

# VIRGINIA FREE PRESS.

THE "OLD FAMILY JOURNAL"—DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, TRADE, LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, &C.

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## VIRGINIA FREE PRESS.

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### POETICAL.

#### You Remember it, Don't You?

You remember the time when I first sought your home,  
When a smile, not a word, was the summons to come;  
When you called me a friend, till you found, with surprise,  
That our friendship turned out to be love in disguise.

You remember it—don't you?  
You will think of it—won't you?  
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last  
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when shared,  
With the bliss, you remember, could aught be compared?  
You remember how fond was my earliest vow,  
Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee now.

You remember it—don't you?  
You will think of it—won't you?  
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last  
Long after the present fades into the past.

### MISCELLANY.

#### Under the Charcoal.

In New York you may live next door to another for five-and-twenty years, and never know his name. In Paris your own brother might occupy rooms under the same roof and you might never meet each other, might live and marry and die there, and never guess the neighborhood of a kinsman. For those who desire it, it is the loneliest place in the world.

No one, unless it was the porter of the old many-storied house in the Rue de—, knew that Monsieur Paul Dupont occupied the front room of that dwelling, or that he was an artist. It was a matter of perfect indifference to all but his artist friends. For the matter of that, poor folks are of little consequence anywhere, whether they paint or sing, or act, or scribble. When they become rich, it is another thing, and folks take notice of them, and they should put their names in the directory and let the world know when they are at home. But a poor man or woman—bah! Paris, as a general thing, let Monsieur Dupont paint alone, and the Emperor had never visited his studio yet. It was an odd place, that studio. A litter of portfolios and canvases, and cast, and easels, and pictures in frames and out of them; wicker chairs and mezzanines lay about, and empty wine bottles, which had contained very innocent and sour French wines, graced the corners; where there was a north light and a canvas in the lower part of the window, and a pot for the making of chocolate, and some modern ones by Sue, and George Sand, and Dumas; there were also a violin, a flute and guitar, a sword and a couple of pistols, sometimes hanging up, sometimes fallen down, and sometimes in use even the pistols, for there was a painted circle with a spot in the centre over the mantel, at which Monsieur Paul often took aim for practice, without bringing in a pellet, or discomposing the mind of the landlady. There are so many suicides in Paris that when a man hears the report of a pistol he only thinks, "It is my neighbor blowing his brains out," and does not interfere with what does not concern him.

Unroofing this, a la Asmodets, to take a peep you might have seen one bright May morning, Monsieur Paul Dupont standing despairingly before a picture—the sort of picture one might have expected of a Frenchman of three-and-twenty—airy, graceful and romantic. A lover at the feet of his beloved, in a picturesque nook, beside a fountain, a castle in the distance, a duenna asleep under the trees on a garden bench. A picture destined to be called "La Declaration." The youth was handsome, the duenna brown and corpulent, the maiden, alas, but a sketch-like sketch. There was the difficulty, Paul could find no model for his beauty. True there were plenty who could be hired for so many sous an hour, but he wanted an innocent face, and much staring at artists' studios had banished the blush from most of the faces young and pretty enough for his purpose. Monsieur Paul had always found it impossible to imitate the expression of his models; and it would not do for the heroine of "La Declaration" to look brazen.

At last he flung down his brushes, kicked over a stool, put on his hat with its pendant tassels, and his velvet cap, and went down stairs and out into the Rue de Capuchin. It was a quiet street enough. The houses looked half asleep. The only sound was the distant rumbling of a carriage, or the wide thoroughfare, and the hideous yell of a fishwoman, with a basket on her head, crying her stock for sale. Monsieur Paul pattered on, with his hands deep in the pockets of his paletot, and looking in the air, forgot to watch his feet. They struck suddenly against something, and somebody uttered a shriek and cried, "Ah! he has destroyed them!" Looking down, Monsieur Paul saw a girl and an overturned basket of violets. He had run against a flower girl and thrown down her merchandise unawares.

An Englishman would have uttered naughty words, and asked her why she couldn't keep out of the way. You who read this can tell the best way an American would have done. The Frenchman stooped down, and began to pick up the blossoms with a little "pardou." At that the head was lifted, and under a gold

den fleece of hair Paul Dupont saw the face he wanted. An innocent face—a beautiful face—the face of a perfect blonde. Perhaps she was seventeen, but certainly no older. Earliest girlhood lingered yet in her blue dress.

Paul forgot the flowers. "Will you sit for me," he said abruptly. Then remembering that she might not understand him, he went on, "I am an artist. I desire to find a model for a figure I am painting. If you will oblige me, I will pay you well."

The girl shook her head slowly, hesitated, and said, in a low voice, in the English language, "I do not understand. I am an American."

Paul collected his thoughts. He had a smattering of English, and he said, "I shall speak to you in English. You comprehend?"

"Yes," said the girl simply, and she listened as he spoke, and explained in broken English, musical and pretty enough, what he meant and wanted.

She understood and mused a moment, when she looked up into his eyes, and said, "Can I trust you?"

He answered the look, for there were no words, "I shall be good to you. There is no need to fear."

And his kind eyes looked frankly into hers, and she arose and followed him, with her violets on her arm, up those long dingy stairs to the atelier, with its north light and its heterogeneous belongings, where, thronged on the dias, she looked lovelier than ever, as he taught her how to turn her head, and place herself, and painted her shadowy outline on the canvas. The first sitting was not the last. She came again and again. At length Monsieur Paul discovered why she was so glad to earn the coin he gave her. Her mother was dying slowly of consumption. She was an American. A year before she had come to Paris, led by the hope of recovering some property which had belonged to her dead father, who was a native of France. That hope was futile, and by the time they knew it to be so, the mother had fallen ill, and now their money was all gone, and they could not return to their native land, as she was dying.

"So what could I do?" said the girl; "I could not see her starve. Though my father was a Frenchman, I do not understand of the language. I need do nothing but offer these flowers, and I have earned bread and a little wine and soup for my mother. When she is gone I shall care no longer, but just lie down and die." "It is sad for you," said the young Frenchman, "but the young and beautiful should live, not die."

Should live and love! he thought, although he did not say so. Monsieur Paul Dupont was poor himself, but after this many a dainty and many a bottle of wine found its way to the unknown woman dying in a foreign land. From that day she did not suffer from want.

And that picture was long painting. It seemed as though the golden hair and blue eyes would never be done. Paul Dupont was in no haste whatever; for let the secret creep out, this fearless American girl, selling her flowers in the Rue de—, would be a laughing stock. He gave her for the copying of that sweet face, and the young artist's heart. He hardly knew it himself, until one day she entered his room trembling and weeping, and sobbed forth, "My mother is dead." Then the truth flashed upon him, and he bent over her and took her hand, and said in French—

"But thou hast a friend yet left, beloved?"

That day he looked upon the dead face of the flower girl's mother, and did what a son might have done. The foreign lady lies in a quiet grave, with a little cross above her head, and there were two mourners, her daughter and Monsieur Dupont. It was beside her grave he said to her tender words of comfort—there, also, he whispered—

"Thou canst not live longer. Thou dost not hate me. Let my heart shelter thee—be my wife."

And in this brief time she had learned to understand his native tongue. Lonely, and loving him as he did her, there was but one answer to be given. That night an old priest married them, and Paul took his wife home to his atelier. A sweet, sweet task it seemed to dry her tears, to comfort her; very sweet to teach her his native tongue. His English and her French were on a par; but lovers can understand each other without language of any kind. The prettiest pair in Paris were deaf and dumb, and held converse with their eyes. For a few days that atelier was a Paradise, and

It was in the dead hours of the night. They started wide awake together, with a noise and glare about them. The building was on fire. People were screaming, wood crackling, flames licking up door-posts and window-frames with its red tongues. Fifteen minutes more would have been the end of them. As it was, Paul had barely time to wrap his darling in a coverlid and fly down the blazing stairs for life. She was not hurt, but he was singed about the face and hands, and badly burnt on his arm. He hardly knew it until next day, when the debris of the furniture was rescued from the ruins, and they had found another lodging. Then the pain became more severe. That he didn't mind as long as the nurse did; but as the days passed on, and he grew rather worse than better, the fear that he might not be able to paint before their little purse grew empty, grew strong. The surgeon shook his head and looked grave over the burn, and would give no opinion. Estelle—that was the name Paul had given her, and she had accepted, because her English name, Ruth, was a mysterious impossibility to his French tongue—did all she could. She spent the sous frugally with an old man who sold cheap articles of food on one side of his shop, while on the other were stored old books, waste paper and rags. Paul knew him well. Many of those old books had been found amidst his refuse, and bought for a few sous. He sympathized with and prescribed for the artist. All in vain. The arm grew worse; and slowly, day by day, the little money vanished, vanished, until they were penniless.

The first day of absolute want, Paul kissed his wife with many words of love, and went out to see the surgeon. He came back with a white face, and sat down, saying nothing. Estelle trembled. She crept up to him and kissed his forehead. Then he burst into tears, and sobbed in her bosom. The surgeon had told him that his arm must come off, or he must die. A terrible fate for an artist and a young man of twenty three.

"I must die," he said, "there is no choice."

"I will work for you," she sobbed, "only live for me."

"The little hands are both not as much as one of mine," said Paul. "We cannot live, but we can die together."

She spoke her native language and he his, in their excitement. Then they were silent. She knew what he meant. Forgive him, reader; he was French, and a Frenchman's first idea in trouble, is charcoal. That was it—charcoal and an airtight room. She had no wish to die; but her husband was her world, and she could not exist without him. After a while, sitting together, sorrowful and hungry, in the gloomy room, she was quite of his way of thinking—She only said, "Wait until to-night," and he answered, "As you will, cher amie."

So they waited, and at dusk began their preparations. They made their windows and their chimney airtight, and sat a furnace in the middle of the room. Then Paul said—

"I will bring the charcoal. My friend, the shopkeeper, will wait some time for his money, but no matter, he will not begrudge it."

He took a basket and went out through the darkness to the little shop. To the inquiries of its owner, he replied that he was better—would soon be well. As he said this his eye rested on the charcoal, and he smiled. The grocer was unobtrusive. He bent over the black fuel, measuring it. "Your basket has a hole in it," he said. "The coal will escape, and soil madame's neat floor. Wait, I will repair it." Searching among the rubbish, he found a piece of crumpled parchment, and laid it in the basket. "It is a portion of the paper of Monsieur Noir, deceased," he said; "I purchased it with a chaos of books and papers, to wrap up my merchandise in. See, it is sufficient. 'Bon soir,' monsieur." And Paul Dupont departed.

He went home intent on what seemed to him a very praiseworthy undertaking. He embraced Estelle, fastened the door and lit a candle, "that we may look upon each other," "cher amie," he sighed, and then left her to the task of kindling those fatal coals. To this end a stretcher had been broken to pieces, matches lay ready, only paper was wanting.

"There is some in the basket," said Paul; and Estelle drew forth—not exactly paper, but parchment; an old deed, something in French. As Estelle's eyes rested upon it she saw her name thrice repeated. In a moment she cried to Paul—

"Where did this come from?" and Paul instead of doing as one of our countrymen would have done, bid her not to chatter on unimportant matters at a crisis, said as politely as though there were no charcoal on the tapis, "I have been told from the garret of Mous. Noir, deceased."

"Paul—Paul—Monsieur Noir was my grandfather. Do you forget that is my name? Read this dear Paul."

And so he read it. It was a will, bequeathing certain property, well worth the having, to Monsieur Jean Noir, or if deceased, to his daughter Miss Ruth Noir—a native of America and the grand-daughter of the testator, etc.

This was the property that brought Mrs. Noir to Paris—the will which it had been supposed was extinct, but which had been vainly searched for, for the very good reason that several grasping servants had unwittingly sold it with the other papers, and books, and household refuse, to dealers in such articles for a few sous. The grasping servants could not read. Neither could the polite shop-keeper of the Rue de—, and but for that charcoal it is probable the document would have remained lost forever.

Monsieur Dupont and wife did not light the furnace until they had unstopped the windows. Then it was to make chocolate. Mrs. Ruth had proofs of her identity, and insisted on her unpronounceable name until they were established. After this she accepted the name of Estelle again with joy.

They were rich now, and, despite the surgeon's predictions, I doubt if Paul lost his arm, for some time since Parisian periodicals were lauding a picture he had painted. Was it a portrait of Eugene, or of her little Napoleon? And were a list of wondrous titled personages who had visited the atelier of Monsieur Paul Dupont.

### Genuine Religion.

How beautiful is that religion which teaches me to love God above all things and my neighbor as myself! Religion is benevolence, and benevolence includes every virtue. The benevolent cannot be uncharitable, cannot be unfaithful, cannot be censorious, cannot be impure in act or thought, can not be selfish; they love God and their neighbors and they do as they would be done by. But who is religious? who is benevolent? who is at all times pure in thought or deed? who is at all times free from consorts of sin, from uncharitable thoughts? None. Not was in existence, but which had been vainly searched for, for the very good reason that several grasping servants had unwittingly sold it with the other papers, and books, and household refuse, to dealers in such articles for a few sous. The grasping servants could not read. Neither could the polite shop-keeper of the Rue de—, and but for that charcoal it is probable the document would have remained lost forever.

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### BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.

Sir Humphrey Davy writes:—I envy no quality of the mind and intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but I would choose what would be most beautiful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; vanishes and throws over the decay—the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all light, awakens new life, even death; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly honors, calls up the most beautiful visions of the palms and amarants, in the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist views only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

A grave-stone in the cemetery at Newburyport marks the resting-place of an estimable lady, who, according to the inscription, "was in state of health suddenly summoned to the skies, and snatched from ye eager embrace of her friends, and don't hanker to be a woman's Kommittee, the married state is a Haven and arth well to oast. But after the married state is a good deal like falling out of a cherry tree; if a person does happen to get hurt it is a good reason for not trying it again."

How in the name of self-respect can one female find it in her heart to talk disrespectfully about any female with whom she associates. Do we slander the fair sex by saying that there are any women who do this?

### A Beautiful Picture.

A mother teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of earthly pilgrimages, through whose ministrations we are incited to good and restrained from evil. The image of the mother becomes associated in his mind with the invocation she taught him to his "Father who is in heaven." When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well remembered prayer to his "Father who is in heaven," will strengthen him to resist evil—

When in riper years he mingles with mankind and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty; when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coolness of interested friendship, he may indeed be tempted to despise his fellow-men; but he will remember his "Father who is in heaven."

Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world and allow the seed of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometimes hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to his "Father who is in heaven." But when the trials of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation but the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to Him who died that we might live—the Redeemer of the world.

### HOME LIFE.

If some life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, working time, play time, books, games, and household sympathies, they will love home, and find pleasure there.

Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawing will amuse them when noisy plays have lost their zest, or are unseasonable; and the art will be useful to them in after life. Have them read each other stories of your selection, and save the funny things and the pleasant ones you see in papers and books to read them at your leisure. You cannot imagine how much it will please them, and how it will bind them to you. Choose well for them; for the impression made on their minds now will last when the hills crumble, and have them sing together, and sing with them, teaching them songs and hymns. Let them sing all day—like the birds—at all proper times. Have them mutually interested in the same things—amusements and occupations; having specified times for each, so that their habits will be orderly. Let them work together in the garden—boys and girls—both need out-door work. Together let them enjoy their games, riddles, etc.—all their plays, books, and work—while the parents eyes direct and sympathize, and their loud voices blend in loving praise.

MR. CHITTREDS was once engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defense, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

"When God in his eternal council conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three ministers who wait constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them:

"Shall we make man?" Then said Justice—"O God, make him not, for he will trample upon the laws." Truth made answer also—"O God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But Mercy dropped upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, "O God make him—I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him, "O man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother."

The Jury, when he finished, were all in tears, and against evidence, and what must have been their own conviction brought in a verdict of not guilty.

"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn that she had all once for us as children. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will find its way, and prayers will be said, and we shall be left alone in silence and darkness for the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we die, and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names."

It is not your petty dress, your expensive shawl, or your pretty fringes that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Foods may be won by gow-gaws and fashionable, showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sot, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps.

You ask me, says Josh Billings, which is the most best, the married or the single condition? Most everybody, at some time in their life, has hazied the single state; also, most everybody has hankered after the double state, or married condition. I have tried both states, and an ready true swear that if a man can get a woman who kisses his cheeks on both sides without burning them; and don't hanker to be a woman's Kommittee, the married state is a Haven and arth well to oast. But after the married state is a good deal like falling out of a cherry tree; if a person does happen to get hurt it is a good reason for not trying it again.

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### WONDERFUL.

An Englishman who was travelling on the Mississippi river told some rather tough stories about the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive hump! and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the really people stole nearly everything I had and finally a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."

"Good God!" said the Englishman. "And you have never found her?"

"Never to this day." But that was not the worst of it.

"Worst. Why what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case.

"Children?"

"Yes, a nigger woman, who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and sloped and jined the injins."

"Did you see her?"

"See her? Yes; and she hadn't ten rods the start of me; but plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her wif."

The Englishman leaned back in his chair and called for another mug of 'alf-and-alf,' while Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly.

"I shan't go any further West—I think," at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise you to go," said Case, quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in, pray?"

"Lumbering—had a saw-mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes; and saw-logs, too."

"Yes; whole dozens of the blackwalnut logs were carried away in a single night."

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, had men hired to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would whip them away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the river, out of the cove and, even out of the railways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there, sending a sly wink at the listening company, just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, one day my brother bought an all-fired fire black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side of the hill above the mill, built a fire, and then sat down on the log to play keards, just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keards and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went to sleep a-straddle of the log. About a minute after daylight, George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone!"

"What were the Scotchmen doing?"

"Sliding on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end, which pointed down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out, leaving the shell, and Scotchies sitting a-straddle of it, fast asleep."

The Englishman here rose, dropping his cigar stump into the spittoon, and looking at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

A WOMAN TWO DAYS AT SEA WITH AN INFANT.—In the steamship Bellona, Captain Dixon, just arrived at this port, were two steerage passengers, concerning whom a thrilling incident is related. Franz Meyer, aged twenty-three, and his wife, Anna, aged nineteen, from Canton Soler, Switzerland, were passengers in the ill-fated ship William Nelson, recently destroyed by fire at sea. In the confusion incident to the efforts to save life, the husband and wife were separated. The husband was picked up by one of the ship's boats, which was soon fallen in with by the brig Mercury. The wife, young and endeared, was not discouraged at the uncertainty of her husband's fate, but prepared for her own safety. Self-preservation could not suppress her womanly instincts so far as to ignore the feeble cries for help from an infant, only fourteen days old, left to perish by its distracted parents; but regardless of her own state, she plunged, with her self-imposed charge, into the sea. For two whole days this brave young girl supported herself and the infant on the remnant of a ship's spar, without food or water, sustaining the infant's life by the moisture of her own mouth! Late on the second day, the same vessel in which her husband was saved having ceased cruising, without hope of rescuing more life, fell in with this heroine, and saved her and her little charge. Eventually the family were landed at Havre, France. The Prussian Consul at that port took charge of the infant, as its parents were supposed to have been lost with the wreck.—New York Times.

CHURCH DIFFICULTY.—The Shepherdstown Register says:

### The Troubles Of Lova.

One month ago, a happier man did not live than was Patrick O'Donohue. He was a brother of a boy; could handle a spade or mow a dunder with the most active of his countrymen, and was never lacking of skill in a set-to or a row. But what made Pat so happy, was the fact that he was in love, and that the maid of his heart returned that love with all the ardor of her soul. Biddy Dugan was the name of the fair one, and to see her was to envy Patrick O'Donohue his good luck. She was as plump as a Bourbon bullock, with a fine, round face, ever wreathed in smiles, large, luscious gray eyes, (Pat. always was fond of gray,) and long tresses of jet black hair. Biddy was a "swart creature," indeed, and it is not surprising she appeared an angel in Patrick's eyes.

Day after day, and night after night, did Mr. O'Donohue wait upon Miss Dugan. He would not deign to look upon any other woman, nor she smile upon any other man. All who knew them, said that their two hearts were one, and that soon the priest would unite them in matrimony. And when at last Biddy severed her longest tress from her head, and entwined it in to watch guard for Patrick, their mutual friends declared "that it was all over, and the question had been popped." But well may Campbell say

"What potent spirit guided the rapt eyes  
To pierce the shadows of dim futurity?"

Patrick O'Donohue felt deeply the responsibilities of a married life, and having received the affections of Biddy, he determined not to marry until his accumulations would enable him to purchase a home. And this he kept a secret, too, from the girl of his heart, supposing that she, like himself, would be satisfied for the present with the delightful pleasures of courtship. Never was mortal man more sadly deceived. Biddy was dying to be a wife, and after waiting week after week, and month after month, and after throwing out hint after hint for Patrick to say the word, she began to despair. In an evil hour an old beau approached her and offered his hand in marriage. Biddy consented provided the nuptials should be celebrated forthwith, and in the next hour they were man and wife.

Where was poor Pat? He heard of this proceeding, but when it was too late. All sorts of wicked notions came in to his head, but he at last determined to see Biddy once, and then take his departure for Ireland or purgatory, he did not care which. He met her on the street, for the first time after her marriage, yesterday.

"Biddy," said he, as he touched her gently on her shoulder.

"Murder! murder! and it is Patrick Dugan's voice I hear," exclaimed Biddy not daring to look up.

"An it is Biddy—your own luvin' Patrick, Biddy, an' he's coming to ye wid a broken heart Biddy."

"Howly mother protect me," said Biddy.

"An it is me that was yer darlint Biddy. Ye told me how ye loved me, so ye did."

"Och! Patrick, Patrick, be say wid me, sould the now repentant woman."

"It's mesel that 'do that same, Biddy. Me hear's breaking Biddy, an' me soule no longer wid ye. Biddy ye give me this lock uv yer hair, so swately fixed for my bosom. It was mesel that thought ye loved me them. But arrah, Biddy, ye are false an' ye turned yer darlint luv away from me."

"An' Patrick, do ye love me?" asked Biddy very much excited.

"Can ye ask mesel that, was Patrick's reply. 'An' would ye have married me, Patrick?'"

"Would I refuse a trate when I'm thry?" was Pat's answer.

"Och! murder! murder! and thin I've been deceived, me Patrick, me darlint, me swate Patrick."

Indifferent as to their exposure on the street, they rushed into each other's arms, and kiss followed kiss in quick succession. How long they would have remained in that position we do not know, if Biddy's husband had not discovered them, and supposing that

RISE FROM THE ASHES.

We greet our old friends and readers, and trust soon to greet many new ones. After four years of collapse—eventful years—during which the ravages of war have everywhere left their desolating track, we are enabled to resuscitate our journal for forty years standing; and we hope to have henceforth only the pleasing task of heralding the victories of Peace; of chronicling the triumph of act and the progress of civilization.

The season has been a fruitful one; the bounties of Providence have been bestowed upon a hitherto suffering people with a profusion demanding gratitude and praise. Travellers remark that though many of our fields are denuded of their normal protection, yet they never saw the Valley look more beautiful and attractive than at present, and many a mere stranger feels anxious to have a home among us.

There are many sad memories of the past—many aching hearts for the loved and lost ones—but reproaches and bitterness will not assuage grief or bring relief to this aching heart. We must bow in silent supplication, and submit to the Almighty fiat.

By four pleasant weeks, therefore, as in times past, to encourage the joy of home which long animated our community, and to foster and stimulate the spirit of emulation and industry which animates our fields and blossoms as the roses.

Having ourselves had no general embracing about the trouble which so lately afflicted our people, we have to self-complacently, nor have we any reproaches for neighbors and friends who differed with us, and accepted the bloody sacrifice of war.

It is enough that we can enjoy our own opinions, without arrogantly assuming to prescribe a line of conduct for others, asking for our views and adherents only such respect as candid minds may bestow. It were idle to indulge in promises, in nothing are our interests separate from those of the people of the Valley. All we can hope for, that we can render the FREE PRESS, as in days gone by, an acceptable visitor in the family circle, and that we can realize from it a living for those who toil to make it a medium of education to the elder portion of our readers, and of instruction and pleasure to the young.

With these brief remarks we again present the "Old Family Journal" to the public, some somewhat of its proportions, but with the cherished hope that popular favor may be long enabled us to spread a wider canvas to the passing gale.

Let them Set the Example.

Some of the radical spirits North, are pressing with premature haste and zeal the question of negro suffrage. Whether of substance or of trifling moment, in the issue, certain it is that they are doing the wrong demand. The results like Wendell Phillips are demanding that the President shall prescribe the suffrage in the Southern States as an incident in the election of members of Congress. Fortunately Mr. Johnson understands too well the nature and principles of this great government to entertain the instrument of an act so unbecomingly anti-republican as this.

He has already indicated in the appointment of Provisional Governors, that the States are to resume their rights of 1860, and that suffrage is a matter for the States themselves to regulate.

But Mr. Phillips expresses his apprehension that the Clerk of the House of Representatives, who by law makes up the roll of members, and to some extent prescribes the order of their admission, may not exclude Southern members elected without the negro vote. He would to forget that this would be a violent, unjust and revolutionary measure—a new attempt to divide the Union.

The National Intelligencer will remark upon this absurd and wicked suggestion, that "it might properly be questioned, who would be guilty of the greater willfulness, the Clerk of the House who should take a stand like that indicated by Mr. Phillips, or the member of Congress who, notwithstanding every requirement of the law was obliged by them, should still vote to reject the Southern members on the ground that the constitution of this State did not see fit to grant the suffrage as to his peculiar notions, or those of his immediate constituents."

It remains to be seen if the loyalty of the South is to be wide enough, after all, on the question of negro suffrage, or whether all the oaths required by law being subscribed to, and the qualifications of the members of the South being complete in other respects, the States in rebellion shall be peacefully permitted to take their places, as Mr. Lincoln proposed it at home, within the Union.

But the friends of equality and fraternity are roused to increased fervor in behalf of the Freedmen, who do not see the example in their respective States—in their homes and in their own consciences.

Reconstruction.

The more radical of the Northern journals are pressing with premature haste and zeal the question of negro suffrage. Whether of substance or of trifling moment, in the issue, certain it is that they are doing the wrong demand. The results like Wendell Phillips are demanding that the President shall prescribe the suffrage in the Southern States as an incident in the election of members of Congress. Fortunately Mr. Johnson understands too well the nature and principles of this great government to entertain the instrument of an act so unbecomingly anti-republican as this.

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Bring Up The Record.

The four years' suspension of the Free Press has left a gap in the local record of our own County and of the Counties adjoining, which we propose to fill up as far as we can.

Notwithstanding the horrors of war, men and maidens deemed it their duty to unite their hearts and fortunes, far-veiled or for, but this union has no place in the chronicles of the times.

Death, to, has been busy all the while, at the family fireside as well as on the battle field. A sweet poetess, in noticing the ravages of the Destroyer, has truthfully said:

"Leave her time to fall,  
And wither in the North wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but thou hast all—  
All seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Of the bereavements which have saddened many a household the "Old Family Journal" could take no note, for it was itself in a state of collapse. But, with friendly aid we can yet make up the melancholy record, and bring back to hearts and homes the remembrance of many virtues in those who have passed away during the eventful period to which we have referred. No one is willing to be forgotten; none wish to forget.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

Irving, in his Sketch Book, has well portrayed the feeling common to humanity in this respect. He truly says:

"The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, and this affliction we brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?"

Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the bomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved: when he feels his heart as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No! the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul."

"Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring hope and fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunction that he should ever have warred with the poor hapless of earth that lies mouldering before him?"

Believing that our readers sympathize with the sentiments, so true to nature, just quoted, we invite them to send us the names and dates necessary to make up the record. We shall do our best to publish each week to this effect, and all we ask is that there be brevity in the record.

News of the Week.

The agitators who seem indisposed to future peaceful relations between the North and South, and who are busy in presenting the question of negro suffrage, are not content with having and holding opinions of their own, but think for other people also, are doing infinite mischief both to whites and blacks. Witness the premature movements of the so-called "Freedmen" at Alexandria and elsewhere—and note the spirit and wicked attempt of the negroes at Aquia Creek, to murder the few white mechanics there employed. If such scenes are attempted to be enacted where the numbers are few, what is to be expected in regions South, where the black population is as two to one over the white?

The National Intelligencer, in the published extract, makes a few good points on the subject.

"We can comprehend an situation short of that of an overwhelming exigency, such as the rebellion was in its most threatening days, which can place in the hands of the Federal power the control of matters like the re-constitution of the States. It is assumed that Congress will be asked to reject such States as may apply for admission to their places in the Union which have refused suffrage to the negro, on the ground that the so-called disunion of the negroes is anti-republican, and that no State can be received into the Union whose constitution is not republican in form. But this is only the old story in other words. If the Southern States shall refuse suffrage to the negro, they will be no more anti-republican than are those Northern States which now wholly refuse black, or that qualify and restrict black and white suffrage. This form of putting the question is only a plea in favor of unconstitutional and revolutionary violence. It means, if the Southern States will not permit the negro to vote, and if the Executive Government will not force such States to permit this suffrage, in that event Congress shall be demanded to usurp the entire power. We confess that we have no fears that the President and the States and the Constitution can be thus overthrown."

Our Position.

Let there be any cavil on that point, we deem it proper to say that we shall support the Administration so far and so long as its policy seems liberal and just to all parts of the Union. Thus far the President, has taken the proper ground in giving the people of the revolted States their status before the revolt, and in leaving to them the regulation of suffrage and all questions affecting their local rights. Those who expect Mr. Johnson to flinch from this position will find they have mistaken their man."

Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Dr. DUNN, Pastor of the Presbyterian Congregation of this town, having gone North in hope of restoration of his health, his pulpit during his absence, very acceptably supplied by the Rev. A. W. Hines, so well, and so favorably known in this community, and whose efficient and faithful services to the soldier upon the Field, in the Hospital, in the Camp and upon the march, are well attested by many whose privilege and pleasure it now is to listen to him regularly.

At a meeting of the Congregation, on the 19th inst., the following gentlemen were elected Trustees to fill vacancies occasioned by deaths, &c.—William H. Travers, W. B. Gallaher, Ambrose C. Timberlake, Colin C. Porter, and Andrew Hunter.

The Episcopal and Methodist Churches of this town have been renovated, and services are conducted in them regularly.

Our New Suit.

The handsome outfit with which we appear before the public this week is from the Type Foundry of Mr. HENRY A. LEWIS, of Baltimore. It does credit to the founder, and we feel sure our readers will join us in a just tribute of praise.

State of West Virginia.

Many of our readers, even among those who reside within its limits, are not altogether posted as to the mode and manner of its creation, and we therefore publish this week a portion of the matter relating to the subject. We give extracts from the Constitution as framed at Wheeling and adopted by such of the people as had an opportunity to vote during the troublous times which followed the Virginia Ordinance of Secession.

The volume before us gives no dates as to the time of the principal proceedings, but it was in the latter part of the year 1861 that a portion of the people embraced in the counties named held a Convention at Wheeling, and constituted a Loyal Government for Virginia, with Gov. Peirpont at its head, in opposition to the Secession Government at Richmond, of which Gov. Letcher was the existing head. An act was passed authorizing a division of the State, and embracing forty-four counties as the territory and people to constitute the State of West Virginia, with a provision for admitting several other counties, upon a vote of their people in favor of annexation.

By the Constitution of the United States a new State can only be formed out of an old one by approval of the Legislature thereof, and by the approval of Congress. This was done so far as 48 counties are concerned, but no action has been taken by Congress in regard to the counties of Berkeley and Jefferson. There will doubtless be some movement on the subject at the next session, for without legislation we are not legally "tacked on," as Senator Benton would term it. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, however, has attached the two counties to the 3d Collection District, of which N. D. KATZMAN is the Collector, and the good people of both must prepare to meet the Assessors of the Federal and State authorities, and in due time the Collectors.

HARPER'S FERRY.

To a person once familiar with this prominent site of a National Armory a visit now produces painful sensations. Something more than four years ago it was the happy home of several hundred artisans and of many persons who derived a livelihood from the liberal annual expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars. Now nearly all the public buildings are ruins, and the only national work going on is the repair of injured guns, carried on by Mr. DANIEL J. YOUNG, Ordnance Agent and former foreman of the Rifle Factory, aided by Mr. ZADOCK DITT and about forty workmen.

To the proprietors of this paper, where the Free Press had its origin, and struggled through six unhealy years for existence, the place has always been an object of interest. There scarce dear relatives and friends are buried, and we cannot visit it without many sad as well as pleasant remembrances.

That the National Government will allow a position of so much importance and of such high water power to lie idle, we cannot believe; but, if the Armory be not re-established, then it is to be hoped that enterprising capitalists will avail themselves of the natural advantages presented, and again put in motion an active and prosperous community.

An Ignoble Record.

This is the anniversary of the battle of Brandywine, 24th August, 1814, when a British Army of 6000 men were allowed, after a march of 17 miles from their shipping, to enter the Capital of the Nation, with a large portion of our best troops were allowed to look on, unopposed, whilst the gallant Commodore Barney and his battery, manned by less than a hundred sailors, were surrounded and captured.

It is due to the volunteer companies from Baltimore to say that they fought manfully until outnumbered by the enemy through want of proper support.

For more than forty years we sympathized the British officers and some lies as Methodists for burning the public buildings at Washington; and yet, within the last four years, the American agents have been allowed by the burning of private dwellings, mills, barns, and habitations, rendering women and children homeless and homeless. Wonders there have been of it all sides, and a fearful accountability awaits the transgressors of all the rules of civilized warfare.

OUR LOCAL RECORD.

We had hoped to be able to notice many local matters throughout this and the neighboring counties, but the time occupied in arranging our materials has prevented the proper attention to this part of our weekly task. Will our friends favor us with items of interest in their respective neighborhoods?

News of the Week.

We have not yet established an exchange list with our brethren of the craft, and therefore we lack many of the ingredients of a varied newspaper. But time will cure this defect.

Where to Go.

On our last page will be found an article of much interest, from the St. Louis Republican, in relation to the most pleasant place to spend the summer. The writer, has very happily described the most notable objects, and shown the important agency which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has had in providing the facilities of travel for the many thousands, soldiers and others, who have passed over the route.—We have seldom read a more graphic sketch.

At a vote taken at the Court House in Charleston on the 21st inst., for Township Officers for West Virginia, the following persons have been declared elected—23 votes being cast.—

Justices of Peace, Samuel Ridenour and Nathaniel Myers; Supervisors, Charles Johnson; Clerk, Mr. Williams; Treasurer, Warren Eby; Constables, Fido Johnson and David M. Shurtz; School Commissioner, R. T. Brown; Overseer of Poor, C. F. Yates; the Colonel not being a resident of the Township, G. W. Anderson was appointed in his stead by the Supervisor.—Inspectors of Elections, Jonathan Haines and W. H. Simpson.

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN HENRY WISE.—A Military Commission has been constituted in Washington, of which Maj. Gen. Lew. Wallace is President, for the trial of the above named Confederate officer, for cruelties to Union prisoners whilst his keeper at Andersonville, Georgia.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

Mr. DAVIS HAZARDERS has opened a Hardware and General Variety Store, at which may be found almost any article needed. We doubt if you could find for a single thing short of a Locomotive, and had no order that for you) which he could not produce from his stock. Try him.

D. PRATT & Co., at the Post Office, advertise a very large and general assortment of Goods—Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c.—everything usually for sale in a country store.

Our young friend J. E. Drake may be found there, ever ready to help purchasers to bargain.

Capt. H. L. HASKELL'S Stock of Merchandise is attractive, and we are advised, (and have no hesitation in repeating the good we hear of Capt. H. or "any other man") that his charges are as moderate as his goods (articles) dress goods and trimmings and fancy articles, particularly, are pretty. Find his advertisement in another column, and his store at the old stand of Keasler, Shoemaker, & Co.

We do not suppose that any one could object to our informing the reader that the Store-room of GARNETT & MASON is the prettiest, brightest, freshest looking in the town. There is something pleasant in the odor of fresh paint, and nothing unwholesome in fresh Drugs, is there?

Our friend Campbell is an experienced Apothecary and his compounds may be relied upon. See advertisement.

LEISSNER & SOX offer goods, as will be seen by advertisement, at three points—Harper's Ferry, Charlesown and Rippon—which argues not only capital, but enterprise. Where these are combined are not goods cheap?

WARRAN EBY'S Family Grocery Store is supplied, as usual in old times, with all the requisites to a well-regulated family. He has been engaged in this trade so long that he is not likely to overlook anything necessary to complete his stock. His advertisements can be found regularly in the Free Press.

At the old store room of A. W. Cramer business is conducted on an extensive scale by COLMAN & YARRIS, assisted by Messrs. A. W. Cramer and Charles Johnson—both old established mechanics of our town. See advertisement.

The Free Press is growing in favor. The business public appreciate the setting aside of monopolies that have grown burdensome, by exorbitant charges. Moderate rates, dispatch in forwarding, and careful storage, are indispensable to the proper conduct of the Express department, and of these we have ourselves already had the advantage.

The firm of LOCKLAND & ASSOCIATES bids fair to be a very popular one. The "pipe of peace" is held out at their establishment, and those who would seek relief from the disappointments and ills of this life in Tobacco Smoke, which so gracefully envelops and recommends to their attention. What more luxurious than the quiet enjoyment of a good new pipe and a pure Havana Sugar?—or, a hearty sneeze, if you please! See advertisement.

The war-brother, Peace, has returned with some of its attendant Blessings, and will be seen by an advertisement of Confectionery, &c. It was a happy day for the "little ones," and the "old folks at home," too, when "grim-visaged war" smothered his wrinkled front, and they had returned to them that inestimable BLESSING of which they had for four weary years been deprived. Read his advertisement.

We return thanks to our young friend SAMUEL MORRIS for a late Magazine. If his Card had been placed it will be observed that he has a great many things in store for the public, and those who know him personally need not be reminded that his energy and business habits will not permit of his being victim anybody in anything pertaining to his business.

A PEEP INTO HENRY DUNN'S ROOMS will establish the fact of his being alive to the wants of the people. If any doubts exist as to his ability to perform and to supply all his promises, why the "proof of the pudding is in the eating"—that all!

ASSURANCE & INSURANCE, being strictly business men, as well as accomplished Druggists, advertise liberally, and it affords us pleasure to call special attention to their announcements in another column. The public can very properly estimate the merits of a business firm by keeping an eye upon the advertising pages.

DR. JOHN A. STRATTON, whose Card appears in this issue, offers rare advantages to those pursuing the study of medicine.

In addition to his large experience, before the war as a practitioner, we may refer to his eminent service in the army, (where he served from Regimental to Corps Surgeon), as not without its benefits.

We find after a four-year's suspension, that WELBACH & WELBACH continue to carry on, with their accustomed energy, their extensive Machine Shop—working in Wood and Iron—making and repairing Wagons, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c.

The Tin and Sheet Iron business is conducted, as will be seen by advertisement, by JOSEPH H. EASTBURY. He has material, competent workmen employed, and can cheaply and quickly construct or repair anything in his department.

The citizens of the Southern part of the County have a store room convenient to them at MYERSVILLE. Mr. JOSEPH MYERS offers a new and large Stock of Goods, and only charges "living profits."

The "Sappington Hotel" is one of the institutions of our town which out-lived the war, and came out with its reputation unimpaired, which is likely to be sustained so long as in the guardianship of Miss BEALL.

Somebody says there is "Philosophy in a bowl of Punch"—whether that be so or not we suggest that those who are out of spirits read the Card of G. VOX BUTCHER, and learn where that commodity is to be found.

J. H. EASTBURY & BROS. are proficient in their "Mixed Drinks." The mere reading of their Card has a tendency to make a man feel "social."

The stage line between this place and Berkeley has resumed its regular daily trips, which is a great convenience to the public. Mr. NISWANTER is the proprietor.

A very pretty assortment of Ladies' Dress Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, and Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Notions, &c., at BURKHA, DIX, & CO.'s, opposite Campbell & Mason's.

It is a particularly pleasant place for ladies to do their shopping, as Miss "Julia" is so handy in converting ribbons into "bows."

PHILIPS & HOLMES, at Rippon, advertise a partnership in Horse Joining, and promise speedy attention to orders.

There is Nothing Like Leather, as was once said when a town was besieged. Some of the good people of this region have seriously felt the want of this article. They need feel it no longer, if they call upon Wm. H. SHOWERS at Martinsburg.—See his advertisement.

Those who feel that a little wine and other liquors are good for the stomach's sake can find that which is pure at the house of S. J. ANDREWS & CO., at Harper's Ferry. Good judges of these articles endorse this, after a fair test of quality and price.

INTERNAL WHISKY.—In these days of general adulteration of stimulants and medicines, persons in search of a pure article will be attracted by the advertisement of Mr. JOHN E. WILSON, of Baltimore. The testimony of prominent chemists and physicians show that it is free from all deleterious substances, and we can add our personal testimony as to its palatable and soothing qualities.

BOARDING IN BALTIMORE.—We can safely commend to our friends, who have a few days to spend in Baltimore, the pleasant home of Mrs. HENRY BOWEN, No. 22 South Green street, where they will find well-served food, and the quiet of home.

THE HOWARD HOUSE, Baltimore.—Mr. JOHN McINTOSH, for more than twenty years its proprietor, well maintains the reputation of this favorite resort of merchants and business men.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.—It will be seen that several gentlemen of the Law and Medicine make their respects to the public through our first number.—This is well, for every body will read every thing we print this week.

The Variety Store of J. J. STRYKER at Harper's Ferry is among the attractions of the place.—Those who do not want Dry Goods, Groceries, and other useful articles, of which Mr. S. has an abundant supply, can suit themselves with Notions of all sorts. Let them try.

The Card of C. C. CARMON, General Prosecutor and Commission Merchant, No. 30 South Howard Street, Baltimore, deserves the attention of farmers who have produce to sell, as well as those who wish to make judicious purchases.

SAM BOWEN, the Barber, has peculiar claims upon the citizens of Charlesown, not having, during the four years of war, deserted them, but remained steadfast, not only to his mistress, but to his business—at all times ready to shave, &c., those whose beard grew faster than ever before.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.

Each being indispensable in the renewal of our business, we may nevertheless state that we shall consider a payment made within the month of subscription as a compliance with our terms of subscription. Friends, send in your names at once, so that you may have the first number before the edition is exhausted.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—JUDGE SWABER, of the U. S. Supreme Court, has just sold the eligible Store House and Dwelling on the Southwest corner of High and Shennandoah streets, Harper's Ferry, to Solomon Y. Yantis, for six thousand dollars.

THE NEW ERA.—This is the title of a new paper proposed to be published in Martinsburg by H. E. NICHOLS. Its prospects are well written, and propose to invoke the "control of reason, of calmness and of judgment, rather than the influences of passion, or the inspiration of exasperating recollections."

THE WASHINGTON TIMES.—Messrs. Goldborough and Clark proposed to publish a large weekly under this title at Winchester, Va. They promise that the Virginia's prosperity and glory shall be their principal care.

Colonel DAVID H. STROTHER, Adjutant General of Virginia, has returned to Richmond from a recent visit to Washington, where he has been in consultation with the President.

Hon. Preston King, late Senator from New York, and an intimate personal friend of President Johnson, has been appointed Collector of the port of New York.

Samuel A. FANCOAST, of Hampshire County, West Virginia, an energetic and capable gentleman, has been appointed Direct Tax Commissioner for the State of Georgia.

Thomas C. THEAKER, formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, and lately one of the Chief Examiners, has been appointed Commissioner of Patents, to succeed D. P. HOLLOWAY, resigned.

Hon. Geo. E. DUFFLATEL, Senator from Ohio, has received information that the trial of Gen. Jeff. Davis will soon take place in a civil court, and he has commenced preparations for the defence, which he promises to eclipse in criminal proceedings any defence ever known in this or the old country.

Mr. EBY will join Mr. O'CONNOR, of New York, in Washington in a few days.

The mortal remains of the late Right Rev. ALONZO PORTER, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania, were with due solemnity deposited in their final resting place in Philadelphia on Friday, the 11th inst.

RESIDING IN MONTREAL, and thus replies to the epithet of "Hangman Poole," thrown at him by some of his enemies.

The epithet of "Hangman Poole," which you have thought proper to apply to me, I confess is not at all new. I received the appellation fifteen years ago, because of a very foolish and impudently spoken speech which I made in the United States Senate, in response to a very contemptuous and obnoxious speech delivered by Hays, of New Hampshire, in the imputation of the system of negro slavery to the South. I confess that I was so much surprised by the use of such language as to be silent for some time. Indeed, I may in reply have employed language of a directly menacing character. Let me declare to you now, though in all frankness, that I was indignantly ashamed of having used such language impudently after I had done so, and that I seized an early opportunity of making formal amendment for my fault, in open Senate, and in hearing of the majority, which formal statement was repeated on more than one occasion. Still I must confess, I can scarcely blame any one for applying to me the epithet which, in this evidence, I did so much to justify; and if you and other controllers of the public press still think that offence which I committed on the occasion referred to is really of an inexplicable nature, I will have, with as good a grace as practicable, to submit to wear this terrible shirt of Nessus for the remainder of my life.

THE CIVIL STATUS OF PAROLED PRISONERS.—The New York Tribune having been taken to task by one of its correspondents for declaring that the Confederate soldiers paroled by General Grant and other Federal commanders are only amenable to the civil authorities, thus replies:

"Now, then, we defy you to bring forward one single major general now in the Union service (barely one) who will back the opinion that the paroled rebels may be arraigned, tried and punished for treason without a breach of faith on the part of the Government. And we back this challenge by a confident avowal, that if our Government ever does so treat them, Generals Grant, Sherman, Canby, and others of our most illustrious commanders, will immediately resign their commissions. And this we believe, some of them have already decidedly intimated. Would your 'piousness' with a pretension pressed in defiance of such intimation?"

We regret to learn that Dr. JOHN HARGREAVE, formerly of this place, and late Surgeon in the Rebel army, was thrown from a boat near St. Louis, Missouri, a short time since and drowned. Many of our citizens will remember the kind-hearted, jovial youth, and deeply sympathetic with his mother in her sore affliction.—Shep. Reg.

The remains of Richard Washington, Co. C, 9th Virginia Cavalry, who died the 6th of July, 1862, in this town, from wounds received, were disinterred from the Confederate soldiers' grave yard, on Thursday week, by his brother, and taken to Westmoreland county, Va., for final interment.—Shep. Reg.

Post Offices.

Postmaster General Devlin has ordered the following post offices to be reopened and appointments to be made in Virginia:—

Goreville, Loudoun county, C. W. PAXSON, postmaster.

Circleville, Loudoun county, Nathaniel E. JOYNER, postmaster, vice Thomas Brown.

Hillsborough, Loudoun county, Wm. Hough POSTMASTER, vice Josiah R. White.

Bolington, Loudoun county, Josiah Kinehan, postmaster, vice D. Boland.

Paris, Fauquier county, Warren W. ROGERS, postmaster, vice A. H. Settle.

Berkeley and Jefferson Counties.

There is a controversy between the



