The Native Virginian.

BY BAGBY & STOFER.

Patriae fumus, igne alieno, luculentior.

TERMS--$3.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I. ORANGE COURT HOUSE, VA., FRIDAY MORNING JANUARY 24. 1868. NUMBER 10.

THE NATIVE VIRGINIAN.

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

Dr. G. W. Bagby & A. F. Stofer.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy 3 months	$1 00
" " 6 "	1 75
" " 12 "	3 00
Clubs of five, one year	12 50
Clubs of ten, one year	22 00
Clubs of twenty, one year	40 00

☞ Voluntary communications, containin interesting or important news, solicited from any quarter.

☞ Rejected communications we canno 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 Native Virginian.

BY BAGBY & STOFER.

TERMS of ADVERTISING.—The following are our terms of Advertising, which will, in no instance, be departed from:

One square, (10 lines or less,) 1st insert'n	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion	0 50
One square 12 months	12 00
One square 6 months	8 00
One square 3 months	5 00
Business Cards, one year	10 00
Two squares, 12 months	20 00
Three squares, 12 months	25 00
Quarter column, 12 months	40 00
Half column, 12 months	70 00
One column, 12 months	125 00

☞ Advertisements for a less time than three months will be charged for at the usual rates—one dollar per square for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ The number of insertions must be marked on the manuscript, o. the advertisement will be continued until forbid and charged for accordingly.

Baltimore Cards.

ADAMS, SINGLETON & BUCK,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
AND DEALERS IN
LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, COAL OIL, &c.
No. 327 Baltimore Street,
And 52 German Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
WM. H. ADAMS, Loudon County, Va.
A. J. SINGLETON, Rappahannock Co., Va.
IRVING A. BUCK, Front Royal Virginia.
WE are now manufacturing our own Lamps, and can offer inducements in hat branch of business.
November 15, 1867.—1y.

WM. CANBY. BERNARD GILPIN
CANBY, GILPIN & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
DRUGS,
S. W. Corner Light and Lombard Sts.
BALTIMORE.
PROPRIETORS of Stabler's Anodyne, Cherry Expectorant, Stabler's Diarrhœa Cordial, Stabler's Dr. Chapman's Worm Mixture, Norris' Tonic or Fever and Ague Mixture, Nimmo's Mixture, Wright's Worm Killer, Gilpin's Vegetable Pills, Chalfant's Coco Cream.
November 15, 1867.

Boyd, Pearre & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
Satinets, Cottonades, and
Fancy Dry Goods,
No. 8, Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A. M'KENDREE BOYD.
AUBRAY PEARRE.
OLIVER H. PEARRE.
November 15, 1867.—1y.

REIP & SONS,
No. 336 Baltimore st., Baltimore,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PLAIN AND JAPANNED
TIN WARE,
AND dealers in Britannia Ware, Hardware, Plated Ware, and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.
☞ Country Merchants are respectfully invited to call and examine the goods.
November 15, 1867.—1y.

J. B. ADAMS. W. T. DAVIDSON.
ADAMS & DAVIDSON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
AND DEALERS IN
Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, &
No. 7 Commerce Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
AGENTS for the sale of Tobacco, Grain, etc.
November 15, 1867.—1y.

M. ROBINSON, OF VA.,
WITH
ARTHUR EMERY & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
ENGLISH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C.,
23 S. Calvert Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
ARTHUR EMERY. JOHN G. EGERTON
November 15, 1867.—1y.

L. Passano & Sons,
Importers and Dealers in
Notions, Hosiery,
FANCY GOODS, GLOVES,
TRIMMINGS AND SMALL WARES,
266 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
November 15, 1867-1y.

Charles H. Myers & Bro.,
Importers of
BRANDIES, WINES,
GINS, RUM, SCOTCH ALE,
BROWN STOUT, SALAD OIL, CASTILE SOAP, &c.
No. 72 Exchange Place,
BALTIMORE, MD.
November 15, 1867-1y*

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.
November 15, 1867.—1y.*

SCHOFIELD'S
WHITE HOUSE
RESTAURANT,
138 West Pratt Street,
Adjoining Maltby House,
BALTIMORE, MD.
November 15, 1867.—1y.

Cole, Price & Co.,
WHOLELALE
CLOTHIERS,
230 Baltimore st., near Charles st.,
BALTIMORE.
B. F. COLE.
N. B. PRICE.
S. H. ADAMS.
J. F. ADAMS.
November 15, 1867.—1y.

Carroll, Adams & Neer,
222 Baltimore street,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Manufacturer sand Wholesale Dealers in
Boots, Shoes, Hats,
AND STRAW GOODS.
JAMES CARROLL. J. Q. ADAMS.
J. P. NEER. S. H. LUCAS.
November 15, 1867.—6m.

MD. DEPOSITORY M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
Selby and Dulany,
PUBLISHERS,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,
332 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
N. R. SELBY.
W. J. C. DULANY.
November 15, 1867.-1y

GEO. W. HERRING & SON,
DEALERS IN
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 7 South Charles Street,
BALTIMORE.
November 15, 1867.—6m.

Wm. H. Ryan,
NOTE & BILL BROKER,
AND DEALER
IN SOUTHERN MONEY,
ST. PAUL STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Nov. 15, 1867.-1y.

GADDESS BROS.,
SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. GADDESS,
STEM MARBLE WORKS,
Corner of Sharp and German Sts.,
BALTIMORE.
November 15, 1867.—1y.

Poetical.

AN APPEAL TO VIRGINIANS.

Suggested by an editorial in the Native Virginian, entitled "The Industrial Empire."

BY A VIRGINIAN.

Mother of States and Presidents, no less
Than noble mother of a mighty race
Of statesmen-warriors! thy deep distress
Emboldens me, thy offering, thus to trace
What he thy fairest destiny would deem,
Though in too feeble words for such a theme.

I speak unto thy children—those who drew
Within thy borders their first living breath,
And faithful clung unto thy bosom through
An agony more fearful far than death.
As "in our ashes live our wonted fires,"
So they should have the spirit of their sires.

* * * * * *

The slavery which your fathers knew and felt
To be a requisite for Stately power,
Was doomed at last by mighty Force to melt
As melts the frost before the noontide hour;
The red right hand of War the links cut through
Which bound you to your slaves, and they to you.

For both were bound; how strong *they* only know
Who felt, as lord or slave, the tribute due
From each to each, and saw their greatest foe
In man or woman who would strife imbue
Where all was quiet. But there came at length
A gleaming Sword, which vanquished all your strength.

Deep buried in the bosom of the Past
Lie all the hopes which rested on your slaves,
And all your ventures on the system cast
Are lost forever. Dark above them waves
Funeral cypress, through whose aging leaves
The melancholy wind long sighs of sadness heaves.

You have filled full the measure of your fame,
Both in the forum and the tented field;
But other glories, differing but in name,
Your fair domain awaits a call to yield.
Nature has left your heritage complete,
And mines of wealth exist beneath your feet.

Then do not fold your hands in mute despair,
Or waste in mawkish grief the passing hour—
Your children's children point your vision where
You may regain more than your ancient power:
Within your wide domain, strewed with the graves
Of your lost hopes, are still the best of slaves.

Wed the "eternal enemies,"* and from their loins,
Empanoplied in might, a giant springs;
So when a universal need conjoins
With universal will, the union flings
Forth on the world a strong resistless Force.
Of wealth the parent, and of Power the source.

The Sword itself, which clove your hopes in twain,
And made a desert of your fairest lands,
Was but a slave of the inventive brain
Confined to patient, strong-enduring hands
Hard lessons these—taught in a bitter school,
But you *must* ponder them if you would rule.

Intelligence is yours, and native health;
But still you lack the necessary will
To force the channels of a People's wealth
And power to your purposes, until
Once more Virginia shall be first of States,
And Glory, crowned, shall sit upon her gates.

Then will the State we love so much be known
In history of ages yet to come;
And "Old Dominion," spoke in loving tone
Amid the shafts' and spindles' busy hum,
Will be in lov'd remembrance of the past,
And *our* NEW EMPIRE swallow all the last.

*Fire and Water.

(FOR THE NATIVE VIRGINIAN.)

FEMALE GENIUSES.

BY ONE OF THEM.

It is a great thing to be a Genius.—*I'm* a Genius, and I *know* it. It has its drawbacks—I know that, too. I can't say that I was *born* a Genius (I don't recollect when I was born—I was too young,) but I've been one a great while. If anybody wants to know what a Genius thinks about in very early youth, I will reply—nothing! I don't remember that I ever thought at all in infancy. Occasionally a faint gleam of a thought would flit through the place where my mind would have been if I had had any, to this effect—that grown up people had a great many more privileges than they ought to have "*considering*," and that big sisters, school-teachers, little boys, very large dogs, old maids, caterpillars, hornets and Sunday School teachers, had it in their power to make the world a much pleasanter place by leaving it altogether. As to the lofty aspirations and brilliant dreams which infant Geniuses are usually said to enjoy, they never came to me.

After all the children had been born and there were no more coming—after the youngest had had the whooping-cough—sat up till bed-time, knew the catechism and drank coffee for supper, my old aunt (a great reader,) looking around upon the numerous and interesting group, said:—"There is a Genius in every family, and Harriet Jane is the one in this." Now, taking into consideration that I was the darkest, ug'iest and sulkiest, the one most disposed to get mad at things, and, in addition, that I had grey eyes, a large mouth, never put my hair out of my face, nor ever gave any one a civil answer, never said anything with the least sense in it, and that I was a favorite with nobody, she actually *did* show a most profound discernment, and a most remarkable knowledge of character.

My position being fully established, I immediately became (as your regular Genius always does at first,) an object of ridicule for all my brothers and sisters—began to consider visitors at the house my natural enemies, and to treat them a great deal worse than "accordingly"—was never made to go to church—had little books given me Christmas, when I should have greatly preferred candy, and was not expected to comb my hair, fasten up my stockings or do "any manner of work." "Harriet Jane had her peculiarities—she was *so* intellectual, you know."

At this stage, if I had been a boy, I am afraid I should have become addicted to turn-down collars and parting my hair in the middle. Being a girl, I had to content myself with *no* collars and not parting my hair at all. I was a Genius beyond a doubt, if being ugly and disagreeable is any sign, (which of course it is.)

Well, having attained the age when, if there had been any of the "half-blown rose" about me, it would have developed itself, I was sent to school in "town." No sooner did the girls see me and become acquainted with my spiteful ways, than they exclaimed with one accord: "Did you ever see any one so much like Beulah, Jane Eyre, etc, as Harriet Jane is?" And in their innocent hearts they pictured what my future destiny would be—spending my life, after I grew up, hating a satirical man with big feet, a great deal of money and very little religion, and abusing him upon all occasions like a pickpocket, varying this amusement by holding jaw-breaking discussions with him on the subject of Egyptian Mythology, in which I almost always "shut him up;" and finally crowning the whole, by walking some day into my mother's kitchen, as she is peeling potatoes, and informing her that I wrote the identical book about which the newpapers are in a fever of excitement, and about which she and Pa and brother Joe and aunt Sally, the minister, and all the neighbors are in ecstacies; whilst the satirical man with the big feet has been heard to remark in Hindoo to his black servant (with a ring in his nose and a fervent disposition always to strangle somebody,) that "*if* he had *only* read that book sooner. Ah! But now, alas! &c.!!" At length coming to an understanding with said personage (who turns out to be very sweet-tempered indeed, in spite of his feet) which leads to matrimony, and to living in a big house where we spend our time between praising each others writings and eating suppers composed of equal parts of strawberries and cream and mutual affection, surrounded by the portraits of *his* ancestors (I didn't have any) in a room with vines over the windows and nightingales singing in the distance. Ah, children! Perhaps you know more about life *now*. I do.

Endeavoring to accomplish the destiny marked out for me, I wrote acrostics on everybody's name and Poems for everybody's Albums. I burnt the "midnight oil" (that is to say tallow candles—Petroleum was not discovered then) pouring over books—what little intellect I had grew sadly confused over "Ologies" of different kinds (said "Ologies" being, to your "Beulahs" 'Edna Erles" and "Jane Eyres," as simple as A. B. C.) I tried to lay in a supply of Augusta Evansism in the shape of gods and goddesses—"played out" old religious theories and classical incidents and people with hard names; but it would not stick "no how." I studied languages, and actually forgot so much of them that at this day, I am frequently unable to make sense of the French, Spanish, Italian, German, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew phrases with which some of the talented Editors of our Daily papers adorn their columns so copiously.

I cannot describe the state of my mind, (when my education being pronounced complete) I sat myself up as a young lady. I really think if I had not gone to work industriously trying to forget everything I had studied, I should have landed in a Lunatic Asylum.

However, having waited and waited for the advent of the sarcastically big-footed, until I was forced to conclude, either (as "Betsy Prigg," did about "Mrs. Harris") that "there wasn't no sich person," or else that he had, in direct opposition to all popular novel endings, "taken" and married the other girl in the book (the pretty, sweet, silly, aristocratic, affectionate one, with the auburn curls and the designing ma, you know) and that "Harriet Jane" (or "Geraldine Sophronia" as I always called myself *to* myself) would have to content herself with a more commonplace individual—which individual, presenting himself about that time in the form of a young gentleman with a lovely moustache, no knowledge whatever of Grecian or Egyptian Mythology and no ancestors worth speaking of, and who (from some inexplicable cause) took a fancy to me, I allowed this fancy to culminate in a plain gold ring and a ceremony, containing a promise (strictly kept) to "love honor, etc."

At this time, though I have relinquished some of my youthful dreams, I have not given up all idea of having a "Career" and a "Mission." I still conscientiously persist in keeping my house as much out of order as possible—in never mending my husband's clothes or washing my children's faces, if I can help it. I always read novels when dinner ought to be ready and *aint*; and never have the things on the table more than half cooked. By these means, I do my best to shed on those around me some of the light of the genius which I know I possess, else why don't I make things nice and comfortable about me as your commonplace, humdrum females do?

Don't tell me! I'm a Genius with a big "G," and I'm "struggling with misfortune" too (which makes it more interesting) for my baby has just fallen down the stairs and I hear it screaming as the bottom. What a life a delicate, sensitive, intellectual, spiritual, ethereal unappreciated, misunderstood married woman does lead!!

HARRIET JANE.

CONCERNING HAPPINESS.

Happiness may be defined as a possession ever sought, but seldom caught. So far as being classified as subordinate to life and liberty, it includes both these conditions. Fanny Fern discourses very philosophically in its relation:

"I solemnly aver that the moment anybody tries to do or say a good thing, that moment he shall never be delivered of it, but shall only experience throes of mortal pain trying. If you build yourself a beautiful house, and make it a marvel of taste and convenience, in one of its lovely chambers shall your dead be laid; and you shall wander, heart-sick, away from it, to rid yourself of a phantom that will always follow you, till you turn boldly and face it, with a strong heart accept its company."

This incessant striving to be happy! Never—never shall mortals be so, till they have learned to give it over. Happiness comes. It will not be challenged. It glides in only when you have closed the door, and turned your back upon it. It lays a soft hand upon your face when you thought to be alone, and brings a joyful flush of surprise to your cheek and a soft light to your weary eye, an ineffable peace to your soul.

Old stagers know that the only way to be happy is to give up all attempts to be so. In other words, the cream of enjoyment in this life is always impromptu. The chance walk, the unexpected visit; the unpremediated journey; the unsought conversation or acquaintance.

FOUR IMPOSIBLE THINGS.

First, to escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment; but he soon found himself where his imitators will in the end find themselves. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

Second, to become a good Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, that is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed luster.

Third, to form an independant character except when thrown upon their own resourses. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and sickly; but away from it's protectors, and the first blast will overturn it But the same tree growing in the open field where it is continualy beat upon by the tempest, becomes it's own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independance of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

Fourth, to be a growing man when you look to your post for influence, instead of bringing influence to your post Therefore prefer rather to climb up hill with difficulty than roll down with inglorious ease.

THRILLING ROMANCE.

'Twas night! lovely night, when not a cloud obscured the horizon. The fair goddess of night had risen to her full height, and now sailed majestically on in the clear, blue vaulted heavens, casting a bright silver light on the mansion of the proud, haughty Don Jose. Not a sound floated on the breeze save the howl of the faithful watch-dog. I approached the mansion that contained all that was dear to me on earth. It was Beatrice, the beautiful daughter of Don Jose. I approached silently along, but scarcely had I leaped o'er the garden wall when the sash of a window was thrown up, and there, in all her native loveliness, stood, my beau ideal of beauty, my own sweet Beatrice. Oh, could you have seen her as she stood there in a snow-white robe, bespangled with gold and silver, you would have sworn her to have been the loveliest of the lovely.

Hist, she speaks! Now, sweet murmuring sounds stole upon my ear. I rushee forward to catch her words—she heard my approach, and turning away, she said in a loud voice:

"John, drive that d—d hog out of the garden!"

THRIVE SLOWLY.

It is dangerous for a man to grow rich and strong faster than he grows good. I do not think it is wise to grow rich too fast, at any rate. I don't mean to say that there may not be men of such stature that they can grow rich rapidly without being hurt by their riches; but generally God makes the road to wealth one of care, so that the process is one of education, and so that, when a man had attained his competence, he has gone through that which is a strengthener, stiffener, and which prevents his being much injured by it. But when men come into the possession of wealth without having earned it they are apt to be injured by it, because they have not received that education which is necessary to enable them to administer it properly.

☞ A little girl in one of the Gloucester public schools, being asked in the course of her geography lesson what a waterfall was, replied that it was "hair wrapped around her dad's stocking."

BEGINNING TO BELIEVE.

"Bubbles" of the "California Golden Era," gets off the following:

I begin to believe, now a days money makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe that the purse is more potent than the sword and the pen together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are most devout upon Sunday.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate with until you have gained everybody's confidence—then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging; and those who are humbugged have themselves to blame.

I begin to believe that man was not made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of the individual—to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under Government—with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

I begin to believe that piano-forte is more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who doesn't swear, smoke and chew tobacco, may be a very good boy, but naturally stupid.

I begin to believe that if the devil should die one half of the world would be thrown out of employment.

I begin to believe that he has the most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf; and that when Gabriel comes, not to be behind the times, he too, will blow his own horn pretty loud.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Water—A clear liquid once used as a drink.

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Editor—A poor wretch who empties his brain to fill his stomach.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.

Bonnet—The female head-dress for the front seats of the opera.

Esquire—Everybody, yet nobody, equal to Colonel.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box, to try one or more at the bar.

State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Modesty—A beautful flower that flourishes in secret places.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Money—the god of the nineteenth century.

DON'T LIKE THE LIQUOR.

The Portland Argus tells a story of a countryman who was coming from that place to Boston on one of the steamers, and who met with a curious accident.—The vessel, it seems, have fire annihilators placed around in convenient spots. The gentleman from the interior became thirsty, eyed an annihilator for some time, and evidently concluded that it was some new fangled drinking arrangement, and was not going to show his greenness by asking about it. So he stepped up smartly, put the nozzle in his mouth, and turned it on. The effect was instantaneous and stupendous—the countryman was knocked sprawling some ten feet away. The shock to his internal organization must have been something tremendous, for he remained senseless and speechless for some time. When he sufficiently recovered to articulate, he wanted to know if "the biler had burst!"

☞ Some people ive in an atmosphere of storm. They seem never so happy as when engaged in a row.—They act as if constantly on the watch to find opportunities for angry wrangling, The habit is most unfortunate. It not only destroys the comfort of others, but degrades him who indulges in it. It blunts his own sensibilities and intencifies his irritability, while impairing his self respect. It is a truth too often forgotten that gentlemen do engage in quarreling. We cannot too heartily commend the sound philosophy of the following advice of a sensible writer: "In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a man cheats you cease to deal with him; If he is abusive; quit his company; if he slanders you; take care to live so no one will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

☞ A modest young lady asked for hen fruit. She wanted eggs—la!

ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.

Some of the greatest men the world ever produced, either in ancient or modern times, were of very humble and obscure origin. Columbus, the discover of America, was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Homer, the great Greek poet, was a beggar. Demosthenes; the Grecian orator, was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer. Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, was a shepherd. Edmund Halley, an eminent English astronomer, was the son of a soap-boiler or Shoreditch. Hogarth, the celebrated English painter, was but an apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil, the Latin poet, was the son of a potter; and Horace of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare, the greatest of English dramatic poets, was the son of a woolstable; and Milton, the greatest of English epic poets, was the son of a money-scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant; and Dr. Samuel Johnson, of a bookseller at Litchfield. Akenside, the author of that elegant poem, the "Pleasures of Imagination," was the son of a butcher at Newcastle. Robert Burns was a ploughman at Ayrshire, Scotland; Gray, the English poet, the son of a money scrivener; and Henry Kirk White, of a butcher at Nottingham, England. Bloomfield and Grifford were shoemakers; and Addison, Goldsmith, Otway and Canning, were sons of clergymen. The present Lord Lyndhurst, the Chief Justice of England, was the son of the painter Copley, and an American by birth. These examples show that there is no state or condition of life, however humble or obscure, from which talent and genius may not rise by individual exertion to eminence and distinction. Particularly in this case in our own country, where there is no nobility, and no privileges conferred by birth.

A BOILING LAKE.

We clip the following from the San Francisco (Nov. 29) letter of the New York Times;

In Monitor Valley, a short distance from Humphrey's station there is a singular boiling cauldron now known as Diana's bowl. In the centre of a low round hill composed of sedimentary matter there is a natural bowl about 70 feet in depth. At the bottom there is a large volume of scalding water constantly in active ebullition. The water is so remarkably pure that a stone thrown into it is seen decending with a spiral motion to a great depth, being gradually drawn toward the point where the spring seems to be sent from the rocks beneath. The most singular feature about this spring is that it does not appear to have no outlet, yet it's level does not seem to vary. The surface of the water is some twenty feet lower than the rim of the bowl, and can be reached only with the aid of a rope.

BOTH GREAT AND LITTLE.

A great and learned atheist once met a plain countryman going to church.—He asked him:

"Where are you going?"

"To church sir."

"What to do there?"

"To worship God."

"Pray, tell me whether your God is a great or a little God?"

"He is both sir."

"How can he be both?"

"He is so *great*, sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and so *little* that he can dwell in my poor heart."

The atheist declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes the learned doctors had written upon the subject.

LOVE SICK.

A love lorn poet thus gives vent to his feelings:

Were I a court plaster, I would be
A patch upon her lip,
And spend my life in ecstacy,
And sip, and sip, and sip,
Were I a pair of spectacles,
How dearly would I prize
A situation on her nose.
To gaze into her eyes!

☞ An editor down South says he would as soon try to go to sea upon a shingle, make a ladder of log, chase a streak of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, swim up the rapids of Niagra, raise the dead, stop the tongue of an old maid, or set Erie on fire with a wet match, as to stop love's getting married when they take it into their heads to do so.

☞ A Mobile citizen having a ticket in a gift lottery was delighted to hear from the agent that he had drawn thirty articles, but on writing for them recovered from his elation on learning that they consisted of a pint of bitters containing twenty-eight ingredients, and the bottle and cork.

☞ Suitable Trees—for busy-bodies, meddlars; for the melancholy, pine; for the dying, o-live; for an intruder, mango; for peppery people, chili; for muddy streets, broom; for good cigars, white ash; for the ears of rascals, box; for the editor of a newspaper, hoax.

☞ Printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

☞ "Sonny; dear, you have a dirty face." "Can't help it marm, dad,s a black republican."

The Farm and Garden.

MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG VINES.

For the benefit of young grape growers, we publish the following practical directions from an essay read by H. G. McPike before the Alton (Ill.) Horticultural Society:

THE GROUND.

While we are far from recommending deep trenching, turning the surface four to six feet under, we are as far from going to the other extreme, which insists that eight or ten inches is deep enough for any vineyards. The one is waste of labor, the other the immediate result of indolence.

PLANTING.

The ground should be carefully cultivated and rotted before planting a vineyard. Turning the ground up most *thoroughly* twenty inches deep, using the large plow, followed by the subsoiler.

DISTANCE.

We would have the vines not less than 6 by 6 or 6 by 8 feet apart; planting the vines very early in the spring, setting them deep, and being very careful to adjust and cover the roots, neatly, packing the earth firm, cutting the stock back to one eye.

FIRST YEAR.

The vines should be thoroughly cultivated, keeping them free from weeds, and allowing only cane to grow—staking them early and tying up to the stake. In the following November cut back the vine to the ground.

SECOND YEAR.

In the spring several buds will appear: rub them all off but two, training them up, tying to a stake, and cultivating clean as before. In November cut back the cane nearest the ground to three eyes, which is the spur; the other to ten or twelve eyes, laying them down and covering for winter with earth.

THIRD YEAR.

As soon as the buds commence to round up in the spring, tie up your cane firmly in a bow, (two-thirds of a perfect circle,) or upon wires at an angle of less than 45 degrees cultivate clean, rub off all buds except three on a spur; these are to be carefully grown into two or three strong canes, trained upright on stakes, or to the right and left if on wires. The cane of twelve eyes which is tied down for fruiting, will demonstrate whether it is properly done, by the evenness or unevenness of the breaking of the buds.

SUCCESSFUL TRAINING.

When the lower buds open and grow as rapidly as the central and terminal buds, and develop equally good fruit.

UNSUCCESSFUL TRAINING.

When the buds open and advance unequally, those at the highest point being much the largest.

If certain buds advance too rapidly, pinch off the head; this will stay their growth, and all the others will advance, thus *aqualizing them all.—Rural Gentleman.*

WHY WE DON'T HAVE GOOD BUTTER.

Now, farmer's wives, don't get angry with me, but look at the statement, consider it carefully, and then say if we are not right. In the first place we will suppose that your cream is all right, your churn sweet, &c. Well, you churn your cream, and it finally makes what we call butter, you wash it in good cool water, salt it according to taste, and rejoice in your nice fresh butter; here you call it done. It is just at this point where I am going to find fault.

There is no process of working or washing that will secure a good article of butter, or that will get all the buttermilk out till it has stood a short time, when it must be worked over the second time, after which it will keep a long time. Butter that has not been worked the second time will not keep more than two or three days in warm weather. I don't care how much pains you take with it, the buttermilk that is left in the butter becoming sour, makes your butter rancid. I have bought and sold butter in this state, and know what I am talking about; and here is where the trouble begins. You are bound to sell all the buttermilk you can, and so long as dealers pay as much for buttermilk as they do, a nice article of butter we cannot expect you to do much. I am satisfied that there can be just as good butter made in Indianna as is made in the cheese and butter region of the Eastern States. But just so long as we pursue the suicidal policy of selling buttermilk with the butter, so long our butter will be quoted in Eastern markets as Western grease.—*North Western States.*

HOW TO TEST KERCSENE.

A simple experiment will determine the safety of kerosene. Fill a pint-bowl two-thirds full of boiling water, and into it put a common metallic thermometer. The temperature will run up to over 200. By gradually adding cold water bring down the temperature to 110, and then pour into the bowl a spoonful of the kerosene, and apply a lighted match. If it takes fire, the article should be rejected as dangerous; if not, it may be used with confident feeling of its safety. In this experiment, which is the most simple that can possibly be devised, the fire teste is directly applied. Upon practical trials it has been found to afford correct results.

☞ A pert little girl boasted to one of her friends that her father kept a carriage. "Ah, but,' was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."