filthy embraces of a hideous party, and now lie so low that even the negroes treat them with contempt. They would imitate the fair Desdemona.

"In spite of nature, Of years of country, credit, every thing,— To fall in love with what she feared to look upon." And they have shared her fate in falling beneath the knife of the savage blackamoor. This last effort of Botts to build up a Botts party has been, perhaps, the latest signal of his many failures. The "Convention" passed him by with something very like contempt when they elected en masse the officers of their April organization in which Botts refused to participate. They gave him another hard blow when they adopted the platform agreed upon in April, thereby forestalling even the reading of his "address." He has fallen even below — Botts. We do not exult in his disaster, but we pity the bilious hawk which he breathes his dying squeak. His "address," which we publish this morning, contains only blind abuse of the Democratic party. He enters into the spirit of party rancor, and undertakes to re-establish those party lines which the war destroyed. This "address" will doubtless be pleasant reading for those Democrats who "desire to co-operate!" But Botts has often sworn that he "would go to the devil to beat the Democracy," and — he has done it.

Of the action of the negro convention little is to be said at present. It is but a repetition of their performances last April. If it ever was a question it can no longer be doubted that the way to escape Radical oppression does not lead Virginians into the Radical party.

THE SURRETT TRIAL.

This case has now been in progress near two months, and the history of the whole criminal record of this country furnishes no parallel to its enormities. The Judge who is sitting to protect innocence and vindicate law, has shown himself more unprincipled than a Jeffrey, and the Prosecuting Hayman's on the part of the government more eager for blood than untamed hyenas. The whole purpose manifested throughout has been conviction, innocent or guilty, and to accomplish this witnesses have been perjured, law set at defiance, and the precedents heretofore established in the trial of similar cases, utterly abrogated. The evidence, however, has been at length terminated, and the argument of counsel occupied near the whole of last week, and the case was most probably given to the jury on Saturday. Its verdict is eagerly expected, though to the public sentiment of the country, it may or may not carry conviction. The following were the closing remarks of Mr. Merrick on the part of the defence:— "There had been blood enough shed in this country, and it was now time that the sword should be sheathed. No man had greater horror of the crime that resulted in the murder of Abraham Lincoln than himself. Already four persons have been hung and others are suffering. Three years ago there was in this city a happy household sitting beside a bright household fire. There sat a mother and a sister just budding into womanhood, and beside them a young man just reaching manhood. He would have the jury to remember the changes that have come over that scene: The bright fire is extinguished, the mother sleeps in a nameless felon's grave, the daughter, hardened and broken-hearted, drags out a wretched life, and the son is here before you on trial for his life. May Almighty God so guide your judgments and enlighten your convictions that the remembrance of the day of your verdict may hereafter and forever be a sweet and pleasant recollection."

See our advertising columns to-day for many matters of interest, an examination of which may prove mutually advantageous to buyer and seller.

MEETING.—We are requested to say that there will be a meeting of the Old Dominion Base Ball Club at the Academy, on Tuesday evening next. A full attendance desired.

OUR BIG SHOW.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," our friend Joseph, the gymnastic of radicalism in this country, had passed from view, until within the last few days when our eyes fell upon the following, in one of our West Virginia exchanges:—"Public Speaking at the Court House, Wednesday evening, July 17, 1867, at 7 o'clock, P. M., by Senator Chapline, of Jefferson, and other Great Orators! Ladies, Gentlemen and everybody else are respectfully invited and earnestly solicited to be in attendance. By the Committee."

Now, the Senator Chapline referred to in this brief notice of a public meeting is no one else than "our bully Joe," whom we have nursed with such tender care and assiduous attention for the past few months, and who with other "great orators," was to trot his horn in the romantic town of Buchanan, Upper county, on the evening of the 17th of July. We presume Joseph was there or thereabouts, at the time specified in the bill, although we have as yet received no reports of the proceedings of that Wednesday evening, and are unable to say positively whether or not the "great orators" selected for the occasion filled the places assigned them in the programme. The call for the meeting as it reached us, does not specify the character of the meeting which was to afford our Senator an opportunity for the display of his matchless oratorical powers—which are rather of the demonstrative than persuasive—but we have no doubt, if left to the exercise of his own judgment, he selected for discussion the subject of "Finance, or How to Raise the Wind." And in this broad field which has taxed the brain and strained the energies of the most gigantic intellects of the present and past ages, our hero is perfectly at home, and sees with keener than prophetic vision, "how some things can be done as well as others."

This intuitive comprehension of the subject of Finance, admirably fits our Senator for the position of a member of the committee of "ways and means," for he is thoroughly conversant with the "ways" that are bound to produce the "means," and is consequently never at sea when funds are required, either for State or personal purposes. That he enlightened the "loyal" of Upper county upon this highly entertaining topic, we have every reason to believe, and that he handled his subject with a *check rein* we feel authorized in stating, notwithstanding the failure of the Buchananites to report his remarks. But it is useless to pursue the gymnastic further on this little fiasco. That he did his duty in the interests of his party, no one familiar with his ardent temperament can for a moment doubt.

We come now to matters nearer home; to radicalism as it is around our own hearthstones and where we have the most favorable opportunities of observing its effects upon the public pulse and political morals. The "loyal" are moving, and before we issue another paper their county ticket will be in the field, full-fledged for an animated contest. Whether the mantle of the party will be thrown on the broad shoulders of our ticket for the House of Delegates—Smith and Anderson—we can only leave for the convention to determine, at the same time assuring the delegates who are to constitute the convention, that no other nominations will receive our unequalled endorsement.

Preparatory to this grand convention, we copy the following from the Shepherdstown Register of Saturday last:— At a meeting of the loyal voters of Chapline Township held at the Court House on Saturday 27th of July, 1867, WM. G. BUTLER was called to the Chair and JACOB J. MILLER was appointed Secretary. On motion of John E. Schley, the following gentlemen were appointed delegates to attend the Senatorial and County Conventions to be held on the 10th of August, next:— Joseph S. Fleming, Jacob J. Miller, Wm. G. Butler, John Spangler, Wm. B. Turner, Thomas Licklider, John J. Vansant, John W. Grant, John R. Hawn, Ehd. Turner.

At a meeting of the loyal voters of Shepherd Township held at the Court House on Saturday the 27th of July, J. V. UNDERDUNK, Esq. was called to the Chair and C. E. STUBBS, Esq., appointed Secretary. On motion of M. T. Ingles, the following gentlemen were appointed delegates to attend the Senatorial and County Conventions to be held on the 10th of August, next:— J. V. Underdunk, Jas. D. Fayant, I. Thomas Chapline, C. E. Stubbs, J. T. McKevitt, Lind F. Curry, Daniel Reynolds, John H. Cooks, John D. Staley, George Byers.

Above we have the delegations from Chapline and Shepherd townships. We have heretofore published the delegation from Charlestown township, made up as it is of— Warren Burton, Wm. Johnson, George Anderson, Burton, Silversmith, Anderson, Blacksmith. There are some names connected with this "loyal" movement at Shepherdstown, which with us, have created a little surprise. That Mr. Wm. G. Butler should lend himself and his influence to a party of which Joe Chapline is the acknowledged leader in this county, is something entirely beyond our comprehension, and compels us to surmise as to the probable causes which influence his action. It is true Mr. Butler has been honored with a seat in the Superior's Court of the county, and has been on almost every committee raised by that very distinguished body to investigate the county interests. We are well aware too, that these little attentions have their effect upon human nature, particularly where said human nature is susceptible of flattery, and is not properly balanced by a strong brain and an extraordinary amount of moral courage. But we desire to ask Mr. Butler a few questions. Does he feel at home in the society and political association of such men as Joe Chapline and company? We believe him to be a sensible man, and we have been disposed to regard him as an honest man. As such, can he conscientiously support a man upon whom the charge of presenting a false check has been proven, and who was a whiskey smuggler during the war, and who is a whiskey-guzzler in peace and in war? If Mr. Butler can do this, may not the public make its inference and draw its

OUR SIDE TENT.

Mr. Editor.—Being quite an admirer of the happy manner in which you have characterized the exposition of the many wonderful and astounding specimens of curiosity exhibited with such care and precision in the Big Show, and believing that there is yet one rare specimen that should not escape the observation of your readers, I propose, as your pavilion seems to be confined within the limits of Jefferson, to open a Side Show, which will allow them the privilege of beholding this rare phenomenon of Berkeley.

Prior to the rebellion, this individual had received the confidence of the people upon more than one occasion, and by their votes been placed in positions of honor and trust. At the beginning of the late war, he was receiving the legitimate fruits of the confidence thus bestowed upon him at home, by reaping the beneficial reward of a mission to a foreign land. But scarcely had the smoke of the first gun cleared away, before his presence was announced in Washington. What a glorious position, it is imprudent to say, and held as a political enemy to the United States. Finally, he is exchanged, and with a light and joyous heart, boyant hopes, and the aspiring ambition of his fervent nature all ablaze with radiant expectation, he sits his face toward the Mecca of his blind hallucinations, and sees full upon his worthy shoulders, "the expectant mantle of future glory."

Arrived in Richmond, and there, in Capitol Square, amid the throngs of people, he excited auditory, enunciated his qualified adherence to the object and principles of the Confederate cause. So deeply imbued was he with these preternatural principles of nationality, that the charge must be mounted, And the fields of glory banneted, With the never dying spirit of the immortal Putnam. It must have been a sight long to be remembered by those who were present, and a colloquy to be heard to be appreciated, that took place on the street in Winchester upon his arrival in that place as a member of Jackson's staff: "Halloo! my friend, you seem to be in the wrong element!" Sitting erect upon his faded steed, his holsters exhibiting the handles of a pair of sancy navy revolvers, his pants in his boot-tops, a sword in his scabbard, and a watch in his breast, he drew carelessly down over his brow, and the inevitable mud of the Valley profusely doeking both horse and rider with honor, as emblematic of duty performed, he points in the direction of the National army, and answers in a defiant tone, "I am on my way to meet the enemy."

Whether he met them or not, is a question that seems to be shrouded in the ominous shadow of doubt and uncertainty. But one thing is certainly beyond cavil; his military career as an auxiliary to his renowned chief was not uneventful, and with that signal success which characterized his course as a protagonist in the political arena of former days. I have referred to the subject of this short communication in the manner above, that we may have a fair standpoint in observing the glaring inconsistencies of his acts, and scanning the peculiarities of a nature whose composition seems totally the embodiment of incongruities. In the course of an address on the 4th ult., he used these remarks: He felt proud to live with the stars and stripes—that the South was never wrong, and that the rebellion had been granted, and the North take lasting credit to itself for putting it down; and that the South might feel thankful for the leniency extended to them. It certainly is a source of gratification to all who properly respect and revere the principles of our government, to hear men give vent to their patriotic emotions by exclamations of pride for the emblem of their liberties. But, would to God, that men had more regard for the principles of which it is significant and fewer aspirations for places of honor, or that while they feel a pride in the old banner as the floats to the breeze, they may also feel to be their bounden duty to uphold and maintain, to the best of their ability, the principles of which it is emblematic; that while they are protected under its ample folds, they may feel that there is room and a welcome for all.

We can fully understand why in his opinion the North can take lasting credit to itself for putting down the rebellion. The Senate Chamber and House of Representatives of the United States, stands with open doors to admit the reconstructed rebel who can take the radical pill, and bow submissively to the New England ideas, no matter how deeply he may have been steeped in shame, inquiry, or what not. It would be strange if he should forget the 13,657 soldiers of Delaware; the 49,730 of Maryland; the 30,000 of West Virginia; the 30,000 of East Tennessee; the 16,000 of the District of Columbia; the 78,000 of Georgia; the 100,000 of Missouri; neither of which is a Northern State. Let the candid and unprejudiced mind but weigh these facts in the balance of reason, and a definite conclusion is but the result of a momentary reflection. Place this 318,387 under command of Gen. Lee, and it shows a difference in round numbers of 630,774. Had this difference occurred, is there a sane man who can suppose for a moment that our national arms would have been successful? The figures above are taken from the report of Secretary Stanton, in response to a resolution of the House asking information respecting the number of volunteers furnished by the States of the Union.

We are told that the government is lenient to the South. If, in his address, that utterance was prompted by the dictates of his own conscious guilt, and as applicable alone to himself, then let him enjoy the full fruition of his thanks to the powers that be. But if it was intended to apply to the Southern States, now in the enjoyment of freedom and liberty, from what root or derivation is his definition of leniency extracted? Is it leniency when after denying the right of these States to secede, a war is carried on, for years for the perpetuation of the Union, and successfully terminated, to then legislate them out of the Union, thereby acknowledging the right of dissolution by congressional acts, while it denies it to the States? Is it leniency when they are denied the privilege of conducting their own internal affairs, or even having the right of selecting their own rulers? If they may continue to exist, is it leniency when the whole State governments are abolished by one sweeping act of Congress, whose only aim is the aggrandizement of a party already stamped with shame and inquiry, and whose polluted hands are yet wet and wreaking with the innocent blood of constitutional liberty? Is it leniency when they are placed under the absolute jurisdiction of military commanders who are responsible to no tribunal whatever for their acts? Is it leniency when contrary to the Constitution of the United States and the genius of liberty, they are denied the rights of the writ of habeas corpus? Is it leniency when their States are to be

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.—A meeting of several of the Pastors and Members of the Churches of Charlestown and vicinity, an Auxiliary Committee of the Virginia State Bible Society was organized for Jefferson County by the election of the following Officers: President—N. S. WHITE; Secretary—D. HUMPHREYS; Treasurer—REZIN SUGARB.

It was resolved to establish a Depository for the Books of the Virginia State and American Bible Societies, for their distribution and sale in the County. Revs. Messrs. Tongue, Meade and Hopkins were appointed a committee to select the books to be ordered. On motion it was Resolved, to request the newspapers of the County to publish the proceedings of the meeting. D. HUMPHREYS, Secretary.

THE RAINS of the last week have improved the prospect of the growing Corn wonder fully, and great hopes are entertained of the season continuing favorable to its maturity. We have heard several gentlemen speak of a field of seventy acres on the home-place of Mr. R. B. Washington, as of extraordinary growth for this or any other season, and which is said to rival in appearance the "corn patches" of the rich prairies of the West.—The first roasting-ears we have yet noticed in market, were offered on Saturday and readily disposed of. Any of our friends having an extra quantity, will please bear in mind we always had a peculiar fondness for early corn. Our "devil" and his imp, ditto.

OPPORTUNE.—Our neighbor of the Free Press invokes the attention of our town authorities to the unusually impure condition of our streets, alleys, gutters, &c., and recommends some early corrective as a sanitary precaution. The pumps of the town also need attention.

A BUSH MEETING, we learn, is to be held on Sunday next, on the south side of the Shenandoah and near Manning's school house. The Presiding Elder of the District, Rev. Mr. Baird, is expected to be present. The assemblage no doubt will be a large one.

MUTILATED.—Serious inconvenience, and in many cases positive loss has resulted, from some sixty to eighty pages of the County Judgment Docket Book being destroyed. It occurred during the war, but in what way is not known. Our informant thinks the missing papers contained the judgments for the years '52 and '53.

EXPECTED.—Our juveniles, and the colored folks especially, are in anxious expectation of seeing the mammoth circus and menagerie of Dan Castello, now exhibiting in the Valley and likely to be here about the 1st of September. It is advertised for Staunton on the 21st. Robinson's circus is to be in Shepherdstown, on Friday next, Martinsburg, Saturday, Winchester, the Monday following.

THE FOUNDATION of the new Church about to be erected in our town by the colored people, is now under construction. The building is to be of wood, 35 by 45 feet.—The community with every success to the enterprise, and will no doubt contribute proportionate to their means.

GOOD YIELD.—One of our machine men informed us that he had thrashed the larger part of the crop of one of our farmers, raised on land by no means the best of the county, and its average was twenty-two bushels to the acre and weighed sixty-four pounds to the bushel.

THE REV. J. M. ATKINSON, D. D. President of Hampden Sydney College, preached in the Presbyterian church of this town, Sunday, and will remain a short time we presume, in our midst. The congregation at the Episcopal and Methodist Churches was quite large, Sacramental service being administered in the former.

AN EXTRA TREAT of Cars is now being run daily over the W. & P. Railroad, to accommodate the produce that is being hurried forward to market, especially from the upper end of the road. The addition to our depot is about completed, and will furnish additional advantages in the transmission of grain from this point.

MR. ALBERT MILLER has just returned from Fauquier, having roofed with tin, the fine mansion of Col. Wm. G. Morgan, near Salem in that county. The Colonel is "every inch a gentleman," and we commend his wise discretion in selecting one of our enterprising mechanics to secure himself a household from the storms of the elements, if there be no shield against the raging billows of fanaticism.

MR. WM. A. CASTLEMAN has taken charge of the Union Hotel in Berryville, formerly conducted by Mr. A. J. Barford.

THE Rt. Rev. Richard Wilmer, Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Alabama, formerly Rector of Grace Church in Berryville, is now on a visit to his friends in Clark.—He will sail in a short time for Europe, whither he goes to attend a course of Bishops.

A VERY LARGE YIELD.—On a fourteen acre lot, near town, Mr. Geo. Kremer raised five hundred and twenty-one bushels of wheat, being a far more than thirty-seven bushels to the acre! And this too on worn ground. If any of our farmers can beat this, let them send along the figures.—Winchester Times.

[The above was unquestionably a fine yield for the poor lands of Frederick. Indeed, we have heard of nothing to surpass it from the productive soil of Jefferson. Did the "local" of the Times see the grain measured? Thirty-seven bushels to the acre is a "mighty heap" of wheat.]

D. Holmes McGuire advertises one-half of the "Clarke Journal" for sale, privately. The paper is in a prosperous condition.

The immigration to Minnesota this year is immense. Three hundred and fifty wagons have passed over the bridge at St. Paul since April, with two thousand persons. Thousands have gone by rail.

BERKELEY ITEMS.

From the Nolo Era of Thursday last we copy the following items of local interest.—The corner-stone of the new Southern Church, about to be erected in this place, will be laid on Thursday next, the 8th of August, with Masonic ceremonies. Persons desirous of witnessing the exercises, are requested to assemble at the Presbyterian Church at 3 o'clock, P. M., of said day, when an address or sermon will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Fernald. After the services, the congregation will join the procession, and proceed in a body from the Church to the Grounds, where the ceremony of laying the corner-stone will take place. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to the public in general. At the close of the ceremonies a collection will be taken up for the benefit of the Church.

We are requested to publish the following list of amounts collected in Falling Water Township, in aid of the suffering South. The collections were made by Miss Jennie Cox, and the money paid over to the Treasurer of the Relief Association by Mr. David Dodd. The whole amount is \$60, collected as follows:— D. Dodd, \$5.00; Nancy Cox, \$5.00; Catharine Dodd, \$1.00; W. W. Emerson, \$1.00; Susan E. Porterfield, \$1.00; A. P. Porterfield, \$2.00; Helen Porterfield, \$1.00; Matilda Hedges, \$5.00; Rev. John Light, \$10.00; Margaret Lefevre, \$5.00; Elizabeth Lefevre, \$2.00; J. T. Gibson, \$10.00; Mrs. Duvall, \$5.00; Kate Williamson, \$1.00; D. Collier, \$1.00; Miss Mary Ellis, \$5.00.

During the spring and summer, thus far, there has been finished, or now in course of completion, nearly, if not quite fifty new buildings in Martinsburg. These are mostly dwelling houses, although there are several fine business blocks looming up. Dwellings are what we have needed to accommodate our rapidly increasing population. One hundred more houses would find ready tenants at paying rents, if they were only provided. No town in the State, with the same facilities, can present a healthier growth than our own. It is destined to be, in a very short time, the busiest and most flourishing place in the Valley. Capitalists seeking profitable investment can do no better than right here in Martinsburg. We are "marching along" on the "double quick."

The Bunker Hill School, under the charge of Robert S. Eichberger, Esq., intended having an Exhibition on Wednesday evening, August 7th inst. The Exhibition will be held in the P. E. Church of that place, and will consist of addresses, dialogues, tableaux, &c. The patrons and public generally are invited to attend.

There is considerable excitement in the neighborhood of Greensburg, this county, in regard to mad dogs. Several have been killed recently in the vicinity. Some persons who own valuable dogs refuse to have them killed after they are known to have been bitten.—This is wrong, and under such circumstances they lay themselves liable for any damage their dogs may do, if they become rabid.—Every dog showing symptoms of rabidness, or known to have been bitten by another in a rabid state, should be killed at once.

From the Union, of Saturday last, we copy the following:— On Wednesday night of last week, William Dennis, colored, engaged as dining-room servant at the Ramer House, attacked Mary Cole, a colored servant, also engaged at the same hotel, and beat her severely—breaking her arm and injuring her internally. He would have killed her but for the prompt interference of Mr. Ramer, the proprietor.—Dennis made his escape. He has always been considered a desperate character, and a vicious system of jail diet would undoubtedly benefit him in the highest degree.

On Monday evening last, a party of men belonging to Camp Collins, engaged in an affray near the depot. Chief Cookman was promptly on hand and captured two of the ringleaders, named Leary and Larkin. They were taken before Mayor Robinson, who committed Leary to jail to await the action of the grand jury, and fined Larkin \$2.50 and cost.

On Friday morning last, some children, while playing at the residence of Wm. D. Burkhardt, Esq.; set fire to a window shade. By the prompt action of Mrs. Burkhardt the flames were extinguished, but the castings bear the marks of the flames. A few moments and the fire would have gained such headway as to preclude the saving of the building.

We understand, that one day last week, Mr. John P. Keatfoot was thrown from a wagon, and had the cap of his knee, severely injured. We have not learned the particulars in the case.

Our attention has been called, by a friend in Jefferson county, Va., to the following notice, which appeared in some of the papers:—"In the Surratt trial, a few days since, Gen. E. G. Lee, of the Confederate army, was introduced as a witness for the defence, when three or four persons, were brought forward, who testified they would not believe Gen. Lee on oath." This is a mistake, and does injustice to a high-souled officer of a gallant officer of the late Confederate army. The persons referred to is John Lee, a Pennsylvanian, who was a witness for the prosecution.

The examination of the witnesses who impeached the testimony of John Lee was heard just before Gen. Lee was introduced by the counsel engaged in defence of Surratt.—Hence the blunder, which seems to be rather inexcusable. Gen. E. G. Lee, is a native of Jefferson county, and son of E. I. Lee, Esq.; whose home it may be remembered, was tenanted by order of Gen. David Hunter—Edmund I. Lee is a cousin, we believe, of Gen. E. Lee. The above statement is made in justice to our injured gentlemen, whose character, as we happen to know, is above suspicion.—Lynchburg Virginian.

WANTED, to complete our files, copies of the Spirit of Jefferson of the following dates:—1866—February 6th, April 17th, May 29th, June 5th, June 19th, August 21st, and December 11th. Persons having copies of the paper of the above dates, will greatly oblige us by sending them to this office.

A number of gentlemen from the State of Alabama are in Washington. It is said that they come with well substantiated complaints against General Pope. They recently had a short interview with the President, with what result has not been ascertained.

A letter from Edoardo Ayres says:—"Large numbers of those unfortunate men and women, beguiled from the United States to emigrate to Brazil, begot to find their way here. They are poor, helpless, deceived, and are witnesses of the folly of leaving the United States for any country under the sun. Deceived by rascals of various kinds, and finally enlisted in the army, is the fate of many a poor fellow." That Brazilian scheme (wind-up) is to be exposed.

THE IMMIGRATION to Minnesota this year is immense. Three hundred and fifty wagons have passed over the bridge at St. Paul since April, with two thousand persons. Thousands have gone by rail.

RECONSTRUCTED UNDER MILITARY RULE, (respective of their real interests and welfare), by ignorant negroes manipulated by exotic tools of the radical party, simply for their political benefit? Is it leniency when they have been stripped of everything they possessed which it was found practicable to deprive them of? There is not a stone left unturned in the exhibition of malice, hatred, revenge, animosity, and a rapacious appetite for political plunder, by this party whom we are told we should term lenient.

Had this assertion been the utterance of a radical demagogue whose inward hates and antipathies would have been a sufficient explanation of his true meaning; it would be well to pass it over unnoticed; But when it comes from one whose record of the past is so well known, surely it seems to be an exorcism as far removed from natural causes as the imagination is competent of conceiving. I, for one, who claim to be as loyal to the principles of American liberty as any man upon the face of God's earth, who receives the blessings of its benign influence; who believe secession and rebellion against the government wrong, first, last, and all the time; and who have never offered aid or comfort to the rebellion, in the slightest degree whatever, am unwilling that the measure of leniency to the Southern States, shall be weighed in the balance of State Rights, transformed into radical consolidation.

He conscientious believer of a faith and consistent exponent of its doctrines, will challenge respect and admiration even from his most hostile opponent. But the plundering proceeds, he looks the North in the face, and waives the dignity of manhood that ordinary ends may be accomplished, presents an object which to see, is to detest; to hear is to disbelieve; to touch, is to be polluted.—ANON.

From our Special Correspondent: From Harper's Ferry. Spirit of Jefferson: It is accomplished. The Island is sold. Busy hands are already at work. The pleasant hum of labor mingles with the summer breeze. And the kingly costumes—more brilliant than that which encircled the waist of Venus—that courses and sparkles round the whilom possessions of Herr, gives promise of employment and plenty to a people, that had become impoverished in everything but hope. Inquisitive people, who, like children, must know what is inside of everything, be it the head of a pin, or a watch, can have nothing to desire after reading your article on the subject in last week's paper.—Single-minded, honest men, with large families to support, young men who want employment, those, whoever they may be, who take an interest in the welfare of the place, will be more anxious and better pleased to know that in a short time the old mill will be once more in operation; that the old factories will be repaired and put to good use; that there will be plenty of work for large numbers of mechanics and laborers.—We trust the proprietors are the very men, in the shortest possible time, to effect this.

Now, let Government follow the example of Herr; dispose of the lands here which it has determined to use no more, allow others, who are able and willing, to turn to manufacturing and other useful purposes, the facilities for those ends which abound here, and then, though the summer pass away, and again, as usual, the wind and rain, and snow of winter make their appearance, there will be nothing to dread. A plentiful harvest—a warm frore—cheerful faces, will meet the mechanic when his day of toil is over; honestly earned wages will pay more than pay for all. And, with God's blessing, Harper's Ferry will be herself again. Woodbine and roses will again entwine the porticos, and creep through the fences of Bolivar, and then, in our present enjoyment, and in the pleasant prospect of the future, unmindful of the past, we will admit with old Will Shakespeare, that "all's well that ends well."



POETICAL.

THE SWING IN THE APPLE TREE.

The sunbeams come, the sunbeams go,
The daisies drop, the daisies grow,
I hear the breeze laughing low,

HUMOROUS.

A publisher of a paper made arrangements with a man in a neighboring town to furnish him with news items from that locality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Romantic Story.

It is stated that in Brooklyn, N. Y., there lives a native of the Emerald Isle, who has three children.

In the peculiar condition of her trance states, she seemed gifted with a foreknowledge of events, and breathed her thoughts in language so pure and beautiful that even those few friends who were cognizant of her peculiar condition could but express their surprise in wonder and admiration.

CRISPER COMA.

Oh! she was beautiful and fair,
Whose curls trembled soft and kind,
Whose curls trembled soft and kind,

By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves a thousand fold.

REPARATOR CAPPELLI.

Throw away your hair brushes, your switches, your destructive combs, and not worth a fig!

REPARATOR CAPPELLI.

For restoring hair upon bald heads (from whatever cause it may have fallen out) and forcing a growth of hair upon the scalp.

BY THE USE OF CHATELAIN'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL.

For improving and softening the complexion. The most valuable and perfect preparation in use.

ASTROLOGY.

THE WORLD ASTONISHED.

AT THE WONDERFUL REVELATIONS MADE BY THE GREAT ASTROLOGIST, MADAME H. A. PERRIGO.

THE REVEALS secrets not mortal eye knew. She has been consulted by the most distinguished names of the age.

ASTROLOGY.

THE WORLD ASTONISHED.

AT THE WONDERFUL REVELATIONS MADE BY THE GREAT ASTROLOGIST, MADAME H. A. PERRIGO.

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CHARLESTOWN MARBLE WORKS, Main Street, Opposite the Carter House, CHARLESTOWN.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEAD & FOOT STONES, MANTLES, STATUES, AND CARVING.

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GRADY & CO., COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, &c., GROCERIES.

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REMOVAL.

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry of all kinds.

SAW PINS and Steel Pins for sale low.

MASONRY - A few fine Masonic Breast Pins, for sale low.

U. M. S. SAMUEL H. WOODY, AT HIS SHOP.

ON HAND a stock of which the people of this community are invited, and he feels satisfied that those who examine it will be constrained to purchase.

PERFECT MATERIAL.

COMPETENT WORKMEN.

BEAUTIFUL HATS.

SCROFULA.

Important to Persons Afflicted with Scrofula.

A Positive Cure After Seven Years Suffering.

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CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

M. S. BROWN, (SUCCESSOR TO J. H. HAINES), MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS.

MANUFACTURERS and will keep constantly on hand the following brands of Cigars.

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

ICE CREAM SALOON.

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

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ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

TO TRAVELLERS.

BALTIMORE & O. R. R. COMPANY. SCHEDULE OF Passenger Trains arriving and departing from the Harper's Ferry Station.

WINCHESTER AND POTOMAC R. R. TIME TABLE.

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CONNECTIONS.

MANUFACTURED OR REPAIRED.

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