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Baltimore Cards.

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Poetical.

THE SABBATH.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Fresh glides the brook, and flows the gale, Thy strength the slave of want may be;

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain, Thy strength the slave of want may be;

Ah, tender was the law that gave This holy respite to the breast,

But where the waves the gentlest glide, What image charms to light thine eyes?

To teach the soul its noble worth, The rest from mortal toil to gain;

Go snatch the brief reprieve from earth And pass—a guest to Heaven.

They tell the in thy dreaming school, Of power from old dominion hurled,

Alas, since time itself began, That fable hath but fooled the hour;

Yet every day in seven, at least, One bright reprieve shall surely cease,

Man's world awhile shall surely cease, When God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor, O, Dives, from the banquet hall;

The Seventh the Father opens the door, And holds his feast for all!

Selected Tale.

THE GHOST ROBBER.

On a fine evening in the Spring of 1830 a stranger, mounted on a noble looking horse, passed slowly over the snow white limestone road leading through the Black Forest.

Just as the Sun was going to rest for the day when the gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein, as he said:

"This must be near the spot, surely—I'll stop here anyhow, for awhile, and see what I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a small table.

"How can I serve you, Meinheer?" said the landlord.

"See to my horse, outside," replied the guest carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot; "and let me have some wine—Rhine will do."

The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said:

"Which way, Meinheer do you travel?"

"To Nannstadt," replied the guest.

"You will rest here to-night, suppose," continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three hours but I must then be off, so as to reach my destination there in the morning. I am going to purchase lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" asked the landlord innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

"Then you will take my advice," said the landlord, "you will stay here till morning."

"Why?" replied the stranger looking up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man that passes over the road between this and Nannstadt for the last ten years has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances."

"What were the circumstances?" asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again.

"Why, you see," the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat, "I have spoken with several who have been robbed; all I could learn from them is that they remember meeting in the lonesome part of the woods something that looked white and ghastly and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders; they felt a choking sensation and a smothering, and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside robbed of everything!"

"Indeed," ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The inn-keeper looked at him in astonishment. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed for a long time.

"You will remain then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"If I cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction as though he was not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh, most certainly not. I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost to-night."

Half an hour later the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out the road, going at a pretty round pace toward Nannstadt.

During a flash of lightning the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace, as though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger, "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse until he was now at least a length

behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly and unmanageable in a thunderstorm. If you will go on, tho' I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast pocket from which he drew something. "The guide saw the movement, and stopped."

"Guides should lead not follow," said the stranger quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity in his tone.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand perfectly, for he immediately drove his spurs into his horse's flanks and shot ahead of his companion without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the road.

He heard the clatter of his horse as he galloped off. Without waiting another instant he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," said my companion, dryly, "but mark my words, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

"They both turned and entered back to the road, when they reached it again and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearers as to his earnestness.

"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on head of me, in the right road, without swearing either to the right or left.—If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without a word of notice. Now push on."

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident from his muttering that he was alarmed at something besides the action of his follower.

In the meantime the thunder had increased its violence, and the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For awhile the two horsemen rode on in silence—the guide keeping up his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement, as a cat would watch a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, Meinheer," he groaned, "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger; "One!"

"In Heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear; "look before me in the road and you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. It his blood chilled to a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interceptor, for the next instant he set his teeth hard while he whispered to himself just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide:

"Be it man or devil—I ride it down—I'll follow. Two!"

With a cry of despair upon his lips the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand.

In another instant the guide would have swept past the dreadful spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off through the woods riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quickly but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral:

"Here, Wilhelm, ye move out of your perch this minute and give me a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was nonplussed for a moment but recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible, and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse, and the brave animal stood perfectly still by the snow-white trappings

on the would-be ghost, he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass about the size of a man on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and bore it to the ground.

"I arrest you in the King's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight. "Strut and strut until I have you properly secured and I'll send your soul to eternity."

"This was such an unexpected turn of affairs that the would-be ghost could hardly believe his own senses, and was handcuffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found time to speak.

"Are you not my Wilhelm?" he gasped.

"No landlord," replied the individual addressed; "I am not. But I am an officer of the King, at your service, on special duty, to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son Wilhelm who you thought was leading an innocent sheep to the slaughter, lies in the road, killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchsal Prison, in Baden, the landlord of the sign of the Deer and the Ghost robber of the Black Forest, who was the accidental person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders and artfully contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of his crimes by letting fall his head from the executioner's axe, since when traveling through Schwartzbad has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has their been seen any Ghostly Knight of the Road in that section of the world.

THEM 'ERE LEES.

A son of the Granite State went to Memphis to seek his fortune. He found instead a diarrhoea, which gradually saps life into a chronic form:

It was with this that poor Jim Bagby was picked up. And month after month it tugged until at length he was but the outline of his former self, a mere skeleton.

A worthy minister saw the poor fellow, and seeing the king of terrors had spotted him, determined to call on him and offer spiritual consolation. He broached the important subject some what thus:

"My dear Mr. Bagby, in view of your relations with this life, how do you feel?"

"D—n sick," was the prompt reply.

"Don't swear, my poor friend," said the parson, "and then let me ask you if you ever think of your latter end?"

"Lord! said Bagby, "I haunt thought of nothin else for the last three months."

"Not, I am afraid in the right way, Mr. Bagby. I beg you pause and reflect. It is time you began to restle with the Lord."

The sick man looked down at his miserable pock legs extended before him, and with an expression of amazement in his countenance:

"Rasle with the Lord! what, with them 'ere legs?" pointing to his own.

"Why parson? he'd flip me to hell the very first pass."

The parson gave him up as a hardened sinner.

PATCHED BRICHES.

The following is copied from the Land we Love:

While A. P. Hill's division was tearing up the B. & O. R. R. in the fall of 1862, Lane's brigade of that division was ordered farther north than the other brigades, where, a live reb was a curiosity. At this time, the quartermasters had not procured new clothing to supply the place of the worn, tattered and ragged relics of the campaign into "My Maryland," and we were rag-muffins—that's a fact. Tearing up railroads is no very pleasant work, and we had enjoyed ourselves for about twenty-four hours when Capt. K. of the 7th N. C. went to a house to get something cooked, and got into quite an interesting conversation with the good lady of the house:

Old lady—You is an officer isn't you?

Capt. K.—Yes, madam, I am a captain in the 7th N. C. infantry.

Old lady—Thar, now Betsy Ann, I told you he was an officer. I can tell an officer whenever I lay my two eyes on 'em. The officers, they has the seats of their breeches patched, and the common soldiers they don't.

MODESTY.

There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award the prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful. "Who shall have the prize?" said the rose, stalking forth in all the consciousness of beauty. "Who shall have the prize?" said the other flowers, advancing, each with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. "I will take a peep at those beauties," thought the violet, not presuming to attend the meeting; "I will see them as they pass. But as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

A traveler stopt at an inn to breakfast, and having drunk a cup of what was given him, the servant asked, "what will you take, sir, tea or coffee?" "That depends upon circumstances," was the reply; "if what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea, I want a change."

ORANGE COUNTY AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

No. 3.

Having already presented a general view of the County of Orange and considered what, in my humble opinion, is requisite to develop, its rich resources, I shall now briefly describe more particularly the advantages of the several sections before referred to.

That portion lying between the Red Lands and the Rapidan river, embracing the valley of Blue Run and the peninsula formed by the two streams, is perhaps the most attractive part of the County—it is traversed by three leading highways—the plank road from Somerset to the Court House and two McAdamized roads, one from New Market through its centre, the other from Harrisonburg through its Western extremity, converging and uniting at Gordonsville—affording at all seasons easy access to market.

The scenery of this highly favored district is beautifully picturesque. The grand range of the Blue Ridge mountains, looming up in majestic grandeur is seen from every point of view, on one side, and in the back ground the high undulating surface of the red land slopes, add a charm and variety rarely excelled.

The soil is composed of a dark chocolate friable loam—of great fertility and susceptible of a high degree of improvement. It yields bountifully corn, wheat, oats and tobacco, and the cultivated grasses, clover, timothy and orchard grass, and the indigenous white clover and blue grass flourish luxuriantly and demonstrate its adaptation to grazing and dairy purposes. Its Tobacco is of a fine texture and if skillfully managed and manipulated to suit the taste of the Trade, may be made to rival the esteemed qualities of the more Southern sections of the State. The remarkable cleanness of these lands, being unincumbered by surface stone and exempt from noxious shrubbery, impart to them additional value, both from the small amount of labor required and the ease with which they might be tilled.

In the centre of this beautiful region, on its most commanding elevation, affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country for many miles, is Somerset, the elegant and commodious residence of E. Goss Esq. His estate is one of the largest in this portion of Piedmont Virginia—and his energy and enterprise have made it one of the most valuable and desirable. A prominent feature of his enterprise and industry is his extensive orchards, now coming into full bearing and yielding their rich stores of the choicest varieties of delicious fruit. A pioneer in this laudable enterprise, his example will be followed by others, whose soil and circumstances afford equal sources of success. At a little distance from the base of this eminence, in the plain beneath, is the village of Somerset, pleasantly situated, having, in addition to a few private dwellings, a Church, two Stores, a Flouring Mill and the work shop of Mr. A. P. Koutz, now becoming celebrated for the valuable Agricultural Implements which it distributes to distant parts of the State and even beyond its limits.—The farms are large, ranging from 500 to 1000 acres and more, and could be rendered vastly more remunerative by sub-division. The sound judgment and clear foresight of C. J. Stoves, Esq., impressed by the conviction of the inefficiency of the present labor system—have induced him to divide his fine estate into compact farms, which already in the hands of an intelligent tenantry will increase in value while their productions are multiplied.

The same description of undulating lands extends many miles below Somerset, while a short distance above, the broad rich river bottom became the chief object of attraction. In the adjacent hills, on the fine lands of the Messrs. Brooking, are found extensive quarries of the finest granite, unappropriated, as yet, to useful purposes.

In the vicinity of Somerset, bordering upon and adjacent to public highways are the beautiful and desirable lands of Messrs. R. T. and J. F. Newman, portions of which, in compact farms varying from 100 to 200 acres with eligible sites for building, present tempting inducements to those desirous of a home in this attractive section.

The lands adjacent to the village of Barboursville in the Western part of this district, are scarcely inferior in attraction to those described. The scenery is beautiful—the soil granular, easy of cultivation and highly improvable. Near the village, is the stately mansion of the late Gov. James Barbour, now the residence of his son, B. J. Barbour Esq. The estate is very large, and in addition to its ordinary productions, a large flock of Merino's has been introduced with reasonable prospects of success. Near by and adjoining, is the large and well managed estate of J. B. Newman Esq. upon which, sheep husbandry has also become a part of the farm economy. The fine mineral spring (sulphur) in this vicinity, might be made attractive as a summer resort, and at the same time profitable to its owner. Lower down the refreshing little stream Blue Run, is Halley Farm, now the property of Mr. C. T. Graves, of classic memory, as the former seat of a flourishing school presided over by the celebrated Parson Maury, at which, some of the subsequently distinguished men of the country received the rudiments of their education. Among these, was John Randolph of Roanoke who, afterwards

in the Senate of the United States, made satirical allusions to it and its surroundings.

The action of Gypsum or Plaster of Paris, operating through clover, on these lands, is magical, and its free use should be adopted as the most certain and economical base of their speedy amelioration.

AGRICOLA.

SUNDAY READING.

Christ is, as his apostle was. He makes heaven 'all things to all men, that he might gain all.' To the man that loves true pleasure and gladness he presents it as all joy, and to the like ambitious man, as all glory; to the merchauntmen it is made all things, that they might come all thither to him.

What are allowable amusements? Such recreations, and such alone, as may, in some degree, assist our faculties of mind and body to perform that great work for which they were united and placed in this probationary world. No amusements are allowable which produce weariness of body or lassitude of mind, which indispose us for serious thought or feeling; which keep us cold and indifferent respecting wisdom and virtue; which break down the barriers between us and the vices and follies of the world, or which leave behind them a disrelish for the close inspection of our hearts, and for devotional intercourse with our God.

Let it, ever be remembered that he who has really found the mean between the two extremes will and must be reckoned enthusiastic by those who are in the extreme of coldness. You can, easily conceive that, when any one stands in a middle point between two others, who are, with respect to him strictly equidistant, he must, from the inevitable laws of perspective, appear to both to be, not in the middle, but comparatively near the opposite party. He must therefore make up his mind to be censured on both sides; by the enthusiastic, as cold; by those who are cold, as enthusiastic.

That mind which is not touched with an inward sense of the divine wisdom, cannot estimate the true worth of it; but when wisdom once displays its own excellencies and glories in a purified soul, it is entertained then with the greatest love and delight, and receives its own image reflected back to itself in sweetest returns in love and praise.

Examine, when you mix with the world, if duty calls you; if it is for the good of men and the glory of God, if it is His work you are going to do! Look up, and you find it was so with your Master. If He manifested himself in a village of Jewry, it was to do the work of His Father; if at a marriage, it was to show His power and to command authority to His doctrine; if at a house of a publican, it was to save a child of Abraham; if at Jerusalem on a feast day, it was to purge the temple.

Earth has nothing equal to the wretchedness of her whom the Scripture terms the "strange," the "evil woman." The loss of youthful innocence, the wreck of early hope, the abandonment of holy principles, the words and thoughts and deeds of shame, inward remorse racking the heart, and outward disease undermining the frame—these are the beginning of sorrow; but the end is not yet.

O! the sweet spirit of our blessed Saviour! How readily He entertains a returning sinner! how graciously repeats and dwells upon every passage of their conversion, exalting each little circumstance with a rare industrious eloquence, and closing all with a free and general pardon. "Many sins are forgiven her, because she loved much." O! the strange efficacy of perfect love! It instantly changes the most vicious life into a course of heroic virtue; it instantly turns the wrath of God into peace and joy, and everlasting mercies. And many sins are forgiven it, the more it loves.

The glory of the Lord appears in that cloud which is upon the penitent, sad heart. When it is drenched in tears, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, doth "move on those waters," and breathes life and salvation into them; and He, who is the unction, pours into those wounds of the spirit, and we are never nearer Heaven than when we are thus prostrate in the lowest dust; and when our "belly cleaveth unto the ground" in humble penitence, then we are at the very throne of grace.

The seven deadly sins of the accursed nations. Dent. vii. 1. Preserve me, O God, from the pride of the Amorite, the envy of the Hittite, the wrath of the Perizzite, the gluttony of the Girgashite, the wantonness of the Jebusite; and grant me, in their stead, humility and charity, patience and temperance, charity and contentedness, with spiritual zeal.

GAME TO TELL A PERSON'S THOUGHTS.

Almost every boy and girl likes to "puzzle" others with questions.

Here is a good one which our fathers used to tell.

Ask some one to think of a number, but don't name it; double it; multiply by five and tell you the product, and you will tell him the number he thought of. For instance: let the number be eight; double it, it will be sixteen, multiply by five would give eighty (80).—Always reject the last figures, and the remaining ones will be the number thought of.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?"—"Raw ones, to be sure; yer honor would not be thinking I'd be planting boiled ones."

The Farm and Garden.

MILCH COWS.

That far too little attention has been paid by farmers and others to these useful animals, is a fact which your correspondent has had occasion to remark.

Accustomed, from infancy, to Southern plantation life, but in later years familiar with Northern and Western processes, he has been led to compare the general neglect of cows on our plantations, and consequent deficiency of milk and butter, with the greater care and better results in these respects, witnessed in some other regions. On a small scale, too, he has put in practice a moderate amount of energy to endeavor to realize what care, directed by good sense, may accomplish in this latitude towards remedying the deficiency in question. The result has been gratifying, and he takes the liberty of making a brief statement, by way of inciting others to put forth endeavor in this direction, with even better reward.

Your correspondent has but a small body of land, on which he raised only a limited amount of corn, wheat, oats, and hay. He keeps four cows. His care of them embraces these essential particulars: