

The Old Commonwealth.

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THE DYING CADET.

For the Commonwealth.
BY EDWARD S. SHEPP.
Enable my longer his sword to yield,
A wounded cadet was trying
Upon the clamorous battle field
Amid the dead and dying.
In the distance were the dark lines of the foe,
Stretched out like a serpent before him,
The cannons pealing forth in the heavens glow,
As the lethal shots glanced o'er him.
Myrds were the soldiers and brave men,
That set far sons and daughters,
And many a valiant lover then,
Crossed Death's dark tact waters.
He thought of his home which he would see no more,
And the faces he would leave forever,
While up in his mind loomed Death's silent shore
And the billows waving of the river.
The dying man's heart rose high in his breast,
As he fancied the wild waves were hoisting,
But one sound reached his ear, and gave him rest:
The foe were silently retreating.
A radiant ray shone from his eye,
As from a furnace gleaming,
His brow was calm, his cheeks were dry,
His face with smiles was beaming.
He rose from the ground, but totter'd and fell,
As the weak bands of life released him;
And the cannons pealed forth his funeral knell,
As Death's grim angel seized him.
STONEWALL MILITARY ACADEMY.

THE BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

A TALISMAN.
BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

Geoffrey Underwood was reclining lazily in a large Turkish easy-chair which his sister Bertha had wheeled in to the smoking-room. Could she have had her way about it, her handsome brother should have smoked at his own free will in the most elegant room in the house.

But "mamama's" ideas were different. So she compromised the matter by smuggling into his "den," as he called it, this bit of luxury.

Geoffrey's head and feet were resplendent in a smoking cap and slippers, worked by her own tiny fingers while away at school, from which she had lately returned; and as each silk or stich had embroidered into the material with its tender thought of home, so now, as she gazed contentedly at the wearer, softened memories of school and mates floated through her mind.

His cigar finished, Geoffrey broke the silence as he rose to his feet.

"It is a positive luxury, sis, to have you home again. It makes a helluva begrudge an engagement; but it must be kept, nevertheless."

Bertha laughed.

"Now, Geof., you needn't begin to dignify everything with that stereotyped term—engagement. Tell the truth, brother, mine. Say 'My heart is not here.' It's chasing the dear, if it's proper to mutilate a poem so atrociously."

Geoffrey looked amused at this ally, but made disclaimer. The shrewd little maiden's surmise came too near the real state of the case. He watched her, the smile still lurking about his eyes and curving lines under his silken mustache. She stood by a stand of plants, turning her pretty face critically from one to another until she found just what she wanted—a crimson rose bud just bursting through the tender, green calyx, a sprig of heliotrope, a tiny spray of smilax, and some fragrant geranium leaves. She tied them together.

"There, Geof., that is for your button-hole."

"Thanks."

As he left the room Bertha sprang to the window and watched him, kissing her hand playfully as he looked back.

During the winter Geoffrey had formed the acquaintance of several young ladies—new comers in the place. Towards two of them he had been strongly attached, and strange to say, he could hardly make up his mind which one he liked best.

When in Alice Thornlon's society he found a charm in her sweet gravity; when with Gertrude Haviland, her mischievous ways and roguish face seemed, like the sun, to put out all other lights.

His engagement this evening was to call on Miss Haviland. She was looking very lovely as she came forward to meet him. Her dark, quiet face was set off by a cluster of scarlet verbenas fastened at the side of her hair, and partly hidden by one of its glassy braids. Another cluster brightened the lace from which rose the round throat which supported the gracefully poised head.

They chatted pleasantly for a time, when Gertrude remarked on the beauty of his bouquet, and asked:

"Is it from Werten's?"

"Werten's" was a fine florist's establishment in the place. Geoffrey said, carelessly:

"No, it is a lady's gift. One as pure and sweet as the flowers themselves."

His voice unconsciously took a softened tone as he thought of his loving little sister.

"Oh, I beg pardon for my question," Geoffrey looked up in surprise, which was not diminished when he saw the clouded face, to which the cold, changed tones of her voice were a true index.

All its brightness had gone, and with it its peculiar glitter, and the eyes, pointing lips were compressed until all their kissable sweetness had vanished.

Geoffrey felt as though he had received a shower bath. He had no idea that his poor little bouquet would create such a sensation. Surely it could not be jealousy. For Miss Haviland had as yet no right to call him to account, though of late he had been quite regular in devoting one evening of the week to a call upon her; and he was conscious that they had been rapidly drifting into a nearer relationship,

but he had a man's horror of a scene, and it was a sullen, lowering face on which his eyes rested. His expression of surprise was very mortifying to Gertrude. She was conscious of appearing at a disadvantage, but she had never learned to control her temper, and could not do it now. So conversation languished for a stupid quarter of an hour. Then Geoffrey rose and took leave—a thoroughly disenchanted man.

As he returned from the Haviland's door, it was still within the regulation hour for calls, and he walked on until he found himself opposite Mr. Thornton's residence.

He stopped and unpinned Bertha's flowers from his coat, and thrust them into his pocket, smiling a little ruefully as he did so, thinking they might spoil another call.

He found Alice at home in the midst of pleasant family groups. A white-haired old grandmother was chattering her brittle needles in and out, weaving the red yarn into warm mittens for a rosy-cheeked boy who was studying his lesson beside her. A sister was crocheting a "facinator" out of some snowy Shetland wool. Alice was knitting.

Geoffrey watched her white fingers as they formed the fragile thread into the curious, lace-like trimming for a time, then he said:

"I cut a little poem from the paper this evening, which is as perfect a picture of your home-group as if it had been written to describe it. May I read it?"

So he put his hand into his pocket for his porte-monnaie, in which he had a fashion of stowing away odd bits of poetry or prose which struck his fancy.

With the porte-monnaie came the luckless bunch of flowers, crushed with the rough treatment they had received. Alice saw them and said impulsively:

"Oh, Mr. Underwood, what a shame! How could you treat those lovely flowers so!"

She took them in her hand as tenderly as though they could understand her.

"Poor little voiceless things!—it hurts me to see them! Admired one moment—thrown aside the next! See how fragrant they are? That is their protest!"

Geoffrey looked at the fair face, reproachful, yet smiling, as it bent over the flowers.

"It wasn't quite right to treat them so—a lady's gift, too."

"I will put them in water until you go. Then you must take them home with you, to bring sweet dreams of the donor."

"Thanks for the advice. I would like to have my sister Bertha—for she was the giver—lend the charms to dream land that she does to every-day life. Her bunch of flowers shall be treasured for still another reason—can you imagine what it is?"

Something in his tone caused Alice to look up questioning; but his ardent glance made her drop her eyes, blushing and confused, though her innocent heart beat high with pleasure.

Geoffrey Underwood was her beautiful of all that was noble and graceful in man; but she had never thought of appropriating him. She had been content to admire at a distance.

Thus it is in every life. The most trifling things often decide its happiness.

Gertrude's beauty and vivacity had almost charmed Geoffrey's heart from his keeping; but an angry demon looking from the most perfect face transforms it, and Geoffrey had not reached the stage when "Love is blind."

Many a heart is caught in the rebound, and Geoffrey's was no exception. That evening was the turning point with him. It was not long before his engagement to Alice was announced.

Gertrude heard the news with bitter pain, for though jealous and impulsive, she was true-hearted, and it was hard to give him up. She felt that the golden opportunity had nearly been her own, and that her foolish display of temper had lost her the only lover she had ever cared to win.

From the Scientific American.
Selection Applied to Man.

The population of our globe is now about fifteen hundred millions, or about an average of thirty to the square mile of land surface. With proper cultivation of both land and water, and the largest possible reclamation of waste and deserted land by irrigation and otherwise, the earth is capable of supporting perhaps ten times as many people; probably not more, as that would require every inch of dry land to be as densely populated as China now is, and a very considerable portion of the earth's land surface is and must ever remain practically uninhabitable.

Assuming such an increase of the world's population to be possible, the question naturally arises: When is the limit likely to be reached—and what then? The contingency may seem at first sight to be very remote, but in reality it is not, provided human progress continues at the present rate.

The dominant race of to-day is that which is fairly represented by the people of England. The influence of modern civilization has been felt on that island as manifestly as anywhere; and we shall not go far wrong if we estimate the progress of the immediate future by the ratio of the immediate past. The population of England at the beginning of the present century was, in round numbers, a little under 9,000,000. It is not now far from 24,000,000. With the same rate of increase for seven generations more, the English people will equal in number the present population of the entire globe! At the end of the fifteenth generation the descendants of the English people, if they continue to increase at their present rate, will number (if statistics and mathematics tell no lies) fifteen times as many as the world now supports, and fifty per cent. more than we have set as the limit of the earth's possible population. Inasmuch as the English are not the only people that are rapidly increasing in numbers, it is clear that the struggle for existence among the tribes of humanity is likely to be rapidly and violently increased.

Thanks to the advancement of knowledge, scientific and sanitary, the physical conditions of life are becoming more and more favorable; the average duration of human life is increasing, and the plagues and fevers that formerly scourged the world and kept the population low are being brought under control, if not entirely stamped out. The tendency of civilization is toward abatement instead of war, and so that means of keeping down the number of the human swarms is likely to be lessened and destroyed; and the same may be said of the increasing abolition of personal strife and individual murder. The means so frequently resorted to by crowded peoples heretofore to keep the natural increase within bounds—the general destruction of infants—grows more and more abhorrent to human instincts, and is not likely to be revived; certainly not by people of the higher types that are destined to inherit the earth. The multiplication of facilities for the transportation of food, incident to modern civilization, with its improved agriculture, combine to make the famines once so frequent and destructive of life more and more rare, and more and more impossible. The great scourges of humanity, pestilence, famine, war, and murder, domestic and social—are thus clearly on the wane; and as no substitution for them can be foreseen, there is no reason to infer that the present rapid increase in the earth's population is likely to be stayed by natural means. Such being the case, the earth's sustaining capacity will be reached before the race is many centuries older.

What then? Will the fittest survive? If natural selection were the laws with man as with brute nature, that would most probably be the result; but it is not. That is, not wholly. Under the influence of charity and other religious sentiments, it is usually the weakest, often the worst, that is most favored in the struggle for existence. The burdens of social and political life fall chiefly upon the worthy, who have to support not only themselves and their own offspring, but the idle and the vicious and their multitudinous spawn.

The artificial selection which religions, governments, and societies chiefly foster tells steadily against the best. The sense of responsibility which the struggle for existence creates in the minds of the thoughtful tends in the same direction, in putting a check upon the natural increase of the higher orders of humanity; while the heedless materialism of the unthinking and the vicious, on the contrary, leaves them free to multiply without stint, and the superior life-power of the higher is no match in the long run for the unreluctant fertility of the lower. Our civilization, like all those which have preceded it, thus carries in itself the elements of its own ultimate destruction; or, at the least, elements which make its overthrow possible at any moment, by causing the lower grades of culture to preponderate in numbers and political power. This, of course, on condition that human societies continue through future ages to be regulated by the social laws which now prevail; a condition which, we are happy to believe, must sooner or later cease to hold. The danger is too serious, and the enlightening influence of Science too persuasive. Already there is a growing disposition on the part of intelligent lovers of humanity to break away from the unscientific customs that have come down to us from barbaric ancestors; and the instinct of race-preservation will compel a radical change in many of them, particularly those which determine our treatment of the physically and morally tainted. Preventive measures are rising more and more above those that are palliative and remedia-

ble; charity is booming broader and more far-seeing; the rights of future generations begin to weigh against the privileges of the present; and there is infinite promise of good in the change.

It would be sheer presumption and foolishness to predict specifically the issues of conditions so complicated as those of existing humanity; but having in view the intensifying struggle for existence in store for future generations, and knowing the immense advantage which a pure and high race must always have over lower races, it is safe enough to predict that the ultimate dominion of the world will rest with that people, whether black, yellow, or white, which will so shape its political and social system as to rigidly favor the perpetuation of its best—which will studiously eliminate every serious moral or physical taint from its life-stream. As all cannot survive, it is becoming more and more the duty of humanity to elect wisely which shall survive, the good or the bad; or more correctly, perhaps, whether the chances of any unborn generation are in favor of physical and moral health, or the contrary. To favor the former does not imply or necessitate the destruction of any life; but it does necessitate such an interference with individual liberty as shall restrain the vicious and the diseased from being over-represented in generations to be; and the time may come when it is vitally necessary to prevent such debasing elements from being represented at all. At any rate, it is clear that, whatever high-grade people first rises to the moral level of applying a proper system of artificial selection to humanity, and steadily purifies its stock by eliminating vitating strains, criminal or otherwise, that people will lead the world in civilization and power. It will do more; it will retain that leadership, and develop a type of humanity which will endure and improve as long as the earth remains habitable. All others contain the seed of their own destruction.

For the Commonwealth.
A Home without a Mother.

At every stage of life, as I float along upon the great sea of time, dashed to and fro by the huge waves of disappointment, my mind is called back to view the pleasant scenes of childhood. The memories of days gone by cause emotions of the soul beyond the power of a finite being to express. Even when the years of manhood had dawned upon my pathway, I could but feel as though I was a child, when, after roaming for awhile through this unfriendly world amid strangers, to return and receive the kind words and tender caresses of a loving mother.—But, alas! those days have passed; for in the fullness of time that dear one was called to bid a lasting farewell to all her loved ones who wept around her death-bed. Scarcely six months have gone by since my mother's death, known only to Him who rules all things, the memories of her parting blessing will remain sacred upon the mind and in the heart of one who is bereaved of the greatest blessing of an earthly home. But, my brothers and sisters, we need not mourn as those who have no hope, for she has gone to live with Him in whose sight a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Believing in the supreme power of God, let us submit to His will, knowing that it was for some good purpose, known only to Him, who rules all things, that our dear mother was called from this life to reach her reward in Heaven. But the memories of that loved one, whose maternal care guided our infant feet in the ways of truth and virtue, shall never grow dim until, by following her precepts and in obedience to her parting words, we shall meet her where parting will be no more. Then let us so live in this world that when the final day shall come and the trumpet shall sound, we may meet our loved ones in peace, and with them enter into that which is prepared for the finally faithful.

How Anna Dickinson Makes Love.—Anna Dickinson is a failure in the love scenes in her plays. When the experienced actor rises up to her and reaches his arms around her rigid waist, she grabs him by the wrist and holds him off at arms' length while he says his piece, and then, when she reaches the melting moment, and lowers her head to let it droop upon his shoulder, the constrained action is so like the gesture of a venerable William goat in the act of assisting a passing boy over a pasture fence that the audience gleefully look to see the unhappy lover buttled clear over into the orchestra fiddles, and there is a general murmur of disappointment when he braces his feet and receives the droop of her head with a scarcely audible grunt.—Burlington Hawkeye.

What Blue Glass Did.—The Poughkeepsie Eagle says: "In the parade of a monitor-top smoking car which passed South on the 8:35 A. M. train yesterday were hand-some plates of blue glass. Conductor Cladwell said that he left Troy in that car feeling very bad with neuralgia, but at Hudson it had changed to rheumatism, at Rhinecliff a typhoid wave hit him, and at Poughkeepsie he had an attack of ham and eggs, and at Fishkill he was in full health and as happy as a crow on a floating cake of ice with a mess of white perch in front of him." He believes in the efficacy of "blue-glass."

Detective James White has been sentenced in Cincinnati to the penitentiary for thirteen months for being implicated in election frauds last October.

For the Commonwealth.
Mr. Estlin.—I desire to express my views, in my blunt and unvarnished way, upon the question of the State's condition. If you will publish the same, I shall feel much obliged, not that I expect or deserve any compliments from any of the recognized sources of leadership; but I am sure the subject is full of interest to a very large class of citizens; yes, an overwhelming majority in all parts of the State, that never attempt to say anything at all publicly, and but little privately, by way of shaping the State's destiny.

Unfortunately for the State, the quiet and unpretentious citizens of the State have, by common consent, agreed that the pretensions of the State as assuming the task, might rule, and confiding in them these ten years, they have brought ruin upon the State; for to-day her representatives are without hope as to her future—at least they very frankly say, publicly and privately, that they don't see what is to become of her. There has not been one public man in the State, to my knowledge, that has spoken of her future prospects hopefully for these many years, and her calamities are as follows:

She don't pay her public debt. Says she annually, or at least don't see how she can soon, if at all.

Her most energetic people are leaving the State by scores from the different industrial sections every year, carrying with them their capital and denunciations of the State.

No capital, nor enterprise, nor population is coming into the State.

Our towns are delapidated and dead, when compared with Western and Northern towns. The State has no commercial town, yet her own consumption would sustain a very great city and many minor towns.

She has no factories. She buys everything from abroad, and enriches other States thereby. Her railroads, sympathizing with everything else, are failures; and, upon the whole, the State, considering her ancient greatness, the extent of her territory and her natural advantages, is regarded a slow coach. Everybody claims the right to speak in derision of Virginia, and it is freely done in and out of the State, and nobody can set up a defense for her as to her present condition and status. A favorite mode of attempted defense is that she once had a Washington, a Jefferson and a Patrick Henry, Marshalls, Lees, &c., in abundance; that she once paid her debts, both public and private; that she once had agricultural thrift and activity; that she once had a fair amount of commerce and bright prospects as to the future in commerce and manufactures. We now and then hear men in public position venture the opinion that we may come out yet; but nobody ventures to say when and how.

The State is growing desperate for finances, and is, in fact, being beaten by her. Agriculture is about all she's got, and not much of that, and the mind revolts at laying more on that branch of industry, which has been well nigh already drawn from the State, and then instead of creating other sources of taxable wealth, thus, as the people call them, commence a "dash and rehash" of the same thing over; or they try to make something out of nothing, by levying a tax on everything that reaches the consumer, by demanding heavy license and income taxes on every business that is attempted in the State, and in the desperation of the case, many men are the advocates of anything and all things, legitimate or illegitimate, worthy or unworthy, that will increase the State's immediate revenues. No wonder her honest, enterprising people are deserting the now old rotten concern, and that outsiders refuse to come aboard the Sinking Ship. Yet, with all this, the State can be made powerful, respectable, independent, populous, rich, and the envy of the majority of the States. She has the resources wherewith to do it, if she will. It is not for want of resources that she suffers, but is by reason of her not turning to her own account and profit the enormous sums she annually spends outside of the State that could as well be spent at home.

Virginia's trade with the State, alone, annually amounts to about \$4,000,000. And other cities in Baltimore, outside of the State, amount to at least \$1,000,000. She allows factories for articles that ought to be made in Va., a net gain of at least \$3,000,000 outside of the State, in transport, in the purchase of raw material from the place of sale and make by the buyers, all of which could be confined to the State, a profit, annually, of \$2,000,000.

Total annually lost to State \$12,000,000.

And that is not near all we lose by our folly. Consider what the profits are on printed matter put up outside the State; what we pay to schools abroad; what by excursion trips, and visiting of relatives that have been driven out of the State; what by depreciation of our lands; what by immigration of men and transfer of means to other States, and thus the catalogue of generalities might be yet truthfully extended; and could the whole picture be presented and the whole facts reduced to dollars and cents, the cry would no longer be that she is poor, but it would be that she has been criminally foolish. Save to herself what she really has, and she is rich to-day. Convince every body that has an eye upon her, that she means and is determined to do her own manufacturing; that she means to build up a commercial city of her own; that she means to confine her patronage of every kind to citizens of the State; that she intends hereafter to protect and encourage all kinds of productive industry; in short, that she intends to act upon the said in the future; that enterprise and productive industry must be encouraged and protected, and to that end she will repeal all homestead and exemption laws. This

action being taken, and all other necessary acts in harmony therewith being done, population and skilled and unskilled labor and capital will flow into the State; Virginia's sons (merchants of Baltimore with their experience, capital, trade and credit) will return to Virginia; factories will spring up like magic; the State will team with wealth; her lands will rise, and a new era will be at once inaugurated. But woe to bankrupts, broken down aristocracies and do-nothings generally. Let the "watch word" be "root hog or leave the island," and the object is accomplished, the State is retrieved.

But suppose it puts the dead heads under, what of that. If they will then go to work, they can rise, and if they refuse to work let them stay under. Now how is this to be brought about? easy enough. All that is needed is the united action of the people to this end and it is insured. Have a united purpose and carry it out; if you will you may. The element of resistance is sharp and bitter, but it must succumb if the industry and honesty of the country says so and stands by it. We have waited, through sympathy, for the formerly well-to-do-people to be cased down for these twelve years, hoping they would repair their wrecked fortunes and get ready for a chance, but it has done nobody any good, and the large majority great harm. It has ruined the State, and consequently the busy citizens, too, that it was intended to benefit, or rather save from mortification of their pride by a sickly, false sympathy for a class of citizens that have no spirit or enterprise, or will, nor capacity to engage in the business pursuits which alone can, but surely, speedily retrieve the State.

E. S.

Fattening Cattle.

The *Journal of Chemistry*, in discussing the question from a scientific standpoint says that poor animals consist of about two-thirds water, while fat ones only one-half, in the total weight, and compares poor animals to bog meadows. It adds, that when the fattening process begins, water commences to disappear, and fat or meat takes its place; and the increase in bulk during the process is largely of adipose matter. It is a curious circumstance that, during the fattening, the proteids, or nitrogenous compounds, increase only about seven per cent. and the bone material, or inorganic substance, only one and a-half per cent.

The cost to a farmer of fattening an ox is much greater at the close of the process than at the commencement; that is, increase in bulk or dry weight at that period is much more costly. If it costs three cents a pound for bulk for the first month after a poor animal is put in the fattening stall, it will cost five cents the last month. If, then, a farmer consults his money interests, he will not carry the increase in fat beyond a certain point, provided he can turn his partially fattened animals to fair advantage. Farmers have, perhaps, learned this fact from experience and observation, and hence comparatively lean animals are more common in the market than fat ones.

While this is of advantage to the farmer it is very disadvantageous to consumers of the beef, for the flesh of a fat animal in every case is much richer in food, nourishing material, than that of the lean, and it is never good economy to purchase lean beef. It is better to purchase the poorest part of a fat animal than the best of a lean one. The best piece of a fat ox (the loin) contains forty-two to twenty-eight per cent. more fixed material than the corresponding piece in a lean one, and contains enough the worst piece in the lean animal (the neck) is the richest in nourishing material. The flesh of the neck improves very little in fattening, hence, economy considered, it is the best portion to purchase, as its value is in a measure a fixed one.

Masonic Years.—The following is a Masonic calendar with rules for obtaining Masonic dates:

Ancient Craft Masons commence their era with the creation of the world, calling it *Anno Luceis* (A. L.) "In the year of Light." Add 4,000 to the current year (Christian era), thus, 1877 plus 4,000—A. L. 5,777.

Scottish Rites, since the ancient Craft, except the *Order of the Temple*, is used, *Anno Mundi* (A. M.) "In the year of the World." Add 3760 to the current year; thus, 1877 plus 3760—A. M. 5,637. After September add another year.

Royal Arch Masons date from the year the second Temple was commenced by Zerubbabel, *Anno Inventionis* (A. Inv.). "In the year of the Discovery." Add 530 to the current year; thus, 1877, plus 530—A. Inv. 5407.

Royal and Select Masters date from the year in which the Temple of Solomon was completed, *Anno Depositionis* (A. Dep.). "In the year of the Deposit." Add 1,000 to the current year; thus, 1877 plus 1,000—A. Dep. 2877.

Knights Templar commence their era with the organization of their order, *Anno Ordinis* (A. O.). "In the year of the Order." From the current year take 1118; thus, 1877 minus 1118—A. O. 759.

The twenty-second anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne occurred on the 2d inst. A levee was held at the Imperial Palace, and a grand national festival was celebrated throughout Russia.

Prince Bismark, a Parliamentary dinner, invigilated against Prussian particularism. He declared Germany did not want to be made like Prussia, but that rather Prussia should be Germanized.

Select a Profession and Stick to It.

Whatever be your position in life, learn to rely upon yourself. Make truth and honor the basis of all your actions. Set your stakes high, and strive to reach them. Let none of the minor principles of your nature supercede that of self-dependence. Make for yourself a character which, in time of adversity, when poverty shall sweep around you, will be of more value than the richest legacy ever inherited. A vine which twines its tendrils around a tree upon which it depends for its upright position will, when a storm uproots its stay, fall to the ground for want of support. So it is with these young men who are accustomed to depend upon their fathers, wealthy relatives and rich heritages, for sustenance and positions in life.

I am very much disposed to give credence to the time-honored adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," and think the young men of the present day attain precisely the same proficiency in their avocations, and accomplish just what their forefathers did. The great secret of success in life is to choose some occupation for which you have both *taste and talent*, and "stick" to it. The failure of some of our young men arises from their stambing upon some profession for which they have no talent, and against which their whole natures are, in living revolt, simply because they imagine such profession is more profitable or more popular than some of the lower avocations of life.

I do not believe that all men are born equal, but that all men are born for something. All have talents—whether one, five or ten—for the improvement of which they are held responsible by the Great Giver of all good. Every man has his own particular office to fill, just as every tree, every plant, and every animal, has its own peculiar functions. If any animal or insect, great or small, should deviate from its path,—if any of these vast systems, or any part of them, which compose this mighty universe, should pursue a course contrary to that allotted by an Eternal Godhead,—the effect would be an immediate suspension of the laws of its nature. It is so with mankind. Let a man who seems peculiarly adapted, by nature and the bent of his inclination, to law, medicine, or agriculture, imagine he has a talent for music or poetry, and he will immediately realize the full import of the well known Latin, "*Pœla nascitur non fit*."

Macanley gives it as his opinion that there is not so great disparity in the intellects of men, as is generally supposed. True, there may not be such a wide diversity in the talent and genius of the human race, taken as a whole; but there are men whose native genius just as far surpasses that of others as the towering heights of the Himalay surpass the Blue Ridge.

Says Macanley: "If Luther had been born in the tenth century, he would have effected no reformation. If he had not been born at all, it is evident that the sixteenth century could not have elapsed without a general schism in the church. It is generally admitted that if Shakespeare had not been born, or had died in his infancy, 'Hamlet' would have been written by some other John; that if there had never been a John Milton, some other poet would have written 'Paradise Lost'; and that if Cabot and Columbus had not been born, the world would never have been discovered by some one else.

This might all be true, for no one will deny that if the moon and stars had not been placed in the heavens, God could have created some other sun, and thus that world of ours; but He evidently saw fit to adopt certain instrumentalities for the accomplishment of certain ends.

A little consideration and reflection on the great workings of nature furnishes us with irrefragable proofs that each individual has his or her own mission to fulfill. Let him not, therefore, estop his privileges of success with such remarks as: "Because I am not capable of achieving such perfection in my profession as my next neighbor, I shall make no attempt;" or, "I can never become a first-class lawyer or doctor, and I will not be a second-class one." Such an attempt at excuses is a gross violation of the laws of their own natural propensities, and those who make them do not deserve that success shall crown their efforts.

You cannot be too circumspect in choosing your profession, or abiding by the choice of others. You are just as responsible for the talent committed to your charge as the most gifted of your ancestors, and a requisition will be made of you in proportion to your opportunities for improvement.

PERFECTING THE DEAD.—The French have a new method of disposing of the dead. At the decease of an individual the body is plunged into a liquid, and in about five years the corpse is turned into a stone. The secret of the petrification is known only to the discoverer. He says that in a thousand years time, if persons will only preserve their relatives, they will be able to build a house with them, and thus live in the future. Another application of this process has been suggested, namely: To have the petrified corpse nickel-plated or electro-plated with bronze, and if a statue of an individual is desired, to place the corpse on a proper pedestal, so as to fulfill the functions of being the statue of the person deceased.

A butcher was invited to attend a minstrel show, but positively declined. When pressed for a reason, he replied, "If I should go, I should see so many people who owe me for meat, that it would spoil all my fun."

OLD COMMONWEALTH.

Harrisonburg, Va., Thursday, March 29, 1877.

Published every Thursday by C. H. VANDERFORD.

Office over the Court House & Hallway south of the Court House.

Terms of Subscription: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Advertising Rates: Single insertion, 10 cents; each subsequent insertion, 5 cents.

Special Advertisements: 10 cents per line for the first square and \$3.00 for each additional square per year.

Local Advertisements: 10 cents per line for the first square and \$3.00 for each additional square per year.

Special of Local Notices: 10 cents per line for the first square and \$3.00 for each additional square per year.

Large advertisements taken upon contract.

All advertising bills due in advance. Yearly advertisers discontinuing before the close of the year will be charged transient rates.

Job Printing: We are prepared to do Job Printing of all kinds at low rates, per cent.

B. O. R. R. HARRISBURG, FERRY AND VALLEY BRANCH.

Trains Eastward: Leave Harrisonburg, 8:00 A. M.

Trains Westward: Leave Harrisonburg, 8:00 A. M.

Local Affairs: Extension of the Royal Land Company's Railroad.

Proceedings of County Court: This Court, Judge Chas. T. O'Ferrall presiding, is still in session.

Colored Appearances for the Stantton District: The Fourteenth annual session of the Washington Conference.

Brevities: This is Passion Week. Next Sunday will be Easter.

Miscellaneous: From the Richmond Enquirer. MOFFETT'S LIQUOR TAX BILL.

New Goods Again: For the information of our numerous friends and customers.

To Cash Buyers: We will offer all the inducements that can be, or will be, offered.

As Cheap as Can Be Found: We make a very great difference in favor of customers.

Butter and Poultry: A decided difference, than others part. We give liberal cash prices.

All Kinds of Trade Wanted: such as BEANS, DRIED FRUIT, SKINS, COUNTRY SOAP.

E. SIPE: Dealers in Foreign and American Hardware.

Farmers Look to Your Interest: THE IMPORTED ENGLISH DRAFT STALLION.

Yorkshire Lad: will stand the Spring season of 1877, in Rockingham county, Va.

Stockholders Meeting: Pursuant to resolution of Board of Supervisors of Highland county.

Something New Again: TAKE great pleasure in making known to the citizens of Harrisonburg.

Choice Groceries: I am receiving every day almost any and everything that can be eaten by man or beast.

Magnolia Saloon for Rent: MANSION SALOON, fixtures and furniture in excellent condition.

Valuable Town Property for Sale: SIX houses and lots, centrally located in the town of Harrisonburg.

For Rent: THE HOUSE on East Market Street, Harrisonburg, Va.

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