THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I. POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1862. NUMBER 23.

The Weekly Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE W. TIPPETT,
Main Street,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.

TERMS:—One dollar per annum strictly in advance.

ADVERTISING.

One square of 10 lines, one or three insertions $1.50. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.
Professional cards of 7 lines or less 1 year $5
Quarter Colum 6 months $10 one year $15
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One Column, 6 months $25 1 year $35
A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.
Advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on the copy, or they will be kept in 'till forbid,' and charged accordingly.
All casual or transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, to insure their insertion
Affidavit will not be made to orders of Publication or other legal advertisements unless they are paid for.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

AND. PARKS. JAS. W. HOGE. B. J. REDMOND.
PARKS, HOGE & REDMOND.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
WILL practice in the Courts of law and Chancery in Mason Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to their care. Address,
Andrew Parks, Kanawha C. H., Va.
James W. Hoge, Winfield, Putnam county, Va. B. J. Redmond, Point Pleasant, Va.
May 29 1y.

E. M. FITZ GERALD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Office at Court House.] PT. PLEASANT, VA.

C. P. T. MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on Main street, [PT. PLEASANT, VA.
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WM. H. TOMLINSON,
Attorney at Law,
POINT, PLEASANT, VA.,
WILL practice in Mason and Putnam and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

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, oil, paints, dystuffs, varhish, Essences xtracts, perfumery and soaps of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of sarsaparilla.
He also has a large stationery tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar.
Feb. 27, 1862--1y

DR. C. B. 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, 1852.-1y.

DR. S. G. SHAW,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
TENDERS his professional services to the public. Calls from the country promptly attended to. Office on Front Street, adjoining the "Virginia House."
Feb. 27, 1862-1y.

ROBERT S. BICKEL,

MERCHANT TAILOR
AND DEALER IN
Ready Made Clothing,
Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings
GENTLEMENS FURNISHING GOODS.
Tailors Trimmings, &c
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 the distance solicited.
Feb. 27 1862-1y.

Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Wheeling.
POINT PLEASANT BRANCH,
CAPITAL $186,000.
G. C. MILLER, President,
J. D. THOMPSON, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
J. D. McCulloch, | S. G. Shaw,
A. McCausland, | James Carpehart,
G. C. Miller, | John McCullough,
P. S. Lewis.
Discount day Tuesday.
February 27, 1862-1y.

TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMAN & Marines and widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed in the service.
CHAS. TUCKER, Attorney for claimants, Bounty Land and Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.
Pensions procured for soldiers, seamen and marines of the present war, who are disabled by reason of wounds received, or disease contracted while in service and Pension, Bounty Money and arrears of pay obtained for widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.
Bounty land procured for services in any of the other wars.
CHAS. TUCKER, Washington, D. C.
Those entitled to Pensions, Bounty Land or Bounty Money, can have their claims prepared and forwarded to Mr. Tucker by calling at the Register office.

UNION HOUSE,
Main Street POINT PLEASANT, VA.,
HUTCH. McDANIEL, : : : Proprietor.
THIS Hotel is in the business portion of the town, convenient to the steamboat landing and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no pains to give entire satisfaction to all who may be pleased to call upon him.
march 20-1y.

POETICAL.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

"Kiss my little brother and my sister and tell
them I died for my country."
On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me mother,
Till the breaking of the day,
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again I seem'd to come.

He to whom you taught me, mother,
On my infant knee to pray,
Kept my heart from fainting mother,
When the vision pass'd away,
In the gray of morning, mother,
Comrades bore me to the town:
From my bosom tender fingers
Wash'd the blood that trickled down.

I must soon be going, mother,
Going to the home of rest:
Kiss me as of old, my mother,
Press me nearer to your breast,
Would I could repay you mother,
For your faithful love and care:
God uphold and bless you mother,
In this bitter woe you bear.

Kiss for me my little brother,
Kiss my sister, loved so, well;
When you sit together mother,
Tell them how their brother fell,
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country
All from love to her and God.

Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the One who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother—
Hark! I hear the angels call!
Don't you hear them singing mother?
Listen to the music swell?
Now I leave you, loving mother—
God be with you—fare you well.

LETTER FROM CAPT. CHASE.

Mr. Editor:—I have not seen in print a single word, yet, of our defeat at Sommerville, on July 25, 1862. There were two companies, A and F, under command of Lieut. Colonel W. C. Starr of the 9th Va. at Sommerville. On the morning of the 25th of July, 1862, at 4 o'clock, about 250 rebel Cavalry commanded by Maj. Bailey, came dashing in town, surrounded headquarters and captured Colonel Starr, Capt. Davis, Lieut. Stivers and Ewing. Lieut. Miller and Anderson of Co. F, escaping by dog-ball. The soldier's quarters were then surrounded and in ten minutes after their arrival, Sommerville was captured and the guns and commissary stores were all in the hands of the enemy. They took all the valuables—such as clothing, blankets, horses, mules, wagons, &c. They burned three of the principal buildings, and in one hour they were off with about 75 of our men on double-quick. It is utterly impossible to find out the exact result of what little firing was done. Jeremiah Hayman a private in Co. F, was found in the grass wounded fatally in the breast, and one or two others slightly wounded. It is said by some of our men that one or two were killed in their quarters and burned with the buildings. Of the whole force at Sommerville, we can only raise 64 men now; hence one half of them are missing.

That the enemy knew as much about the situation as our own men did, is a certain fact. The two companies were quartered in buildings about 400 yards apart. As they passed Company F, the rebel Major told his men that was Co. F and ordered his men to move on double-quick to Co. A's quarters, hence the most of Co. F escaped.

The only reason I can assign for this partiality, is that the majority of the officers and men in Co. F, were related to to two of the rebel companies, and were recruited in the same neighborhood.—The rebels could have killed half of our force if they had been so disposed. The Orderly Sargeant of Co. F was twice balked by his own cousins on the rebel side—they recognized him and let him run.

Dr. Ricker a citizen, was at headquarters at the time, and was taken by the rebels, and was sentenced to be shot yesterday. Col. Crook sent a flag of truce informing Gen. Heath that he had two hostages for Ricker, and that they had better not shoot. He has had no answer yet.

O. G. CHASE, Capt. Co. F.
Meadow Bluff, Aug. 3, 1862.

A venerable lady in her hundreth year lost her daughter, who had attained the good old age of 80. The mother's grief was great: and to a friend who came to console with her, she remarked, "Oh dear! oh dear! I knew I never should be able to raise that child!"

Who Are Abolitionists!

Judge S. M. Breckinridge made a powerful speech in the Missouri State Convention a day or two since, in which was the following truthful passage:

I think I may say, that without an opinion on this subject that would justify the charge, there is not to be found in the State of Missouri a single man of marked loyalty who has not already been denounced as an abolitionist, when in point of fact he is as far removed from them as he is in thought or sympathy from those who prefer the charge.

This charge has been so often and so flippantly made, that I have come to consider it as, perhaps the most unfailing test of a man's loyalty that he had been denounced as an abolitionist.—That man who has been so successful in tempering his loyalty throughout all the struggles to avoid incurring the hostility of the class engaged in treason and their sympathizers, to such an extent as not to incur the application of that epithet, I will not say he is not loyal, but I will say his loyalty has in all probability, not borne any very distinguished fruits.

After the battle of Fair Oaks, the 42d New York volunteers was among the regiments sent to protect the rear. The service was severe, for in addition to wearisome labor in bridge-building, the men were compelled to stand guard in the rain and mud. After several days and nights spent in the performance of this duty, the 42d was relieved and sent to the front for rest. Of Lieut. Cooper, of the 42d, the following singular incident is related:

"The men were so weary that sleeping in the mire was no hardship. He stretched himself recklessly and slept heavily. He supposed it was about sunrise when he was partially awakened. He was neither asleep nor awake, but in that delightfully drowsy condition when the mind confused is apt to multiply by twelve, and lose its reckoning. Endeavoring to turn over he fancied he saw a hand before him—spectre like he thought growing red by slow degrees. It seemed to him wan, and pale, and bloodless. The palm was open toward him, and the fingers were spread out stiffly, like a fan. He gazed at it earnestly, reasoning in obscurity with the feebleness of somnolency that it must be a hideous dream. It did not move, but he could not evade it.

The thought struck him that it might be his own hand benumbed. To assure himself, he raised both his hands and gazed at them steadfastly, looked at the other hand eagerly, and then sprang to his own. There were three hands there, indubitably. Still he thought there was some horrible delusion about it. He opened his hands, then closed them, then struck out with them. The other was fixed and immovable, but there was no other man to fit the hand. At last, when worked into a state bordering on terror, he wildly snatched at the frightful vision—and awoke with a dead man's hand clasped tightly in his own. Cooper had sunk to sleep upon a trench filled with dead rebels. The heavy rains had washed away the loose soil, and the gastly hand and forearm of a dead rebel protruded from the shallow grave."

Braxton county, Virginia, celebrated *not* in the annals of history as that place where a hound "purp" and flintlock rifle are considered a fare exchange for a man's better half, occasionally ships some of her verdant heroes to a post of civilization, for the purpose of having their claims adjusted when circumstances admit. An original character of this kind, recently made his appearance in Charleston, Va., and after slowly treading the streets, and closely scanning every house and visage, halted in front of Headquarters, and then stepping up to a quiet, unassuming man in a blue cap and blouse, and thus accosted him:

"Does *Mr.* Lightburn live anywhar near about hear?"

"These are his Headquarters," was the reply.

"I wonder if a person could get to see him without a pass?"

"I suppose so, what is your business with him?"

"Wall, I have some peticelar business. You see me and a neighbor of mine swapped, I gave 'Manda—that was my wife to him for a rifle and hound pup. The soljers searched my house and took the gun, and some one killed the derg, and now I want the ole woman back and she wont come, and that feller wat's got her, says he's goen to keep her. Say, what is *Mr.* Lightburn?"

At this juncture old Mr. H., from P. stepping up, and grasping the man in the blue cap and blouse by the hand, accosted him with:

"Why, Col. Ligtburn, how do you do? I am really glad to see you!"

Our friend from Braxton taken by surprise at this fell back against the railing, and settling down full three inches in his boots, with a look out of one corner of his eye, which seemed to plainly say—"sold by dad!" But shortly recovering from his surprise, he straightened himself up to his usual proportions, advanced, and extending his hand, exclaimed:

"Is this '*Mr.*' Lightburn? Wall, I thank God I have an opperchunity to shake hands with you. May God bless you, by gimmy."

WHO ARE EXEMPT FROM MILITARY SERVICE.—The following, compiled from official source, will serve to answer many questions that are being propounded at this time:

Physical debility in a good ground [illegible] and should in all cases be established to the satisfaction of the [illegible] board before the party is discharged. [illegible] minute day [illegible] victory [illegible] was [illegible] the slightest [illegible] or any [illegible] joints [illegible] or of the disease of the heart, reducing [illegible] fistula in ano, large hemorrhoids and painful varicocele, or varicose [illegible] extended above the knees, loss of a limb, a thumb and forefinger on the right hand, or any two fingers on either hand, the loss of the great toe, any marked physical imperfection which would unfit for active service.

II. The following persons are exempt by law from the draft: The Vice-President of the United States, the officers, judicial and executive of the Government of the United States, members of both Houses of Congress and their respective officers, All custom house officers with their clerks, all postmasters and stage drivers who are employed in the care and conveyance of the mail of the postoffices of the United States, all ferrymen employed at any ferry on the post road, all inspectors of imports, all pilots, all mariners actually employed in the sea service of any citizen or merchant within the United States.

III. Firemen in active service, and those who have served as firemen are exempt, except in case of "Insurrection or invasion."

THE NEW PENSION LAW FOR THE PRESENT WAR.—Both Houses of Congress have just agreed on the following rates for a total disability for officers, musicians and privates, employed in the military service, whether regulars, volunteers or militia, and in the marine corps, since the 4th of March 1862:

Lieutenant colonel, and all officers of higher rank, thirty dollars per month; major, $25 per month; captain, $20 per month; first lieutenants, $17, second lieutenants $15, and non-commissioned officers and privates $8 per month. The pensions for total disability for officers, *warrant or petty officers*, and others employed in the naval service of the United States shall be as follows, viz: Captain, commander, surgeon, paymaster and chief engineer respectively ranking with commander by law, lieutenant commanding and master commanding; $30 per month; lieutenant, surgeon, paymaster and chief engineer, respectively ranking with lieutenant by law, and passed assistant surgeon $25 per month; professor of mathematics, master, assistant surgeon assistant paymaster and chaplain; $20 per month; first assistant engineers and pilots $15 per month; passed midshipmen, captains' and paymasters' clerks, second and third assistant engineers, masters' mate, and all warrant officers, $10 per month; all petty officers, and all other persons before named employed in the naval service, $8 per month.

Provision is made in case of death for the widow or children to receive the pension.

A COMPANY of printers in Albany, In., have laid down their shooting stick to take up the shooting irons. Those who have four dollars a week secured to them during their absence. Albany is doing nobly; in her ward meetings, citizens pledge themselves to go to the field or furnish a substitute, and every ward has its war committee. The Journal is stimulating enlistments by appeals which can't be answered except with a musket on one's shoulder. We give a sample of them:

READER! You say you love your country. But "talk is cheap." He is a hypocrite who says he loves his country to-day, and yet does nothing to save it. It needs men. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO GET HER WHAT SHE NEEDS? If *nothing*, the meanest rebel who ever took the field is not more despicable than you are.

There are a few patriotic men in the State who are doing nearly their whole duty just now. READER! Are you one of the few? What have you *done?*—Answer the question to yourself. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? For decency's sake, don't look an honest man in the face again until you can say, "*I have done something.*"

FRIEND! Have you yet taken your man to the recruiting office? Or don't you care whether the Albany regiment is filled or not? If you do not care, of what use are you to your country?—Or if you *do* care, but are to lazy to do your duty, you are too mean to call yourself an American citizen.

Indulge in humor just as much as you please, so it ain't ill-humor.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer, in the course of an article on partisan, says: "In what sense is Mr. Lincoln shown [illegible] a party man? This [illegible] to story [illegible] the Enquirer [illegible] Democratic officers, [illegible] friends [illegible] minute day [illegible] victory [illegible] was [illegible] the slightest [illegible] appointees were honest, capable and faithful to the constitution. [illegible] Lincoln went into office with the object of bitter prejudice against those who opposed his election, but since this intolerance has brought upon him all the implacable opposition of the radicals, because he firmly opposes their anarchisms and drags his advisers and his generals from the intellect and genius of the nation without reference to their former political proclivities. He has delegated to Andrew Johnson the command of Tennessee, put to Edward Stanley that of North Carolina; McClellan and Pope lead our armies in Virginia. Butler and Beverly Johnson have the military and civil charge of New Orleans; Halleck and Buell are at the head of the Western Departments; Boyle is placed over Kentucky, Dix over Maryland; Holt and Owen were selected by him as commissioners to settle disputed contracts; he visits West Point in great haste to consult General Scott; in fact, we might swell the list to show, that those who never belonged to this party or voted for his election are his most trusted counsellors, agents, and representatives in the country a time of peril. In this respect at least Mr Lincoln has shown himself pre-eminently 'other than a party man.'"—[*Louisville Journal.*

Living For something.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life, are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O, man immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of virtue can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year, you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—[*Dr Chalmers.*

A Raid into Letart.

On Saturday night last, a band of guerrillas, numbering some twelve or fifteen persons, at about midnight, surrounded the house of our fellow-citizen, Thos. T. Hopkins, Esq., of Letart Township, in this County, in the absence of Mr. Hopkins, and by threatenning to burn the house over the family procured admission. While some of the gang stood guard over the frightened women, other ransacked the premises for plunder. They employed about three hours, in the search. Mr. H. was supposed was supposed to have a large sum of money in his house, which it was, no doubt, the main object of the band to secure. They threatened death in all forms to Mrs. H. if she would not deliver up the supposed treasure. There being none in the house, of course she could not comply with the demand.—After tearing up carpets, and searching every nook and corner of the house, the villains left, a little before daylight, taking two guns, about $25 in money, which was all they could find and, such other articles as suited their fancy. No clue, so far as we know, has yet been discovered as to the identity of the perpetrators. It would be well for every one to be prepared to give such visitors a warm reception.—*Pom. Tel.*

Sweet Old Age.

God sometimes gives to a man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, go mellow without any decay. This is that sought for land, Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood.—Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armour, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints!

General Prentiss Horsewhipped.

About three weeks ago, as we learn by a lady from Atlanta, a female from that place, reputed a lady, made grossly insulting remarks to Gen. Prentiss, who is a prisoner there. He made no reply, but turned his back upon her contemptuously. For this an Atlanta man, taking a company with him went and horsewhipped the distinguished prisoner. God grant that our armies may soon avenge that and a myriad other outrages.

I STEP MADE MAN.—Capt. Hudson, of Niagara, was once a baker boy in Brooklyn. One day he chanced to be in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and a thought struck him that he would like to enter the navy. So, going to the officer of the yard, he applied for admission. The navy officer was at land alone, holding [illegible] by [illegible] or by the entreaties of his friends, attracted at [illegible] the office, and he [illegible] you no? The resolute and decisive "Any-[illegible] my own." He was [illegible] and a few days passed, and the baker was [illegible] into the entire position, he began to show marks of [illegible] and aptitude which outdid his associates and step by step the baker's boy [illegible] the deck, and to [illegible] the highest ones [illegible] the United States Navy.

The advance bounties offered by the Government are as follows:

To each recruit in a new regiment, one months' pay—$13, and a bounty, $25—being $38 in all, to be paid at the time of the mustering in of his company.

To each recruit in an old regiment the same pay and bounty will be paid.

All persons whether officers or otherwise, bringing recruits to a rendezvous, will receive therefor $2, if for a new regiment, and $8, if for an old one, to be paid at the time of mustering in such recruits.

A firm in Scotland, celebrated for the manufacture of steel, has recently contracted to furnish the French Government with muskets so constructed that they will discharge *seriatim* through one barrel sixteen cartridges, by means of a slide containing sixteen chambers.—When the contents of the slide are fired off, another loaded slide can be inserted by the soldier in a few seconds, by which thirty-two shots can be discharged in one minute. By drawing the trigger the chambers containing the charge adjust themselves to the barrel in succession. The model is furnished by the French Government.

The Louisville Journal most forcibly states a truth already demonstrated, when it says:

"*In a country at war for slavery is necessarily in practice a war against it.*"

Has this simple truth been as well understood 18 months ago as it will be at the close of this war, or, indeed, as it is now, there would have been no rebellion, and if anybody have reason to curse their leaders and deplore their own blindness, it is the simple devotees of slavery who have been led into this treason and are still oblivious to its inevitable results.

A Christian does not glory in the tribulation as he does in the cross of Christ. The cross of Christ is the object in which he glories, but glories in tribulation as an appointed means and instrument in the hand of God, of accomplishing his own pleasure and promoting our real good.

Jeff. Davis' Adjutant General publishes a general order directing the drafting of every male, white and *mullatto*, in the South, capable of bearing arms, whether they have substitutes or not.—Rather a severe conscription—much severer than Napoleon ever ventured upon.

Wool men estimate the clip of Ohio this year to be about 13,000,000 pounds, being 2,000,000 pounds greater than the clip of last year. Three fourths have been sold at 48 cents.

It is said of Baxter, the divine, by continual kneeling in prayer, his knees became stiff and useless. We hear of few such misfortunes in these days.

A steamboat fireman's knowledge of the art of punctuation is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the *coal-on* to prevent a *full stop.*

A laboring man in Rochester, New York, has become heir to an Irish fortune of £260,000. He stopped making a cellar wall to go over to the old country and search for it.

"The mind of a young creature" says Bishop Berkley, "cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to use even that which is bad."

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either Billiards or Burgundy.

"There, now," cried a little girl while ramaging a drawer in a bureau, "there, now, grandpa has gone to Heaven without his spectacles."

"This is paying dear for good company," as the rook said when he was put into the pigeon pie.

Why is a wash woman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.