

Virginia Free Press and Farmers' Repository.

Virginia Free Press.

BY GALLAHER & CO.

THURSDAY MORNING.

DECEMBER 9, 1857.

CAVING IN.

Some of the Northern and Western Democratic papers, who at first took ground against the course of the Kansas Convention, in only submitting one clause of the State Constitution to the popular vote, have already become penitent, and are "caving in" to the views of the Administration—
Though the people, by the organic act, were to be left "perfectly free to frame their domestic institutions in their own way," the Convention says that nothing shall be submitted to the popular vote except the question whether there shall be slavery or not.
The champion of the Southern rights know very well that this will be decided in the negative.

The Union says, with admirable boldness:

"We do not believe there have substantially carried out the great principle of popular sovereignty, that it is historically and morally true that this great doctrine was engraven upon the Democratic banner with exclusive reference to the cause of slavery."

The "great principle of popular sovereignty"!—The people cannot be trusted to express their opinions upon the whole document, but they are graciously allowed to pass upon a single question! The great hurry to get into the Union without losing another year is deemed a sufficient excuse for this mockery of a free choice.

IN LAUGH.

Our neighbors of the Spirit, having been so lack lately, in the way of receiving "Gassingers and such like," together with some choice Beef from William Johnson, is rather disposed to taunt us. They say:

"The Beef was of a quality to remind us of the White Pages of 1840. It is a day and night difference between the beef we have had and that which we designed for our neighbor, who seems to have a kind of horror of printer's grub, but on examination we found it to be our own meat."

Mrs. B. to the rescue!—Mrs. B. to appropriate it to our own use. We alighted with melancholy satisfaction as we thought of the fare that provided us with Roast Beef and Potatoes, and Corned Beef and Bacon, and the like, and were wondering his wife with printer's grub, corn bread and fish.

Well, we are glad that our contemporaries fare so well, and that they are often remunerated. For there is no class in a community less compensated for their efforts to serve that community, than the printers. And if they should offer an independent expression of censure at attempts to monopolize or extort upon the people, they are at once victimized, in the imagination of the conscientious individuals. We, too, used to be thought of by Mr. Johnson, but have lost caste with him, doubtless for reasons best known to himself. We have no complaint.

We now heard of a person who was bragging of his fine breakfast. He said he had just partaken of nice "bacon and beans." But when an enema was applied, it was discovered, upon coating accounts that his stomach had been supplied with "printer's grub—corn bread and beans." We hope this was not the case with our neighbors.

We have changed our diet. We now partake occasionally with milk and milk, and find it most exhilarating. But our time will come next. Wait till the porkers are put to the knife, and then look out for, no, time of life, etc., from our friends. Should an extra supply of passengers be sent us, neighbor we will send you a link or two.

FOUND!

"We cannot speak, tears obstruct our words, And choke us with unutterable joy!"
"Old Jonathan" found! Yes, our old friend, whose loss we last week lamented, has been restored to us, through the instrumentality of that never failing medium by which the lost is ever found—"The Old Family Journal."

Whilst we had friends *louder* in profession, we have had none warmer, or who embraced us more closely than our old chum. In its recovery, our joy is sincere, and we should be induced in giving vent to our feelings—for

"Joy never fears so bleak,

As when the first course is of misery."

Our old grey Over-coat, however, is still among the missing.

It had not been *long* in close fellowship with us as our old chum, but had passed through many *snow drifts* in pinching times, and surrounded us affectionately, when cold comfort presented itself at other points. It was therefore a fast friend until it was fastened by some one who desired to save his precious body from a drenching rain—it will be returned, we doubt not, in proper season.

SPONGERS.

This class of humans are to be found in every community. They not only sponge in eating and drinking, but in newspaper reading. Men who are abundantly able to take their country and other papers, may be seen frequenting places where the papers are delivered, and are the very first to read them. Others, again, depend upon their neighbors for their reading. Borrowers are a contemptible set—and every editor should link it into them.

IN LIMBO.

Solomon HARVEYSON is now in the Charlestown Jail, on the charge of taking the horses of Messrs. Fisher A. Lewis and John Humphreys, and disposing of them in Baltimore. As an investigation of the affair will be had at the December Court, we deem it advisable not to pre-judge his case. Much sympathy is felt for his wife, children and friends.

N.Y.M.

A Porker or so from our patrons will not be objected to—and credit will be given on our books. However, if those indeed have got the pork to spare, the money will answer our purpose. As our Harpers Ferry friends say—"This is pork month" with us, and as we have many months to fill, considerable number of that sort is required.

BERKELEY COUNTY AFFAIRS.

From advertisements we learn that Edmund Pendleton, Esq., as Commissioner, will sell, at December Court, two tracts of land in "Whiting's Neck." Also a House and Lot in Martinsburg.

E. B. Pendleton, as Trustee, will also sell a House and Lot in Martinsburg, the property of Jacob Stewart.

Wm. N. Riddle, Executor of Charles D. Stewart, will on December 1st offer, a Tract of Land containing 144 acres.

Thomas G. Flagg offers for sale a farm which he calls "Hard Times." He must have lately christened it by this name to suit the hard times—or else it must be a hard old farm. But as the times are rather hard for us to purchase, we will leave the purchase to some one else. No doubt it is better than its name indicates—so we will let M. F. ship.

Robert K. Robinson, as trustee, offers the House and Lot of James Cox, in Martinsburg, for sale.

Robert V. Scodgrass, trustee, will offer at December Court, two small lots of land of Elliott R. W. Tabb. We regret to learn of so much property forced into market these hard times.

The ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Martinsburg, realized at their Oyster Supper last week about \$150. A committee on behalf of the Church return thanks for the generous encouragement extended, and say they are particularly indebted to the Proprietor of the Staub House for the use of his Dining Room, and for the invaluable aid and advice so courteously tendered by every member of his estimable family.

A new band has been formed in Martinsburg, under the direction of Capt. J. H. Blundell, whose reputation as a musician is so universally known and acknowledged.

A meeting is to be held this evening at Grantham Hall, for the purpose of taking steps in raising a Military Company in Martinsburg.

MISCHIEVOLY ACCIDENT.

We regret to announce a most mischievous accident which occurred to Dr. Nathan Janney, of this county, a few days since. He was (says the Leesburg Mirror) on his way to Harmony Church in a buggy, and when but a short distance from it, his horse became frightened at a boy with a sheepskin, ran off—threw the Doctor over the dash and shafts, and in this condition dashed the buggy against a tree. In the collision the end of the coupling pole ran through his cheek, fracturing the bone, carrying away a portion of the tongue and knocking out some five or six teeth.

He was conveyed to his brother's in Hamilton, where his wounds were skillfully dressed by Drs. Weston and Janney. We learn that he is doing as well at present as from the critical nature of the wounds could be expected.

D. E. HENDERSON.

We clip the following complimentary notice of our young county-man from the Leader Washington:

In the studio of Mr. D. E. Henderson, at the Eagle Hotel, may be seen several portraits of our citizens, which for naturalness and exactness of resemblance cannot be surpassed. Mr. H. is a talented Virginia artist, who should be liberally patronized by the citizens of Loudoun. Those in want of accurate life-like portraits, at a moderate cost can be accommodated, and we hope our citizens will show their appreciation of native Virginia talent in this art, by giving him a generous patronage. He is painting a beautiful landscape scene in Louisiana, from sketches taken there last winter, which is richly worth seeing.

ALLEGED DEFALCATION.

The Richmond (Va.) Whig says that there is an alleged deficit in the accounts of an officer in that city. He is accountable to the State for taxes collected to the amount of \$103,000, but his bond is good for \$90,000. He has made an assignment of property and money, valued at \$80,000, to his bondsmen, so that the defalcation amounts to \$80,000.

APPOINTED.

Mr. T. S. K. LALEY, of Harper's Ferry has been appointed "Assistant Inspector of Contract Arms" by the Ordnance Department at Washington. Salary \$3 per day, and travelling expenses paid. The position is a pleasant one, and the appointment appropriate.

Mr. JOHN R. MARTIN, of Harper's Ferry, has received a similar appointment.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. JAMES BORG, who recently removed from Martinsburg to Harper's Ferry, died suddenly on Saturday night last. On returning to bed, he was apparently in perfect health—but in an hour afterwards was a corpse. He died of disease of the heart. He leaves a family to lament his death.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

HARD MONEY.

At the time approaches for the meeting of Congress and our own Legislature, the country becomes impatient to know what will be done with regard to the currency.

Man of some proneness the idea of a hard money currency prospers. They say that all the species in the world would not do the business of the world for one day. Lookouts, however, think differently—albeit, it pretends to think differently. It first away upon the Banks without mercy. Very well—the banks are the works of the Devil.

WE refer our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Tipton & Cram, of Winchester. They do an extensive trade, and have acquired a reputation for pretty goods and great bargains.

A BIG INDIAN—A monster Indian passed through Chattanooga, Tenn., last week, going to the Atlantic Fair for exhibition, said to be seven foot nine inches high, 18 years old, and weighing 450 pounds.

ARMSTRONG—Henry M. Onderdonk has been appointed by the Governor, Inspector of Salts in the upper District of Kanawha county, vice Phillip B. Snell, removed.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Thomas Egan, of Clermont, Va., on his way to Baltimore to wheeling, on Saturday last, leaped from the Railroad train, near Bankstown, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and was dangerously injured.

He is supposed to be insane.

FATIGUE ACCOUNT.—Mrs. Carville, the wife of Mr. Harvey Carville, residing near Pleasant Dale, Hampshire county, Va., was severely fatigued on Thursday by the falling of a tree. It appears that she was with her husband, who was engaged in felling trees, when the accident occurred.

NATIONAL LIBRARY.

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THE PUBLIC PRINTING PLUNGER.

According to the report of the Superintendent of Public Printing, the cost of so much of the printing for, as was ordered at the first session of the 34th Congress, and had been executed and delivered to January 15, 1857, including the printing of the Dred Scott Case, &c., &c. It appears that he has prepared an Examination of the Court's opinion in the latter case. In giving his correspondent an account of this Examination, he says:

"At the time this statement was made, a number of expensive documents ordered at the first session were not completed; so that it may be reasonable to suppose that when all are finished, the cost of printing for the first session of the thirty-fourth Congress alone, will exceed \$1,000,000."

Two years ago the cost of the printing for the House of Congress, for both sessions, did not exceed \$275,000. This included the paper and binding.

We have some rich documents on hand, showing how the office of public printing is at present secured.

The forgoing astounding development, in regard to the cost of the public printing, is taken from the Washington *Advertiser*, a warm Democratic journal.

The cost of the public printing ten years ago, we are told, "did not exceed \$275,000," for "both sessions" of Congress. We are told now, "Why, we are informed that the cost of the printing for the first session of the 34th Congress, will exceed \$1,000,000!"

The printing in these days, under Democratic rule, costs eight times as much as it did ten years ago. Do the people, indeed, pay heavily for the luxury of wasteful extravagance which characterized the Van Buren Administration which produced the popular storm of 1840; and if the people of this country still retain a particle of independence and patriotism, a similar storm will soon prevail, and result in indignantly ejecting Democratic speakers from office, and putting capable, discreet, and honest men in their places. May we not, about the corruption and profligacy of previous Administrations, be inclined to say something to the "Examination," and to the Superintendents of Messrs. Bell, Hager, and Sprague, experienced, educated, intelligent and courteous gentlemen of high rank in the Ordnance Corps of the Army of the United States, and, particularly during the time the second named gentleman, had charge of the Army, its manufacturing, financial and social, Civil and military, record from that time? I considered the Civil System, the prosperity of the Army, began rapidly to decay. They believe that during the administration of Messrs. Bell, Hager, and Sprague, the *Army* was disorganized, and the soldiers demoralized.

"I am breaking down under the appalling attack which fell upon me when I was writing the 'Examination,' and had to leave some scenes undivulged, and also to leave my party to go up to the hills. My wife, Dr. May, with infinite solicitude, I wrote to her, that now I considered the bad of that, and that now I considered the good of that, and that now I considered the best of that."

He gives us the following scrap of personal history, in this connection:

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