Spirit of Jefferson.

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

VOL. VII. CHARLESTOWN, VA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1851. NO. 29.

SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON.

BY JAMES W. BELLER.

OFFICE OF MAIN ST., CORNER ROOM OLD "VALLEY HOTEL," CHARLESTOWN.

"SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON" is published every Tuesday Morning, at $2 in advance—$2.50 if paid within the year—or $3 if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of $1 per square, for the first three insertions, and 25 cents for each continuance. Those not marked on the manuscript for a specified time, will be inserted till forbid, and CHARGED ACCORDINGLY.

Portrait Painting.

T. A. HERRINGTON, Artist,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Charlestown and vicinity that he has taken a Room at DR. HALL'S, two doors east of Potter's Hotel, where he will be happy to serve those who desire to see themselves as others see them.

☞ Specimens may be seen by calling at Dr. Hall's. Jan. 7, 1851.

WM. LISLE BAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PRACTICES, as heretofore, in all the Courts of Jefferson, Berkeley, and Clarke counties. Commissioner for the neighboring, and all the Eastern States, he will take the acknowledgments of, and AUTHENTICATE under his SEAL OF OFFICE, any instrument of writing to be used in the United States; and as

NOTARY PUBLIC

in Jefferson county, he will administer affidavits, take depositions and acknowledgment of deeds, mortgages, &c., to be recorded in any of the cities in Virginia.

Charlestown, Dec. 31, 1850.—F. P. copy.

RICHARD E. LEE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia,

ATTENDS THE COURTS OF

Jefferson, Berkeley and Clarke

Cities. Dec. 31, 1850.

A. J. O'BANNON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Fairmont, Marion County, Va.,

WILL practice in the Circuit and County Courts of MARION, and in the Circuit Courts of HARRISON, TAYLOR, PRESTON, and MONONGALIA Counties. December 31, 1850.

GEO. W. BRADFIELD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PICKERSVILLE, LOUDOUN COUNTY, VA.,

WILL attend to procuring Bounty Land for the officers and soldiers of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. Charges moderate.

All communications on the subject by letter, receive prompt attention.

November 12, 1850.—tf

FRANKLIN THOMAS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Practices in Frederick, Jefferson, and the adjoining counties.

Office on Water street, near the Farmers' Bank, Winchester. [Dec. 13, 1850—1y.

HENRY BEDINGER

HAS returned to Virginia, and offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Jefferson and the neighboring counties. His office is in Shepherdstown, on Main Street, one door from John H. McEndree's store, where he can always be found when not attending Courts.

March 5, 1850—tf —*F. P. copy.*

DR. JNO. QUIGLEY

OFFERS his Professional Services to the citizens of Shepherdstown and vicinity.

November 12, 1850.—tf

EXCHANGE BANK OF SELDEN, WITHERS & CO.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE undersigned respectfully announce that they have formed a Co-Partnership to transact a general Banking and Exchange business in this City, under the firm of SELDEN, WITHERS & CO., and are prepared to deal in *Foreign and Domestic Exchanges, Time Bills, Promissory Notes, Certificates of Deposite, Letters of Credit, Bank Notes and Coin.*

We undertake to make collections and promptly remit the proceeds to any designed point in Ohio or without the Union.

Mr. WILLIAM SELDEN, a member of the firm, for many years past the *Treasurer of the U. S.*, will give his careful personal attention to financial business which we may be employed to transact with any of the Departments of the Government.

Business which our employers may remit us to transact, will be conducted with fidelity and promptitude, and upon the most reasonable terms.

WILLIAM SELDEN,
Late Treasurer of the U. S.
JOHN WITHERS,
Of Alexandria, Va.
R. W. LATHAM,
Of Washington, D. C.
L. P. BAYNE,
Of Baltimore, Md.

Washington, Dec. 31, 1850—1y.

WEATHER STRIPS.

THE subscriber, Agent for NATHANIEL MYERS, is now making a tour through the different counties in the Valley of Virginia, to place Weather Strips in the Windows and Doors of persons who may desire to introduce into their houses that very comfortable improvement. The invention, simple in its application, has been tried and fairly tested in Frederick county, and given entire satisfaction, as the following certificate will abundantly prove:

CERTIFICATE.

MR. GATER, as Agent for NATHANIEL MYERS, has been engaged for the undersigned this winter applying to Windows and Doors the patent invention of Myers & Smith, for making the house air-tight and stopping the sash at any time.

We deem the invention very important for comfort and saving of fuel, and recommend it to the public. Mr. Gater does his work well, expeditiously, and on reasonable terms.

J. Y. Conrad,	L. Eichelberger,
J. Tucker,	John Bruce,
J. Sherrard,	H. M. Brent,
W. Barton,	A. S. Baldwin.

The right to use the Patent in any county in this State, is offered for sale.

December 31, 1850. JACOB GATER.

FOR SALE,

USE of Sinclair & Co.'s patent STRAW and FODDER CUTTERS, by

Dec. 3. KEYES & KEARSLEY.

Teas, Teas.

CHEST extra Green and Black Teas, of superior quality. JERE. HARRIS.

November 12, 1850.

Tobacco and Segars.

LARGE assortment of choice brands of Segars, smoking and chewing Tobacco, Pipes, and articles pertaining to the Tobacco Trade, for sale and retail, at Baltimore prices.

Nov. 24. GEO. W. SWEITZER.

Fancy Goods.

WATCH Chains, Keys and Charms, Port Monies, Pocket Books, Snuff and Tobacco Boxes, Segar Cases, Shaving Cream, Boxes and Soaps. For sale by G. W. SWEITZER.

November 24, 1850.

Ladies' Scarfs.

LADIES' Marino Scarfs, and 12-4 Marino Shawls, for sale by

Nov. 26. T. C. SIGAFOOSE.

ROUND ALUM AND FINE SALT, for sale, at the lowest price, by

Nov. 10. CRANE & BROWN.

1,000 LBS. of Wool Wanted.

Nov. 19. E. P. MILLER.

Buckwheat Flour, of superior quality, for sale by KEYES & KEARSLEY.

November 5.

German Pipes, Cherry Pipe Bowls, Clay Pipes, &c., for sale by

Nov. 26. L. M. SMITH & CO.

One of the most Desirable Farms in the Valley of Virginia, FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his valuable FARM, situated in the fertile county of Jefferson, about five miles from the flourishing towns of Charlestown, Harpers-Ferry and Shepherdstown, and containing about

Five Hundred and Fifty Acres.

It is as productive as any land in the Valley. There are about forty acres of rich meadow, and the balance of the cleared land, except the part in Wheat, is well set in grass—a fair proportion is in wood, for fencing and fuel. The finest Cumberland Coal, can always be procured at prices which make it cheaper than wood.

The Elk Branch, a stream of sufficient volume to propel several Mills, flows through the centre of the Farm, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad follows its course. There are Stone Houses, Depot, and Dwellings close adjoining the Mansion—which rent for more than $100. The main dwelling contains twenty rooms, and is surrounding the MANSION and the usual OUT HOUSES, and a never failing branch of water, passes through the Stable yard. The Springs, convenient to any of the Buildings, are numerous.

Whether viewed in reference to quality of soil, beauty of scenery, refined society, or facilities to market, it may with truth be said to be one of the most desirable Farms in the Valley of Virginia. It could be conveniently divided into two or even three Tracts. The time of travel from Baltimore, is only about five hours.

☞ All communications addressed to the subscriber, (post-paid,) at Duffield's Depot, Jefferson county, Virginia, will receive attention.

RICHARD DUFFIELD.

October 29, 1850.

TO THE EDITOR.

OCTOBER 22, 1850.

Dear Sir: I have understood that there is a report in circulation in the county, that I have some claim to the tract of land which I conveyed to my father some years ago. My object in writing this note is to say that I have never said or done any thing to induce any one to think that I had the slightest claim whatever, to the land in question. All the claim I ever had, I sold to my father some years since, and I think he paid me a full and fair price for it, and the deed is of record in the Clerk's Office of the County Court of Jefferson. I have now no claim of any sort, kind or description to the said land, either in law or equity. JOHN W. D. DUFFIELD.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Co-Partnership existing under the name and firm of M. H. & V. W. Moore, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st instant.—Those indebted to the firm will be expected to make payment—and those having claims will present them for adjustment. The Books, &c. are in the hands of V. W. Moore, who is authorized to make settlements. M. H. MOORE,

Jan. 7, 1851. V. W. MOORE.

The business at the Depot will be carried on by the undersigned who will use his best exertions to accommodate the public.

Jan. 7, 1851. V. W. MOORE.

MONEY WANTED.

I WOULD take this method of informing my customers that I am much in want of money, and those knowing themselves indebted will please call and settle, as it is not in my power to give longer indulgence. My debts I must pay and want to pay them without cost.

ADAM WHIP.

Jan. 7, 1851.—Free Press 3t.

FARM FOR RENT.

I WILL rent to a good tenant for the next year, the Farm on which I now reside, on the Potomac river, and near to Zion Church, Jefferson county. There are **250 Acres** of arable Land, in good order and condition, and such terms can be had as will make it desirable, to any one wanting to rent.

WILLIAM FLANAGAN.

Dec. 31, 1850—4t.

PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned have this day associated themselves in the Drug and Book Business, under the name of L. M. SMITH & CO., at the stand heretofore conducted by L. S. EICHELBERGER, one door West of Sappington's Hotel, Charlestown, Va.

They will be prepared to furnish Medicines to Physicians and others, at the lowest rates and at all times. The greatest care will be taken in the selection of Drugs.

☞ Arrangements have been made by which Books and Music will come to hand at the shortest notice. L. M. SMITH,

L. S. EICHELBERGER.

Charlestown, Jan. 1, 1851.

N. B.—L. S. EICHELBERGER takes this opportunity to call upon all persons indebted to him to come forward and settle up, as he wishes to close his former business.

Jan. 7, 1851.

CARTER'S HOTEL AND RESTAURANT.

THE subscriber has opened in the Basement of his Hotel a RESTAURANT, where can be found (except on the Sabbath) all the delicacies of the season. He has engaged the services of a competent caterer from Baltimore to take charge of the same. A room adjoining the Ladies' Parlor has been fitted up for the purpose of accommodating parties of Ladies and Gentlemen.

Nov. 26, 1850. I. N. CARTER.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Wm. and John Avis, was dissolved on the 15th instant.

The Boot and Shoe Manufacture will be carried on by John Avis—and the Repairing business by Wm. Avis. WM. AVIS,

JOHN AVIS.

Harpers-Ferry, Nov. 26, 1850.

☞ A JOURNEYMAN will find employment by making immediate application.

JOHN AVIS.

Blessing's Oyster Saloon.

JOHN F. BLESSING returns his sincere thanks to the public for past favors and takes this method of informing them that he is again prepared to serve up OYSTERS in any manner to their liking. He will furnish gentlemen with Oyster Suppers in the best manner and at the shortest notice. All who visit his Saloon shall be accommodated in the best style and with prompt and polite attention. He receives his Oysters *fresh* from Baltimore every day.

☞ Private families or parties furnished with Oysters by the Can or otherwise.

Charlestown, November 5, 1850.

Philadelphia Shoes.

I HAVE just received my supplies of Ladies' Kid and Walking Shoes, of Ryan & Co.'s make. JERE. HARRIS.

November 12, 1850.

Old Wine.

OLD Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines, bottled in 1825. I can safely recommend it to the sick as something very superior, and not often met with in the country. For sale by

November 5. T. C. SIGAFOOSE.

TABLE SALT, in boxes, for sale by

Dec. 10. CRANE & BROWN.

Poetry.

THE HOPE OF THE HEART.

BY LORD BYRON.

"No nobler theme ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate, while in his adversity he still retains the unwavering love of woman."

[EDGAR A. POE.

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in THEE.

Then, when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And, when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If the billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from THEE.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave;
There is many a pang to pursue me;
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of THEE that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me;
Though woman, thou didst not forsake;
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me;
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake;
Though tried, thou didst not declaim me;
Though parted, it was not to fly;
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world, might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun;
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of THEE.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that which I most cherished,
Deserved to be dearest of all;
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of THEE.

Miscellaneous.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A Tale of John Taylor.

We copy the following from the New York Sunday Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one to practice at the bar of this city. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius.—The graces of his person combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as land agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure to the West, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith; and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner! This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree; sometimes he preached, sometimes he pleaded at the bar; until, at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

At an early hour on the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling, apparent on every flushed face throughout the assembly, betokened some great occasion. A concise narrative of facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Elliston, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Elliston's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, at least to mitigate the general wrath, which at first was violent against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had already suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two causes, one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss, of N. Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial, on the indictment for murder, ended on the 5th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel on either side. The Texan lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witnesses, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elliston was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn.—The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave again the sharp wit of a Pike and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent as death.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, situated behind the bar.

At the tones of that voice many started half-way from their seats and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly sweet, clear, ringing, and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and small, nervously twitching face, seemed alive with the concentrated essence and cream of genius, but then his incantine blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so exceedingly shabby, that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name's being entered on *your* rolls," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up into a fiendish sneer. I may be allowed to appear *once*, by the courtesy of the Court and Bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment.

The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses, the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each one of them tell it over two or three times. He put few cross-questions, which with keen witnesses, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Pike and to darken even in the bright eye of Prentiss.—They saw that they were caught in a Tartar; but how or how it happened, it was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which, years afterwards, rendered him famous in the Senate of the United States.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed, with a rich vein of wit, and a hail-torrent of caustic ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney was either forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words, brilliant as showers of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern 'order!' 'order!' of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the southwestern people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and straight, and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead, shooting up high like a mountain-cone of snow; but for that eternal twitch that came and went perpetually in his shallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreamy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar railing, not behind it—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first, it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain, as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart, like the melody of a magic incantation:—while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement, to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief, and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper—his sallow face kindled up—and his eye began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire-globes, and glaring like twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face.—In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when compared with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote, that filled the forum with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invective, that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled dismayed from the Court-House.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and boiled in billows as he choose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eye began to glare furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch around with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no strength of ingenuity evade, and having thus, as one might say, impounded the victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre!

Oh then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His action before, graceful as the waves of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet, filled with wild whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. His face was red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac; and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts! He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such an accursed monster—and then he fixed both portraits on the shrinking brow of Hopkins, and he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead, and described the sorrows of the widowed living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept, and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God."

This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict for fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death.

As the Court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light!"

The crowd, of course, all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort. This is no exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tying and Bascom, but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words, even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the marvellous man.

Dr. Doddridge once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old what made every body love her? She replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it is because I love every body."

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would.—There are ills, that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the canker worm of grief—but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The course of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not dark. There is sunshine every where—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts, if we would look around us. The storms die away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when Autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful, and we can be happier than we do.

PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of the face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles the XII, did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence was impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gunshot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up.

But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath. Some of these cases are of interest, to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness."

Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out, from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived, pale and faint, at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal.—"Indeed, I feared so," he responded with impeded utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost sunk dead upon the turf."

[*Quarterly Review.*

YOUNG MEN.

There is no mortal object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young men. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam forth again; the blaze of others popularity may outshine him, but we know that though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere.—He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is no virtue; but he resists and conquers; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is a trait of virtue, but heals with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin. The Atheist who says, not only in his heart, but with his lips. "There is no God!" controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amidst the temptations of the world like a self balanced power. Happy he who seeks and gains the proper morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth—raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness.

If God has given you intellectual powers, awake in the cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the river of sin by pouring his influence in its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop in a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength. Let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.

[*Miss Caroline Gillman.*

NOVEL READING.

We are often asked an opinion of novel reading. We can perhaps express ourselves no better than in the language of Coleridge, who says it cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel reading. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off, in quick and profitless succession; each, indeed, for the moment of its stay, prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but altogether they leave the mistress of the house—the soul I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.

OUR PROGRESS.

The Last Half Century contributed more to the progress of science and of civilization, than any similar period of time since the Christian era.

Within the last fifty years the steam engine, the power-loom, the spinning jenny, the cotton gin, the use of pit coal in the production of iron and the manufacture of gas, the magnetic telegraph which has but just begun to develope its usefulness, and many other inventions and discoveries, bearing directly upon every human interest, have been either originated or for the first time brought into actual service. However important the political events of the half century have been, and however nations have advanced towards political perfection, the progress which science has made in that period, has undoubtedly contributed the most toward augmenting the comforts of civilization and improving the condition of humanity.

A man, by the name of Fisher, was fined $500, at Louisville, for sending a challenge to fight a duel.

TAXATION IN VIRGINIA.

It appears from the report of the Committee of Finance, (Doc. No. 39,) that the revenue for the year ending the 30th of September next, with the balance in the State Treasury at the beginning of the fiscal year, will amount to $1,052,534 85. That the expenses of Government will be for the year $1,303,901 04—probable deficiency to meet expenses $251,436 19.

Thus it appears that repudiation will be inevitable unless the taxes be increased, or some new subjects be levied upon, sufficient to make up this deficiency. The Southern Rights Society proposes a reduction of twenty five per cent. on the present subjects of taxation, and that a discriminating tax be levied upon Northern imports and productions, as we understand their proceedings. The question, however, must fairly come up, and be decided by the Legislature, whether the taxes shall be raised upon the present taxable subjects, or whether new ones shall be introduced. The proposition for imposing a discriminating tax against the Northern States, having been made by the Governor, and urged by the Southern Rights Society, and many of the presses in the State, if the Legislature should quietly sit down and pass a law to increase the taxes on the old subjects, without touching Northern goods, it might be construed into nothing else than a Legislative expression of preference to protect and patronize the Northern shipping and manufacturing interests to those of our own.

We do not think that any true Virginian can longer debate this question in his own mind!—What, tax down our lands, negroes, horses, and every thing we have, to aid, protect and encourage yankee shipping and manufacturing in competition with our own citizens? Nothing could be more encouraging to the insolent and lawless abolitionists of the North! The time has now come when men of all parties in Virginia must look to the protection of the interests of the State; and they must be judged accordingly. A wise policy should now be adopted, and one calculated to produce energy and activity in every department of industry among us. Let our shipping interests and our artizans have all the benefits of protection which a judicious system of taxation upon the imports and productions of the abolition States brought here will give them. We shall pay no more taxes; and yet render benefit to our own fellow-citizens, instead of burdening them for the benefit of our enemies. The more we incumber the lands, and other permanent subjects of taxation with levies, and the more Northern goods we bring in without taxation, unquestionably the more we oppress the poor and the producing classes.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

GREAT LUCK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAUNTON VINDICATOR."

This Fall it was sounded long and loud in the papers that some of your sportsmen had great luck in killing Deer, &c., in the mountains of Augusta. Now, let me inform you what some of my nearest neighbors have done in that line. One man, Elias Houchen, killed (private hunting) since the 1st of November, 32 Deer and 1 Bear. Allen Burner, killed 22 Deer and 1 Bear—and several other persons, have killed from 15 to 20 Deer apiece. Quite recently, Mr. Henry Harper, of Randolph, killed a *Buck Elk*, his nett meat weighed over *four hundred pounds*; his horns 6 feet high. He was found and killed on one of the head branches of Cheat River—there were two or three others in company with him.

January 8, 1851. S.

SEIZURE OF THE NIAGARA.—We learn that the royal mail steamer Niagara, has been seized at Boston, by the collector of the port, on the charge of smuggling. Boats were seen to leave her on Monday night week, and land silk goods and laces on the wharf, to the value of near $10,000.

It is stated that the crew and not the officers are implicated in this violation of the revenue laws. It is thought the vessel will be released by the Secretary of the Treasury.

SALARIES OF GOVERNORS.—The American Almanac of 1851, publishes a table containing the names of the Governors of the respective States, and their salaries. The smallest salary is in Rhode Island, which is $400, and the largest that of California which is $10,000. Louisiana gives her Governor $6,000; New York, $4,000; Virginia $3,333 ⅓. The Governor is elected by the people in all the States except Virginia and South Carolina.

ECLIPSES IN 1851.—There will be four eclipses in the present year, the most prominent of which will be a great and visible eclipse of the sun. The first is a partial and visible eclipse of the moon on Friday, January 17, commencing at forty minutes past three in the afternoon, and terminating exactly at six o'clock; nearly one-half of the moon will be obscured. The second is an annual eclipse of the sun on Saturday, Febuary 1, invisible to us. The third is a partial and invisible eclipse of the moon on Saturday, the 13th of July; and the fourth is the great eclipse of the sun on Monday, the 28th of July; the greatest solar eclipse we shall have until March, 1858. It begins 2h. 8m. 18s.

"I AM TOO POOR TO GIVE UP MY PAPER."—An old woman in Maine recently renewed her subscription to a Portland paper, with the remark that "she was infinitely too poor to do without it." There is a great deal comprehended in this declaration. People, even those who are in straightened circumstances can dispense with many things rather than a newspaper. How much has even the poorest saved by attentively pursuing some one of the public journals which has been his daily or weekly visitant! It should be a universally admitted fact, that a newspaper is one of the necessaries, not one of the luxuries of life. Every journalist in the country, by taxing his memory a moment, could easily illustrate the truth of the position—and indeed there is very few in any community, whose experience does not enable them to bear testimony to it. A newspaper is a mine of wealth to millions, who, if they never saw one, would have reason to say they were poor indeed.

[*Lowell Journal.*

A HUNGARIAN POSTMASTER.—Among the Post Offices recently established is that of New Buda, Decatur county, Iowa, of which Gen. Ladislaus Ujhazy, late Governor of Comorn, has been appointed Postmaster.

☞ It is reported that a new daily penny paper is soon to appear at Washington, advocating the claims of General Scott for the next Presidency. Ample means are said to be provided, and the best editorial talents has been secured.

LARGE HOGS—There were slaughtered, at the Western Asylum on Tuesday last, 25 hogs, the gross weight of which amounted to more than *Eight Thousand Pounds*, being an average of over 300 pounds. One hog weighed 527 pounds; another, 509—two, 414 each; one, 410, one, 374 one 362, and ten others over 300 each—the weight of the others was a fraction under 300 pounds. All these hogs were raised and fattened from the offal at the Institution. This is doing the "State *some* service," certainly.

[*Staunton Vindicator.*

A BAD SIGN.—Massachusetts State Prison is so full of convicts that two and three are placed in a cell, and even the hospitals of the establishment are called into requisition. The new part of the prison will shortly be ready, which will give room for about 150.

DUELLING IN MARYLAND.—We see by the proceedings of Wednesday, that the Reform Convention have instructed a committee to inquire into the expediency of making a person killing another in a duel, guilty of murder, and to have his property confiscated to the support of his victim's family.

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THE CONVENTION.

Wednesday the 8th, the Convention was occupied in discussing the place of meeting. The Committee having decided upon the Universalist Church as a proper place, and concluding with resolutions directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to have the building properly fitted up without delay, the report was concurred in and the Convention adjourned.

Thursday was consumed upon the subject whether a vote of thanks be tendered the House of Delegates for the Hall &c., a very profitable day's business, truly.

On *Friday*, after the reading of the journal of the preceding day, Mr. Hunter said—

I have a resolution on the