

# THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 13, 1862.

NUMBER 34.

## 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 \$15.  
Quarterly, 6 months \$10, 1 year \$20.  
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**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 in 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 1/2.

**E. M. FRIZ GERALD,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.  
[See at Court-House.] PT. PLEASANT, VA.  
**THOMAS B. KLINE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
POINT PLEASANT, VA.  
Will practice in the counties of Mason, Putnam, Cabell and Wayne.  
Anc 21 no 24th.

**C. P. T. MOORE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office on Main street, [PT. PLEASANT, VA.]  
July 24 2/11.

**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, 1862-1/2.

**DR. JAMES H. HOOFF**  
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant, and vicinity. Of drugs, oil, paints, dyes, etc., and all kinds of patent medicines and a very superior article of medicine.  
Office on Main street, [PT. PLEASANT, VA.]  
Feb. 27, 1862-1/2.

**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, 1862-1/2.

**DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Office on Second Street, above Public square, COLUMBIANA, OHIO.  
Where all operations relating to dentistry are performed in the best style of the profession. Terms cash.  
Feb. 6, 1859-1/2.

**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 20-1/2.

**VIRGINIA HOUSE,**  
Front Street, Point Pleasant, Va.,  
**F. R. B. SMITH,** Proprietor.  
Takes pleasure in informing his friends and the travelling public that this popular hotel has just opened for the reception of visitors.  
Aug 14-1/2.

**S. HAYWARD & SON,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
FURNITURE, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS,  
Upholstery, Gilt Mouldings, &c.  
Ware rooms Fronting Public Square,  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Sole and Wood Coffins constantly on hand. A Hearse always in readiness for funerals.  
[May 15 1/2.]

**E. TILLNER,**  
WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he has just opened a saloon in this place and is now prepared to accommodate the public with all reasonable refreshments, such as Spiced, Cured and Pickled Oysters, Ham and Eggs, Sardines, &c., on call. The best articles of Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, Nuts, Candies, Tobacco and Cigars, constantly on hand.  
Ale, Lager Beer, Lemonade, &c., always on hand. Ice-cream occasionally,  
July 17 1/2.

**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, 1862-1/2.

## POETICAL.

**OUR GUARDIAN SPIRITS.**  
Linger, gentle angel spirit;  
Stay and fold thy cherub wings,  
To the world thou didst inherit,  
What sweet message dost thou bring?  
Ere of balm for her who bore thee,  
Wept thy early flight to heaven;  
Saw the cold clouds level'd o'er thee,  
Canst bestow the healing heaven?

As we tarry near the greenward,  
Covering into thy mortal bed;  
And gaze down upon the roses,  
All in bloom above thy head:  
Sally, mildly, mem'ry whispers,  
Of a bud that never bloomed;  
Then we feel a presence near us,  
Pointing to our rosebud's tomb.  
Guardian spirit, hovering o'er us,  
Oh thy presence seemeth near;  
And when sorrow's fount o'erfloweth,  
Unseen pinions dry each tear.  
When 'tis silent twilight bringeth  
Bitter music to the heart,  
Back to earth our cherub wingeth,  
Whispera peace, and steals the dart!

**A Story for Lawyers.**  
It is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard and read of the celebrated Luther Martin. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr will not be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in the story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the assizes. A solitary passenger was in the stage with him, and as the weather was extremely cold, the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much sensibility to the inclement air. The young man knew Martin by sight, and as he was also a lawyer, the thread of the talk soon began to spin itself out in legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering on my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, sir, you will give from your experience the key to distinction at the bar—I will—"

"Will what?" exclaimed Martin.  
"Why, sir, I will pay your expenses while you are at Annapolis."  
"Done. Stand to your bargain now, and I'll furnish you with the great secret."  
The young man assented.  
"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The whole secret of my success is contained in one little maxim, which I early laid down to guide me. If you follow it you cannot fail to succeed. It is this—Always be sure of your evidence."

The listener was very attentive, smiled through himself back in philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis with the true lawyer's patience, of "Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made pecuniary out of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all-powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin, with his practical student, took rooms at the best hotel in the city. The only thing peculiar to the hotel, in the eyes of the young man, was that the wine-bottles and the ceteras of fine living, seemed to recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin, wherever eating and drinking were concerned, he was indeed a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immoderately fond of the after-dinner, after-supper, after-everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed to make the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyer's whether you are old, take legal rights, and so the young man began to think of the study of self-protection. It ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was a noble instinct, not to be disobeyed particularly where the hotel bills of a lawyer were concerned. The subject daily grew on the young man. It was all-sorbing to the mind and pocket. A week elapsed, and Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar room. The young man was an anxious spectator near by.  
"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend, Mr. —, will settle my bill, agreeable to engagement."  
The young man said nothing but looked everything.

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally pledged, to pay my bill," repeated Mr. Martin.  
"Where's your evidence?" asked the young man.  
"Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin.  
"Yes, sir," said the young man, demurely. "Always be sure of your evidence, Mr. Martin. Can you prove the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulling out his pocket-book paid the bill and with great good humor assured the young man.  
"You will do sir, and get through the world with your profession, without advice from me."

**A New Kind of a Fool.**  
A citizen walking up Chestnut street the other day, trod upon the flowing skirts of a lady. The skirts were distended by the most lavish circumference of ermine, and trailed upon the sidewalk at least four inches. The drapery was so voluminous at any rate that the wearer was some feet distant from her husband, beside whom she was walking.

The citizen trod upon the lady's skirt, bringing her to a stand still. The citizen apologized in the most humble manner, and the lady granted it. To his surprise, as the lady passed on, the husband turned short about and said to the citizen:  
"You're a fool!"  
"Sir!" said the indignant and astonished citizen, with an eye that forbode a resent to the insult.  
"Oh, I don't mean to insult you I see by your appearance that you are a gentleman. When I say you're a fool, I mean you are a fool for apologizing to a woman who wears trail skirts, because you accidently tread upon them. That lady, sir, is my wife; I have to get my boots blacked four times a day to walk with her, for fear of soiling her flounces. The next time you tread upon them, pray don't apologize for it. If you had torn the whole trail off the dress I should have been pleased rather than otherwise."

"And you retract your offensive remark, then?" asked the citizen.  
"In the sense you understand it, I do of course. Should you again tread upon my wife's trail, and then apologize for it, I should feel very much like repeating the epithet."  
The citizen wended his way like a man who had acquired a new wrinkle.

The above we find in the Philadelphia Gazette, and we must add that the husband was right; at least in this, that it is the duty of any lady with dragging skirts, to apologize to the gentleman whose locomotion her trail interrupts. If a roll of silk should be tumbled from a store, over which roll the passing pedestrian should happen to stumble, who should make the apology?

And wherein is there any distinction? "dry goods," and both are where they had no business—in the dirt.  
We insist upon it, that when a lady's dragging dress is stepped on, she should apologize even if, by the accident, every "gather" in her skirt is ripped.

**Curiosities of the Draft.**  
Says the Erie, (Pa.) Gazette:—The freaks of the draft are innumerable. It took all hands in Burgess' wholesale grocery, including both proprietors; both the Johnsons, of Johnson and Brother, grocers, their book-keepers and clerks; Dr. Strong and Mr. Starr, of Strong's Drug store. It went into the legal fraternity strong, and in many instances two out of three in firms and families were drawn. Mrs. Foot, of Mill Creek, is left alone, all her sons, three in number, have been drawn.

Says the Pottsville, Pa., Miners Journal:—Commissioner Holbart commenced the draft for this county on Thursday last, and it was expected would finish last evening. The number drafted was 1,607. We will endeavor to give a list of the names in our next issue. When the draft was made for Tanawpa all the lawyers in the place but one were drawn.

**A SOLDIER'S STORY.**—Not long since a lot of us—I am an H. P., "high private," now—were quartered in several wooden tenements, and in an inner room lay the corpse of a young seaman officer, awaiting burial. The news soon spread to a village not far off, and down came tearing a "sentimental, not bad looking" specimen of a Virginia dame.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!" she cried as I interrupted her progress.—"Do let me kiss him for his mother!"  
"Kiss whom?"  
"The dear little lieutenant, the one who lies dead within. I never saw him but oh!"

I led her through the room in which Lieutenant — of Philadelphia, lay stretched out upon a log fast asleep.—Supposing him to be the article sought for, she rushed up, exclaiming, "Let me kiss him for his mother," and approached her lips to his forehead. What was her amazement, when the "corpse" clasped his arms around her and exclaimed, "Never mind the old lady, Miss, go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection."

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of the air around us, comes a half sound, a half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of all created things, in the great miracle of nature; decay and reproduction ever beginning, never ending; the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of time!

## Verdict of a Jury of Boys.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury he was very much a favorite; but his patience at times would get very much exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a weary way, he threatened to punish six boys of a heavy female the first by detaching in whispering, and appointing some as detectors. Shortly after one of the detectors shouted:  
"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."  
John was called upon and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite both with his teacher and school-mates.)  
"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware of what I was about; I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to hand me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

The Doctor regretted his hasty threat but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper or escape the punishment and continued:  
"I wish I could avoid it, but cannot, without a forfeiture of my word. I will," he continued, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose to say whether or not I omit the punishment."  
John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S. T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:—  
"The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened blows of the female; but it must be inflicted on voluntarily proxies—and we arbitrators will share the punishment, receiving each of us two of the blows."

John who had listened to the verdict stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hand exclaimed:  
"Here is my hand; they shall not beat a blow; I will receive the punishment."  
The Doctor, under pretense of wiping his eyes, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Middlesex Journal.*

**Webster and Wirt.**  
Daniel Webster was once engaged in a case before one of the Virginia Courts, and opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the Life of Patrick Henry. Wirt has been criticised as a brilliant lawyer, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eyeing the witness a moment he said:  
"Mr. K—, allow me to ask you whether you have ever read a work called *Baron Munchausen*?"  
Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet and said:  
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor I promise not to interrupt you again."  
Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied, "Yes most certainly," when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said:  
"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's *Patrick Henry*?"  
The effect was so irresistible that even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster, said, "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without examining Wirt," which was assented to and Mr. Webster's client won the case.

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**Ox of the enrolling marshals,** the other day received a strong hint from a female. Stopping at the lady's house, he found her before her door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster a twenty per cent. reduction in the price of a peck of potatoes.  
"Have you any men here, ma'am?"  
"No," was the curt reply.  
"Have you no husband, ma'am?"  
"No."  
"Nor brothers?"  
"No."  
"Perhaps you have a son ma'am?"  
"Well, what of it?"  
"I should like to know where he is."  
"Well, he isn't here."  
"So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he?"  
"In the Union army where you ought to be!"

The marshal hastened around the corner. He did not further interrogate the lady.  
Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances.—Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with setting sun of life.

**Modern Jericho and Its People.**  
The inhabitants of Jericho belong to the agricultural Bedouin class, and have their fixed dwellings; but they are more intelligent and have a worse reputation for morals than their nomadic brother tribes. They maintain themselves by tilling the ground and by keeping cattle. Some ill-cultivated arable plots and gardens surround the miserable village, whilst many remarkably beautiful trees and luxuriant grass grow, on the other hand, the fertility of the soil. How much warmer the climate in the Valley of Jordan is than at Jerusalem we could see by the fig-trees, which there had scarcely begun to put forth their buds, but which here were fully in leaf; and by the corn which there was not yet in ear, whilst it here was yellow and ready for the harvest.—Root-produces seem to luxuriate in the rich soil, well-watered as it is by abundant springs. Vegetation seems here considerably nobler than man. We went hence to the top of a little green hill, close outside the village. We had not been long here before we saw a troop of Bedouins come riding along, evidently with the intent of taken a near view of us. They rode towards the hill on which we were standing, but halted when Sheik Mustapha went towards them, and fell into conversation with their chief; after which they put spurs to their horses, rode rapidly up to us, and passed us down to the village, casting upon us as they passed by, lightning-like glances from their dark, fiery eyes. The hue of their complexion was also very dark, but many of them had beautiful, significant features; and it was a perfect delight to see them riding their fleet-footed and, as it were, dancing steeds. The riding of the Arab shows a mastery of the horse, a harmony with his being and his temper, of which not even the horse-riders of Europe can give any conception. At a sign from his rider, the horse flies like a bird over hills and bushes, and whilst at full gallop will make a sudden leap, which would inevitably throw off every rider, except he were an Arab; but the Arab himself sits upon his horse as lightly and as easily as a bird, and seems to be one in all its movements; and when he kills it, the snorting horse stands still in a moment, and gentle as a lamb.—The horse is also the Arab's greatest wealth, often his supreme love. It is quite usual to hear an Arab say that he loves his horse better than his wife; and, after what I have seen of the Arab ladies, I cannot wonder at it.—*Fredrika Bremer's Travels in the Holy Land.*

than the following story of what has just occurred? "At the battle of New-Ulm, Mrs. Crothers, who escaped from Beaver Creek, was at first taken prisoner, but two Indians became engaged in a quarrel as to who should have her for a squaw, and while the quarrel was progressing she made her escape with her two children. She was out one day and two nights, and finally reached the Minnesota River where she found a canoe and tried to paddle across, but not understanding the *modus operandi*, was floated down the river some six miles and landed near the fort in safety, with one child on her arms and another on her back and is now at St. Peter. Mrs. Harrington was shot in the back at Leavenworth. The same ball shot a finger off her infant child. Mrs. Harrington and child were out in the brush nine days and subsisted on hazelnuts. She remained secreted from the Indians all this time, working her way toward white settlements as best she could. Her child, usually frolic, remained remarkably quiet, and whenever she would hear Indians, she would kneel down and pray to God to keep her infant quiet and deliver her from danger. Her name was made by one of our pickets while crawling toward our lines. Our picket snapped two caps at her before he discovered she was a white woman. She first hailed the picket in the Sioux language, and he supposed her to be an Indian. Her escape was most miraculous throughout."

In our spirit of forbearance, we have been playing an unequal game with the rebels. While we have been bowing politely to their masts and rigging, they have been pouring their shot into our hull.  
"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why they might just as reasonably tell me the man had six heads in his hat."  
"I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine, I would not try to keep sleep."

The Richmond Examiner very strongly recommends the drafting of negroes into the rebel army.

## Portugal has decreed that the free introduction is permitted of foreign cereals, wheat, corn, rye, barley, and oats in grain, flour and baked bread, through the island and maritime of the Kingdom, until the end of April, 1863. This looks as if Great Britain was not the only European country likely to suffer from short crops the present season.

The abdication of Victoria is again seriously talked of abroad. The Patriotic says that the discussion of the measure with her German relatives is the cause of the Queen's visit to Germany. The act of abdication—of course in favor of the prince of Wales—will, it is said, take place next spring, immediately after the marriage of the Prince with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

It is said that the Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburg, under the assessment made by the Assessor chosen under the recent act of Congress, for an internal revenue will have to pay a tax of thirty thousand dollars. This is, of course, exclusive of the usual State, county or business tax which will amount to several thousand more. At this Works the Great Guns are now being made for the New Monitor.

The complaints that have been made in many of the regiments, because of the non-payment of monthly wages and the lack of suitable clothing, will now be supplied, as the President is determined that the soldiers shall be well clad and promptly paid, and the proper departments are busy attending to requisitions. This applies to the troops in the West as well as in the East.

The wealthiest Alabama planters are now using the coffee that was purchased originally for the slaves, and the slaves, are regaled with a decoction made of burnt meal. There is literally no medicine in the South, and a variety of expedients are resorted to supply the place of drugs in case of sickness; malted lard is given to the slaves in lieu of castor oil.

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting instead of the men they would make sad work of it?"  
"No, why do you ask?"  
"Because I think they would, they have such an engaging way with them."  
That's a very true; but they have also such a captivating way; there would be more soldiers than killed.

Buell are brother-in-laws. If that be so it will not probably affect the result of the Kentucky campaign any more than President Lincoln's having two brothers-in-law in the rebel army affected the policy of the Administration in carrying on the war.

**This Bloody War.**—Who can estimate the weight of responsibility which hangs upon the souls of those wicked and evil guided men, who, by years of toil and labor, brought upon the country this bloody war? Time can never develop nor cure the evils which already have been inflicted by their demon-like agency.

Upon the South the ruin is incalculable. One hundred thousand brave men have either died, or their constitutions broken down, or they are maimed, rendering them a burden to themselves and to society. The loss in property cannot now be estimated. And where is the gain to end? From the North there is nothing to hope—from Europe we can look for no sympathy. Nothing, perhaps, could gratify English statesmen more than the utter ruin of both North and South.

**An old Lady's Tribute.**  
Among the other articles received by the Washington Sanitary Commission lately was a good and precious old lady's tribute, to be laid on the altar of her country, bearing this inscription:  
"These socks were spun and knit by Mrs. Zerah Clapp, nearly six years old, whose hands in youth were engaged in moulding bullets in the Revolutionary war. Keep the toes of these socks towards the rebels."  
Charlestown, N. Y."

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors," says Sir Thomas Overbury, "is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground." The Duke of Somerset, surnamed the proud Duke, and of whom it is related that he rode all thro' Europe, without ever leaning back in his carriage, used to say, "That he pined Adam, because he had no ancestors."

He's for putting it to them.—A Kentuckian named Guir, whose house, mill and store were burned by Morgan's men, and he taken prisoner, winds up a letter which he writes, after his escape, to Mr. Hall, editor of the *Ravenna Democrat*, as follows:  
"I am unequivocally for confiscation, subjugation, emancipation, extermination, and hell and damnation."