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In Advance.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 16th, '82.
There is considerable talk of coming Cabinet changes and among those who are best informed on the subject no doubt exists that the expectation is well-founded. What the particular change will be no one I have seen is able to state authoritatively. President Arthur and all the members of his present Cabinet are now in the city, and it is said have had a Cabinet meeting devoted largely to a discussion of the situation. The prevailing opinion is that the President desires to reorganize his staff of advisers more on a political basis than it is now, and, also, more in accordance with his own individuality. For instance, Frank Hatton, a practical politician, was booked, before the elections, for Postmaster General Howe's place; and that the latter still regards his tenure uncertain is indicated in the transfer of his son from the chief clerkship to a less lucrative position in the Department of Justice. At any rate, it is known that the relations between Mr. Arthur and some of his Cabinet are not as closely confidential as he would like to have them. Judge Folger, to begin with, was not the President's first choice for Secretary of the Treasury. He was, however, the choice of his New York advisers, and the President accepted him. Soon after he became a member of the Cabinet the President, it is said by his intimate friends, noticed that Judge Folger had a small size Presidential bee in his hat. But the bee has disappeared. Secretary Chandler is probably nearer to the President than any of his other Cabinet advisers. The relations between Secretary Lincoln and the President are purely official. Between the President and Secretary Frelinghuysen they are more intimate. Those between Secretary Teller, the Postmaster General, and Attorney General are very formal. The Republicans of the West were given two places. They selected Messrs. Howe and Teller for them. It is said that until these gentlemen had been requested to become members of the Cabinet the President had never spoken a word to either of them. Of the present Cabinet Messrs. Frelinghuysen and Chandler are the only ones who would have been freely chosen by the President of his own motion.

The next House of Representatives just elected will contain an unusual proportion of new men. The old ones were pretty generally "left" either in the nominating conventions or by the deluge of November 7th. There are 170 of the members elect who have never been in Congress before. This is a somewhat unexampled infusion of new blood, and may tend to increase the liveliness of the legislative session of 1883-84, even if it does give the old hands a disproportionate amount of influence to start with. Of the 57 chairmen of Speaker Kiefer's committees only 23 have been sent back, a fact which shows that the people and Mr. Kiefer do not agree as to the character of the men whom the Speaker ought to honor. Three ex-Senators have consented to serve a term in the House: Luke Poland, of Vermont, who must be considerably over his allotted three score and ten,—how well I remember his blue broad cloth, swallow-tail coat, which, like that of old Grimes, was all buttoned down before with shining brass;—Kellogg, of Louisiana, who loves not the Senate less but the House more—just at present, at least; Senator Eaton, the little, doughy, genial Connecticut man, who is a very agreeable man to converse with, and as good a friend as a warm foe. Mrs. Eaton is like her husband, domestic and unostentatious; but one never regrets having made her acquaintance. Some newspaper gossip has been floating around lately. For the

Capital of a great nation—a fine city containing 180,000 population—the newspapers of Washington are a poor lot, and any change for the better would be liberally supported. The Democratic Post, started in December 1877, by Stilson Hutchins and John Cockerill, of the late St. Louis tragedy, was, for a time, a bright, clean sheet and made a success from the start, but of late years both its quality and its character have fallen. It does not now possess the confidence of the better class of Democrats, and there is talk of a new Democratic daily backed by the Hon. W. W. Corcoran. It would undoubtedly be a success. The Post has made a good deal of money in one way and another and Hutchins is about erecting a costly residence here. He is credited with having got a good slice of the Star-route stealings—\$30,000 is the amount I have heard named. Whether this is true or not I don't pretend to know, but it is believed on account of the course of the paper. No word has ever been uttered by the Post against the Star-route thieves, but by indirection and innuendo, in headings, etc., it has steadily aided their cause. It has lately led the attack against Judge Wylie, of the Criminal Court, the object of which is to secure his transfer before the Star-route cases come up again. Judge Wylie is an upright learned man, with a wholesome hatred of crime, and he has the endorsement of the respectable representatives of both press and bar. Were he changed in consequence of the present clamor public sentiment here would be greatly outraged. The National Republican and Critic, which have both been Star-route sheets, controlled by Brady, are about to change management, it is said, though the latter will still be in the hands of Brady's tools.

Pennsylvania avenue sidewalks are torn up from one end to the other, the bricks being replaced by concrete, which will be a charming improvement until the dog-days return, when the tar pervades the atmosphere. One is delighted in Washington in coming across open spaces with trees and shrubs at the most unexpected turns. Just in front of the market house, a place where one would not look for much beauty, is a lovely little park, still green and fresh. The ground in some places is soggy, so a pretty bridge has been built over the marshy part, leading across the park to the avenue. It has a genuine country look, and just a step from the roar of cars and Herdies and carriages and omnibuses, too. But the roar of traffic in Washington is nothing compared to that of cobbled streets. Here the carriages roll noiselessly along on the smooth asphalt.

DOM PEDRO.

In that Case it will not Vanish Very Soon.

From the New York Times.

The simple truth is that "Greenbackism" will vanish only with the legal tender greenback. Until that relic of the war is done away with the country will be always liable to a revival of the "cheap money" ideas which a few years ago obtained such a surprising hold upon the people.

Thane of Cawdor and King That Shall Be.

From the Baltimore American.

A letter from General Roger A. Pryor, read at the banquet in Boston, given in honor of Governor-elect Ben Butler, salutes Ben with "All hail, Thane of Cawdor—and King that shall be." If this means that Ben will be President, it may be replied, "The earth has bubbles as the water hath, and this is of them;" and when "Bismarck's wood doth come to Dunsinane," we fear the dunces inane will be General Roger A. Pryor.

Little Georgetown.

Farmers are slow gathering their corn. It is not yet dry enough to crib. Mr. John Fleming has returned from the East with a full line of Winter Goods.

Mr. A. Hayes, a resident of this place, died suddenly last week. He was ill but a day or two.

Thanksgiving turkeys are roasting high about here.

The bass fishing season is now about over.

There will be no contest over fat porkers this season. The big hogs are all little this year.

The Sunday school at this place is about to close for the winter.

BUNKER HILL.

Special Correspondence INDEPENDENT.

To offer an apology for my seeming neglect of your precious columns, would, I think, be presumption, upon my part. Now is the time that I should apologize, when I again occupy space, and bore your readers with uninteresting matter, but I won't do it. If you take the risk to publish it, and they take the pains to read it it is no affair of mine.

Since my last communication many things have gone wrong, and many things right, and vice versa. The West Virginia election, which resulted so disastrously to the Democratic party, raised the ambition and vanity of some of the Bunker Hill Republicans to such a high pitch, that they imagined themselves to be presidents, cabinet officers, governors, and in fact kings and rulers over the land in 1884; but they had not seen the end. Since the result of subsequent elections of different States has been announced, the radiant smile which illuminated their sunny faces, has given place to the scowling frown of dissatisfaction and disappointment. As for my part, I am perfectly satisfied with our election. I am no party man, but entirely independent in my views. I voted for some Republicans, not to please anybody, but simply because I thought I was doing right. I have no axe to grind. I can afford to be independent. Hence I write for an independent paper. Some of your readers thought I was sailing upon the briny waters of that famous river. There was no boat for me; I did not go. Why? Simply because I was afraid we would come in contact with the army that was soon to follow, and our retreat would be cut off. I however do not propose to discuss dead issues. The battle is over, and somebody got hurt.

Your able correspondents from Darksville, South Opequon, and other points, have gleaned the field of news, so that there is little left in that line to interest you with, outside the suburbs of our own town. We have been favored with some visitors from a distance, which has contributed largely to our enjoyment for the past two months. Mrs. Anna Morgan, of Illinois, is still sojourning at her sister's, Mrs. Gold. She is an estimable lady. I am pleased to learn that she will remain in the neighborhood during the winter. Mrs. Dollie Carnahan, with her jewel of a babe, has taken her departure. May Heaven's choicest blessings abide with her. Mrs. D. H. Rhodes, of Washington city, has been visiting relatives. The cares of a family, and the confinement of city life, begins to tell on her—in the last year she has been pulled down in weight from 150 to 200 pounds avoirdupois. I am in hopes that the good effects which our pure mountain air generally imparts, will bring her up to the standard. Two sprightly young ladies of Welsh Run, Pennsylvania, Miss Ginnie Bows and Miss Annie Angle, are also visiting Mrs. Charley Lamont. They appear to be enjoying themselves hugely. Miss Ginnie captivates by her proficiency in the musical art, while Miss Annie excites envy and admiration by her superior horsemanship. I don't see why some of our young men should not complain of a little fluttering around the heart. I won't say what I would do if I was single—because, in the first place, I don't want to be single, and in the next place, I don't know what I could do if I was. Suffice to say, they are very pleasant and agreeable ladies, and I hope they will protract their visit.

Bunker Hill is still improving in appearance. Our new school-house is completed, and as soon as the desks arrive, will be ready for occupancy. The school has been running nearly two months in the old building, with an average daily attendance of fifty-five. The

school is suspended for the present, awaiting the arrival of the desks. Any one desiring to see the teacher, will perhaps find him down on the Opequon, in the same ridiculous position that Daniel Webster found himself once, "with a rod and line—a worm at one end and a fool at the other." But I'm going a fishing all same, for I am out of meat, and I think a skill-pot is better than no meat at all.

Mr. Gorshert, the proprietor of the stage line between Martinsburg and Winchester, has purchased a lot and erected a nice little stage office, which the weary and half-frozen traveller will find very comfortable the coming winter. He intends erecting a fine dwelling on his lot in the near future.

Boss Clendening has purchased the Hollis property, in this city, at the rate of \$3000 per acre. I expect the Boss will go into the soap business, as the building which is on the premises is well-shaped for the purpose of an ash-hopper, thereby obviating the necessity of building one. If he should embark in such a praiseworthy enterprise, I'll guarantee him a good trade at the Principal Academy of this place. I am in favor of encouraging home industry.

I took a trip to your city a few days ago, and was kindly greeted by many friends. I was glad to find friend Logan convalescent. I hope he will soon be able to resume his labors. I also met some of the good men of the lower end of the county. Decatur Hedges, whom shall ever demand my love and respect for courtesies extended to me during the war, and from which time our friendship and acquaintance dates. I will have more to say about this worthy gentleman in the future. Lem Howard and I cracked a joke over a pony glass of beer, but the demands of business soon separated us and he was soon lost to sight, but still to memory dear. In my wanderings I dropped into Dick Cooper's dining saloon. I was interviewed by Geo. W. Feidt, and dined most sumptuously with him. We had a very social and pleasant chat on matters generally, and parted with good impressions. I took an inventory of part of Dick's stock, and found everything up to the standard, both as to quantity and quality. Mr. Charley Bentz, who takes charge of his billiard parlors, is just the man for the place, courteous, attentive and social. This is a high-toned house, and merits the patronage of good people generally. Desirous of purchasing some books I wandered into Oden's, where I found a complete stock of books, stationary, and all of the latest periodicals and publications of the day—besides, a gentleman ready to order anything for you in his line, that he may not have on hand. Rutledge was crowded as usual, and always will be as long as he runs a hotel. I called at the residence of Judge Hoge, and my disappointment at not meeting the Judge was fully recompensed by enjoying the society of his estimable lady for a short time. The affable manner in which she greets the visitor, banishes all embarrassment, and you at once feel that you face a friend. I like to meet such ladies; but how seldom we do, above the ordinary walks of life.

I noticed on the road between here and the city that the wheat was looking well, and judging from the corn shocks the crop is good. Corn is selling here at fifty cents per bushel from the field. Our wheat market is governed by your market. Wood is selling at \$2.50 per cord for oak, and \$3 for hickory. Beef, slaughtered, from 8 to 12 cents, and pork 10 to 11 cents per pound. Butter, 20 cents; eggs, 22 cents; lard, 18 cents; poultry, 10 cents. This is about a fair statement of our market, established and ruled by the merchants. Miller has just returned from the city with a choice lot of goods. I merely make this statement, so that if any of your citizens want cheap goods and good goods, let them come to Bunker Hill; if Miller can't supply them, North can, because he orders every day. What you can't get to-day, you can to-morrow—he will order it by the stage—if it is a steam engine, and a car load of Modocs, he will order them and they will come by the stage. Now just see

what a grand place this would be for a railroad. We could easily keep two stages and a wagon train busy to carry our produce and travel to and from this place, but we are still looking forward with hopefulness to the promised railroad.

Mr. Will Lamont, who has been sojourning in the West since last April, has returned to his nativity. He speaks highly of the people with whom he was associated, but being unaccustomed to their ways he could not adapt himself to them. I notice one thing however, that he did not bring us a sample of the Ohio girls.

Dr. G. W. Grantham, I believe, has recovered from his recent severe attack, and has of late been doing considerable practice. We all have great confidence in the Dr.'s skill, and all he needs is a fair show, a little pill-stuff and a few tonics, and he will sail through.

Champ Shepherd, I notice, is not done seedling yet. He is scattering the Singer sewing machine around with such profusion that one would suppose he intended them to sprout and produce young Singers. I am told that he sells more machines than any man in the county. Why? Because he handles the best machine, understands his business, and is a good agent. I'll quit. C. E. L.

Ganotown.

Ganotown has not "spoken out in meeting" for some time, but I will now try to give you a little sketch of events that have occurred here recently.

The protracted meeting at this place has closed; the visible results were fifteen conversions and ten accessions to the church.

Rev. C. W. Hutsler will begin a protracted meeting at Mt. Carmel on the 2d of December proximo.

Several cases of diphtheria have occurred in the vicinity of Ganotown; only one resulting fatally thus far. Dr. J. B. Wiley, of Gerardstown, has had the professional care of all the cases that have occurred in this part of the valley this fall.

Mr. Wm. H. Burgess had one of his children badly scalded some three weeks ago, and erysipelas supervening resulted in the death of the child last week. The parents have the sympathy of the community.

Some of our farmers are busy gathering corn.

Most of the fall sown grain is presenting a thrifty appearance, and where it has been properly seeded gives very fair promise.

The bark trade has again revived, and a good many teams are on the road.

Our merchants say that the fall trade has been fairly active, though cash does not seem to be superabundant.

Our school now has an enrollment of twenty-five, and the school at New Hope, under the direction of Miss Katie Graff, has some eighteen pupils enrolled, and is moving along right smoothly.

The Ganotown school has been closed for a few days, on account of diphtheria, but is announced to resume this week.

The potato crop has panned out pretty well, barring the rot, which has spoiled some lots to such an extent that the profits are gone. Mr. William Barney presented your correspondent with two "Murphies" weighing 1 pound 3 ounces, and 2 pounds 4 ounces respectively. They were of the peerless variety.

The Good Templars of this section are doing their level best to educate the people in the paths of temperance, and hope to have at least half a dozen lodges in Back Creek valley ere the close of '83.

Land sales are becoming quite common in the Buck Hill neighborhood. Mr. Samuel Smith has sold his farm of 50 acres to Josiah Shade for \$200; James T. Parsons has sold his farm to Samuel Smith for \$300. "Tut's" place contained 100 acres, and rumor says that Mr. Smith has already accepted a bid for his purchase from John Smith of Pittsburg, Pa. John Smith has also bargained for the Hogue farm of 99 acres, the consideration to be \$300.

Rumor says that John Smith is

not yet provided with a helpmate, but at least one damsel of the vicinity of Buck Hill is willing to take the responsibility of caring for his establishment.

Mr. Joshua T. Barney, who went to Ohio nearly four years ago, returned to his old haunts a short time since, but only tarried a few days with us, going to Benwood two weeks ago. E. C. Gain accompanied him, and both are employed in one of the iron mills at that place. Mrs. Jane Vanhorn has recovered from the effects of the fall from her horse, and recently started for Westmoreland county, Pa., to spend the winter. She was accompanied by Mrs. Mary Hogue of Pa., who has been visiting in the vicinity for several weeks. Mr. Thomas Barney Jno. Burkhart and wife, of Tuscarora neighborhood, were here last week attending the funeral of Mr. Burgess' child.

Mr. Henson, of Bunker Hill, dropped in here last week and picked up a few nice hogs.

Mrs. H. C. Evans, Mr. C. Barney and Miss Alice Barney paid a short visit to friends near Lee-town last week. Mrs. Jacob V. Evans of Jefferson county, is visiting her son, H. C. Evans, at this place.

Mr. J. A. Chapman, as District Deputy of the Good Templars, is doing good service in the temperance cause.

Mr. Joseph Hayse, our village blacksmith, is soliciting recruits for a lodge of Good Templars at this place, and is hopeful of success.

Mr. Algernon Barney has added butchering to his other accomplishments, and is aiding to keep our larders supplied with beef and mutton.

Mr. George M. Bowers, of Gerardstown, dropped in the other day and gave us a pleasant chat. He seemed "chuck full" of business. SQUINT.

Gerardstown.

From the Times.

The first ice of the season on Wednesday night of last week.

The air is full of rumors of approaching marriages. The more the merrier.

Mr. John W. Howell, of Arcuskie City, Cal., agreeably surprised his parents and friends in this place by dropping in upon them last Saturday night. He looks as though life in the far west agreed with him.

The boss potato of the season was raised by Mr. Richard Sroods and is now in this office winking all its eyes in satisfaction that no other potato patch can it for size and beauty match.

A meal for a bigger family than that of the editor of the Times can be made of the big turnip, presented us by C. D. Howell last week. We'll have to eat it like the man huggled the giantess—one side at a time.

We are glad to see that Colonel Frank Silver, who has been kept about home for three weeks past with a hemorrhage of the lungs is again knocking about with his accustomed energy.

The big ear of corn left with us by Geo. W. Bowers challenges all the cornfields of the country to beat its bigness. A dozen men can stand around the stove and look at it at once.

Some specimens of the second growth of apples, as large as hulled walnuts, were handed us by E. F. McFillan the other day. If the trees bring one full crop every year, they will be excused from farther duty.

Rev. John Johnson, of Petersburg, a former pastor of the Presbyterian church here, preached two able sermons in this place on Sunday and Monday nights last. The people of the entire community gave him a cordial welcome, and large congregations listened with evident enjoyment to his excellent preaching.

The Lively Music is Yet to Come.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

When the Democrats get over their surprise at the size of their victory on the 7th, they should hold a council of war to determine what they will do with it. Then the band will begin to play.

Pure Dissolved Bone, Fine Ground Bone, and Plaster manufactured by Alex. Parks, Jr.