

THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1862.

NUMBER 9.

The Weekly Register

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GEORGE W. TIPPETT,
Main Street,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
TERMS.—One dollar per annum, strictly in advance.

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B. J. REDMOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
POINT PLEASANT, VA.

WILL practice in Mason, Jackson and Putnam Counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and other business entrusted to his care.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

WM. H. TOMLINSON,
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POINT PLEASANT, VA.

WILL practice in Mason and Putnam and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. S. G. SHAW,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant, and vicinity. He keeps constantly on hand a large supply of drugs, oils, paints, dyes, varnishes, essences, etc., and perfumery and soaps of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of sarsaparilla.
He also has a large stock of tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar.
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DR. JAMES H. HOOFF,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant, and vicinity. He keeps constantly on hand a large supply of drugs, oils, paints, dyes, varnishes, essences, etc., and perfumery and soaps of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of sarsaparilla.
He also has a large stock of tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Office on Second Street, above Public Square, CALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Where all operations pertaining to Dentistry are performed in the best style of the profession. Terms Cash.
Feb. 6, 1862-ly.

ROBERT S. BICKEL,
MERCHANT TAILOR
AND DEALER IN
Ready Made Clothing,
Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Corner Main and 4th Streets,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
Clothing made to order in the very best style at the shortest notice, and at the lowest prices. Orders from a distance solicited.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Wheeling.
POINT PLEASANT BRANCH,
CAPITAL \$186,000.

C. C. MILLER, President,
J. D. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Directors:
J. D. McCulloch, S. G. Shaw,
A. McCausland, James Capelhart,
C. C. Miller, John McCulloch,
P. S. Lewis.

Discount day Tuesday.
February 27, 1862-ly.

Eagle Mills

POINT PLEASANT,
MASON COUNTY, VA.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is prepared to furnish persons in want of

LUMBER IN THE ROUGH,
such as white Pine 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 1 3/4 inch and 2 inch, of all qualities; also, Poplar, Oak and Yellow Pine, and Plastering laths,
Dressed Flooring, Ceiling, Casings and Palings.

All of which I will sell as cheap, or cheaper than they can be got at any other place in this part of the country.

In connection with the above I have a new

GRIST MILL,
which I have completed but a short time, with three run of French Burrs—one for corn, one for custom wheat and the other expressly for Merchant work. They can be run separately or all together.

On Saturday is the day for grinding Corn, but I can grind Wheat any day when I have steam up. I charge the eighth for grinding Wheat and the sixth for grinding corn, but will exchange at all times when parties wish to do so.

Those living on the Kanawha river, and wishing to send their wheat or corn to my mill for the purpose of having it ground, or exchanged and not wishing to come with it, can send it down on some of the boats with instructions by letter, and I will have it hauled up to the Mill and back FREE OF CHARGE.

The highest market price paid for wheat, corn and logs at all times.

S. COMSTOCK,
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

POETICAL.

TO MY CHILDREN.

[The Boston Transcript, not long since, published the following beautiful poem, which was sent by a soldier-father to his children at home:]

Darlings I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way,
I can hardly see the lining,
Of the cloud—the silver lining.

I am weary of the sighing,
Moaning—wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts, in anguish crying,
For the lost ones—for the dying;
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting—
Brothers red with brothers' gore,
Only that the wrong were righting—
Truth and honors' battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining,
For your kisses on my cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining,
For your soft eyes on me shining,
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me in your earnest prattle,
Of the olive branch and dove;
Call me from the cannon rattle;
Take my thoughts away from strife;
Fold me to your dearest love.

Darlings—I am weary pining,
Shadows fall across my way!
I can hardly see the lining,
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

THE PATRIOT'S STRATAGEM.

A LEGEND OF SEVENTY-SIX.

Night had set in deep and dark, and in a small log cabin situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men, four of whom were situated around an old oaken table in the centre of the room, engaged in playing cards while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug which stood on the table.

They were heavily bearded coarse looking men, and from their dress, which resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout built young man, clad in the continental uniform. He sat in the corner of the room with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner, for such he evidently was, "Tom, you and I were school-boys together, and I like you yet. Now why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and, if you don't, we shall head you over to headquarters to-morrow, while if you join us your fortune is made, for with your bravery and talents you would soon distinguish yourself in the royal army, and after this rebellion is crushed out, your cause will be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now there are two alternatives; which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye.
"I am now, as you say, your prisoner but when the clock strikes twelve, I shall leave you—I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither you nor your comrades, not even myself can prevent it. You may watch me as close as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I should leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory; "he'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting on his hands.

When the clock struck eleven, the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objection to his smoking.

"None in the least," he said, adding with a laugh—"that is, if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled and lighted his pipe, having done which he arose and commenced pacing the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching the table each time, when having emptied his pipe he returned to his seat and refilled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock twelve, when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes of his pipe said:

"Boys, it's twelve o'clock, and I must leave you; good by!"

Immediately, all around the room ran streaks of fire hissing and squirming; the cabin was filled with dense, sulphurous smoke, amidst which was heard a crash like a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs paralyzed with fright.

The smoke soon cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen.—The table was overturned, the windows smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building.

The Tory leader after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance of terror around the room and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades.—They ran through the forests at the

of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day two young men dressed in the Continental uniform were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was the hero of the night previous.

"Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well," said he, "last evening as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out and took possession of me before I could make any resistance, they took me in the cabin, and who do you suppose I saw as leader of the party but John Barton, our old school-mate."

"He looked with me, and tried to induce me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it, that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape—disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke; but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head.—About 11 o'clock I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objection; so I filled my pipe and lighted it, and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked I strewed it all over the floor. When the clock struck twelve I bid them good bye, and told them I had to go; and then knocking the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot across, around and all over the room, filling it with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away, I hurled a chair through the window, sprang out and departed, leaving them to their own reflections.—You know the rest."

President Lincoln.

Amid all the turmoil of politics and war, with constant reports of intrigues, corruption or dishonesty of some sort, it is worthy of remark that not a syllable has ever been whispered against the fair fame of Abraham Lincoln. The country and the world are learning to look upon him as the very fittest man to be at the head of this nation. He has won the confidence even of his political opponents, and at this moment is beyond all doubt the most popular man in the loyal States.

The people have reason to be especially grateful to President Lincoln, for having put a stop to the contrivances to injure, if not destroy, General McClellan. It is no secret that there was a determination among the politicians at Washington to deprive General McClellan of certain troops that he counted on especially, for carrying out his plans. The troops were in fact, assigned to an independent command, under General McDowell, the hero of Bull Run, who seems to be the pet General of the politicians. The plans for the army of the Potomac were, therefore, deranged, and General McClellan's situation became critical. Fortunately the affair was represented to President Lincoln in its true light, and he at once in spite of powerful opposition, directed that the troops McClellan needed should be detached from the Army of the Rappahannock and united with that of the Potomac. This was the individual act of the President alone. He took the responsibility, and the people will honor him for it. Whether the troops ordered down the Potomac will be in time to enable McClellan to carry out his original plan cannot be known. But we rejoice to be able to assure the people that the President is determined to sustain McClellan, and that he is striving to repair the injury done him by the Secretary of War in detaching from him an important part of his army. The politicians cannot get Mr. Lincoln into any of their schemes for sacrificing Generals and armies, for the sake of making Presidential candidates.—Phil. Bulletin.

The following very pretty farce came off at Richmond, in which Jeff. Davis was a "star performer" and showed exactly how to release a sovereign State from her thralldom to the Union:

They have had a grand ball lately in Richmond, at which Miss Hetty Carey, one of the pretty daughters of Mr. Wilson Carey, a prominent Secessionist teacher of Baltimore figured most conspicuously. The story goes that she appeared at the ball dressed as a captive slave, with her hands tied at the wrists and bearing the shield of Maryland on her bosom. Indicating thereby the chains by which this state is kept in the Union. Jeff. Davis came forward during the evening and released her manacled hands by untying the chords that bound her wrists, and thus in the person of the lovely Miss Hetty Carey, freed Maryland from her bondage to Federal power, amid the stormy applause of the company. Miss Carey and one of her sisters are earning a livelihood as clerks in the rebel administration. This event has created the most intense delight and sympathy in the upper crust of secessionism in Baltimore.

We have never had the least doubt of the final success of the Federals in suppressing the present wicked rebellion. "Truth is omnipotent, and public justice certain," and just so certain will rebellion fall and treason be punished.

Where Corinth Is.

Agate, the well known correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, who is with General Grant's forces on the Tennessee River, describes the Geography and importance of Corinth, Miss., as follows:

A moment's glance at any map of the Southern States, will show the importance of the present rebel positions in Northern Mississippi and Alabama, and how utterly desperate their fortunes become the moment they are defeated here.

Corinth is at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and the Mobile and Ohio Railroads. From this point the road stretches northward through the whole of Western Tennessee to Cumberland, Kentucky; southward the road runs through eastern Mississippi and a corner of Alabama, to Mobile on the Gulf, westward a road runs direct to Memphis and Eastward through Florence, Alabama, Chattanooga, Tenn., and Atlanta Ga., to Charleston, South Carolina. Corinth, therefore, commands the communication to Memphis, the Gulf, and the seaboard Seeded States.

Not only so but this Memphis and Charleston road is the only railroad connection left the rebels between Louisiana, Mississippi and all Alabama west of Pensacola, and the Southern seaboard States. Troops can only be sent east from New Orleans, Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Memphis, Baton Rouge or Mobile, or to those points from Virginia, North or South Carolina or Georgia, over the Memphis and Charleston road, the only railroad line now connecting the East and West of the rebellion. Let the road be once broken and the Southern Confederacy is cut in two as effectually as if a Chinese wall were built between the Gulf and the seaboard States.

Beauregard, then is engaged in defending the last connection line of defense the rebels can possibly adopt. Defeat him here, and the war throughout the Gulf States can only be a series of isolated struggles, the end of which no prophet is needed to foretell. He has selected the most important point along the road for his main stand. West of Corinth is the Grand Junction, where the New Orleans branch of the Mobile and Ohio intersects the Memphis and Charleston. If defeated at Corinth, he may endeavor to make a final stand at Grand Junction. Lose that, and he has given us the key to Memphis, New Orleans and Mobile.

Some fellow who has evidently been carried away with the exercise, thus gives his experience in skating with the girls:

"Talk of a warm parlor, soft sofa, limpid nonsense, gentle squeezes, knotty sighs, bashful eyes, shakes and tremors, dying embers, midnight hours, artificial flowers—all compared to an ice parlor, for courting purposes. Bad place for lovers is the ice. The lady employs you to adjust her skates, hold in the right position, and stand ready with open arms as they fall. Just stop and think a moment. Think of fooling away about an hour about the pretty foot that belongs to the pretty eyes peeping out from the warm hood. Think how nice it is of a bright moonlight night, piping cold, to race that pretty one far out from the crowd, with an arm around her waist to keep her from falling, and the gentle motion on skates fairly intoxicating you with more than heavenly rapture. Go way with your parlor courting, where the house clock must be muffled, and where the old folks will keep both ears open to catch advance darts of Cupid, the stolen kiss. Give us the ice, the bracing air, and the embracing arm to guard from danger. As pipes cold outside, so burns the love within. Away with the noisy crowd, with none but the myriad eyes of God to look down and smile approval, who would not do their courting on the ice?"

A letter from Baltimore, to the New York Evening Post, relates the following:

The farmers and traders of Loudon and the other counties in Virginia recently conquered from the rebels by the National arms, are beginning to make their appearance in Baltimore and Washington, with considerable amounts of coin and Bank notes, which they had buried at the outbreak of the insurrection, for the purpose of laying in supplies and goods. One man had \$8,000, another \$3,000, and so on, all of which love evidence of the earthly receptacle to which they had been committed for safe keeping against the unwholy hands of the rebel thieves and depredaters.

The Ports Above Memphis.

The name of the fortifications of the rebels this side of Memphis are: First, Fort Pillow, named after the rebel General. Second, Fort Wright, at Randolph, named after Lieutenant-Colonel Marcus J. Wright, of Colonel Preston Smith's 154th Tennessee Regiment, (number derived from number of district under Tennessee militia law,) who first commanded at that point, going there about one year ago, with four of the Memphis crack companies, since which time the fortifications have been in progress. Third, Fort Harris, six miles above Memphis, named after ex-Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee.

From Berkely.

We learn from a letter written to the Baltimore Clipper from Martinsburg, under date of April 16, that an attempt to enforce the laws of the Rebel Government took place there. It says:

"A little episode in the history of the Rebellion transpired here yesterday, which was the date fixed by both the former and Rebel Constitutions for the convening of the court of Berkely county. At the appointed hour, the sheriff under the rebel regime, entered the court house and was about to ring the bell, summoning the late rebel judge, John B. Nadenbush, to his seat, when Thomas Noakes, a well-known loyal citizen; seized the sheriff by the arm, emphatically notified him that 'no rebel court should hereafter convene in Berkely county without passing over his dead body.'"

The sheriff desisted, and the rebel court did not convene. Subsequently, by permission and under direction of Major C. M. Walker, Tenth Maine Volunteers, Provost Marshal of the town, three Union magistrates were selected by the loyal citizens and held the court. Some official business was transacted, court and county officers appointed, and the Court adjourned until the next term without ordering any election, but awaiting the action of the Constitutional State authorities in the premises."

Governor Pierpont ought to take the necessary step to organize a court in Berkely as soon as possible. Every motion giving evidence of resuscitation of the Letcher dynasty should be watched with extreme care and checked as soon as seen.

A Plot Detected in Nashville

The Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing on the 14th inst., says:

"Late Saturday evening one James T. Bell, a Scotchman, who was the local editor and one of the proprietors of the Nashville Daily Gazette, was arrested in this city and conveyed by the provost guard to the penitentiary, for seditious language and probable connection with midnight conspiracy. The fact which led to his arrest, was that he approached a man whose sentiments he had misapprehended, and informed confidentially that at midnight Saturday, the city bells would be rung as a signal and the last Union man 'cleared out.'—He is one of the City Council who refused to take the oath of allegiance by the advice of W. F. Cooper Esq.

"Though the man is light material, and would hardly be entrusted with the deep secrets of a serious conspiracy, the Provost Marshal did well in putting out an extra guard, and patrolling the streets with cavalry and infantry all night.—Men were not permitted on any pretext to assemble in groups or on the streets. It is not impossible, there was more import in Bell's language than our citizens who know him are willing to believe.—Straws may show the current of the wind. Certainly, if the secessionists of Nashville had not entered into the atrocious conspiracy he divulged it was only for lack of courage and not because they had not the will.

"An insurrection of traitors in Nashville would have a most healthful influence. It would bring on some of that just severity, for want of which our political atmosphere is breeding pestilence.

If the disposition to speak well of others was universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative Paradise. The opposite is the Pandora's box, which when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy jealousy and malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lids, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best, there will be occasional faults that might seem to justify animadversion.—It is a good rule however, when there is occasion for fault finding to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the feelings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian and shows a despicable heart.

The Beauties Around us.

What is the use of calling the world a wilderness—a desert dark and drear?—Is the world dreary or is it but the reflection of our gloomy feelings? When all is sunshine and joy within, we can read poetry on every page of Nature's grand volume. And would it not be well always to cull sweets from the flowers that spring up all along the pathway—to see beauty in everything—in the grand old pines waving their majestic heads to and fro making solemn music for the ear, in the glassy smoothness of the summer stream, and its flowing dotted banks, in the prairie stretching as far as the eye can reach, till the green beneath seems to merge into one?

Bridge at Harpers Ferry.

We hear that the designers and engineers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will, during the present month, commence the erection of the superb iron bridge over the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. The structure is to be a highly ornamental as well as a permanent pattern, costing, it is stated, \$250,000.—The piers of the present structure are to be raised five feet, far above any danger from any future freshets. Mr. Quincy, constructive engineer of the company, will superintend the erection of the bridge, which has been designed and nearly completed by Mr. Bollman, the well known bridge architect and builder of Baltimore.

A DESONDING REBEL.—The tone of most of the letters published at Island 10 is exceedingly despondent, indicating great demoralization in the rebel ranks. One of them, apparently from an officer, and addressed to the Hon. A. M. Gentry, of Texas, is thus prefaced: "For obvious reasons, I do not sign my name to this letter; but you will know at once whom it is from." The reasons are rendered "obvious," by the following paragraph: "I tell you, Colonel, that there is no use of farther resistance.—We have neither the means nor the men to carry on the war. My regiment has not been paid a cent for five months, and I, who, as you know, am worth in ordinary times a hundred thousand dollars, am obliged to borrow the price of postage upon this letter. How can men be expected to fight under such circumstances."

Several of the secesshers who are now confined at Camp Douglas as prisoners of war are growing impatient and have petitioned Colonel Mulligan to affect their release. They say they were impressed into the service and their company was originally organized for home defence in Memphis. The petition concludes thus: "We wish to be liberated from captivity by honorable means.—Our families are depending upon us for their support. We are willing, with the honest heart and pure motives, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, giving all we can give, our words of honor as men, to truly and faithfully maintain our oaths."

Let us Call Things by Right Names.

In speaking of the Union troops I observe that many papers in this country and in Europe denominate them "the Federals." This is not correct—they are not "Federals," because our Government is not a "federation," "confederation," or "confederacy," but a National Government. We are a NATION, and have been ever since we abandoned our old "Confederation" and established a National Government.

The Southern troops are generally designated as "Confederates." Now, as we do not recognize their right of power to separate themselves from the Northern and Western States and form a Confederacy, and as they are legally nothing more or less than rebels or insurgents why not thus characterize them whenever we have occasion to speak of them? Why not call things and men by their right names? Depend upon it there is much in a name. Let the two be designated as "national troops" and rebels. N. S.

Firing the Mortars.

The operations of firing the mortars, is interesting. The charge is from fifteen to twenty-two pounds. The shell weighs 230 pounds, and is thirteen inches in diameter. For a family illustration, it is the size of a large soup plate. The boat is moored alongside shore, so as to withstand the shock firmly, and the men go ashore, when the mortar is to be fired. A pull of the string does the work, and the whole vicinity is shaken with the concussion. The report is deafening, and the most enthusiastic person gets enough of it with one or two discharges. There is no sound from the shell at this point of observation, and no indication of the course it is taking; but in a few seconds, the attentive observer with a good glass, will see the cloud of smoke that follows its explosion, and then the report comes back with a dull boom. If it has done execution the enemy may be seen carrying off their dead and wounded.—[Scientific American.

The treason law passed at the last session of the Maryland Legislature went into operation on Tuesday. It punishes with death or with from six to twenty years' imprisonment all who levy war against the State, adhere or give comfort to its enemies, and fines all persons furnishing rebels with goods, or any assistance, raise enlistments for the rebel army or display Secession flags.

SLANDER.—Against slander there is no defense. Hell cannot boast of such a foul food, nor man deplore so foul a foe. It stabs with a smile. It is a pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most weary traveler cannot avoid. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is as fatal as the most deadly asp—mar der is its employment, inaspracy its prey, and ruin its sport.