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Table Manners—For little Folks

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must my food in patience wait,
'Til I am asked to hand my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about.
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
I must not play, nor must not sing.
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen, not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say "if you please."
The table cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil.
Must keep my seat when I am done,
Nor round the table sport or run.
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

The impudent wag of the New York *Arcadian* has been vexing the comet by such questions as this:

"Is there any 'Brooklyn Sorrow' in the orbits you have crossed?
Do the constellations tremble with a Tilton 'tempest-tossed?'"

To which the comet, without getting too much on its ear, replies:

Nary once, O earth-born maggot! Your wit's a vain display:
No "sorrow" plagues the starry depths; no tempest "toss" that way
Amid these gemmed abysses, a "silence" more profound,
Than Brother Beecher wots of, girds the shining spheres around.
Yes, in these "higher latitudes," I'd have you all to know,
We have got enough of Brooklyn, in the person of Badeau. —*Brooklyn Ar-us.*

The Lord's Prayer.

How wonderfully the Bible condenses. Witness the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer—the one the embodied moral law of God, the other the daily utterance of praise, intercession, supplication and confession.

Prayer is the expression of *desire*, hence there is no prayer which the offerer does not try to turn into practical action. Now see how the devotions "daily" offered to God in compliance with the Lord's prayer will control the life. How affectionate, reverential, spiritual, obedient, industrious, forgiving, watchful, must its offerer be. No doubt the Lord's prayer is often employed as a mere form, by those who do not understand it, or think of its meaning; and even as if it had a magic power because it is the words of Christ; but no man ever *prayed* it who was not a Christian, and no Christian ever prayed it in vain.

The strawberry season along the Hudson, which lasted for fifteen days, closed on the 8th instant. During its progress, 62,500 bushels were shipped from various points along the river. Two thousand pickers got $60,000 for picking them, the freight amounted to $21,000, and the net result of their sale was $240,000.

The Pope, in his address on the late anniversary of his coronation, spoke of "that triple moral evil" which threatens the young with so many dangers. His language was:

This triple moral evil consists in romances, theatres and the press. Romances, after having misled weak spirits, urge young men to excesses sometimes appalling. Theatres accustom them to a contempt for religion by ridiculing its mysteries, by setting on the boards its ministers and sacred persons to make them the butt of scornful laughter and of hate. The press does violence to the will in pushing it to brutality.

Not very complimentary, this.

VALUE OF A MILK DIET.—If any one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk before retiring at night will soon cover the scrawniest bones. Although nov-a-days we see a great many fleshy females, there are many lean ank ones, who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their fingers be rounded with good solidy flesh. Nothing more coveted by thin women than a full finger, and nothing will so rouse the ire and provoke the scandal of one of those "clipper builds," as the consciousness of plumpness in rival. In cases of fever and summer complaint, milk is now given with excellent result. The idea that milk is "everish' has exploded, and now is the physicians great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is a mistake to scrimp the milk pitcher. Take more milk and buy less meat. Look to your milkman, have large-sized well-filled milk pitchers on the table each meal; and you will have sound flesh and light doctor's bills.

Sympathy between a Living Body and a Severed Arm.

From the Whitehall Times.

In another place appear an accounts of the accident that befel little Willie Cunnings, who lost an arm by being run over by the cars.

When the lad was taken home, his arm was brought after him. It was thrown into a pail, when the poor little fellow screamed with pain. The severed limb was then placed in a box and buried in the garden. Shortly after, little Willie complained of a pain and queer feeling in the severed hand. He said that something was crawling on the inside of his hand. The limb was exhumed, when a large worm was discovered in the palm of the hand. A large jar was then obtained, and it became necessary to crowd the arm in, when the sufferer fairly went into a paroxysm of pain. The limb was placed in a jar partly filled with alcohol, and then replaced in the ground. The little fellow complained that his arm and fingers were in a terribly cramped position, and that the little finger and the next one were growing together. The jar was then taken up, when the limb was found crowded and cramped as described.

This is remarkable, although such instances are often related. In this case the little nine-years-old lad was ignorant of what disposition was made of the limb. The lad is very low at the present writing, and some doubts are entertained of his recovery.

THE COMET.—Here is what the local of the *Crescent* says of comets. It is good authority:

The comet is still visible through telescopes but on account of clouds in the northern horizon it cannot be seen with the naked eye. This cloud is called the earth cloud. It can now be easily seen on Mt. Raleigh and at Raffin's Bay. In 1861 it is beyond doubt and has been proven since that the earth passed through the tail of the great comet of that year. The day that the earth passed through there was lack of sunlight with a phosphorescent glare across the whole heavens, so much so, that before early twilight gas and candles were universally called into use. Just prior to the end of the last century great fogs spreading from the north of Africa over Russia and over the known parts of the United States hung in the heavens for several weeks. The most violent storms which prevailed at that time did not dissipate them, but they remained stationary and at times emitted a disagreeable odor which sensibly affected cities and communities far distant. At that time the earth was in proximity to two comets. The danger from combustion because of contact with these aerial visitors is an exploded idea. One of our most eminent astronomers estimates that if the whole of the present comet, tail, and all, were condensed into the solidity of gold, it could be held in the palm of the hand. The observatories in the northern cities have recently been thronged to take the last farewell look at Coggia's comet. It is so thin and insubstantial that it will never return. And to it we may say, with truth and sentiment, Hail and Farewell. For further information about this business apply at this office between the hours of 8 in the morning and 6 at night.

MR. DISRAELI announced not long, since that "the great crisis of the world" is shortly to occur. On the other hand a movement in behalf of the adjustment by arbitration of all national quarrels has been made in many influential quarters. The European govements do not, however, evince much practical faith in such adjustment, if we may judge by their armaments. The standing army of Germany is 401,659 men, and the early levy of recruits 145,000 men; of France 442,000, with a yearly levy of 150,000 men; of Russia 720,000 men and maximum levy of 150,000 more. The standing armies of Austria and Italy are respectively 2560,900 and 158,000 men with avilable contingents of 80,000 and 60,000.

The Milton Chronicle says: The snake story we are about to relate is true to the letter, and will be vouched for by persons of the highest respectability. With this prelude we proceed to remark that Fanny Watkins is a colored woman living five miles distant in this county. She was taken sick with fever, and Dr. Calvin G. Lea was called to attend her. He found the case a critical one, and at times it required four persons to hold her in bed. Finally the Doctor succeeded in breaking the fever, but the woman complained of great thirst and pain about the stomach. The negroes jumped to the conclusion that she had been "tricked." On Sunday last Dr. Lea discovered the woman's lips and mouth were very dry, and gave her turpentine, with orders for the dose to be repeated during the day. The woman continued very restless and nauseated, complaining of pain, and shortly after taking the second dose of turpentine she asked to get up, and being taken from the bed she passed a live water mocasin a foot and a half long, and as large as a man's finger. The snake has been shown to us and the husband of the woman has preserved it in alcohol.

THE CAMPAIGN

In the Seventh Congressional District—Robbins Sweeps the Field—Republican Declare their Preference for him over Cook—Discussion at East Bend and Salem.

DISUSSION AT EAST BEND.

Maj. Robbins and Dr. Cook the Congressional candidates for this district addressed the people at East Bend, yesterday, the 2nd inst.

According to turn. Cook spoke first. He has but little power as a speaker, and what he has consists in a great degree, in slang, personal abuse and misrepresentations.

Much of his speech consisted in invectives against those who brought on the late war, and in issues long since dead, and now revived occasionally by *small* politicians only, in order to impose on the ignorant and pander to the corruption of party. He appears to succeed better in misrepresentation than in any thing else. Whether this is more owing to mental obtuseness then to actual intention to misrepresent, is hard to determine. Perhaps, however, the party which he represents may throw some light on the question.

"*Cook's face is against him*, was the frequent remark of the audience.

Maj. Robbins not only sustained his former reputation as one of the first orators in the State, but, to the delight of all his friends, laid bare the corruptions of Radicalism, and bore aloft with a masterly hand, the Conservative banner. I am not speaking for Buncombe, when I say that before the discussion closed, the Radicals were considerably crest-fallen. It was plain that they had gained nothing, and had probably lost much.

If things move in the same way through the campaign, Robbins will, it is believed, be elected by double the majority which he got at the last election.

Several of the Radicals were heard to say that they *must vote for Robbins*. Up with the banner, boys! and keep it flying till the campaign closes, and then at the ballot box rebuke the party that would force upon us the odious and iniquitous *Civil Rights Bill*.

DISCUSSION AT SALEM.

Messrs. Robbins and Cook addressed their fellow-citizens at the court house on Saturday afternoon last, after the close of the Republican convention. The discussion was courteously conducted, although Mr. Robbins had decidedly the advantage, making a very favorable impression on the very large concourse of people present.

Dr. Cook opened with the uusal war harangue, denouncing secession and the war, and attributing all our ills to those who embroiled the country in bloodshed, and charging the responsibility wholly to the Democratic party. His opposition to the Civil Rights Bill was apparently earnest; while he accused Mr. Robbins of virtually supporting the measure when he voted for Horace Greeley, at the same time acknowledging that he had also supported Greeley as well as Robbins two years ago. Of course these two last confessions were forced from him by Mr. Robbins. Singularly enough, Dr. Cook finds himself in the very party which originated the bill, while Maj Robbins and his friends are among its bitterest opponents now, only supporting Mr. Greeley as the least of two evils, two years ago.

The Dr. urged his election on the lame plea that a Republican had more influence with the administration than a Democrat, and hence he could do more in opposition to the Civil Rights Bill than his competitor. He struggled hard to make his points tell to the best advantage, but signally failed.

Major Robbins spoke with that easy grace and forcible eloquence which always attracts attention and carries conviction to his hearers at the very outset.

He denounced in unmeasured terms the iniquitous Civil Rights Bill and contended that if the white people of the South did not speak out at the ballot box this summer against this odious measure, the Northern Republicans would take it for granted that their party organization would not be injured by the bill, and surely pass it at the next session. He was certain but that for the fear of damaging party organization, and the earnest and manly struggles of the small but heroic band of Southern Conservatives, assisted by a few Republicans, the bill would have been taken up from the table and passed. It was only a postponement until after the fall elections. He therefore urged a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether to thwart the machinations of these miserable Northern fanatics. His appeals to his friends, and his vivid description of the probable effects upon the whole social system of the country, were enough to stir the blood of the most callous, and in many cases drew tears to the eyes of the older citizens.

The allusions to the war and his record were truthfully given, and when he alluded to reviving the old hates, engendered by those gloomy days, by his competitor, he earnestly and eloquently asked whether it was not time to bury the hatchet, when at the North and at the South the graves of the Federal as well as Confederate soldiers were decked with flowers by the fair daughters of the land without respect to the position they occupied?—Whether it was just in Dr. Cook to prate about the war at this late day, when every one else was trying to heal up all difficulties, and the general cry of "Let us have peace," resounded all over the land.

The playful, yet sarcastic allusions to his opponent's political course, caused cheer after cheer to raise from the people, and every Conservative face wore the sparkling garb of genuine mirth.

Maj. Robbins reviewed the iniquitous expenditures of the United States government, stating that in a few years the expenses of our government had been tripled, and if it continued in the same proportion, would in a few years be unable to pay for the ordinary expenses without extra taxation.

Buchanan's administration, all told, expended $72,000,000 in time of peace, and was called extravagant, while Grant's administration has expended three times as much, after deducting the interest on bonds, &c.

Of course the XX was poked at the Major, but the calm and dignified answers to all the charges gave general satisfaction.

Dr. Cook was particularly prompous about his war record, and accused Major Robbins of being down in Alabama, and the disciple of Wm. L. Yancey, and others, while he was using his best efforts to sustain the Union in North Carolina.

In his answer, Maj. Robbins proved himself as good a Union man as Cook, and sprung a mine on his competitor, which caused the old court house to shake with the enthusiasm of the people. He read certificates from such men as Messrs. Jarrat and Speer of Yadkin, that Dr. Cook had expressed himself in favor of the hanging of Union men during the war, &c. This was a bombshell in the camp, and caused the good natured Doctor to cavort around considerably, stamping like a "horse in fly time," and declaring that he had no recollection of the circumstances, although he acknowledged he belonged to vigilance committees.

Thus ended one of the most telling and interesting discussions we have heard for many a day, and we are glad to be able to assure our friends throughout the district that Major. Robbins is making hosts of new friends everywhere.—*Press.*

THE BIG TREES.

"Pleasure Seeker's" impressions of the Monsters of the Forest—Marks of Vandalism.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT OF THE BULLETIN.]

MAMMOTH GROVE HOTEL.
CALAVERAS CO., JUNE 3. 1874.
MURPHY'S.

Murphy's is one of those old mining settlements that have been going from bad to worse for years. In 1850 it is said to have contained two thousand inhabitants, while now about three or four hundred would probably include all. Just as we enter the place we pass near the school-house, a neat, white building, with a fine grove of young pines in front. There are, I believe, some hundred or so scholars. The burnt district was the former business portion. There are several fine-looking little brick stores, and if so many of them were not vacant, they would give quite a business place. The largest building is Sperry and Perry's two-story brick hotel. There is no other edifice of the kind in Murphy's, and the accomodations are very good.

TO THE BIG TREES.

Murphy's has always been the starting point for this grove of trees, being about sixteen miles from here. The stage leaves that place about 7, arriving here at 11; and returning, it leaves the grove at 2, and reaches Sperry's Hotel at 5. For one who is pressed for time, this arrangement is very convenient, as it allows time for one to enjoy a leisurely walk among the trees and get dinner, which is by no means unwelcome, and take the return stage in the afternoon.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

The first three miles of the distance is up Murphy's Ravine, where, as we pass along, we have as a companion a rushing stream of water, first on one side of the road and then on the other. This stream supplies water for mining around Murphy's, and as we get nearer the trees we see where the water is conveyed a long distance in flumes and ditches. This natural ditch has saved great expense, and is much better than any that could be made. After leaving the ravine we travel over rolling ridges, and for some distance the ditch spoken of above runs by the road-side. At some points we are enabled to obtain extended views of the surrounding mountains, while, at one place, as we look away over the adjacent peaks, we see stretching away in the distance the central valleys of California, while blue against the bluer sky stands the long ridge of the Coast Range. Riding along, the moon illumines up the landscape with its peculiar light, giving an effect that one must see to appreciate. As we glance into the deep glades and among the clustering trees, long shadows creep along, and the wind singing among the tree-tops, together with the occasional bark of some shake-splitter's dog, which resounds from one mountain side to another, gives the ride a strange weirdness, and the fancy might call up strange shapes to people the deep recesess of the mountains as we trot ahead.

THE TWO SENTINELS.

Just as we reached the grove and were a short distance from the hotel, the road led us between the Two Sentinels. One stands on either hand, and as we gaze aloft we see their tops meet. So gradual is the inclination to each other, and their height so great that, if we only look at the foot of the trees, they seem perfectly erect.

"The giant trees, in silent majesty,
like pillars, stand 'neath Heaven's mighty dome.'

MORNING IN THE FOREST.

If there is any place where it is a virtue to rise early it is here. As we go out upon the hotel porch we have facing us a broad belt of timber, with a few of the giants of the forest standing boldly out, inviting us to penetrate the deeper recesses and behold the still larger trees. Not only are the *sequoia* found here, but numerous cedars, sugar, and pitch pines of enormous size—trees that anywhere else would be regarded as extraordinary, but which are dwarfed by the side of their larger brethren.

A WALK AMONG THE TREES.

As it is not breakfast time we determine to take a stroll into the grove. About a hundred yards from the hotel we come to the first trees. These, from the hotel, look little larger than the surrounding pines, but when we look up into their branches and walk around their trunks, we can fully appreciate their gigantic proportions. The first trees we meet are "U. S. Grant," "W. T. Sherman," and "J. B. McPherson." As we pass between this trio we see to the right three more trees of similar proportions.

Just beyond, on the right-hand side of the path, we come to "The Pride of the Forest," which is about eighteen feet in diameter, and three hundred high. This is one of the finest trees in the grove, and impresses us more than any we have yet seen. Near the "Pride of the Forest" stands "Phil. Sheridan," and a little further on lies "The Miner's Cabin." This tree was blown down by a terrific gale in November, 1860. It is twenty-one and a half feet in diameter, and three hundred and nineteen feet long. Seventy yards east of the "Miners' Cabin." we come to "The Three Graces," which stand side by side. These trees together measure ninety-two feet in circumference, and are all nearly two hundred and ninety-five feet high. A short distance further and we meet with several trees bearing the names of "Andrew Jackson," Florence Nightingale," "Bay State," "William Cullen Byrant," and "William H. Seward." One of the noticeable trees of the grove has a large part of its centre burnt out, and as we look up through the opening which has been burned in the tree, at quite a distance from the ground, we can well understand how correctly it has been named "The Pioneer's Cabin," a short walk brings us to "California" and "Broderick." two beautifully shaped monsters, which stand on either side of the pathway. Just in front of us, and showing to as good advantage as any tree in the grove, stands "Abraham Lincoln." We are passing numerous trees, all bearing names many of which have been recorded in the annals of history. But we are reaching the end of our excursion and are but a short distance from the grandest tree in the entire grove. "The Mother of the Forest." In 1854, a man named Gale stripped this tree of its bark for a distance of one hundred and sixteen feet. The only excuse for this act of vandalism. which soon caused the death of the largest tree in the grove, was that *Mr. G. wished to exhibit the bark in the East.* Now, with naked out-stretching branches, and with portions of the scaffolding used still sticking in her trunk the "Mother" stands mutely appealing to Heaven to avenge her, and to protect her children which cluster around to hide her from the gaze of strangers. The tree is slowly decaying and before long may fall. The "Mother" now measures sixty-one in circumference, six feet from the ground, while before the bark was removed it measured ninety. Leaving the "Mother" we pass under several large trees and come to "The Father of the Forest." How long this tree has lain where we now see it we cannot tell. It measures at the base one hundred and 12 feet in circumference, and the estimated height (the top being done) is 450 feet. It is through this tree that we can walk or ride on horseback. At one end there is now quite a little lake formed by melted snow. As we trudge along we see all around us giants, but space will not permit giving their names much less descriptions of them. A little distance from the "Father" lies "Hercules." This tree was the largest standing until 1862, when. in a storm, it was blown down, and falling across the little creek the top struck against the rising ground and was dashed into fragments. It is 325 feet long and 97 feet in circumference. We still pass on and the path carries us among other giants, each one bewildering in height and size. But our space forbids even a notice of them.

As we near the hotel we diverge a little and reach the "Chip of the Old Block." near the "Sentinels." By this is the dance-house erected on the stump of the tree of which this block, 25 feet in diameter and 20 long, is a chip. The story of how this tree was cut down that some men might make money by the outrage is too painfully familiar to need repeating.

PLEASURE-SEEKER.

Professor Holden, of the National Observatory, on the Oomet.

What will be the nearest approach of M. Cogg a's comet to the sun?

Its perihelion distance will be just inside the orbit of Venice, and occurs today, the 8th, It is in the cicinage of 62,000,000 of miles, and this too, is also in the time of its great brightness, extending perhaps to the 14th. It will arrive at Perigee (nearest the earth) July 20th, at a distance of 26,000,000 of miles.

Do the laws of gravitation determine the pathway of the comet?

Entirely so.

In a comet under absolute control like the planets?

It is probable that the earth will be enveloped in the tail of this comet?

There is not the slightest probability of it.

What would be the effect of such an accident?

The only effect would be the production of a meteoric shower.

How is the tail formed?

The motion of this comet is many millions of miles per day. As it moves through space particles of matter are thrown off from its head, and these constitute the luminous train called the tail. The head of this comet is probably solid. That of many others is mostly gas. The tail is always gaseous.

Would a meteoric display occur if its matters were not solid?

Yes; either way, whether it is solid or gaseous.

What would be the effect upon the earth if the solid head of the comet should strike it?

It would be bad for the comet. It would be scattered in meteoric stones.

Has the earth ever been struck by a comet?

Probably not. Biela's comet may have been the cause of the shooting stars spoken of in Professors Parkhurst's letter to the *Tribune*, but it is not certain. Most likely Professor Pogson did not see Biela near Theta Centauri.

What are the elements of this comet?

You may rely upon it that they do not agree with any of which we have record, Probably it has never been seen by human eye before, and will hardly be again; but from it, with the aids of advanced science, we shall gain more specific knowledge of comets than the world has ever had.—*Washington Republican 9th.*

MISS FISHER'S LAST NOVEL.—"A Daughter of Bohemia" is the title of the latest novel of Christian Reid, a writer some of whose previous books we have already had occasion to notice.

One or two of these showed, as we mentioned at the same time, greater merit in certain particulars than was born out by the novel as a whole; in "A Daughter of Bohemia," however, there is a great improvement. *The story is well told*—indeed this is a point in which the novel shows decided merit: The characters are something like real life: The plot is kept up from the beginning to the end of the book. * * * The novel will be gratefully received by the summer idlers, who will do well to read it.—*The Nation*

Huntsville, Farmington, Grapes and Things.

EDITORS WATCHMAN:—That region of country at and arround Huntsville, Yadkin county, is one of rare beauty and boundless fertility. Indeed there is no section of the valley of the Yadkin anywhere that surpasses it in all the elements of essentialness, picturesqueness, and healthfulness. And what is said of the fertility of the Yadkin county lands may also be said of those of Farmington, in Davie county, four miles south of Huntsville. Almost every product known to this continent grows well in those sections, and it is gratifying to know that the grape culture is receiving marked attention.

MR. G. W. JOHNSON,

of Farmington, Davie county, was one of the first, if not the very first, who commenced the experiment of grape culture in all that section of country. He now has a vineyard of 2½ acres the greater part of which is in luxuriant bearing condition, and had not the frost of the 30th April last, somewhat damaged the vines, his crop of wine this year would have measured 1,500 gallons. Twenty varieties of grapes have been cultivated by Mr. Johnson. The following are considered, by him, not only the best, but the most reliable bearers:—The Concord, which is universally admitted to be the best for all latitudes; is a good table and wine grape, is sweeter and better in this than in higher latitudes, the Clinton, the Hartford Prolific and the Lenoir. Mr. Johnson has several hundred gallons of wine now on hand, made in 1871-'72 and 1873 of pure juice of the grape. His Hartford Prolific, Concord and Clinton wines are prime. No one need fear any adulteration in his wines.

COST OF VINEYARDS PER ACRE.

Concord grape-vines should be set about eight feet apart in the row, and the rows about six feet apart, or about a thousand vines to the acre. Some plant but seven hundred and fifty to the acre.

It requires about five hundred posts to the acre. The posts should be cedar. These should not cost more than five cents a piece, or $25 to the acre. Galvanized wire for trellises about $40 per acre. The vines cost from $15 to $25 a thousand. When two years old the vines will yield from two to two and a half pounds of grapes. The fourth year, from five to ten pounds to the vine if properly cultivated and managed.

This ought at once to become a grape growing and wine producing instead of a whiskey making country, and he who can induce the people thereof to become sensible of this fact and act accordingly, will be justly counted the greatest benefactor of this age. This growing necessity seems to have taken hold of the minds of the people in almost every State, and hence the efforts here and there to ascertain the best varieties for high and low latitudes. Close observation induces us to mention the following as among the best varieties for the Southern States: Ives's seedling is a large, fine, black grape, ripens nearly two weeks sooner than the Concord. a good table and wine grape, yields, according to the best experiments, nearly twice as much brandy as the Concord. It is a good bearer.

Catawba—Although this is a native of our own Piedmont valley and an excellent grape, yet it does not grow to that perfection with us that it does in higher latitudes. Doubtless it would attain perfection on the north and west sides of the Blue Ridge range.

Tennessee—This is a light amber colored, not as large as the Concord, nor quite as good, but is firm, beautiful, and will, it is said, bear shipping to Europe. It is a popular grape in Mississippi.

Diana—Is a pale red, small compact clusters, sweet, and an excellent table grape.

Warren—Large clusters, much smaller bearer than the Concord, pleasant acid, a superior wine and table grape, ripens the latter part of July.

Hartford Prolific—Black, smaller than the Concord, sweet, a good table grape.

Rogers grapes—Several kinds of Rogers grapes, No. 14, 15, 16, and 19 are cultivated in Tennessee and Mississippi. Most of them are large, black, excellent grapes.

The Concord, Lenoir and Clinton are the most reliable bearers, and they are all a good table as well as wine grape.

These may be considered the best varieties. Experience, however, can only determine the very best varieties for the different localities and soils.

It usually takes about thirteen pounds of grapes to a gallon of wine. The largest yield of Concord grapes should produce over seven hundred gallons of wine to the acre, ten pounds of grapes to the vine and a thousand vines.

CULTIVATION.

The expense of cultivating a vineyard is small. The pruning,—which I think ought to be done in January,—tying up the vines, trimming out on excess of young clusters, keeping the ground clear of water and grass, can be accomplished without hard labor, and without pressure as to time. With wire trellises, and posts seasoned and the bottoms dipped in hot coal tar, hardly any repair will be needed for twenty years.

AREA OF GRAPE LANDS LIMITLESS.

All North Carolina could be converted into a grape Vineyard, and for that matter, all of North America. Experiments in the cultivation of the Concord, Scuppernong, and some other varieties on the pine lands of this State, have been successful. The Concord and many other varieties, as above mentioned, have also been successfully cultivated out side the pine lands, and we have every reason to believe that grapes and wines will in time become highly important productions in the State, and their value reckoned in millions instead of thousands of dollars. An ample supply of home made wines would check the ravages of the whiskey plague, and the abundance of grapes would be of great advantage to the health of the people, as well as a cheap luxury for the multitudes in city and country. The cultivation of the Scuppernong is wholly unsuccessful outside the long leaf pine regions.

The fact may not be generally known, though it is the fact that, the first grapes received in Portland, Maine, last year, were grown in Warren county, and the price paid by the consumer in that market was 60 cents per lb.

Although it is refreshing to meet with live men, as we did on a recent visit to Huntsville and Farmington, men who are full of heart, and hope, and energy, as well as ideas, what may we ask, can such men as N. L. Williams, Joseph A. Bitting, Joseph Williams, W. W. Long, Isaac Jarret, Calvin Conrad, Pleasant Hunt and Tyre Glen do with their large bodies of rich fertile lands without a market for their surplus products? We have no market. We grow bountiful crops of every thing. We waste quite enough every year to educate our children. Every thing in the way of agriculture is stagnant, and every body appears agreed in the opinion that this stagnation must continue until some new and adequate outlet is found, either by building a railroad to connect us with Danville, Va., and Statesville N. C., or by rail or river navigation to Salsbury.—But, they enquire, what can we do so long as the present enormous State debt stands, it is feared, as a perpetual incubus over our heads with no credit either at home or abroad?

These are the universal complaints that issue from every tongue, not only of the farmers of Yadkin, but those of Davie county as well. It would be unjust to say of these people that they have sunk hopelessly beneath the weight of the discouraging circumstances that now surround them. They are not that sort of people. They look upon the valley of the Yadkin and the regions inhabited all along it as having been given by the hand of Nature to agricultural and manufacturing pursuits, and very justly believe that there must be some way to utilize its capacity to produce whatever is useful in commerce or essential to the support and happiness of mankind.

It is impossible to make the people of the Yadkin valley believe that the richness thereof must forever be locked up and lost. They are therefore wide awake in the hope (though just a little forlorn at present) to extricate themselves from their embarrassed and stagnant condition by building a rail road from Danville to Statesville in the course of the next few years by and with the aid of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The entire route from Danville via Huntsville to Hunting Creek near Statesville is one of surpassing loveliness. It is a beautiful ridge way. But two bridges would be required in all that distance. But Salisbury is the natural outlet for all that region of country, and it is hoped that the merchants and tradespeople hereabouts will inaugurate some plan by which the trade of the upper country may be secured to them.

And now let me say to these people that the most urgent needs of North Carolina today, after some wise provision by the next Legislature for the more general and better education of our children, and a permanent settlement of her public indebtedness, are large accessions to her effective working populations. Thousands of sturdy, hard-working, honest farmers—they are always honest—and railroads. Let us have people and railroads. With that deference that becomes me, I would say the inauguration of a practical plan for inducing immigration, foreign and domestic, seems to me, should enlist the best interests of the incoming legislature upon its organization. To inspire confidence, and give efficiency to the good work, what would be better than the constitution of a commission of three of the most skillful, intelligent and practical gentlemen, one of them to be the State geologist, with ample means and power, properly guarded by law, to accomplish the ends proposed? One of these commissioners should reside in Europe, one in New York, and a third in Raleigh. The latter, of course, should be the State geologist—gentlemen best qualified by actual experience to afford the most ample data touching the resources of the State, and its inducements for immigrants. Herein we should be only practicing upon the policy adopted by nearly all the North Western States, who though their lands already teem with the people of all nations, do not, for a day, intermit exertions to keep up and direct the human tide which is setting westward from Europe to their respective States.

The people should demand prompt, energetic, and liberal action on the part of their representatives in the next Legislature upon this most important question. Especially should our western members look at the benefits that would flow from the consummation of such legislation as would induce immigration and emigration amongst us. The West, in climate, in soil, in minerals, in water power, in beautiful Scenery and healthfulness, surpasses the East, and yet the east is having quite an influx of immigration especially in Warren and Granville counties, along the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. The great peach orchards, covering several thousand acres, and the vineyards, covering several hundred, are beginning to bring in considerable revenue. Those counties contain the first healthy uplands which the immigrant by way of Norfolk or Petersburg meets with, and it is natural enough that my friend Col. Little, of Raleigh, and Dr. Hawkins, the wise and energetic President of the railroad travelling those counties should be among the first to turn that current of immigration to profit among their fellows. I hope they will be just a little liberal and send to the valley of the Yadkin an occasional Canadian, Englishman, or any good immigrant from any other clime. But immigrants can be induced to come into the State by way of the Richmond and Danville road, and it is important that the interprising people of the western counties should begin the good work at once.

And here, I will suggest, another important question for the consideration of our wise men in connection with the immigrant people who have already come, and may hereafter come, and settle amongst us. Every immigrant who makes a purchase of land, and settles upon it, should be allowed to vote after a twelve months' residence. Under the old constitution they would, but the carpet-baggers sought to insist a clause in the new constitution excluding aliens from the polls until they should become naturalized under the United States laws — in other words for five years. In this day of universal suffrage, without regard to educational or property qualification, it is unwise and unjust, to exclude educated and property holding foreigners. Indeed, this class, as also those emigrating from the States, should be allowed to vote at the next regular election after occupying their lands. For instance, Mr. George Achenback, late of New Jersy, a sturdy farmer and excellent man, purchased a valuable plantation within two miles of this city last January, for which he paid over $5000, and in addition to this, he recently married one of our most pious and accomplished young ladies. Who will say Mr. Achenback should not vote on the 6th day of August, next? Will the people consider this matter in the light of reason?

Respectfully,
H. H. HELPER.