



PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRAWEEKLY BY EDGAR SNOWDEN. SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18, 1877.

The rape of the Presidency, the hypocritical civil service reform, the financial system that robs the poor to increase the coffers of the rich, the tariff that prevents the exportation of the surplus production of the country and the consequent inability of the capitalist to pay living wages to his employees, and the disastrous Indian war—all the dire result of radical rule—having made it apparent to the shrewdest observer of current events that radicalism has of right forfeited its control of the popular feeling of the country, and that as Ohio afforded the first opportunity for that outraged feeling to manifest its displeasure, the bolt would first descend there, the administration took counsel together, and as the last available means to avert a calamity that would presage the entire abolition of its whole party, resolved to send Mr. Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, to that State, with a tale that might possibly have the effect at least of postponing the fatal day. He has fulfilled his mission and yesterday, at Mansfield, told his hearers, and had telegraphed from one extremity of the country to the other, that the Southern policy of President Hayes, which has tranquillized the whole country, but divided the radical party, was not the result of the good sense and patriotism of the President, but was a succedaneum of Gen. Grant's administration, the adoption of which could not possibly have been avoided. It was contrary to his, the Secretary's, ideas and opinions, but any other was impossible, and so it had to be accepted. He then attempted to rob the democratic party of the credit to which it is entitled for curtailing the expenses of the government, by attributing that curtailment to the action of the administration of which he is a member; glossed over the numerous dark spots in the civil service reform, and made a demagogical bid for the support of the workmen's party. In the estimation of thinking men the speech will but lower the man who made it and the party to sustain whose drooping fortunes it was made. If it succeeds in the object for which it was delivered Ohioans are more glibly than they are supposed to be.

After all the talk about the famous Southern policy of the President—and which, as far as we can see, consists solely in his having withdrawn the soldiers from the State Houses of Louisiana and South Carolina—it seems, from Secretary Sherman's speech, that Mr. Hayes did not originate it, it is in no way responsible for it, and consequently deserves no credit for its beneficial results. It was left him as an heirloom by Gen. Grant, and circumstances were such that he could not reject it. The reputation he has gained by it, therefore, is as undeserved as is that of Gen. Sheridan for being a good Indian fighter.

Census statistics show that the negro race in this country since the civil war has been and is steadily decreasing. How can it be otherwise when, in one week, six negro babies that were murdered, are found in the ditches or on the commons of one city, as has been the case in Washington this week. It is a disgrace to a civilized country, but nevertheless true, that one hundred dead infants of the African race have been found in the sewers gullies and sinks of the National capital during the last six months.

The charges against Mr. Russell, Collector of the Richmond District, were made upon the sworn statement of Mr. Rush Burgess, that Russell, when a subordinate, was cognizant of his superior's (Burgess) malfeasance, and did not report it; but when Mr. Burgess was questioned by the examiner, the other day, he said his statement was not true, and that he had made it while laboring under great mental excitement. Previous to the examination Mr. Russell had given Mr. Burgess' son a place in his office.

The Georgia Constitutional Convention has decided to give the Legislature power to regulate freights and fares on railroads. It has also repudiated the indebtedness of the State, and proscribed whipping as a means of punishment. It is well that the appropriation to defray the expenses of this convention has been expended, for if the Solons composing it continue in session much longer they will doubtless establish the price of corn and increase the size of the bushel measure.

The Richmond State recommends that the nomination of a candidate for the position on the State conservative ticket, rendered vacant by the death of the late Raleigh T. Daniel, be made by the State Conservative Committee, and that that committee select as the nominee Major J. W. Daniel. The recommendations are both excellent, and we hope they may be adopted.

It is said that Judge Reilly, of Virginia, is authority for the statement that an administration ticket is to be placed in the field in this State next fall. Who is Judge Reilly?

The President's Northern Trip. WINDSOR, Vt., Aug. 18.—Secretary and Mrs. Everts, in their family barouche, and Hon. E. H. Staughton, with Messrs. Devens and Key, of the President's Cabinet, left Windsor for Claremont about 10 o'clock this morning, where they are to meet the President and party, who left Brattleboro' on a special train to convey them to Windsor on the summer residence of Mr. Everts, where a reception will be tendered this President this evening. A number of distinguished gentlemen have been invited by Secretary Everts to dine with the President this evening.

The Eastern War. A correspondent at Bucharest says every detail of preparation shows that the Russians have made up their minds for a long war, and are preparing great depots of firewood. The Romanian Government is also taking tenders for a supply of great quantities of clothing and stores. The same correspondent, commenting on the summoning of the Russian Guard to the seat of war, says the Guard was long retained near St. Petersburg on account of probable action on the part of England. Its removal, therefore, is reassuring, as it gives emphasis to the promise that English interests will not be threatened.

A Sistoia dispatch says: "A rain of less than twelve hours' duration has rendered the roads at this place over which the Russian supplies are transported a sea of mud, with gaping holes of unknown depth at frequent intervals. This forcibly illustrates the impossibility of the Russian campaign in Turkey after the rainy season has begun. It will be very difficult even to maintain their armies between the Balkans and the Danube when the summer weather breaks up. All other accounts concur with the above."

The question of Serbia taking part in the war has been discussed in the Serbian Cabinet. Ministers Milorokovitch and Grovitch did not approve of such an undertaking, but M. Grovitch appears to have yielded to the influence of M. Ristic.

A Belgrade dispatch says it has been announced that all the Ministers have tendered their resignation. Prince Milan has accepted only those of M. Strubach, President of the Council, and M. Milorokovitch. M. Ristic has been appointed President of the Council. The telegram gives no reason for the change, but it is possibly significant with regard to Serbian foreign relations, although there were also known differences in the Cabinet on internal questions. Immediately after being appointed President of the Council Minister Ristic informed foreign representatives that no change in the policy of neutrality was intended, the army would not be mobilized at present, and the calling out of militia was merely intended to protect the frontier.

It is reported that Prince Hassan, in the Dobruja, is marching rapidly with his Egyptian troops, with the object of cutting off the communications of the Russians with Bessarabia. Simultaneously it is learned that eight Turkish steamers have received orders to disembark a force north of the Danube mouth, with the same object.

A correspondent with the Montenegrin army telegraphs from Aluga, August 15, as follows: "Our outposts report that a Turkish army, consisting of twelve battalions of regulars and several thousand irregulars, have begun a movement on Drobnjak. The Montenegrin force, which is utterly inadequate to oppose them, will fall back for the protection of the inhabitants until reinforcements arrive. The Turks are probably acting for the relief of Nikos." Seven thousand four hundred Turkish prisoners altogether have passed through Romanina.

Prince Tcherkasski has removed the seat of Government of Bulgaria from Tirnova to Sistoia.

France. President MacMahon says he does not seek the triumph of any particular party, but of those principles which are the foundation of society, which is in serious jeopardy.

M. Gambetta some days ago made a great political speech at Lille, in which he expressed great confidence as to the result of the election, and spoke with his usual bitterness against the Bonapartists, whom he stigmatized as the party of invasion. He said the charge of latent Radicalism which was brought forward as an excuse for dissolving the Chamber was an ambiguity and a falsehood.

Relative to the assertion of reactionary papers that President MacMahon will not be obliged to submit to the will of the nation as expressed by the coming elections, M. Gambetta said: "It is in vain that such things are said, or rather allowed to be said, in the hope that they will cheer the failing hearts of the Government's auxiliaries, when the sole authority, to which all must bend, is pronounced. Do not think that any one is strong enough to oppose it. Do not think that when the million of elections of the free soil of France have made their choice that there will be one, whatever be his degree, that could resist. Believe me that when France has pronounced her sovereign will there must either be submission or resignation."

THOMAS JEFFERSON ON ELECTORAL VOTES. Miss Sarah Nicholas Randolph, of Virginia, a daughter of the late Col. P. J. Randolph, and a great granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, sends to the New York World the following facsimile copy of a most interesting historical document prepared by Mr. Jefferson in 1800, pending his election to the Presidency:—

Whereas, in an election of President or Vice President of the United States, questions may arise:—

Whether an elector has been appointed in such manner as the Legislature of his State may have directed?

Whether the time at which he was chosen and the day on which he gave his vote were those determined by Congress?

Whether he was or not at the time a Senator or Representative of the United States, or held an office of trust or profit under the United States?

Whether one, at least, of the persons he has voted for is inhabitant of a State other than his own?

Whether the electors voted by ballot and have signed, certified and transmitted to the President of the Senate a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each?

Whether the persons voted for are natural born citizens, or were citizens of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, were 35 years old and had been 14 years resident within the United States?

And, the Constitution of the United States having directed that the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and that the votes shall then be counted; from which it is most reasonably inferred that they are to be counted by the members composing the said houses and brought there for that office, no other being assigned them, and inferred the more reasonably, as thereby the constitutional weight of each State in the election of these high officers is exactly preserved in the tribunal which is to judge of its validity, the number of Senators and Representatives from each State composing the said tribunal being exactly that of the electors of the same State:—

Be it therefore enacted—[here insert the former clause:]—

That the certificate of the Executive of any State shall be conclusive evidence that the requisite number of votes has been given for each elector named by him as such—[here add all other limitations or the preceding questions which may be thought proper, stating what the two houses shall not decide.]

And be it further enacted that whenever the vote of one or more of the electors of any State shall for any cause whatsoever be adjudged invalid, it shall be lawful for the Senators and Representatives of the said State, either in the presence of the two houses or separately and withdrawn from them, to decide by their own votes to which of the persons voted for by any of the electors of their State [or to what person] the invalid vote or votes shall be given, for which purpose they shall be allowed the term of one hour and no longer, during which no other certificate shall be opened or proceeded on.

From Washington. [SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE GAZETTE.] WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—The situation here now is that of merely drifting. Whatever policy may shape themselves in the future out of the elements now here, none of them are operating now. No man can foresee the coming administration of our Indian or foreign affairs, or guess the stand which the Administration intends to take on the labor-finance question. A few weeks more, however, development of the position of the Administration on these questions, and then parties will take the initiative of movements whose development will be the work of statesmanship for the next decade.

One of the daily papers this afternoon published a "murder hoax," which sold the paper and other things beside.

"NOW LET THE BAND PLAY." To-day the President's House is entirely deserted, and there was no quieter spot in Washington this morning than its grounds, but already they are commencing to fill with a noisy crowd, the first waves of the tide that will surge in later this afternoon to listen to the open air concert of the Marine band, which is expected to be an unusually excellent one.

WASHINGTON, August 17.—About six weeks ago President Hayes thought it best to remove all carpet baggers from office in the South and at once called together the wise men of the republican party in the matter. A few days after this desire was promulgated there was a gathering of "true and loyal Southern republicans" at the National Capital with headquarters during the day at the White House. When the State of North Carolina was called up for her State a prominent gentleman stepped to the front and said, Mr. President, I, in the name of the free people of my State demand that the official head of every carpet bagger be cut off and a clean slate made. The first to come under the cruel guillotine was Collector Powers of the Second district who was at once removed and the ex negro Congressman, Hyman, of that district selected as the most suitable and otherwise available man by this wise body of office counselors. Hayes thought that he had done a "big thing" for the poor colored man by giving him such a responsible and lucrative office. When the news was flashed over the wires that Hyman had been appointed and Powers the white man removed it caused a wave of dissatisfaction among the better class of white republicans who at once took measures to defeat the work of the gang of office seekers who had been manipulating affairs with Hayes' ex-Congressman. W. A. Smith prominent both as a politician and railroad man in North Carolina started at once for Washington. He sought an interview with the President, who received him in his usual pleasant manner. Smith said Mr. President I have been called to ask an office for myself or friends, but simply to call your attention to a great and sad mistake you have made in appointing a negro over a white man as collector of the Second district. When the republican party was largely in power in the State your predecessor dared not do such a thing, and now that the State is twenty thousand democratic majority and this district the only republican one in the State it will at once draw the color line and bring about serious results between the two races. If this is your Southern conciliatory policy to remove competent and acceptable white men to all parties, and put in a worthless negro who has neither morals, character or influence then your policy and administration is a failure and I must as a decent native white republican of the old North State bid you farewell. Give the negro his rights and liberty, but never make him feel that he is better than the Anglo-Saxon race. I contend said Smith that the people who pay the taxes and support the Government should have a voice in its patronage of the office which they shall be. After the close of the interview Senator Sherman was sent for and Smith's views laid before him. The Senator and President Hayes both came to the conclusion that Hayes had acted hastily and the commission of Hyman was revoked. He now asks a small clerkship, but even in this he has failed. Hayes said to a friend that Smith was correct; he saw his mistake after it was too late.

Anxiety with regard to the war in the East is increasing, especially as the final struggle is very soon expected by soldiers who are best informed; at least before the waters of the Danube overflow their banks in Rumania and Bulgaria, at which time the Russian army must have conquered Adrianople and have retreated to Bucharest in Rumania, or still further to the rear, thus ending the first year of the campaign. History shows us that any army resting on the pestilential banks of the Danube for any length of time must fall a prey to its deadly influences, from the fact that Russian armies have been carried back by the influences of disease and the power of the Ottoman Empire. In 1853 the British Lord Strauchan was killed by disease in the Donauksch without firing a shot or seeing the enemy. Immediately after the Turks had defeated the Russians in the same year in Silesia, Lord Cardigan advanced with his famous light cavalry in order to support the Turks, but suffered fearfully from the swampy morasses, yet a remnant was saved numbering six hundred, who were immortalized for their noble deeds in the gallant charge at Balaklava in the Crimea. There is little doubt but that the Russians will leave a hundred thousand corpses or more on the banks of the Danube by disease alone, and that the remainder of their army are either sick or demoralized from the climate and recent continuous defeats, and therefore cannot recuperate sufficiently, however they may be reinforced at this late season of the year. Indeed we may not be surprised to hear of a crushing victory for the Turks at Ternoova should the contemplated movements of the concentration of the troops by the Turkish generals be consummated.

DWELLING HOUSE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. During the storm of Tuesday night the dwelling of Mrs. Frances Terrell, in the upper part of Essex county, was struck by lightning. The appearance of the house renders it probable that the lightning first struck the top of the chimney, from which several bricks were displaced, and then passing off to the roof ran down the studding through the attic and the two stories below. In the sliding it split, and the boys were lying with his head on a feather bolster not more than a foot, or two feet at farthest, from the post, but was not stunned. Gwyn, the boy nearest the post was not injured, though a pair of pants on the same bed was torn and partially burnt, and a ladies fan.—The-water Index.

Professor Watson, of the University of Michigan, announces he has discovered on the night of the 8th of August, in the constellation Capricorn, a planet hitherto unknown. He says that it "shines like a star of the tenth magnitude, and is moving west and north."

The Lee Memorial Ball at the White Sulphur Springs. [Correspondence of the Alexandria Gazette.] The ball last season for the Lee memorial fund was so great an attraction at the "Old White" that additional preparations had been made for this occasion, and the assurance of the presence of the best of the Southern society, who have so long frequented this immemorial resort of fashion, brought, not only the youth and beauty of Richmond and other cities South, but many people from the North and West. The railway line by the Chesapeake and Ohio road makes a pleasant and quick route both from West and East, and let me remark that the smooth and velvety movement of the cars over the rails indicates a fine equipment and management; I find the route by Gordonsville the shortest and most pleasant one from any point North.

On the eve of the grand ball the hotel register showed the largest number of guests known here since the war, and the number of distinguished names, particularly of the ex-Confederate generals, showed the high social standing of the brilliant assemblage. The delicious, invigorating air of the Alleghanies gives a zest to all pleasure in this enchanted valley, and when the "muse of the many twinkling feet" disports herself to the fascinating strains of Strauss, on a floor like ice, and in the midst of a hazy of elegant, beautiful women, who can equal the keen delight we feel, certainly nothing we enjoy in the ball room in a city mansion, under the gas chandeliers, though there may be more champagne and a finer menu.

At 12:22 o'clock the leader of the German blows a preliminary blast on his whistle, which is the signal for the couples to take their places. At the second shrill alarm the orchestra begins Strauss' exquisite waltz "The Wings of Night," and away they go in the slow, graceful turns, making a lively picture like the dances which Mophisto invokes to intoxicate the soul of Faust. There are two hundred and twenty couples in the circle and as many as forty on the floor at a time. The leader is Mr. Geo. Laue Stern, the well known Adjutant of the old First Virginia Regiment, four companies of which are encamped here with the Norfolk City Guards and the Matthews Guards of Washington, Va. Mr. Stern is a good German leader, calm and polite, with the solemn and funeral air which is indispensable to that functionary.

The dowagers and a crowd of distinguished gentlemen, among whom are Gov. Hampton, Gen. Steven D. Lee, Gov. Matthews, ex-Gov. Walker, Senator Herford and a hundred or so more filled the second row of seats and seemed to enjoy the bright scene almost as much as the actors in it. Mrs. Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina; Mrs. Col. McClure, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Gov. Walker and Mrs. Lyons are among the married ladies. Among the young ladies the Misses Marshall and Miss Ford, of Kentucky, are beautiful specimens of the beauty of a State noted for its handsome women. Miss Hofer, of Cincinnati, and Miss Miller, of New Orleans, are conspicuous for their beautiful and tasteful toilets, amidst a levy of rarely beautiful young ladies, who all shine in nature's bounty as well as their own tasteful adornment.

N. B.—This certificate is somewhat sweeping, but the sentimental Mr. Toppman was not more susceptible to beauty than your correspondent, who would deem Byron's fanny couplet the very best to express the thing, but I may say, fancy. You recollect will find all about the "Malonna-like beauty" and read my descriptions of the toilets in almost any paper they pick up; for me, not being a man, but only a man who is sometimes wretched in the feminine technology a "horrid wretch." I only know when the colors of a lady's dress harmonize, when nature's system is not marred by the damnable baste, or scarcely less ugly pin-bale, and, above all, when the mannerisms of a snobbish, would-be fashion, do not spoil natural grace, which latter is not always "style," though it is always beauty in the eyes of all autocrats, who, like me, are modest enough only to claim to know everything.

Where was I? Oh, to be sure, the next thing should have been the soldiers; and why any man who has seen real war, and whose blood has thrilled to hear the rattle of charge while standing at a safe distance from the melee and contemplating the slaughter of others, should be a volunteer is a circumstance which only the late Gen. Bryant could manfully answer; but certain it is that three hundred heroes in short jackets" and a three inch tail" went into camp here last week. The spectacle of the dress parade on the lawn is extremely picturesque and attractive, and the review and battalion drill yesterday was witnessed by at least fifteen hundred delighted spectators. As somebody says somewhere, "Two things a soldier must have, his bottle and his sweetheart," to which I respectfully add that at least four of each was the smallest ration I ever went on when I fought, and died for my country some fifteen years ago, "console" Planno, i. e. when Davis was President. The Peyton's, who are always polite, kind and accommodating, were most willing to afford both these necessary articles, but stern discipline declared that no soldier by should cross the sacred threshold of the bar, so the bar was closed to the S. B. But has not the poet sung, "Love laughs at locks and bars?" And is not the surreptitious cocktail more dear to the gullet of man than all the gallous that hospitality could offer. Why, certainly, and as for me, were it that regiment I would in after years bless that same whiskey blockade as one of the dearest purveyors of forbidden poison.

Some of the guests are off to-day, but it is just a sufficient thing to make it comfortable; a large crowd seem disposed to remain till late in September, and this season at the old White will certainly be remembered as the most most brilliant on the record. RANGER.

The Fairfax Delegate. To the editor of the Alexandria Gazette: FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, August 17.—The coming session of the Legislature will be an important one. Among other subjects the apportionment of representation is to be made, the election of judges, and possibly the reorganization of the circuits to be effected. The consideration of the revision of the criminal code, which was commenced at the last session, will again be had, and above all the solution of the problem of the public debt must occupy its attention.

Well did the recent convention recommend to the people in the several counties the election of their best and most experienced men to the next General Assembly. In the first of these questions the people of Fairfax have a deep and lively interest, for it may possibly to some extent involve the integrity of the conservative party of the county, and in view of the importance of this and other questions it is eminently proper that she should select one of her best citizens. From what I have seen and heard I do not think any one of the gentlemen proposed for nomination is wholly acceptable to the people, and I beg leave to suggest for their consideration as our next representative the name of Thomas Moore, C. He is a gentleman of very fair intellectual ability, one thoroughly cognizant of the wishes and interests of the people, eminently distinguished for his business qualities, and his arduous and zeal in the promotion of all measures calculated to advance the prosperity of the county is attested by all. As County Superintendent of the conservative party his administration has been characterized by an energy and an untiring zeal in behalf of the cause, which must have commended itself to the people, and I have no doubt, should we demand his services in the Legislature his course would be marked by the same fidelity and industry that he is now distinguishedly for. A CITIZEN.

The Great Dismal Swamp. [Correspondence of the Alexandria Gazette.] SUFFOLK, Aug. 16, 1877. Each person's idea of pleasure is different, of course. There is an old French proverb which pithily says: "Chacun son gout," which I will translate for fear some suspicious person might think I was cursing in a foreign language; it means every one to her taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. Take a dozen men and give them a summer vacation, and there will be exactly a dozen schemes to pass the holiday pleasantly. Most men prefer ease and comfort to keen and intense enjoyment. Most women are Bohemians at heart, and understand how to appreciate life far more than the coarser sex does. It has been an oft commented on fact, that during shipwrecks the women stood the hardships and fatigue better by far than their male companions. Some people like one thing and some another. Old Mr. Weller sagely observes, "But as for me I'll choose a quiet house and plenty of wittles." To those who think with the parent of the irremissible Sam, they ought never to travel, a rough night, a hot sun, a chilling rain, or coarse, scanty meal would make them miserable, and set them grumbling for the creature comforts they could not do without. Such men ought never to rough it, and they should have fat wives to preside over their bed and board; then they will be sure of a long and comfortable life.

Leaving Suffolk by the canal I started for Lake Drummond with a guide named "Bob," who was the biggest eater, and the largest roamer I had ever met. I always got the true state of the case by believing just the opposite of what he said. The canal for the first three miles is not over ten feet wide, and looks more like a ditch than any thing else, its surface being covered with a green slime, through which Bob laboriously paddled his canoe. Along this point the locomotion and surroundings are tedious and wearisome. A few miles further on we overtook a long boat going after shingles, and we hitched our canoe behind. These fighters carry shingles to the railroad, and are propelled by men walking on the bank and pushing an ear, one end of which is fastened to the boat. The footpath is but one single log laid down, the but of one touching the end of another. These logs are not fastened, but loose in the water, and though the boatman has the oar of the lighter to steady himself, he stumbles every moment and steps knee deep in water. The canal is in miserable condition, and the life of the lighters and shingle makers is one of great exposure, as well as hardship.

Within three miles of the lake the scene is the most exquisitely beautiful I ever beheld, neither grand nor stirring, but simply natural, beautiful; not the loveliness that stirs the senses, but that which touches the heart. The canal loses all semblance of its title, and paddles have to be used. Reeds, flowers and the holly tree live each bank, and nearly meet across, while away up in the air the branches of the majestic hemlock, the steady pine, the cypress, white pine, cypress and funeral cypress trail in graceful festoons, most overhead, forming a grand avenue, so densely shaded that hardly a fugitive sun's ray can steal through. As the boat glides in the still water the avenue stretches straight as an arrow, and loses itself in a dim, undefined aisle. The water of the canal looks as black as ink, though it is really the color of Madeira wine; its great peculiarity is its faithful reflection of objects. Every tree, bush, flower and shrub, even the spider web that spans the chasm, and the gaudy butterfly, is mirrored with a marvellous distinctness, and the tint, the color and delicate shades of hue are reproduced with such absolute fidelity that the effect upon a person is startling. By looking in the water as you pass along you feel at length that you are really floating in the air. There is a very depressing feeling in travelling through the swamp. Its absolute stillness, with not a sound to break the monotony, makes a person sad in spite of himself, and you echo the words of Solikr: "Oh, Solikr, where are your charms, that sagas have seen on thy face?"

At last you reach Lake Drummond, and it opens to your gaze like the raising of the curtain of a theatre or the tableau. If God has ever made a fairer sheet of water, it is yet hid away from gaze and mortal eye. It sits in the very centre of the great swamp, pure, undefiled and fresh; its waters, whether at rest in a placid repose, or stirred by the winds, always wear a rich, ruby hue that gleams like gold in the sunshine. Hid away in the midst of an inaccessible swamp this lonely lake seems to dream away its life, and one can almost believe that it was conceived by Jove himself and made for the chaste Diana to bathe in, away from all the haunts of man. It is a novel, weird and strange scene, the stretch of water looming all around, for Lake Drummond is seven miles long by five wide, oval in shape, and it looks larger than it really is, its glass gleaming on the waters set off the dark bank ground; no long slender cloud of smoke darkens the horizon, showing where the swift steamer pursues its way; not even a puny or tiny skiff can be seen; only the calm still lake, radiant in its solitary beauty. Hid away, as it is, and hearing on its bottom no argosies of commerce, the lake, as contrasted with the Dismal Swamp, is as jewel in a toad's head, an oasis in the desert, a precious diadem in a miser's chest. There is a tradition that before the colonial times an Indian warrior dared to love the daughter of his Chief, who, like many white fathers, raised the mischief because the young man could not show up more wealth than a pair of strong arms, and a brave heart. No ponies, no blankets, and no nothing. The warrior having won the maiden's heart, gained her listening ear, and persuaded her to run off to a lake which he had found in the swamp, and live and die together. Both left, and futile was the pursuit, and they were given over as dead, until many years after they were seen together to cross the lake in a canoe. Tradition further tells us that the Great Spirit was so pleased with the rare devotion and love displayed that he allows them to return to earth occasionally as a great mark of his favor, and to linger in the scene of their happiness. I beheld Lake Drummond at twilight and watched the night closing in, the shadows on the water deepen, and the lofty waters that girded it around grow denser and darker. Then the stars in the sky stole out one by one, each reproduced by the reflecting lake. The creeds came out from the woods in myriads and made the waters luminous. There was light everywhere, the darkness was dissolved by the million fiffal flashes of the insect's miniature lanterns, and the air, the lake, the very water itself seemed ablaze. In this illusory glare imagination with its potent power made phantoms actual realities. Here passing a huge log submerged with its skeleton branches standing upright in the air you could swear it was a graceful ship swinging lazily at anchor. Then as the great horrid owl's hoarse discordant hoot floated across the lake, mellowed in the distance, it sounded for all the world like the voice of the sailor giving orders or the cry of the boatswain piping to quarters.

At last as I turned to go I saw, or thought I saw, as clearly as I ever beheld anything in my life, a white canoe pass in my front, and as the memory of the tradition came to my mind I tried to follow the spectral boat across the star lit and fire lit lake. It was gone, and again and yet again it came, and in the eventuate beams it was lost.

The legend isn't true it ought to be. Moore has rendered it immortal by his genius, and as I watched and waited, half hoping, half fearing that I might see what mortal eyes had never beheld, I ought myself crooning over the couplet so perfectly in keeping with the scene: "What from the Indian hunter's camp, The maid and her lover so true, Are seen at the hour of the midnight drape, To cross the lake by their fire fly lamp, And paddle their white canoe."

In the olden times the "Great Dismal" was never entered. It was to the people a land of the lost, from the Plutonian shadow of which none entered none ever returned. Dark tales were told of this horrible swamp, and the boldest sportsman who skirted the edge in pursuit of game. One day a keen, eager huntsman, followed a deer he had wounded so far in the recesses of the swamp that he lost his clue and wandered in the labyrinth for three days, and at last after giving up hope, faint, hungry, weary and despairing, he stumbled on the lake, which lay before him radiantly lovely in the sunlight. Emboldened and buoyed up by the continued his wanderings and got out and reported the news of the wonderful lake hid away in the morass, and the place was called after him, being one of the instances where a discoverer was ever known to leave his name and render it famous.

There is but one house near Lake Drummond and that is inhabited by two separate families. It stands a few hundred yards from the lake, and is built upon ground artificially constructed. The people of the house are of that kind known as "low downers," and are about the hardest set I ever yet stumbled against. The "Mansion de Doree" was shanty like the Irishman's "with three rooms in one—parlor, bedroom and hall." Into this all crowded and slept, and there were more pigs, cats and babies in one habitation than I ever saw before. The presence of the elements, the cats more aggressive, and the babies the dirtiest and loudest of all. Fortunately I brought a hammock and camp stool outside, and laying in I watched the domestic concerns of this happy family, who had had all their lives in the swamp.

There were two women, one boy, sixteen children of all colors and sizes, thirteen sucking pigs, four cats, three tabbies and a tom two liters of kittens, five dispirited-looking ducks, three hens, a melancholy looking rooster, and a dog of the most atrocious disposition. Between the fowl, the fish and the family there was perfect equality; they all mixed together and seemed to enjoy each other's society amazingly. My guide, bringing our provisions from the boat, got there to see an apparition, as it were, set under a shed. There were only two tables, and one fork on the whole table. Our dinner was a signal for an incident best not told. The largest children watched the table with sticks—not to keep away the flies but to beat the rest of the brats away. The dinner was a seafeasting—the saw grunted, the cat scratched, babies yelled, cats fought, spit and claws were united in one infernal uproar that resounded through the swamp and made the forest tremble. A bear from his lair.

When supper was over the great crowd of advanced the Great Southern Bear and sat high in the sky, still pointing true to the pole star. The varied noise of the swamp was audible—the hoarse croaking of the frog, who seemed to have a gubernatorial convention of their own, judging from the uproarious nature of the bodily motions. "Sloooow, baby, sloooow" the whip-whop-will, and the other imaginable sounds born of night, were in perfect contrast to the supreme quiet of the swamp in the daytime. The mosquitoes were in uncounted millions, they came armies on armies, waves on waves, clouds upon clouds, and drove the most delicate bloodthirsty voracity upon every living thing. It was useless to brush them off—like the light cavalry of the Mamelukes at Abouka, they were repulsed at one point, they would form and charge again. At last the weary and the cry went up to "hold the fort." Instead of a hammock, with my face covered with a handkerchief, I laid as secure from their persistent bills as a new bankrupt debtor is from the impatient creditor's "sloooow, baby, sloooow" that knits up the raveled sleeve of care, made all sounds silent. I was aroused by my guide: "Can't stand this," he said. "What do you mean?" I asked, rubbing my eyes. "I would as lief be in hell as stay in this swamp," he said; "the animals, the heat, the dirt and the mosquitoes are awful. I am bitten to pieces."

"Why don't you row into the middle of Lake Drummond and sleep in the canoe?" "Because the heat and dirt and mosquitoes would be going to be a storm, and I don't want to drown; however, in near day, and I will wait about until morning."

The hours passed on and the sun came out, and with it the inmates of the cabin. I watched narrowly to see if any of them would make the morning ablutions. "Sloooow, baby, sloooow" step from the door; but water was superfluous with them. I determined that something should have a bath and be clean, so I pitched two pieces and a cat in the canal, and the way they paddled out showed it to be their first experience with water.

There's a good that always comes out of New York, and even this dirt-encrusted people, densely ignorant and lazy, yet had two diverse virtues—hospitality and honesty—which are, after all, the highest of the virtues. "Sloooow, baby, sloooow" the Dismal Swamp. After I left one of the women paddled half a mile beyond the lake to return me a pair of shoes which I had forgotten.

Leaving Lake Drummond just as the sun rose above the lake trees that rimmed the water, I turned for a last glance. The waters lay now still, calm and peaceful as they will rest forever. The rising sunbeams tinged the waters until they glowed like opal and opaz—a real gem as it were in a jet setting. It was an exquisitely touched picture, and I was almost to have seen it; but after seeing I was glad, oh so glad to get away.

Your correspondent takes this occasion to thank Mr. J. L. Manning, of Acotick, Inspector of River and Harbor Improvements, for his courtesy and assistance. CHAS. WOOD.

Tragedy. NEW YORK, August 18.—A terrible tragedy occurred early this morning. Thomas Harding, forty-five years of age, shot his housekeeper, Mrs. Wood, who is twenty-six years old, at his residence in 109th street. Harding is a married man, but has not lived with his wife for sometime and he had employed Agnes Wood to keep house for him. No person was present when the occurrence took place, but it is supposed they quarreled about something and that Harding drew a pistol and shot Mrs. Wood, the ball entering under the left shoulder. He then placed the muzzle of the pistol to his forehead and fired twice. When the police came on the scene a surgeon was sent for, and the housekeeper's wounds were dressed. Harding died about 8 o'clock from the effects of the shooting. The coroner will investigate the case and obtain a statement from Mrs. Wood when she is sufficiently recovered from the shock. It is not known at present whether the housekeeper's wounds will prove fatal.

Army Reunion. FREMONT, Ohio, Aug. 18.—The Executive Committee of the Soldiers' National Reunion, Ohio, September 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th. The cannon, ammunition, arms, tents and food provided for the reunion are being distributed by acts of Congress and of the Ohio Legislature, are already on the ground. A number of distinguished generals, among whom are Gen. Cockerell and Joe Johnston and Gen. Sheridan and Crooke are to be there, and it is expected the President will also attend. The Governor of the State and his staff will be present, and Gov. Young will formally open the camp on the first day. All soldiers of both armies are invited, and no partisan political speeches will be tolerated. Every State will be represented by ex-soldiers of the Union and Confederate armies.

A. C. Branham, a postmaster in Lancaster county, Virginia, was arrested and committed to jail in Baltimore yesterday for stealing a letter, containing \$10 addressed to John Kelly.

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