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BY BAGBY & STOFER. F

The Native Virginian.

BY BAGBY & STOFER. F

Patrice fumus, igne alieno, luculentior.

TERMS.—\$3.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I.

ORANGE COURT HOUSE, VA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1867.

NUMBER 3.

Poetical.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

Over whose waves my boyant life careered, Rolled to October, falling on its beach With breaths of mellow music; and I leaped Upon the longest shore; for, in that month,

My dear betrothed deferring to the stress Of my impatient wish, had promised me Her hand in wedlock.

Ere the happy day Dawned on the world, the world was draped In robes Meet for the nuptials. Baths of sunny haze, Steeping the ripened leaves from day to day,

And dainty kisses of the frost at night. Joined in the subtle alchemy that wrought Such miracles of change, that myriad trees, Which pranked the meads and clothed the forest glooms

Bloomed with the tints of Eden. Had the earth Been splashed with blood of grapes from every vine, Tinted from topaz to dim carbuncle,

Or orient ruby, it would not have been Drenched with such washes of color. All the hues The rainbow knows, and all that meet the eye

In flowers of field and garden, joined to tell Each tree's close-folded secret. Side by side, Rose sister maples, some in amber gold, Others incarnadine or tipped with flame;

And oaks that for a hundred years had stood, And fluted one another through the storm— Boasted their might—proclaimed their pride

Or pride In dun, or dykes of Tyre. The sunbeams blazed with such scarlet that the crimson fruit Which hung among their flames was touched

to glaze. Of dim and dying embers; white the hills That met the sky at the horizon's rim— Dabbled with rose among the evergreens,

Or stretching off in sweeps of clouded crimson—glowed As if the archery of sunset clouds, By squads and fierce battalions, had rained down

Its barbed and feathered fire, and left it fast To advertise the exploit. In such pomp Of autumn glory, by the simplest rites, Katharina gave her hand to me, and I Pledged truth and life to her. I bore her home

Through shocks of maize, revealing half their gold. Past gazing harvesters with croaking wains That brimmed with fruitage—my adored my wife, Fruition of my hope—the proudest freight That ever passed that way!

JOHN M. DANIEL'S LATCH-KEY. A Memoir of the late Editor of the Richmond Examiner.

He lived in a land where duels were common; in a city where the editor of the Whig had been slain but a few years before, and among a people who never entertained the first thought of accepting damages at law as reparation for a personal affront; hence the course of the Examiner during its earlier years was attended with a degree of danger which none but a truly daring or a fool-hardy man would ever have encountered.

But Daniel was no fool; and although he lacked caution and allowed the bitterness of his feelings to carry him too far, he was anything but reckless. Appreciating fully his danger, he willingly risked his life and his reputation in order to secure the advantages which lay beyond the point he so coolly braved.

He brought with him, as often as he resumed the helm, a magnetic charm which drew to the paper the cleverest things which were written by anybody. Whoever chanced to do a good thing with the pen was anxious for it to appear in the Examiner. There it would be read by more people and be better appreciated than in any other paper.—The effort would be Daniel's, but what of that? The intellectual battling would be sure not to die still born. It would make a noise and be talked about; its unknown parent would hear its praises, and be secretly proud.

Many men have written for the Examiner, and some have conducted it with ability; but it has never been, and it may be fairly reckoned that it never will be, edited as it was by John M. Daniel. He had not the humor, and he may not have had the wit, of some of his contributors; nor did he have the financial knowledge, or the scientific attainments, of others who wrote for him; but he made a better editor than any or all of these combined could have made.

The truth of this assertion will be understood fully when I call the names of some of his contributors.—They are as follows: Robert W. Hughes, Patrick Henry Aylett, William Ould, Dr. A. E. Pettoles, Edward A. Pollard, L. Q. Washington, Prof. Basil Gildersleeve, John R. Thompson, and John Mitchell. Some of these gentlemen have had the paper entirely in their charge for months at a time, but it is no disparagement to them to say that the paper in their hands was never what it was in the hands of John M. Daniel. He had in him an intensity of bitterness which they did not possess, and would not have displayed if they had possessed. He had a strength of individuality, an art of attracting contributions, and of shaping them into his own similitude, and what is most to the point, a pains-taking attention to the minutiae of the paper, which, combined, made him an editor whose equal, in all respects, has never been seen in this country.

He had little, and if his own opinion were taken, not a particle of humor.—He was too bitter for that. But he had the quickest and keenest appreciation of the humorous. Dickens was a favorite with him. Nay, he had, he must have had, humor of his own. Wit he had in a high degree; and of every sort; but he was particularly happy in nick-naming and in personalities of all kinds. Some of those names showed both wit and humor; as when he called the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, on the occasion of their first visit to Richmond, "kildes"—a title, which as it seemed to belittle them, made the cadets very angry, but which was nevertheless so appropriate and so harmless that everybody laughed good naturedly at it. The appellation of "headen gimlet," which he applied to a certain lawyer in Richmond, without the least admixture of the milk of human kindness. The office of Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of State, contained files of the leading newspapers of the Confederacy; and hence it was called by Daniel "the Confederate Reading Room"—a name intended to convey his contempt at once for the office and the official who occupied it.

He had a lively fancy, but little or no imagination in the higher sense of the term; certainly he had not the creative faculty. I do not know that he ever attempted rhyme, much less poetry or dramatic characterization. His mind was logical, but dry and elaborate argumentation was not to his liking. He caught readily the salient points of a question, and aimed, in writing, to present them forcibly, but not with too much brevity. I saw him return to the author a number of editorials, in which he did so. "They are well written," said he, "in fact, they are elegantly written, but there is no *injection* in them."

His reading was various and extensive, his memory first-rate. He told me that, during his residence abroad, he not only made himself familiar with Italian and French literature, but read in addition every Latin author of celebrity, and many whose names were almost wholly unknown. Greek he neglected, and he paid little attention to German. History, Biography, Memoirs, Political Treatises, Novels, Poetry and Essays of the better class, he literally devoured, and retained with wonderful fidelity everything of importance that he had ever read. He cared little, he could have cared less, for the peculiar spelling was but a mark of his indolent detestation of Webster; as a New England Yankee. His favorite authors were Voltaire and Swift. The latter was his model. He often urged me to study Swift diligently, in preference to Addison, Dryden, Milton, or any other English author, ancient or modern.

It remains for me to speak of him in his personal character, and this I shall do as briefly as I can. He who has ever looked unflinchingly into his own heart will be slow to bring against another the accusation which so many were fond of bringing against John M. Daniel—that he was "a bad man." That he was essentially and thoroughly "bad," no one who knew him intimately will charge. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Upon that principle alone I should exonerate him from the charge. But, more than that, I saw and heard too much to allow me, for an instant, to yield assent to every sweeping indictment against the character of the dead Virginian. Whilst he was yet extremely poor, he went twenty miles to lend a still poorer friend some money; and, at the same time, to save himself an expense which he could ill afford, walked the whole distance between Richmond and Petersburg and back again. This does not argue a bad heart. He bore his poverty manfully, denied himself and "owed no man anything." Such is not the wont of bad men. I know it gave him sincere pleasure to compose a quarrel, and, when called upon, he exerted himself energetically to accomplish that end. But had men preferred to stir up strife, rather than to allay it—I know that he made a trip to Charlottesville for the purpose of buying a house advertised for sale at auction, which house he intended to rent cheaply to me, in order that I might escape the grinding exactions of city landlords. And this he did at my request. Is it the habit of bad men to undertake such journeys in the interest of those who have no special claim on them? I know that at a time when nearly every property owner in Richmond seemed almost conscienceless in their extortions, the houses purchased by John M. Daniel, and fitted up by him at no trifling expense, were rented to his assistant editors on terms most reasonable. Is this the practice of bad men? That Daniel was not liberal and open hearted I will admit. But he was not a scrow. He was just; upright in his dealings, prompt to the minute in all his payments. His printers, his writers, all in his employ, were better paid than those in any other newspaper office in the city. If this be the habit of bad men, what pity it is that the world is not full of them!

That he treated his relatives with unkindness, and that the hardships he endured in the days of his poverty were no sufficient excuse for this unkindness, no one, who has heard both sides of the question, will deny. But the man was morbid both in body and in mind. One of the evidences of insanity laid down in the books is a causeless hatred of the nearest and best relatives and friends. I do not say or believe that John M. Daniel was insane. Nevertheless his bitterness towards people in general, and towards certain kindred in particular, betokened anything but mental soundness. His body perhaps was never entirely free from disease. The tubercular disposition, with a tendency to development in that part of the system, (the digestive organs,) the disorders of which are known to affect the mind, more powerfully than any others, may account for many of those unfortunate peculiarities which contradistinguished him from healthier and happier men. Had he possessed a florid complexion and a robust organization, who believes that his faults would have been the same? Temperament is not an adequate excuse for every failing, but due allowance should ever be made for its influences.

Added to his bodily infirmities, there was a want of faith in human nature and its Great Author. Yet, he was by no means an Atheist, but rather a Deist. I questioned him very gravely one day concerning his belief in God.—He paused for some time and then answered very cautiously and vaguely.—The impression left on my mind was that he believed in a Great First Cause, but wished for more light. Touching the revelation of the New Testament, he gave no opinion. He seemed, however, to think that really nothing was known in regard to the "bourne whence no traveller returns." When this subject was broached, neither of us dreamed that he was so soon to explore that unknown world, which lay dark and unfathomable before him. But a few evenings before he had congratulated himself upon the position he had gained in the world.

"I am still young," said he; "not very young either, for I will soon be forty; but I know no young man who has better prospects than myself, and few who have done so well. I suppose I am worth now nearly \$100,000 in good money. The Examiner is very valuable property, and destined to be much more so. I expect to live long, and, if I do, I shall be rich. When I am rich, I shall buy the old family estate in Stafford county, and shall add to it all the land for miles around. I shall build a house to my fancy, and, with my possessions walled in, I shall teach these people what they never knew—how to live like gentlemen."

Such, in effect, and almost in words, was the picture he drew of his future. It was the first and only time I ever knew him to indulge his fancy in building air-castles. I may add as one additional proof that he was not an atheist, the fact that he made it a rule to publish in the Examiner, on each succeeding New Year's day, a poem in honor of the Deity. He did this not merely because he thought it a becoming and good old custom, but because it was a real gratification to him to do so. He bestowed much thought on the selection of this New Year's poem, singled it out months before hand, and sometimes consulted his friends to ascertain whether there was not some poem of the kind with which he was not acquainted. He certainly asked me to aid him in making such a selection, and I have no reason to be-

lieve that he did not consult others also. He hated men; but not mankind. To the latter he was indifferent. But he despised men more than he hated them. It had been his misfortune to view men from two auspicious stand-points—from poverty on the one hand and from power on the other—and in each case the picture was distorted by the medium of a morbid physical and mental nature. Proud, with the pride of an acute and bold intellect, he fancied, in his days of penury; that he was contented and neglected, when he knew he had that within him which was to be neither neglected or contemned. After he had proved this, after he had become famous, prosperous and powerful, he despised men because he fancied they envied his prosperity, feared his power and hated himself. "Man pleased him not; no, nor woman either;" because his sad experience and still sadder bias had taught him to suspect the purity of all motives. A little genuine humility, and a moderate degree of success, achieved in some other way than by attacking and overpowering antagonists, would have made him a happier, wiser and better man. He dreaded power in others, because, as he confessed to me, he knew its baneful effects upon him; if he had no faith in men because he knew how terrible would be the consequences if no obstacles stood between men and the accomplishment of their secret desires. He started me one day by saying: "How long do you think you would live if your enemies had their way with you? Perhaps you think you have no enemies, who hate you enough to desire to kill you. You are greatly mistaken. Every man has his enemies. I have them by the thousand, and you have them, too, though not so numerous as mine. Neither your enemies or mine would run the risk of murdering us in open day; but suppose they could kill us by simply wishing it? I should drop dead in my tracks before your eyes; and you, quiet and unknown as you are, would fall a corpse to Main street before you reached home."

He owned that this horrible thought had been put into his mind by some writer whom he had that day been reading. But it was precisely such ideas that fastened themselves in his memory. He brooded over them until they became a part of his very being. No wonder he was morbid!

Here I must stop, for I have told all, or nearly all; I know about this remarkable man. The narrative has spun out under my hand to a length very much greater than I intended when I began to write. But I have willingly allowed myself to go on, knowing as I do that every word about John M. Daniel will be read with interest in every Southern State. It is to be hoped that at some day those who were his intimate friends will do perfectly what I have done most imperfectly, for lack of knowledge on the one hand, and because of countless interruptions on the other.—Written piecemeal, this sketch claims no other merit than a faithful account of my acquaintance with its subject, and an estimate, which I deem to be just, of his character. I trust it will be viewed in this light, and that it may not provoke one harsh criticism. If Messrs. P. H. Aylett and T. H. Wynne, or Doctors Rawlings and Pettoles, could be induced to attempt what I have undertaken, then the Southern public would have what so many desire to see, a full length portrait of one of the most gifted and brilliant men ever born on Southern soil.

A few words about his death and I have done. Late in January 1865, he was attacked, the second time, with pneumonia. Treated promptly by skillful physicians, his disease abated; he rallied, and was able to sit up and attend somewhat to his duties. His recovery was deemed certain. But, as the event proved, tubercles were developed both in the lungs and in the mesenteric glands. The patient gradually grew worse and was at length compelled to retire to his bed. The slow weeks of winter wore themselves away. How they passed, I cannot tell, for, although I made frequent calls at the house on Broad St. I was always refused admittance. The latch-key remained unused in my pocket. Only his physicians and most intimate friends were admitted to the sick man's chamber.—On one occasion, as I was told by a Kentucky member of the Confederate Congress, he sent for the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter and one or two other prominent politicians, and told them his candid opinion—that the Cause was hopeless and that the only course left to us was, "reconstruction on the best terms we could make."

So long as his strength permitted him to take an interest in any earthly thing, he had the welfare of the Southern people at heart, and his latest effort seems to have been to secure by negotiation what he was persuaded arms could not achieve. Those who outlived him can decide for themselves whether the conqueror would have kept the faith which might have been pledged at Fortress Monroe better than that which was so solemnly pledged at Appomattox Court House.

As Spring approached, his symptoms became alarming. Ere long, it was whispered on the streets that his situation was critical. Relatives and friends proffered every assistance. They were politely but firmly told that assistance was not needed. He was not a man to be "sat up with." His only attendant was a female servant. Once or twice, perhaps oftener, he requested his faithful manager, Walker, to sleep in an adjoining room; but Walker was hardly warm in his bed before he was aroused by a message to the effect that Mr. Daniel wished to see him. Hurrying on his clothes, he would go at once to the dying man's bed, where, in a feeble voice, this strange announcement would be made to him.

"Walker, you must really pardon me, but the truth is, that the very fact of your being in the house makes me so nervous that I cannot rest. Please go home."

Home the Manager of the Examiner would go, sometimes long after midnight, leaving the sufferer to his own thoughts. What those were, no man will ever tell, for none ever knew. He must have known that his days were numbered, for when he received a bouquet of the earliest Spring flowers sent him by the daughter of his friend, Mr. Wynne, he took it in his wasted hand, and then laid it aside, murmuring "too late, now; too late!"

The editorial conduct of the Examiner had been the exclusive charge of John Mitchell for many weeks. Daniel no longer concerned himself about it.—His will was made; he was ready to depart. His physicians knew he could not live, but they expected him to linger ten days or a fortnight longer. Plied with stimulants, he might bear up yet a good while. But the last hour was at hand. The exact circumstances of his death, as told to me, are these. On making his usual morning call, Dr. Rawlings found his friend's pulse sinking rapidly. No stimulant being at hand, the supply in the house having been exhausted, he dispatched a servant in all haste to get a bottle of French brandy. It was quickly brought.—When it came, he proceeded forthwith to make a strong toddy. The patient was then lying close to the outer edge of the bed. Dr. Rawlings stood some distance off, near the window; stirring the toddy. Suddenly his attention was aroused by a noise behind him. Looking quickly in that direction, he saw that the patient had, by a strong effort, turned himself over and lay on his back in the middle of the bed, with his eyes closed and his arms folded on his breast. Thinking that he was praying, he would not disturb him, but continued to stir the toddy a few minutes longer, so as to give him time to finish his prayer. A sufficient time having elapsed and a need of a stimulant being urgent the Doctor went to the bed side and leaned over.

John M. Daniel was not in this world!

A COMICAL FASHION REPORT. A New York fashion correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette gets off the following: Eyes continue to be worn, one on each side of the nose, and immediately under the brows. There has been some talk of substituting a single orb of increased size and brilliancy, in the center of the brow; but after all our achievements in lightning speed, the world moves slowly, and the idea of a change in the number of eyes to be worn has not been favorably received, notwithstanding its many advantages; but the color is varied to suit the occasion, and just now the prevailing tint is green—a fine sea green. This shade can be best acquired in Baden-Baden by continued contemplation of delicious cottages of the *demt monde*, but may be obtained in Paris, Saratoga or on Broadway. Black blue, and gray are still worn in the home circle, and are found very becoming in the nursery, at the family tea-table and social evening gatherings. Noses maintain their position in the centre of the face. The Grecian or aquiline is generally preferred, but the snubs have held their places on very pretty faces, in defiance of a most determined opposition, and all our writers are looking up. A very pretty article of the Grecian type is very fashionable that, in time all other varieties may disappear. Lips are midway between the nose and point of the chin and are a pale pink; the coral variety is no longer tolerated, except in girls not come out. Teeth will be somewhat larger, and of bluish tint, to correspond with the complexion, which must be a dead white and magenta red. Ears are worn, one on each side of the head, with the hair all carried up so as to give them a peculiar appearance of alertness. There is some prospect of having them pointed, as the mistress of the Grand Duke of D—has a pet rabbit which is very much admired in European court circles.

"BEAUTIFUL RIVER." Sabbath day is the beautiful river in the week of time. The other days are all troubled streams, whose angry waters are disturbed by the countless crafts that float upon them; but the pure river Sabbath flows on to eternal rest, chanting the sublime music of the silent, throbbing spheres, and timed by the pulsations of the everlasting life.—Beautiful river Sabbath, glide on!—Bear forth on thy bosom the poor, tired spirit, to the rest which it seeks, and the weary, watching soul to endless bliss!

TO REFINO TALLOW FOR CANDLES. Boil the tallow in water just made slippery to the taste with ley. When cold cut out and scrape from the bottom all impurities. Then boil the tallow slowly half a day in a kettle of water in which 1 pound of saltpetre (to 10 lbs. tallow is dissolved. When cold, and drugs scraped from it, boil again in water in which 2 pound of alum is melted. When cold melt with 1 pound of bleached wax and melt at your leisure. We took a premium once on candles thus prepared, and they could hardly be distinguished from star candles.

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Voluntary communications, containing interesting or important news, solicited from any quarter. Rejected communications we cannot undertake to return. Obituary notices exceeding five lines will be charged for at our regular advertising rates. All letters on business connected with the office, must be addressed to the "Native Virginian."

The Farm and Garden. WEEDS. This is not the season for weeds, we know, but it is a very proper season to offer a few facts which may possibly induce farmers to put on their thinking caps. First of all then, the presence of any considerable quantity of weeds, is an unfailing indication of careless farming. No good farmer will tolerate them; neither will he be pestered with them for any considerable length of time, if he will but use the proper means for their extirpation. Let every farmer adopt the following as his motto: "No weed shall be allowed to perfect its seed on my premises." The most troublesome weeds can be got rid of by the adoption of this plan. Even the Canada Thistle, one of the most difficult of all these pests to eradicate, will soon perish under this treatment.

Few persons have any idea of the extraordinary fecundity of weeds, or of the immense number of weed seeds, or that are purchased with clover, timothy, and other grass seeds. Prof. Buchman discovered 7,600 weed seeds in a pint of clover seeds; 12,000 in a pint of cow grass seed, 39,440 in a pint of Dutch clover, and in two pints of Dutch clover several, 25,560, and 70,400 weed seed. A single plant of black mustard will produce 8,000 seeds; one of stinking camomile, 26,000; and the seed of a single plant of the common dock, has been known to produce 17,000 little seeds.

The dunghill is one of the very best, and most common means of spreading weeds over the farm. Many farmers pursue the practice of cutting or pulling weed plants, and putting them on their dung heaps. This is well enough if done before the seeds have ripened; but if after that time, the matured seeds are mixed with the dung, and scattered broadcast over the field, when the dung is applied.—Journal of the Farm.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH. After sufficiently earthing up, the celery should be well covered, to protect it from the frost. Its best protection is a covering of straw two or three inches deep. Cabbages will also require to be taken up and secured by covering.—This may be done either by laying in pits with the head down, or by laying in the ground by the roots and covering with straw. The latter is perhaps the best mode. Beets may be preserved by putting them in a pit or a cellar. Salsify, parsnips and carrots will do better by leaving them in the ground; a supply may be dug up, however, and kept in the cellar for use. When the ground is closed by frost, asparagus beds should be cleaned off and manured ready for next Spring, and all stiff, heavy soils should be manured and ploughed, thus exposing them better to the frost, and making them more friable.

In the flower garden, layers and cuttings should be potted off, and these with all the tender plants, should be removed to the green house. In the valley and northern portions of the State, roses and other semi-hardy plants that are left in the flower garden should be protected from the frost by manures, straw or cedar branches. Greenhouses should be regularly fumigated to destroy the green fly.

This is the best month for setting out young trees, and for filling up and making new orchards. The young seedling stocks for nursery purposes are better planted in the Spring, but valuable trees, we think, have more chance of succeeding by being planted in the Fall.—The Farmer.

A NEW DISINFECTANT FOR STABLES AND BARN. Dr. R. McClure, Veterinary Surgeon, Philadelphia writes thus to the Journal of the Farm: Sulphurous Acid Gas is generated or produced by fire and sulphur-brimstone—is simple and very cheap, and the process is as follows: Procure a small chafin of red hot cinder from a coal fire, set a small crucible on the hot coals, and put a piece of brimstone stick as large as a man's thumb into it. This will fumigate a large cattle shed or barn in about twenty minutes. Contrary to the expectation first entertained, the animals seemed to enjoy its fumes, and it has proved a tonic as well as a disinfectant to them. The results from experiments with it are shown, which lead to the conviction that the diseases, such as cholera, pleuro-pneumonia, mange, ring-worm, and lice had disappeared, before this gas, and that greasy heels in horses have been cured by it, while serious cases of glanders have also been amended by the judicious use of the hitherto considered poisonous gas. In addition to the use of this gas, sanitary measures should be enforced in regard to cleanliness and a thorough ventilation with the allowance of a generous diet. During the prevalence of any of the above named diseases the fumigation may be made 4 to 5 times in a day.

A witty rogue when asked how he got out of prison, replied: "I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning rod with rapidity, walked out of town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of liberty."

Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat boat of corn.—Joe wrote to his father thus: "Dear Dad—Market is dull and corn is low, and Bill's dead also."

Baltimore Cards. ADAMS, SINGLETON & BUCK, IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE, AND DEALERS IN LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, COAL OIL, &c. No. 337 Baltimore Street, and 32 German Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

WE are now manufacturing our own Hair Oils, and can offer inducements in all branches of business. November 15, 1867.—ly.

DRUGS, N. W. Corner Light and Lombard Sts., BALTIMORE.

Boyd, Pearre & Co., IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Satinets, Cottonades, and Fancy Dry Goods, BALTIMORE, MD.

REIP & SONS, No. 325 Baltimore st., Baltimore, MANUFACTURERS OF PLAIN AND PATENTED TIN WARE, AND DEALERS IN Britannia Ware, Hardware, Plated Ware, and Fancy Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

ADAMS & DAVIDSON, WHOLESALE GROCERS, AND DEALERS IN Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, &c. BALTIMORE, MD.

ARTHUR EMERY & CO., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN ENGLISH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., 33 S. Calvert Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

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GRAY, RICHARDS & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 50 S. Howard Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

J. C. L. SMITH, (FORMERLY JOHN SMITH & CO., RICHMOND,) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, AND DEALERS IN DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. No. 334 W. Baltimore Street, (Up Stairs), BALTIMORE, MD.

SCHOFIELD'S WHITE HOUSE RESTAURANT, 156 West Pratt Street, Adjoining Malby House, BALTIMORE, MD.

Cole, Price & Co., WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS, 220 Baltimore st., near Charles st., BALTIMORE.

Carroll, Adams & Neer, 322 Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD., Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Hats, AND STRAW GOODS.

Scibby and Dutany, PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, 332 W. Baltimore St., BALTIMORE, Md.

GEO. W. HERRING & SON, DRAGGERS IN CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE, No. 7 South Charles Street, BALTIMORE.

MALTY HOUSE, A. B. MILLER, Proprietor, BALTIMORE.