

Standard Ex

# THE LIVING PRESENT.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, POLITICS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 1.

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**BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,**  
 AT HIS OLD STAND,  
 Where he has been for the last 24 years. I still prepared to make and mend, and aid to understandings lend, and never was better prepared.  
 No-1-12m

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 MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS,  
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Would respectfully call the attention of the public to the above card, promising those who patronize him, to furnish the desired work, in as good style and finish as any executed in the south, and at as low a rate as the times justify.  
 Call on or address him—Care J. S. Jones, Henderson, or Dr. Geo. Field Warrenton, N. C. 4-1f.

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**"CELEBRATED"**  
**Woman's Friend!**  
 A safe and reliable remedy for All Diseases Peculiar to Females.

—SUCH AS—  
 Leucorrhoea, or Whites; Pruritus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb; Irregular, Painful, or Suppressed Menstruation; Pain in the Back; Nervousness, Weakness, or Headache, &c.  
 DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA,  
 For whose benefit it was designed, and whose happiness it will promote, by the discoverer,

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 TO PHYSICIANS:

The articles of which the Woman's Friend is compounded, are published around each bottle, and it is believed to be the best Uterine Tonic and Alterative yet discovered.

It is a valuable and reliable agent in all derangements of the Female Reproductive Organs, and in Hysteria, Nervous Headache, Spinal Irritations, &c.  
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 Wholesale Agents, No. 4 Main Street,  
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 To whom all orders or letters must be addressed.  
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 THE Confectionary business, formerly conducted by N. S. Meseley, is now being carried on by his Securities.  
 A new and varied stock, just received, and will be kept up.  
 Please help us out.

**How I was Won.**  
 I am the only daughter of Orlando Puggins, of Fizzleton, retail dealer in dry-goods. My father is a very prominent man in town, and I am belle of the village. I think I have very good reasons for calling myself handsome, for not less than a score of young men of my acquaintance have assured me such is the fact. I have no reason to doubt the words of these very amiable young men, for I think I should have been convinced of my beauty even if they had not whispered it in my ear.

My father's hobby had been for several years to make a good match for me. Perhaps you know what a good match is? It is simply to marry a man you positively hate; a man who is excessively ugly and disagreeable—in short, a fool—because he is wealthy. If he has money, it makes no difference what is his character; it is what the world calls a good match. My father thought just what the rest of the world did; and often have I heard him say that Beatrice should ride in her own carriage some day. That was the highest idea of happiness. Perhaps it is needless to say that my father and I differed very much on this point.

I think I had imbibed what the generality of people will call rather romantic notions. Can you believe it, that the belle of Fizzleton, at the age of twenty-two, imagined that there was such a passion as love? I longed for something more than a poodle dog to lavish my affections upon. I know it is very unmaidenly for me to say this, but it is true. I had plenty of lovers, to be sure; but ugh! I preferred the poodle to them. My hero had not yet arrived. I knew he would come some time. Perhaps he would come in a ragged coat; but the coat doesn't make the man, you know—although it does make a great many of those things that call themselves men.

Meanwhile my father brought a lover to me—a Mr. Cattle, from Boston. He was doing a large business there, and was considered wealthy. There's a lover worthy of you, Beatrice, said my father, after Mr. Cattle had made his first call. His riches can hardly be counted. I am sure his age cannot, I replied. He is certainly twice as old as I. Well? I think that is enough. My father opened his eyes with astonishment. Do you mean to say that you would not marry him if you had the chance? Yes, that's what I mean. Bless my soul! cried my father; are you sane? Perfectly. Father looked incredulous. You read too much poetry, child. You are a woman now, and it is high time for you to banish those sentimental ideas from your silly head. Such an opportunity of this does not come but once in a woman's lifetime. I should hope not.

Father stamped his feet with rage and looked unutterable things. I took up Lalla Rookh and began reading the Fire Worshipers. Beatrice, do you wish to bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave? No; but I have to live with my husband through life, and I would much rather have one of my own choosing. Yes, yes, my child; but I have lived longer than you, and I think my judgment is better. I wish to see you happily married. I don't want you to marry some scoundrel without a cent in his pocket, and have you to wear your life out as his drudge. As the wife of Mr. Cattle you will lead a life of luxury and ease. A life of misery!

My father looked grieved, but said no more, and soon after left the room. Such is the perversity of female human nature that I think if that scoundrel without a cent had proposed just at that moment, I should have accepted him at once. I believe women are like the Irishman's pig. He wished to drive the pig to Dublin; but he made him think he wished him to go in an opposite direction. Consequently the pig was bound to Dublin, and to Dublin he went.

Mr. Cattle never called again. I think father put a flea in his ear, for he saw plainly that I was not to be driven into a union with a man I did not like. About this time father hired a new clerk. He was rather good-looking, and all my lady friends voted him a proper, nice young man. I presume he was what father called "that scoundrel without a cent in his pocket." To be sure he was dressed elegantly; but I haven't the slightest idea that the coat he wore on his back was paid for; but what of that? Wasn't he agreeable?

Couldn't he whisper soft nonsense for an entire evening? Hadn't he all the poetry of the affections by heart? Then he wrote about love and moonshine in splendid rhymes upon scented paper, and he gave these effusions to me. I almost thought I loved him; and I am sure he loved me, for he told me so. I had it all written out in black and white, in the most elegant verse I read.

Father tried to keep cool through all this, but it was terrible hard work for him to do so. Once I heard him tell mother that if I was bound to go to the deuce, he didn't know as he could help it. "It's only a flirtation," mother said. "Flirtation, indeed! I tell you she's bewitched after him," my father said. And then he added, "Well, it is not quite as bad as it might be. Torseldorf isn't a bad young man; of course he hasn't got a cent, but if they are bound to marry, I'll do what I can for him, and possibly he may make something yet."

My ardor colored at once. There wasn't opposition enough to feed the flame; and consequently my love died out. That evening Mr. Torseldorf called. I received him coolly. He noticed it, and exerted himself to be agreeable, but it was a signal failure. I never smiled once while he remained. When he arose to depart, I followed him to the door and informed him, as gently as I could, his company could be dispensed with. "What has happened, Beatrice?" he asked. "Nothing."

"You do not love me?" "You are good at guessing, Mr. Torseldorf," I answered, smiling for the first time that evening. "Heartless! no muttered. 'Oh! no; but I should be had I given my heart to you.'"

Mr. Torseldorf jammed his hat over his eyes and departed. I never saw him after I noticed a change in my father's manner immediately after. I saw that his hopes had revived. He treated me in the most affectionate manner, and for some time all went well. But when everything seems to be going on well with you, you may be sure something is going to happen. I have always found it so.

It was at Mrs. Tremain's soiree that I met Aminidab Fagge. Mr. Fagge was a very common looking mortal. He had red hair, gray eyes, a fire-red moustache, a broken nose, and a variegated skin. He was six feet in length and three inches in thickness. When he walked you expected him to fall to pieces every minute. I don't think he was properly put together; he squinted dreadfully, and his voice squeaked. I presume no one would call Aminidab Fagge a handsome man. I knew as soon as my eyes fell upon him that he, for one, had never been spoiled by flattery.

For reasons that you doubtless understand, none of the young ladies at Mrs. Tremain's took the slightest notice of Mr. Fagge. For that very reason I entered into conversation with him, and found that he wasn't a fool, and that is saying considerable. I even danced with him once. I was not anxious to try it again. I never danced with a pair of curs, but I think I can now.

Mr. Fagge asked permission to call upon me, and I replied that I should be happy to see him at any time. The next day he made his appearance. Father looked at him in astonishment. I proceeded to make the gentlemen acquainted. "Dear father, this is Mr. Aminidab Fagge—Mr. Fagge, my father." Father bowed, muttered something like Fagge—rag—sbag, and left the room.

I explained to Mr. Fagge that my father was eccentric, and we then fell into conversation. I believe I remarked before that Mr. Fagge was not a fool. On the contrary, he had the largest assortment of general information in his head of any person I ever met. He had a fresh, original way of expressing himself, too, that was quite charming to me. I found myself becoming quite interested in him in spite of myself, and at last when he arose to go I pressed him to call again. He promised to, but as I saw him going down the steps I felt that he never would, for it did not seem possible he could ever reach home without breaking his neck. He seemed to be walking on stilts, and one would have thought this his first attempt.

While I was watching him, father returned to the parlor. "Do you know who that is, Beatrice?" he asked. "Certainly, that is Mr. Aminidab Fagge," I replied. "Fudge! I know that. But what is he?" "Oh! well really, father, I don't know. Possibly he is a perambula-

ting tin merchant. I half expected father would go into convulsions; but he didn't, though he seemed very much excited. At last he called himself enough to ask what Aminidab had called for.

"To see me, I suppose. He didn't ask for any one else. I made his acquaintance last night, at Mrs. Tremain's. Father began to boil again. He's nothing but a poor miserable fortune-hunter, and if he comes here again I will kick him out of the house."

"Don't, father; it might hurt him." "Beatrice," in a voice of thunder, "go to your room."

I made my exit. The paternal Puggins, when he gets excited, will be obeyed. I retired to my room. Was there not some romance in this? I enjoyed it highly. There was every thing in it to make it interesting to a young lady of my temperament. There was the stern and cruel parent, the poor but noble lover, and myself. I felt that my hero had arrived. The love for which I had been waiting so long had at last arrived in the person of Aminidab. "Horrible!" you exclaim. Oh! no; the ugliest person in the world, when seen through a lover's eyes, will look lovely. Mr. Fagge began to grow beautiful in my eyes from the moment that father threatened to kick him from the door.

He called the next day while father was out. I received him in the parlor. I told him, as gently as I could, that father had conceived a dislike for him. "Impossible," said Mr. Fagge. "Not at all. He said he would aid you in making your exit from our door if he caught you here again."

"I think I had better retire," said he. "Oh! no; father is never home at this hour." "But this is dishonorable." "We can't help dislikes, you know, Mr. Fagge," I said, with my most bewitching smile. "You called to see me, I believe; I am of age, and I shall be happy to see you at any time when you please to call."

An angelic smile lighted up his countenance, and to me he seemed really beautiful. When we parted at the door he pressed my hand slightly. Oh! it was so sweet. After that, Mr. Fagge and I were together almost every day for a fortnight. Luckily my father was not aware of this. I did not suppose he would ever put his throat into execution; but still, had he found us together, he might have made use of some rather harsh words, and they might have caused an unpleasantness.

But I felt that this could not always last. There would be an explosion some day. It came rather sooner than I expected. Mr. Fagge and I were together. We had been talking as usual, nearly half an hour, when he turned suddenly to me and said, "Beatrice, there is something that I have been wishing to tell you some time."

"Indeed! I gave him a glorious smile. 'What can it be?' "Beatrice—I knew by the way his moustache bristled up what was coming—I love you." "Is that all?" "Is not that enough?" "Why, I thought by the expression of your countenance that it was something more serious. It will be serious enough for me, unless you tell me that my love is returned," he said, throwing himself on his knees before me.

"Indeed, I was wondering how he was ever going to get up. That was a very serious consideration. 'Can you love me?' I did not feel quite certain about that; in fact, I think that I was as much in doubt about the state of my heart as Mr. Fagge was. 'Will you have me, darling?' The next instant Mr. Fagge gave a yell of pain that penetrated my soul. With a hurried glance I took in the whole situation. Father had arrived, and was now putting his threat into execution. Mr. Fagge made no resistance, but allowed my father to lead him to the door. My blood boiled. I sprang toward them, and grasped Mr. Fagge around the neck. 'My dear Aminidab,' I cried, 'I do love you; indeed I do. You shall not take him, father. He is mine, mine; my beloved Aminidab!' 'Beatrice!' shouted father. 'No, father, you shall not part us; Beatrice, will you not obey me?' 'In all but this. But you can never tear us asunder—no, never.' And I clung tighter to the beloved of my soul.

Father sank into a chair, seemingly quite overcome. I waited for him to speak. "Mr. Fagge, take a seat," at length he said. "Beatrice, turning to me, 'do you mean to marry this man?'"

"Yes sir." "Enough!" father smiled. "Beatrice, allow me to introduce you to the Hon. Walter Stillfleet, of C—, one of the wealthiest men in the city, and my particular friend."

I turned toward Aminidab. He was just removing a wig from his glossy black curls, and in his hands held a fiery red moustache. With a cry of joy I sprang into his arms. "Will you love me, as well as you did, Beatrice?" he asked. "Yes," I murmured. He kissed me. "There is only one way to manage a headstrong girl, Mrs. Puggins," father said, as my mother entered the room. We all laughed heartily. "You played your part well, father," I said.

"Well, the rest remains for you and him." All this happened some months ago; we are married now, but I never regretted my father's ruse.—Wood's Household Advocate.

**Completion of the Pacific Railroad.**  
 Pomontory Summit, Utah, May 10, noon. To the Associated Press: The last rail is laid. The last spike is driven. The Pacific railroad is completed. The point of junction is 1,086 miles west of the Missouri river, and 690 miles east of Sacramento. Leland Stanford, Central Pacific Railroad. T. C. Durant, S. C. Durant, Sidney Dillon, John Duff, Union Pacific Railroad.

**THE NEWS RECEIVED IN NEW YORK.**  
 NEW YORK, May 10.—The last spike in the Pacific railroad was driven to-day at five minutes past three o'clock p. m. New York time. San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Plaster Cove, the end of the cable, were connected with Pomontory Point by telegraph, and the hammer strokes on the last spike were duly transmitted according to arrangement. When the news was received in New York a hundred guns were fired in the City Hall Park, and Mayor Hall forwarded a congratulatory message to the Mayor of San Francisco. A commemorative celebration had previously been held in Trinity Church, at which a telegram forwarded by the Chamber of Commerce to the Chamber in San Francisco was read, and an address delivered by Rev. Dr. Vinton. After prayer and reading of portions of the Episcopal service, the organ pealed and chimes rung as the large congregation left the church. Flags on the city hall and on many public buildings were displayed all day in honor of the great event.

**FREE TRADE AND THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.**  
 A meeting of the American Free Trade League of New York was held at Cooper Institute to-night, of which many of the prominent members of the organization were present. David Dudley Field called the assemblage to order, and Howard Potter presided. Addresses were delivered by William Cullen Bryant and Edward Atkinson, and the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That in the opening of the great Pacific railroad to-day, connecting New York and San Francisco, we recognize a pledge, not only for one country, one constitution and one destiny, but with a due regard to the revenue, for the freest sort of trade with all countries and all continents." RINGING THE BELLS IN PHILADELPHIA. PHILADELPHIA, May 10.—At 2:30 o'clock p. m. precisely, Philadelphia time, news was received of the driving of the last spike of the Pacific railroad. Word was sent to the mayor, and in a few minutes the bells in Independence Hall and the various fire stations were rung, drawing crowds into the streets under the impression that a general alarm of fire was being rung. The people soon ascertained the reason of the ringing of the bells, and flags were immediately displayed everywhere. A large number of steam fire-engines ranged in front of Independence Hall with screaming whistles and hose-carriage bells ringing. Joy was expressed in every face at the completion of the great work of the country. The sudden flocking of the people to the State House reminded one of the reception of the news of the surrender of Lee's army, when a similar scene was enacted.

**THE REJOICING AT CHICAGO.**  
 CHICAGO, May 10.—The celebration of the completion of the great inter-oceanic railroad connection to-day was the most successful affair of the kind that ever took place in Chicago, and probably in the West. It is entirely

impromptu, and therefore almost every man, woman and child in the city did their part towards making it a success. The procession was unique in appearance and immense in length, the lowest estimate putting it down at seven miles. During the moving of the procession, Vice President Colfax received the following dispatch:

"Promontory Summit, Utah, May 10.—Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Vice President: The rails were connected to-day. The prophecy of Benton is to-day a fact. This is the way to India. C. M. Dodge, John Duff, Sidney Dillon, T. C. Durant."

This evening Vice President Colfax, Lieut. Governor Bross and others addressed large audiences at Liberty Hall, in which they spoke eloquently of the great era which this day marks in the history of our country. During the evening there was general indulgence in fireworks, bonfires, illumination, &c.

**THE CELEBRATION ELSEWHERE.**  
 There was great rejoicing over the event at Scranton, Pa., where cannon, bells and whistles of locomotives were employed to give eclat to the occasion. In Buffalo, New York, a large gong was attached to the telegraph wire, and at 2:41 p. m., by the time of that city, it began to ring out the hammer-strokes. The crowd sang the Star Spangled Banner, and jubilee speeches were made by the orators.

Omaha dispatches say that telegrams from Echo City report that the troubles of the railroad laborers near Piedmont were amicably settled.

**A Woman Hermit.**  
 The New York Evangelist has a letter from a woman in New England, who lives among the mountains, in a little cottage, with no living companion save a cat. And yet, says the Evangelist, she is not a hater of her kind—either of mankind or of woman-kind—nor a rude, uncultivated person, but a lady of education, who is attracted to this lonely life by the noble motive of an intense love of nature, and a desire for perfect independence. She has an acre of ground which she cultivates with her own hands, planting peas and potatoes as well as flowers, and, in a word, making her living out of mother earth, whereby she secures to herself health, comfort, and above all, what is dearest to her heart, independence. So enamored is she of this free, wild-woods life, which seems to her like camping out on the hillside, all alone with the mountains and stars, that she writes very persuasively to the pent-up dwellers in cities to follow in the same path of independence. Here is a picture:

"There are no poor people here, I see," remarked a friend who was visiting the not long ago. He was right; though some who lived here might question it. For who is poor that can have plenty of work and good wages? No person will ever need to suffer for life's necessities in a place like this. How strange it is that the poor will hug cities, where they are sure to suffer if not to starve, when in the country there is an abundant room and a plentiful support for all, if they would but work for it!

"During the past year I have proved, to my full satisfaction, that every woman may make a good living by 'tilling the earth'—a small portion of it. One acre well cared for will (except in cases of rare calamity) produce more than enough to feed a family for a year. Then you want enough more land to enable you to raise things to exchange for your wood or coal, and also for other necessities. Were I two poor women, instead of 'working out' for any human employer I would hire four or five acres of good land, and work out under the sun, and should certainly be much more independent, prosperous, and happy. As I'm but one woman, lame and very busy, all I can hope to do is to raise my own vegetables and strawberries, and I must content myself with trying to coax others to 'come out' to country work and life and home comfort."

"You ought to lay up something for a rainy day," said an anxious father to his profligate son. "And so I have, replied the young hopeful. 'What?' asked the father. An umbrella!" was the impertinent reply.

An Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and, on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work. "No," was the reply; "but I have cut them all down, and am going to trim them in the afternoon."

**WARMINSTER.**  
 The imported stallion, Warminster, will make his first season South for 1869, at P. R. Davis, Warrenton and Henderson, North Carolina. Terms \$50 for thorough bred Mares and \$25 for others.

Warminster is sired by Newminster so popular in England, and his first dam is Black Bess by Ratacatcher, and second dam Poldora by Friam & Co., &c., &c., see Bruce's Stud Book for 1868. The liberality of his importer, E. W. Cameron Esq., of New York, in presenting this fine colt to the South, should be appreciated. Mares from a distance shall be well attended to and charges cheap. For particulars inquire of PETER R. DAVIS, April-21m, Warrenton, N. C.

**NOTICE.**  
 THE Subscriber announces to the public that he has for hire, either for hauling or conveyance of passengers,

**A FIRST CLASS TEAM**  
 with Two and Four seat Buggy and wagon. He will furnish fire wood of all descriptions at shortest notice and at reasonable prices. The patronage of the community is respectfully solicited.

I have on hand several sets of Harness, which I am offering at low rates, for Cash, or Country produce at market price. I guarantee entire satisfaction, having had 13 years experience in the business.  
 RICHARD ROWLETT.

**W. O. PERKINSON,**  
 WITH  
**M. LOWENBACH,**  
 WHOLESALE LIQUOR AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
 No. 54 South Howard Street,  
 and 288 West Pratt Street,  
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 A. B. IRISH, President First Nat. Bank, Harrisonburg, Va.  
 No-1-6m.

**Hog Round Va., Bacon.**  
 We call special attention to a very large lot of Hog Round Bacon in Store. POWELL & ALLEN, March 27th 1869. Norfolk Va.

**QUEED OATS!**  
 For sale by POWELL & ALLEN, 29 Commerce St., NORFOLK VA. no-13-2m.

**Full Stock of Groceries kept constantly on hand. POWELL & ALLEN, 29 Commerce St., Norfolk Va. March 27th 1869. no-13-2m.**

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**PLUMBER, YOUNG & CO.**

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
**FOREIGN AND AMERICAN HARDWARE, CUTLERY, Saddlery Hardware and CARRIAGE MATERIALS,**  
 No 4 Iron Front, Sycamore St., PETERSBURG, VA.  
 Agents for sale of FAIRBANK'S SCALES, Leather and Rubber Belting, Mill Stones, Bolting Cloths, CIRCULAR SAWS, AND Emery & Son's Cotton Gins.  
 No-5.

**ESTABLISHED 1831.**  
**A FIRST CLASS JEWELRY STORE.**

Persons visiting the city, and citizens generally, will find at J. M. FREEMAN'S, the largest and finest stock of Goods in his line and at accommodating prices. Consisting of  
**WATCHES, GOLD, SILVER & AMERICAN HUNTING LEVERS, DIAMONDS, FINE GOLD JEWELRY, SILVER WARE.**

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