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TERMS:

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By the Week.....10
Tri-Weekly, (per year, payable in advance,).....3,00

☞ Advertising done on reasonable terms.

All advertisements from a distance, or from transient city customers, must be paid in advance.

Daily Intelligencer,

VOLUME X. WHEELING, VA., MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1861. NUMBER 55.

TERMS OF WEEKLY.

One Copy per Year,.....$1,00
" Six Months,.....
☞ INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. ☜

The Weekly Intelligencer
Will contain thirty-two columns, mostly filled with choice and carefully prepared reading matter, embracing all subjects—thus making it the largest and best Dollar Newspaper in this section of country.

Daily Intelligencer

ADVERTISING IN DULL TIMES.

It is useless to dictate to business men about advertising. We have seen one-horse traders and third-rate merchants who were dogmatic in their assertions that "advertising don't pay." But when we look at the fact that they languish in poverty, while a single advertiser in New York pays $31,000 to one newspaper in one year, and grows rich at it, we can scarcely credit the assertion.

There are those, among the shrewdest and most successful, who advertise with renewed zeal just when others get scared and quit. We have just become acquainted with a case in point. Business is very dull in Philadelphia, manufacturing establishments not making expenses, some wholesale dealers have gone into liquidation, and others are selling at retail; but in some of the old retail stores the crowd of buyers is tremendous, three or four deep at the counters. A correspondent of a New York paper says of this fact: "I note a curious coincidence touching this matter—those who advertise the most are selling the most goods. I noticed the same coincidence in 1857. I remember various men who in that crisis kept themselve from failing by extensive advertising. That expedient brought them customers enough to put them out of debt. People make the grand mistake of assuming that in times like these nobody has got any money. No mistake could be greater.—Money can be had for almost anything a man has to sell, by extensively advertising it."

To make the application: The *Intelligencer* has a circulation several times greater than the accustomed circulation of papers in Wheeling. Its advertisements are all conspicuous. We believe now is the time to advertise.

A Highly Interesting Letter.

A Lady's Journey from Richmond through Tennessee and Kentucky to Philadelphia--The Kind of People she saw and the Conversation she had on the Way.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

"Tell her," said L. P. Walker, the Secretary of War, "tell her I know it is very ungallant to refuse a lady—I regret the necessity—but I cannot let any one leave Virginia unless at the head of an army."

This was not my first endeavor to obtain a passport, nor was it my last failure. For some months I had felt the necessity of returning North, but obstacles met me at every turn. First, I delayed until Virginia seceded—then I could not pass through Maryland, it was too dangerous. I could not get a passport from Richmond to Norfolk, so I could not get to Fortress Monroe. My next plan was to seek information at headquarters; so Memminger, the Secretary of the Treasury was written to. He replied that I could obtain a passport to Gen. Beauregard and he would send me over the line, but he would not advise a lady to attempt it. I fancied myself mounted behind a trooper, waving a white flag over my head, scouring through the camps. I, however, took Mr. Memminger's advice, and did not go; I had no idea of playing neutral or target in a skirmish.—When at last I found I could get to Norfolk, Gen. Huger, the officer commanding there wrote that he had no communication with the fortress, and could send no one over. If I had been on the spot I might have watched and slipped off as many others did, but I was forty miles south of Richmond, and had no such opportunities to seize Finally, I decided to take the only route open, through Tennessee and Kentucky. It was long and circuitous, and I would have no escort; but it was probably my last chance before the close of the war. After the battle of Manassas, the strictness of the War Department relaxed sufficiently to give me a passport, and I started home. As well as I remember this was the form:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.
WAR DEPARTMENT.

Miss Jane Smith has permission to visit Nashville on his honor as a man that he will not reveal anything he may have learned, to the disadvantage of the Confederate States, for the purpose of publication.
L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

The laughable confusion of gender resulted from its being a printed form, and the Secretary was too busy to notice or correct the mistake. This form left me at liberty to communicate any information verbally, or in any way not for publication. A "Yankee" never would have left this loop-hole.

When I got my ticket to go the first few miles at an insignificant country depot, the agent asked for my passport and scrutinized it with care, but after this I was not asked to show it on the route.

When I parted with the friend who had gone as far as he could with me, I settled myself comfortably in my seat and looked around at my companions. There was the usual assortment—gentlemen of forty, important and fussy old ladies, young girls who hunt in couples, traveling mothers with fretful children, and indifferent husbands, nondescript men, and talkative women. Just as I was congratulating myself on the few passengers and the possibility of having a double seat—and every one knows what a luxury this is—an old Irish woman entered, with a little boy with the dirtiest face marked in furrows by his tears, who looked at the seat and at me, so I turned the seat back, and she sat down. Soon the child rambled off, and the old woman disappeared; when I found she was really gone, I was lost in conjecture as to where she had gone. She had not gone out from her seat, I knew; I looked at the window, but the size forbid any solution of the question through it. I was still puzzled, the cars stopped, and I heard a snore apparently from under the car. I looked over the seat, and there she was, fast asleep on the floor. I noticed after this that it was decidedly the old woman's preference, as she would soon slide down from her seat at every change.

At Lynchburg I got my baggage checked to Nashville, but they were not equally considerate with the owner, for my ticket was only to Chattanooga, 153 miles from Nashville. Here the characters of the passengers changed somewhat, for we had the addition in one car of a number of the members of the Fourth Alabama Regiment. Nearly all the party had been at Manassas. Of course they were not the worst cases, for, although many were on crutches, none had lost a limb; but their cases were horrible enough to make their fellow-travelers realize some of the delights of war. One fine young fellow had been struck by a ball in the elbow.—It had passed out, but struck a large nerve in its progress, and, in consequence, he was the most nervous man I ever saw. He could not bear the slightest touch anywhere on his person, and he kept his feet, his head, and the uninjured hand wet all the time. I leave his case to the scientific, but this was his account. It was pleasant to see the attention paid him by his comrades; in fact, the greatest consideration was shown them all by the passengers. Although the cars were crowded, there was no difficulty in getting a whole seat for each of them, ladies standing up to accommodate them. A wounded soldier demands the sympathy and attention of all, and the gentleman who went to Manassas as a nurse, and returned because he said they gave him "Yankees" to nurse, was an exceptional case, for the wounded prisoners in Richmond met with every care and attention; and whatever sins the South is responsible for neglect of these is not among the number. Some of the populace at first asked them insolent and taunting questions, but as soon as the officers heard it they were rebuked, and the sick removed out of the way. One poor fellow cried out to a number, "You would not dare, none of you, to speak to me thus if I was not wounded and in your power." A rebuke that silenced the men, and compelled the respect of all who heard him. Others, less brave, or more quiet, would simply cover their heads with the blanket that had been thrown over them, and make no answer. One of the Fire Zouaves, it was said, who had lost both of his legs and one arm, was being very carefully lifted into an ambulance, when he lifted his only remaining limb and cried, "I came here hating you, and I'll continue hating you!" I am inclined to think this man lived. Any one with such a superabundance of energy could hold death at bay for some time.

I managed my journey with so much dexterity, that I crossed all the mountains at night, and so missed the finest part of the scenery. This first night I looked in vain from the car windows. The darkness gave no sign of our passing through the long tunnel, for it was dark alike, and the only knowledge I could have had of our passing over the mountain, would have been of a sudden descent over a precipice. This we were saved, and I passed safely and unconsciously over. I met a very pleasant gentleman this night, who had been at the battle of Manassas, as the captain of a company of two! He heard the fight was ging on; "he knew it was to be a free fight, and he wanted to be in it, so there were two young soldiers who wanted to go, and he headed them and they set off" As they neared the field, the road became lined with flying men, all reiterating the same cry, "The day is lost; the United States soldiers will enter Richmond;" but when he reached the scene the tide had turned. Davis had just made his appearance, and shouts of welcome and triumph were going up from the Confederates.

He found he was more needed among the wounded than among the combatants, so he gave his attention to them. On the field he found a beautiful hair watch-chain, he said, with a medallion, containing two portraits of the same lady, the case was marked "E. N. Throckmorton." Where is the poor fellow, and who was this young girl?

Speaking of spoils from the field, some one asked these Alabamians if they had any mementoes of the day. "I have one," said one, "and I am ashamed to tell it; it is the arm-bone of a Yankee." When we reached Bristol it was near morning, and when we changed cars there were so many soldiers from Bristol stopping there, in consequence, I believe, of an accident the day before, that I passed through the cars two or three times without getting a seat; there were plenty unoccupied, but they were taken by "gentlemen," I was told. Southern politeness in traveling is proverbial, and, in peaceful times, may justify its reputation when passengers are few and conductors can better attend to their duties; but, until I left Chattanooga, I did not meet a conductor who was, in the slightest attentive, nor a gentleman who treated a lady with anything but profound indifference. Finally, I stood out on the platform, waiting for the conductor, when a lady obtained me a seat. Here another member of the Irish family came and sat down by me. I was willing to give my seat to the old woman, for she, in the first place, had a right to it, and then, her age was a sufficient plea for her; but I cannot say I entertained any very agreeable sentiments toward this neighbor. She was, I should judge, perfumed with boiled cabbages, and decorated with a superabundance of the dust from which we sprang; she was very sleepy, and, every few minutes, her dirty white bonnet would come sweeping over my face on its way to my shoulder; then she had a pleasant way of sitting so as to occupy two-thirds of the seat, and looking at me with amazement and giving a groan as I desired her to turn around and give me more room. Probably she thought me as impertinent as I thought her disagreeable to my olfactory nerves.

The portion of Tennessee we passed through this morning was very beautiful, rolling grassy hills and beautiful woods; purple asters, the highest I ever saw, grew almost in hedges along the track I saw in the woods a most beautiful flower; we were passing to quickly too see it well, but the great scarlet spike looked unlike anything I had ever seen. We expected to reach Knoxville at twelve, and connect there with the Nashville train, but when we were ten or twelve miles from the town, we found that there had been an accident on the down train, and a freight train lay shattered on the road. When we reached it we were forced to leave our car, and walk about a quarter of a mile over a very stony field, and take another train on the other side of the ruin. This delayed us so that we reached Knoxville an hour and a half too late for the train; and were compelled to remain there until twelve the next day. The town was crowded. I was told I could not get a room anywhere. I was, however, waiting on the portico of a building for the omnibus to return, when I was told I could get a room there; so I went into a long hall, extending down the middle of the house, with small rooms on each side, all apparently filled with men lying on beds, or tilted back in chairs. As far as I could discover, there was no parlor in the house. I was shown into the room. It was, I confess, different from any I ever saw before. The floor, which was perfectly innocent of any acquaintance with carpet, was black in irregular spots, some older and dirtier than others, making a brown and black mosaic of the rough planks.

The furniture consisted of a bed, table and chair; these were all covered with dust. The bed seemed to be straw, with a very decided sink in the middle. Words will fail to describe the sheets and pillow cases; their color seemed worn into them—and such a color as it was! I can say nothing of the original pattern of the basin and pitcher, for their grimy coat concealed it effectually. My retreat from this apartment was decided. I sought better fortune somewhere else in the town. As the omnibus drove away, I gave a look backward, and there were the whole family of my Irish friends, sitting in a group, some on the ground, some on the steps of the platform, surrounded by boxes, bundles, and baskets.

By the aid of some coolness in telling the landlord of the hotel to which I went, that I *must* have accommodations, after he had told me that the house was filled, a fact corroborated by many who were waiting in the parlor roomless, I got a very pleasant room with a young lady whose husband had started with his company to the Kentucky border, from Knoxville. I found there was considerable excitement here; the town was alive with soldiers, many having already left for Kentucky.

As I sat there, just before supper, congratulating myself on my superior accommodations—for I soon found I was better off than most of my companions—Mrs. A.'s husband returned, and I was turned out. I then found I was to share a bed spread on the floor of a private parlor for another lady.

This evening I met a young Southerner, whose ideas concerning the final peace arrangements deserve record. He thought the war would virtually be over in May. That Lincoln then would propose a reunion to the South, and invite her back; this she would decidedly reject; then he would propose a separation, the South paying a proportion of the expenses of the Government during the war; this she would reject with indignation; finally, after some parleying, she would be recognized as an independent power. This view, he said, was original, and I agreed with him that it was, for I have heard many prophecies, but none like this. I beg his pardon if I have not stated his views correctly, but I thus understood them. It seems to be the general opinion South that this war will be a short one, and May, 1862, is given as the limit; by that time they expect, through the force of their arms, and the influence of their cotton, to force the United States Government to a recognition of their independence. England is looked on as a powerful auxiliary in bringing about this state of affairs, for although they have no reliance on her sympathy or kind feeling, they feel that she is wide awake to her interests, and wants cotton, and likes a low tariff, to say nothing of her willingness to see her young and powerful rival shorn of some of his strength by a division.

We left Knoxville the next day at twelve. The first persons I saw on entering the car were these Irish people, looking for seats; *after* they secured theirs I found mine, at a respectable distance, thinking "they stop at Nashville, and I am secure to there." This illusion was soon dispelled, for I had the pleasure of sitting behind them from Chattanooga to Nashville, and found they were going to New York! We reached Chattanooga, and I saw nothing of this region of country, passing among the mountains again at night.

Here, for the first time, I found an obliging and gentlemanly conductor. I found, to my chagrin, that the checks had been changed at Knoxville, and one of my trunks left at Chattanooga, and I should be obliged to wait a day longer at Nashville for it. My only consolation was that some of my companions would get a day's start of me, and I would have boiled cabbages no longer; but in the gray of the next morning one of them said to me, "Sure isn't it too bad! he has left one of our trunks, and we will have to wait a day for them at the next place we come to—what's the name?" "Nashville," I told her with a silent groan, repeating to myself—

"What is written is written; our fate
Comes to us whether we strive or wait,
Whether to it or from it we flee."

A Long Story Briefly Told.

There was a certain king, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet was never satisfied. The exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. He, at last, made a proclamation, that if any man should tell him a story that should last forever he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend he had such a story but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a prize as a beatiful princess and a kingdom many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, so me six months. Poor fellows! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could; but in vain. Sooner or later they all came to an end, and, one after another, the unlucky story tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said he had a story that would last forever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger; they told how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought befor the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate way of speaking, and after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking and sleeping, he thus began his story:

"Oh, king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put in an immense granary, which was built on purppse, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up on all sides.

"But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another