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The Marion Herald.

"TRUTH, JUSTICE, LIBERTY."

VOL. III.

MARION, VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1871.

NO. 6.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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These Springs are situated ten miles from Dublin Depot, on the Va. and Tenn. Railroad, at which point conveyances can be had at all times to the Springs. An analysis of the water reveals the presence of the following ingredients: Per-oxide of Iron, Alumina, Lime, Magnesia, Potassa and Soda, combined with sulphuric and silicic acids and chlorine. This water is a very powerful tonic, and is unsurpassed for chronic dysentery, diarrhoea, fluor albus, and for ulcers and cutaneous eruptions. The water can be obtained, put up in half-gallon bottles, well packed, by addressing Z. W. Cecil & Son, Dublin Depot, Va. Price \$8 per dozen, or \$4 per half dozen bottles. Orders sent with G. W. Wilmore, Marion, Va., will be promptly filled. Give it a trial. July13-17

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Having recently fitted up the HERALD office with a new and handsome assortment of Job type, we are prepared to execute

JOB WORK

of all kinds in the neatest manner, and on reasonable terms. Those who want PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, LEGAL BLANKS, BLANK NOTES, etc., etc., will do well to call and examine our specimens and prices before going elsewhere. We are prepared also to print ENVELOPES in any desired style or color. Give us a trial. Address orders to KENNEDY & VENABLE, Marion, Va.

POETRY.

THE MEMORIES OF THE HEART.

We may shed the moss-veil from the rose; The blossom from the spray; The bloom that pearls the luscious grape A touch will brush away.

The vine may loosen from the tree Which once it clung to fast; But the heart will keep its memories, Till life itself be past.

The gold must die from the sunset skies; The purple from the hills; The flowers fade from dashing waves; Drought hush the babbling rills; The earth grow cold and passionless 'Neath winter's bitter blast; But the heart will keep its memories Till life itself be past.

The flush will fade from cheek and brow; The sweet smile wane and die, The freshness leave the coral lip; Tears dim the brightest eye; Youth, beauty, hope, and happiness; And love may die at last; But the heart will keep its memories Till life itself be past.

What faded leaves are strewn along The path of yesterday; The pretty leaves we prized the most Lie withered on the way.

We see our blighted hopes and weep; Then haste our tears to stay, For there are other blooming buds Upon the bush to-day.

And Hope, forgetful of the past, Anticipates the flower That bright will bloom upon the stem, When falls to-morrow's shower.

Three Old Legends of Berlin.

Just at the close of the sixteenth century, when John George was Elector of Brandenburg, three brothers, whose Christian names were Bruno, Michael, and Gotthold, lived in the capital of the present kingdom of Prussia. These brothers were so deeply attached to each other that the emotions experienced by any one of them were almost equally felt by the other two.

The youngest became desperately enamored of the daughter of Maestr Rappost, an Italian, who was the elector's chief Kapellmeister. The maestro lodged in a house belonging to a noble of the name of Gotthold, and by declaring his passion; of which he was not slow to take advantage. His avowal having been heard with favor by the young lady, he lost no time in communicating his good fortune to his brothers, and a consultation was forthwith held as to the best means of obtaining the consent of the father to the union of the lovers. The Italian was very proud of his position, and was not to be approached lightly; and as Bruno, the elder brother, had distinguished himself much by playing on the violin before the elector; and had thus gained the post of second Kapellmeister, he was deemed the most fitting negotiator. Unfortunately, the very deserts of Bruno on which Gotthold had relied, destroyed his efficiency, for Rappost saw in the young musician a dangerous rival, and hating him accordingly with a professional hatred, met Bruno's proposal with a stern declaration that all intercourse between Mademoiselle Rappost and Gotthold must immediately cease.

"The sight of a public execution, was, in the days in which I am speaking, regarded as a fitting recreation for persons of indubitable respectability, and thus far it was but natural that the Italian maestro and the three brothers found themselves in a dense throng assembled to see the last sentence of the law inflicted on an unfortunate young person, guilty of infanticide. As it happened, they all stood close together, and the attention of the crowd was diverted from the criminal by a loud shriek followed by the fall of the Italian, who pointed to a knife which had been plunged up to the hilt into his bosom, and immediately expired.—Bruno, who stood nearest to the deceased, was at once arrested on suspicion; and in spite of his protestations that he had neither struck the blow himself, nor knew in the least who was the assassin, he was speedily sentenced to death. No sooner, however, had the sentence been passed than each of the remaining two brothers, without communicating together, resolved to save Bruno by an act of self-sacrifice, and accordingly both appeared before the tribunal, each declaring that he was the real murderer. Bruno, to frustrate their generous intentions, belied his former protestations of innocence, and, in his turn, took the crime upon himself. Here, then, was a difficult case, for it was clear that three persons could not have killed a man with one knife, and the perplexed judges referred the case to the elector, who hit upon a curious ordeal as an expedient for ascertaining the truth. He ordered that the three brothers should each carry a linden tree to a certain churchyard, and plant it with its head downwards, adding that the one whose tree did not grow under these difficult circumstances should be executed as a murderer."

Curiosities of Suicide.

Some of the scientific men of our day are trying to ascertain if a thoroughly sane person ever commits suicide. These gentlemen meet with difficulties, some of the chief of which arise from the impossibility of placing the suicides themselves on the witness stand. They find it impossible to get any but inferential evidence out of a self-destroyed man as to his mental status at the time he killed himself.

Some queer facts have been brought to light, however. One man had been told by a fortune-teller that he would die within three weeks; and having a great horror of death, he took a dose of strychnine to escape dying. That man was clearly of unsound mind. His visit to the fortune-teller showed that.

Another case almost the reverse of the above occurred in Paris. A man bent on suicide climbed upon the parapet of a bridge over the Seine, and was about to jump into the river when a sentry pointed his musket at him and threatened to shoot him dead unless he immediately came down. Singularly enough the man at once came down, instead of staying on the parapet and achieving death at the hands of the sentry without committing suicide. Was that man in his right mind?

A still more singular case was that of an old bachelor who in a moment of weakness entered into a marriage engagement. On coming to that he called his right mind, this unfortunate man resolved to escape the consequences of his folly by committing self-destruction. Thus resolved, he had his razor aimed at his jugular vein when word came to him that his fiancée had eloped with a younger and more handsome man. Here was unexpected luck; but no mark the v. of a perturbed mind. Jealousy rivaled succeeded to horror of li-troth, and after writing a statement of his grievances the razor resumed his razor and throat. It strikes us that this case which might become unusu-ally interesting under scientific manipulation, mental state of suicides much interest.

It is saying something for the of man when it is proved that can command him; for a man is envied who is impervious to the winking smiles of beauty; or hisling eloquence of the intellect who has determined not to accept reasonable request that she has need feel no humiliation, no weakness, if he at length yields to her. The heart yielding to woman feels an expansion; a weakness that is delightful as it is refining. Her sunny influence thaws the icebergs of the worldling; and lifts the miser into something like gentleness; it thrusts selfishness far into the background, and wins a sweet acknowledgement of love from all. Bollingbroke, with all his intellect, consulted a sensible woman: Napoleon's star fell from its zenith in the divorce of Josephine, and Byron renders her the noblest of tributes in Myrrha's words to Sardanapalus, "The very first of life is drawn from woman's breast, your first small words are taught you from her lips; and your last sigh, too, often breathed out in a woman's hearing, when man has shrank from the ignoble task of sharing the last hours of him who led them."

The belles at Long Branch this season are principally married ladies. At other fashionable resorts the same face is noticed. A connoisseur explains this by saying the young unmarried ladies are so much absorbed in the science of dress and self-display as to be utterly insipid.

Beauty is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.

Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.

Sophistry is like a window-curtain—it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

In Georgia they say that two sherry cobbblers and one cocktail make a sun-stroke.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Happiness is no other than soundness and perfection in mind.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortune of others.

Domestic magazines—Wives who blow up their husbands.

The most steadfast "followers of our fortune"—Our creditors.

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his disguise.

How was Jonah punished? Whaled.

The Girl Who Wins.

The time has passed away when woman must be pale and delicate to be called interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge to be called refined and high-bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine and strong-minded.

It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times; and must shake up and air themselves mentally and physically; or drop under the firm strides of common sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance.

In these days an active rosy-faced girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insult or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run almost as fast as her tongue and not put her out of breath; who is not afraid of freckles, or to breathe the pure air of heaven, unrestrained by the drawn curtains of a close carriage; and, above all, who can speak her mind and give her opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people, is the true girl who will make a good woman.

This is the girl who wins in these days. Even fops and dandies who strongly oppose woman's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome. They weary of the most beautiful creature if she is not smart. They say, "Aw, yes, she is a beauty, and no mistake, but she won't do for me—lacks brains"—of which commodity it would seem she could have little use in her association with him; however, to please even an empty-headed fop, a woman must know something.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

F. S. Drake, the son of S. G. Drake, well known antiquarian publisher of books nearly completed, after a biography, a dictionary of names, a character of the hundred years, and a history of the war, and a large number of famous, who, by reason of their names, are not mentioned in encyclopedias. Mr. Drake's work will contain brief biographies of 10,000 eminent Americans, living and dead.

The officer of the deck on board a man of war asked the man at the wheel, one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind.

"Southwest," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add Sir to his answer.

"You'd better put a few more s's in your answer when you speak to me," said the buff lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir-r-r," returned the witty Irishman.

A day or two after the officer called out again:

"How does she head now?"

"Southwest and be south, half south and a little southerly, sir-se, your honor sir!" screamed Pat.

Old Dr. A. was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by a mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came to Dr. A.'s turn to speak: "Convalescent," said he, "why that's nothing serious; I've cured convalescent in twenty-four hours."

At one of Peter Cartwright's camp-meetings he was much annoyed by a noisy sister, who "took part" more frequently than was acceptable. He had called off all to kneel while some one should lead in prayer. She struck off at once with much feeling and power. Cartwright, not recognizing her voice, shouted out "Amen." A brother kneeling close by whispered "It's Ann Jordan praying." Cartwright, looking round and seeing that it was so, cried out, "I take that Amen back!"

The orthography of the Flemish language has lately been modified by a royal decree, and a printer demands of the king an indemnity of 90,000 francs, on the ground that the decree prevents his selling his stock of dictionaries. "Orthographical liberty or my 60,000 francs," cries M. Greuse.

Don't mistake the tribute paid to your wealth, offices, or position, for tribute paid to you. Such tribute belongs solely to the feathers—it has no reference whatever to the fowl.

Death is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time.

A credulous person is like a pitcher, borne by the ears, empty of itself, but apt to hold whatsoever is put into it.

A Beautiful Demon.

In going through the parish prison a few days since, the attention of the reporter was attracted to a young girl, apparently not more than fifteen years of age. She had fair nut-brown hair, and a complexion fresh and white as milk. The mild blue eyes were singularly soft and intelligent, and her whole appearance indicated the free, joyous characteristics of youth and happiness. Yet this amiable looking creature, this fair, delicate Minerva, of slender form and ingenuous face, is said to be a devil incarnate. She was not a prisoner; only a visitor to the institution, and when the reporter saw her she was conversing with a noted burglar; indeed she says she is a cousin of Pete Munday's; and goes under the sobriquet of Lily. She is almost as fair and delicate as an angel.

Her career is a remarkable series of adventures and hair-breadth escapes. About a year ago she lived in San Antonio, Texas, and for some real or fancied misconduct received a severe castigation at the hands of the man with whom she was living.

Burning with resentment, and conscious of her inability to cope with him in physical strength, she waited until the next night, when he was asleep; and then locking the doors of the room and closing every avenue of escape, she prepared for a work of horror almost impossible to conceive. On one pretext or another she sent all the inmates of the house away, and procuring paper and other inflammable material, built a funeral pyre around the bed of the sleeping man. This done, she set fire to it, and locking the door behind her, fled the house. The man woke up when the house was full of flames, and in escaping from the room was literally roasted. One side of his body was burned almost to a cinder. He has never recovered from his injuries, and is to-day a hopeless invalid, suffering excruciating torture and continual anguish. His generosity—perhaps his sense of atonement—prevented his prosecuting the girl, and she made her escape, she took apartments on Toulouse street, where she still resides. She is yet very young, certainly not more than seventeen at farthest, and her vindictive and savage fury when excited is a terror to all her acquaintances. It is strange that beneath an exterior so fair and beautiful should be concealed the elements of such lawless violence.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Work Makes Men."

Among the many words of wisdom and counsel which have fallen from the lips of Henry Ward Beecher the following is not of the least significance: "I heard a man, who had failed in business and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went; tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos; but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to labor; than any harmony of chordeid music.

Oh! how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine if, when they are ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing at twenty-five but to drink deep and squander wide, and the father must be a slave; all his life in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind boom of poverty, who says to them, "Work!" and working makes them men."

"Hans, when I pay you cash you charge more than when it goes on the book." "Yes, dat is right. You see, I have so much charge on me book, uu, sometimes lose uu, uu zu ven I've a good cash customer, I charge 'goot price, cut ven I butts in my book I no like to charge so much, zo if he never pay I no lose zo much."

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memorial of former kindness is obliterated.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad! an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was!"

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SMYTH BLUES.

[Written for the Marion Herald.]

BY A. O. P.

CHAPTER V.

SOLDIERS WANTED. General Sherman, according to the New York Tribune, says that he has not soldiers enough to protect the western frontier from the depredations of the Indians. The army numbers about 20,000 men, and it requires so large a portion of these to protect the poor loyal negroes and honest carpet-baggers and scalawags of the South from the horrid kuklux that very few of them can be spared for duty on the frontier. The settlers on the frontier are very foolish to want any aid from the Government to protect them from the Indians when it is all our great and good President can do to keep the "rebels" in a proper state of subjection. And he has more need now than ever for bayonets, for he wants to be re-nominated for the Presidency, and even his own party don't want him. Let us have peace, Ulysses.

SOMETHING IN A NAME. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull evidently doesn't think that a "rose by any other name would smell as sweet" for she presages victory for herself in the Presidential contest from the fact that her name happens to be Victoria. Perhaps her father, or whoever had the distinguished honor of naming her, had a premonitory warning from her good angel that she was destined to make a noise in the world, and hence, instead of calling her Betsey or Jerusha Jane, she received the suggestive cognomen on which she relies in part for her victory next year.

Virginia were rid of the blatant old politicians who are eternally harping on something merely for the sake of being heard, she would be infinitely better off. The poor old State is tax-ridden and politician-ridden (we beg the Dispatch's pardon for using that word) until she is really getting into a deplorable condition. We think, however, she can manage to pay the taxes if she can only get rid of the politicians.

The negro Republicans of Charleston, S. C., have been on the rampage since the defeat of that party in the city. They seem to be determined to avenge their defeat by assaulting and insulting the Germans of the city. Perhaps if the Germans would treat them to a few pills of cold lead it would be beneficial to them.

Some of the married people of New York are excited over a discussion now going on as to whether Sunday marriages are legal. Any contract entered into on Sunday is not legal, and marriage being a civil contract, the lawyers hold that all marriages contracted on that day are void.

The carpet-bagger's organ at Richmond, which by way of irony calls itself the "Native Virginian," says: "The Republican party of Virginia must depend upon the Federal office-holders for means to carry on the campaigns, as well as for active, earnest workers."

Mrs. Vallandigham, widow of the late Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, died at Cumberland, Md. last Saturday. She had never recovered from the shock occasioned by her husband's tragic death.

The last practical application of woman's rights occurred in St. Joseph, Missouri, one day last week. A woman combated a man for enticing her husband away and getting him drunk.

Chief Justice Chase has signified his approval of the "new departure" of the Democracy.

Destructive Fire at Goldsboro, N. C. Goldsboro, N. C., August 14.—About half past twelve o'clock last night a fire broke out in the Exchange Hotel in this place, destroying the two hotels, ten stores and the out-buildings, and the railroad car sheds.

The loss is estimated at about \$80,000, upon which there is an insurance of probably \$30,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary, and is generally supposed to have had its origin out of the late negro

I left us sleeping upon the porches and pavements of Harper's Ferry. After our return from Little Georgetown, as I stated in my last, we found our quarters occupied by another company, who had taken possession of them without authority. We made application for them, but the occupants refused to give them up. I reported the fact to Col. Preston, who came and demanded them; they still refused and he reported them to Gen. Johnston, who was then in command, who ordered Col. Preston to take possession peacefully if possible, forcibly if necessary; and the demand was made and still we were refused. Col. Preston then ordered me to take them at the point of the bayonet; the "Blues" were ready for that work, for we had been lying about the streets all day without a place to deposit our baggage. The company fell into line, fixed bayonets, and marched up in front of the quarters; I delivered to the Captain of the trespassing company the orders I had received, and told him we intended to carry them out. He at once agreed to move if we would give him time enough to do so. We gave him two hours, and we were soon again in our comfortable quarters. We remained at the Ferry for some ten or fifteen days from our return, without anything stirring taking place.

On the 13th of June we were ordered to pack our wagons, preparatory to marching. Great excitement prevailed among the citizens of the town. We were moved upon the hill that overlooked the place, and there spent the night sleeplessly, as we were still under marching orders. The next morning found us still packed, every moment expecting to leave, when a severe storm upon us, not only terrific but almost heartrending. The long railroad bridge over the Potomac and the many public buildings in and around the place all on fire. The day was spent watching the ravages of this desolating element. We lay down at night, but we were more than sorry to have our odious duty of a member of the army made at the time as he stood upon the scenes around him.

June 15th.—Still at the Ferry, expecting to leave hourly. Our first experience was to the incomprehensibility of military movements. All of us restless, discontented; many of us sad to witness the beginning ravages of war in the destruction of property. How truly did he record the sad impressions of that hour! We witnessed the destruction of property which had cost the labor of years and the expenditure of thousands of dollars. The saddest scene of all was that of the many weeping women and children standing around us, watching the destruction of the buildings which had for so many years furnished their husbands and fathers with labor and the means of their support.

About 8 o'clock, a. m., we were ordered to march, to our great relief, and we turned our backs upon the wrecked fortunes of the town and took the road to Charleston, and after marching all day, went into camp three miles west of this place; and here I take from the diary of my friend again. He says: "The day was hot, and the army unused to marching, consequently quite a large number fell by the wayside. Here too was our first encampment with an army—the scene was strikingly grand and impressive."

The army had been largely increased at Harper's Ferry and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in command. We were early on the march next morning for Winchester, but information being received that the Federal army, under Gen. Patterson, had crossed the river and was marching up the Martinsburg road in the direction of Winchester, the head of our column was turned, and we were pressed forward by a hard march to intercept Patterson. We struck the Martinsburg road about dark at Bunker Hill, where we stopped till morning; June 17th. We were at an early hour placed in line of battle, and indications led us to really believe that a second "Bunker Hill" was to be fought in this the second struggle for liberty in America, but we were mistaken.

The enemy, hearing of the proximity of Johnston's army, faced about and marched hastily back and recrossed the river. We were then marched back to within four miles of Winchester, where we went into camp.

The next day, June 18th, we marched to Winchester and camped in the Fair Grounds, where we expected to stay some time; but on the 19th, by 9 o'clock, a. m., we were packed up and formed in line upon the road and there waited, under arms until 4 o'clock, p. m., before we received orders to march, when we started off and marched sixteen and a half miles by midnight and went into camp at Darksville, eight miles south of Martinsburg; through which place we marched the next day, going five miles below in the direction of Williamsport and went into camp—afterwards known as Camp Stephens—where we remained until the 21 day of July. During our stay at this camp many of our men were attacked with measles, and were sent to the hospital at Martinsburg. Our camp was in a beautiful grove, and we bivouaced, having no tents.

On the 25th of the "Blues" were again sent off on a dangerous expedition, in connection with a company of the 5th-Va. regiment, a distance of twelve miles up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to pull down a bridge across Back creek. We worked hard for three days upon the bridge, liable any moment to be attacked by the enemy; and strange to say, we had no means of communication with our brigade, although Stuart's regiment of cavalry was encamped near the brigade. We however finished the work effectually, and came into camp after dark on the 29th, and found our Colonel and comrades very anxious about our safety. We afterwards learned that we had been pursued by 500 of the enemy's cavalry, but they failed to overtake us.

On the 2d of July we were ordered hastily to pack our wagons, and soon saw the 5th regiment—Col. Harman's—marching down the Williamsport road, accompanied by a part of the Rockbridge artillery. It was not long before we heard the thunder of the cannon, and the roar of the musketry. We were ordered down the hill a few hundred yards, and the fighting was going on; but at the plan of Gen. Jackson to fight at that point, we began to fall back, followed by a regiment which had been fighting the enemy about 6,000 strong, and there formed our line of battle. Soon the flanking columns made at the time as he stood upon the scenes around him.

June 15th.—Still at the Ferry, expecting to leave hourly. Our first experience was to the incomprehensibility of military movements. All of us restless, discontented; many of us sad to witness the beginning ravages of war in the destruction of property. How truly did he record the sad impressions of that hour! We witnessed the destruction of property which had cost the labor of years and the expenditure of thousands of dollars. The saddest scene of all was that of the many weeping women and children standing around us, watching the destruction of the buildings which had for so many years furnished their husbands and fathers with labor and the means of their support.

About 8 o'clock, a. m., we were ordered to march, to our great relief, and we turned our backs upon the wrecked fortunes of the town and took the road to Charleston, and after marching all day, went into camp three miles west of this place; and here I take from the diary of my friend again. He says: "The day was hot, and the army unused to marching, consequently quite a large number fell by the wayside. Here too was our first encampment with an army—the scene was strikingly grand and impressive."

The army had been largely increased at Harper's Ferry and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in command. We were early on the march next morning for Winchester, but information being received that the Federal army, under Gen. Patterson, had crossed the river and was marching up the Martinsburg road in the direction of Winchester, the head of our column was turned, and we were pressed forward by a hard march to intercept Patterson. We struck the Martinsburg road about dark at Bunker Hill, where we stopped till morning; June 17th. We were at an early hour placed in line of battle, and indications led us to really believe that a second "Bunker Hill" was to be fought in this the second struggle for liberty in America, but we were mistaken.

A TRIP TO WHITE-TOP MOUNTAIN.

[For the Herald.] Messrs. Editors, I will give you some of the particulars of my trip to the White-Top, which commenced on Tuesday, the 8th of August.

Our journey began at Jackson's store, the place of rendezvous, about 9 o'clock, a. m. We had to wait there longer than we had anticipated for the company to assemble, but finally all arrived and we took up our line of march with happy hearts and many speculations as to our mountainous adventure. I say our adventure because, if I mistake not, there were several love speeches hazarded to the mercy of the young ladies. The party consisted of thirteen, five of whom were ladies, and the remainder were their escorts and old gentlemen. The morning passed clear day, but our journey ended we were destined to receive a drenching rain. It commenced to rain soon after we began to ascend the Iron mountain, and continued until we reached the hospitable roof of Byrd Dinkin. We assisted our ladies to alight, and showed ourselves pretty good groomsmen by the good care we took of our horses. After they were unsaddled and turned out to graze, we repaired to the house, which is situated at the foot of the White-Top, two or three miles from the summit by the nearest route. Mr. Dinkin appears to be well contented in his glen cabin, and is "monarch of all he surveys" from mountain to mountain, and all his neighbors may be considered as liegemen. We were advised by our "Squire" as our garments were thoroughly saturated with rain, and we were in "great danger of taking cold," to take a little caude vie in the form of a toddy. The evening being far spent, supper was soon served, and all seemed to enjoy our first meal in the mountains. After the rest the party repaired to the "sitting-room," and after a short time spent in social chit-chat, we retired to get a good night's rest preparatory to our ascent of the mountain on the morrow.

We arose at an early hour, ate our breakfast, and began to make preparations to ascend the mountain; but our host informed us that if we started then we would probably be lost in the impenetrable darkness of the rain-clouds that hovered around the sides of the mountain. Two of our party prepared their fishing-tackle and sallied out to catch some of the beautiful trout which abound in the mountain streams, while we were endeavoring up the steep side of the mountain, if the gloom would permit. Being gone, we sat away the morning hours playing cards, whist, and singing chautauques. We continued at our games and songs until some one observed that the clouds were quite gone, and that we could easily see the highest peaks.

We made preparations, four or five, and having procured a guide, at about 11 o'clock, we started. We had six long miles to travel, or rather climb, before we reached the top. The road was scarcely passable for our horses, and we found nothing to admire except the huge rocks until we reached the Elk Garden—so called from the herds of elk that used to feed there. It is a strange looking place, consisting of a large tract of rolling land, of two or probably three hundred acres, with not a living tree on it, though it is covered with fallen timber torn up by the roots. A wild grass grows here, which our horses seemed to like very much. From here we continued our upward journey, delighted with the sight of many beautiful wild flowers, nice mosses, and tangled fern-brakes, until we rode upon the Beach Plat, when all at once the beauty of the scenery below broke upon our gaze. It was the first time that we had had a view of the valleys, from which we had ascended, and we could look away down, down upon the farms below, which looked like small lots, and the dwellings no bigger than play-houses. We still were not at the top, but had to wind round the south side for two miles before we reached the Old Field. This is the highest point, and overlooks the mountains of three States—Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina. There are two large rocks from which we took views, and had our field glass been in good condition, we could doubtless have distinguished many places familiar to us. The view from this point is the best, but we were more forcibly struck by that from Beach Plat.

When we got in sight of the famous flat-topped Laborn tree we spurred our horses forward to see who would be the first to gain the top. I succeeded only in being the third. The tree was the admiration of all; some twelve or fifteen persons can be seated on its top at the same time. After we had feasted on the loveliness of the scene, we withdrew to a spring that steals through the crevices of the rocks, and treated ourselves to dinner. We then prepared to retrace our steps to the "glen cabin," where we proposed to spend the night. We descended the mountain in safety, and in good trim for Mr. Dinkin's supper, which we found nearly ready on our arrival. We expected to feast on mountain trout, but were disappointed, as the fishermen only caught five.

Before we finished our evening meal we were joined by another party of seventeen from St. Clair's Bottom, increasing our party to thirty. After the meal, we collected in the "grand saloon" and spent a pleasant evening. The following morning we rose early and after a hearty breakfast on venison and biscuits we took our departure, leaving the other "delegation" to go over the same road we had gone over the day before. We reached home about 12 o'clock Thursday, and I think we enjoyed ourselves as well as any party that has ever visited White-Top.

Election Riots in Kentucky.

Arriet in Paris, Ky., on Monday afternoon between the whites and the colored people, was quelled by the Government troops. Mr. Dilton, the City Marshal, was badly injured by the mob. The colored men are reported to have been killed in a riot in Hickman the same day.

At the close of the polls in Lexington on Monday evening, while an immense crowd was in front of the Daily Press office, some one fired off a pistol. Immediately forty or fifty shots were fired into the Press office. Indiscriminate firing then began. One colored man was killed and two were wounded. The State guards and the United States troops dispersed the mob.

After the closing of the polls in Frankfort, in a scuffle between several colored men two shots were fired. The police interfered; and driven back seventy of eighty shots being fired, and large stones and boulders thrown, &c. Two white men, William Gilmore and Mr. Bishop, were instantly killed, and three or four other white men wounded. Five or six colored men were wounded but none killed. The State troops were called out and remained under arms all night. Young Gilmore, who was killed was a Master Mason, and very popular in Frankfort. There is a strong disposition among the young men to avenge his death.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—Two laborers were killed to-day by the caving of a bank.

At Columbus, O., to-day, Thomas Ewing, Jr., Esq., delivered the opening campaign speech for the Ohio Democrats in the coming contest for Governor. The speech mainly discusses financial issues. He says the democratic party of Ohio proposes that the general government shall furnish all the money of the people in an issue which shall be a legal tender equally with coin for all public and private debts whatsoever except where the contract expressly calls for specie and with it redeem the 5-20 bonds, and that to prevent an undue expansion of the currency it shall issue a 3 per cent. bond which shall be exchangeable at par for the legal tenders at any time and into which the legal tenders may at the option of the holders at any time be converted.

Southwestern Virginia.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune has been traveling through the mineral region of the Virginia, and writing in strong terms of the undeveloped wealth, which abounds there. From Wytleville, after describing the neighboring mineral region, he writes: "The curse of the country so far has been speculators who depreciate and buy up property, and hold it for high prices; then adventurers without money, who bond property, talk largely, and expect to realize by selling to persons in New York elsewhere; they disappoint the people and cause want of confidence. Lastly, well-meaning men, who engage in enterprises requiring large sums of money without sufficient capital; they work hard, but fail, and the disgrace falls on the country. They must find an excuse elsewhere than in themselves for their failure, so they blame the labor, the ores, or the country generally. Honest, fair information as to its true wealth will induce the solid capital to invest and develop its resources to the benefit both of the country and the investor. No man should expect to run an iron furnace or a mine unless he has capital sufficient to pay his hands and buy his stock one year ahead without selling an ounce of the product."

An article on the famine in Persia in the New York Herald, has the following: The writer was in India in 1868, and witnessed some of the horrors of the terrible famine which prevailed in Ajmere, and which according to official statistics, caused two millions of deaths. No sight on earth can be pictured more terrible than a crowd of miserable creatures frozen by hunger. Spectral forms stretch forth long thin arms, with the elbow joint standing out in bold relief, like the roots of a tree, and demand in shrill accents the means of life. And such eyes and faces as glare at you. Years hence, they haunt you in dreams, like some hideous picture of a madhouse, or a battle-field, or an execution. And if you have courage to calmly examine in all their minutiae these revolting forms of misery, the most callous heart may well turn sick with a disgust which is strongly mingled with terror. In many places the victim of starvation takes a peculiar form of fever—the famine fever. His body breaks out in ulcers from head to foot, and his blood burns in the tortures of a living fire. Better far the quick though repulsive horrors of the plague than the prolonged tortures that hang in the wake of a great famine."

A Noble Benefaction.

The Trustees of the Louisville Medical College, (Louisville, Ky.) have created one of the most liberal and noble benefactions ever conferred by a public institution upon any people. The Trustees of this College have instituted one Beneficiary Scholarship for each Congressional District in the Southern and surrounding State. By this means very many poor but deserving young men will be enabled to obtain a thorough medical education. Any one wishing to take advantage of this Benefaction which is worth to each student at least \$200; has only to write to Dr. E. S. Gaillard, Dean of the Faculty of the Louisville Medical College, Louisville, Ky., when he will receive a college catalogue with full information in regard to all that is necessary for him to do to secure one of those Scholarships. With proper and welcome delicacy the names of those who have secured the Beneficiary Scholarships will be known only to the Dean of the Faculty. It is unnecessary to commend those who have established these noble Beneficiary Scholarships. Their act will bring them commendation wherever it is known.

In accordance with the old Hippocratic oath, forbidding physicians to charge the families of each other for services rendered, the Faculty of this College will make no charge for teaching sons of physicians, and as no physician charges a clergyman's family, the sons of clergymen will receive the same privilege. The next College session begins October 23, 1871. As the lecture fees charged for each student who has not obtained a Beneficiary Scholarship, amount to \$120, annually, the public can appreciate the munificence of this benefaction.

Is There a Horse-thief in Congress?

In a late issue of our paper we charged the carpet-bag Congressman from the Columbus district, H. W. Barry, with having tried to steal a noted "yaller pony" from Hon. Frank Lynch of Texas, and asked the Pilot to add this item, together with several others charges, to its biographical sketch of the infamous scoundrel. Neither the Pilot, Barry, himself, nor any of his friends, had disputed the charge, and as Mr. Lynch is now in this place, we renew it, and dare the carpet bag scoundrel to dispute it. We may, at some future time, give our readers a few more items in the history of this Yankee villain who was kicked out of the Federal army for being, as a brother officer expressed it, the dearest scoundrel aching. One of his speculators in Texas was hiring his negro regiment to pick cotton on shares for the Government, while they were being fed at the expense of the Government. He received over fifty bales from one widow lady as his share, and a great deal from other parties.—Brandon (Mass.) Republican.

Coal Mine Explosion—Fearful Loss of Life.

Five men were killed to-day at the Eagle shaft, operated by Alvor Tompkins. Twenty men were working in the rear gang-way at the time of the explosion, which tore away the timber supporting the roof, causing it to fall, and leaving the men imprisoned behind the rock, with no means of escape, until the debris is cleared away. Benjamin Davis, working on the outside of the rear gang-way, was instantly killed by the explosion. The men imprisoned are most likely dead, or will be before they can be reached. It will take a day or two to get the bodies out.

If half a dozen men would tell all they know about buying members of the New York Legislature for fifteen years past, and put it in a book, it would outsell Dickens' best novel. The only rival to it would be another book of the same kind about Congress and the executive departments at Washington during the same period. Add to this last publication an appendix of the benefactions to Grant, with the names of the donors and the offices they received in return, adorned with illustrations by Nast; and lifelike pictures of Grant's forty-one relations feeding at the public crib, and we think this book would beat the other in the market. Why will not some enterprising house get up these two volumes, with introductory essay by Gen. B. F. Butler, or some other successful financier? Here is an opening for a young bibliophile.—N. Y. Sun.

CINCINNATI, August 9.—White Mr. Bennett, the owner of a store at Vienna, Clark county, Ohio, was drawing rose oil from a large can, the gas ignited from a candle he held in his hand, and immediately the room was filled with flame. Thirty or forty persons entered the house to assist Bennett and save the property, when two kegs of powder exploded, demolishing the building, the ruins of which fell upon the villagers saving the property, fatally injuring four, and more or less injuring 27 others, including two women.

Senator Sumner has declined the gold medal tendered him by the people of Hayti. If the Haytiens wish to get rid of the medal, they might offer it to President Grant, who has no constitutional scruples against the taking of presents, especially when the expense is prepaid.

St. Louis, Mo., August 9.—In the National Labor Convention to-day the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That this organization cheerfully recognize the right of women everywhere to learn and engage in any profession, trade, or occupation which they may desire, and that for any certain amount of work they should receive the same pay as men."

THE MONTANA ELECTION.—Dispatches from Montana announce the election of Claggett, the republican candidate for delegate in Congress from that Territory. Governor Potts, of Montana, estimates the republican majority at 200. This is a republican gain. It will be remembered that Montana was represented in the last Congress by Mr. Cavanaugh, democrat.

Lynchburg Wholesale Prices Current.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including items like Bacon, Apples, Butter, Beans, Coffee, Flour, etc.

CATTLE MARKET REPORTS.

Corrected Weekly. BALTIMORE LIVE STOCK MARKET. BALTIMORE, August 10, 1871.

Table listing receipts for the week and prices of beef cattle, including items like Sheep and Lambs, Hogs, etc.

THE SHEEP MARKET. Quotations at 3 to 5 cents gross. Lambs \$2 to \$4 a head as to quality.

NEW YORK MARKET.

Table listing prices of various commodities, including items like Poor to medium cattle, Medium to fair steers, etc.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6. Sales of 1,900 head of beef cattle at 4 to 7 cents. Sheep, 4 to 5 cents. Hogs, 5 to 6 cents.

G. G. GOEBEL, & Co., AT MARION FOUNDRY.

Are manufacturing a superior GANE MILL. CALL AND PURCHASE.