



PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY BY EDGAR SNOWDEN.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 10.

Alexandria's Centennial.

Alexandria celebrated last night the one hundredth anniversary of the formation of the municipal government. One hundred years have passed away since the first Council met, and with them have gone into the past, joys that can never return, no matter how longingly wished for, and times of trouble and sorrow that no one desires to see again.

The procession formed on Washington street, right resting on Cameron, and moved about 7:30 o'clock, proceeding along the following route: Down Cameron to Fairfax, Fairfax to King, King to Alfred, Alfred to Union, Union to Fairfax, Fairfax to DeLo, DeLo to Washington, Washington to King, King to Saratoga Hall. When the procession passed the corner of King and Royal streets it presented a splendid body of light. Amidst fire works, the firing of crackers, and the waving of flags, and tricolors and lanterns on either side of the street, it proceeded on its way, presenting a scene that has been equaled, but never excelled.

St. John's Academy Cadet Battalion, six-tenths members, under command of Major W. B. Dent, Captains W. G. Pomeroy and L. W. Wenzel, Lieutenants J. E. DeLo, G. D. Carpenter, W. K. Lambert, and A. S. J. Paro, Adjutant W. R. Sprague, and Ordery Sergeant Chas. E. Morgan and E. H. Schneider came next. This corps, in the estimation of all, presented a splendid appearance, and its efficient Major received his full meed of praise.

The first in order of march, was the old Friendship, C. O. Chickster, Marshal, First Commandant Jas. Clark, 24 Norman Jenkins, and Orlando Ford, organized in 1771, six years older than the day they were celebrating, and nearly the only band remaining to remind us of the days of our fathers. This company numbered 30 strong, drawing the old suction, and hose carriage, which, although now cast aside as things of the past, are looked upon still by the members that have stuck by the company in her days of humiliation, with pride and veneration.

The Hydration Steam Fire Company, "Old Reliable," with the motto: "We strive to save," organized in 1827, next passed, fifty strong, with H. J. Navett, foreman, Benjamin Barton, President; R. L. Carro and Thomas Landon, Vice-Presidents; John Landon, Secretary. Every member, in new uniform, carried a torch. The hose carriage, drawn by horses driven by John Clappner, was hand somely decorated. But the engine, Joseph Young, engineer; W. R. Crockett, fireman, and J. Frank Taylor, driver, was what attracted most attention. It was drawn by horses and decorated with white, red and blue lights; its brasses were burnished to the highest degree. It was in full operation, puffing and blowing, and whistling, ready for service, the first time such a thing has been done in a parade since the fall of Richmond.

Here virtue and intelligence abound. And here amid the masses still are found As gallant spirits as of yore upon The noble floors of our Washington! For either be in olden days would come, The guest of many an Alexandria home. His chosen lodge, the sacred church where he In veneration bowed the suppliant knee, Are in our midst as landmarks to desire The immortal name that was not born to die. But since that period many a bright has come To change the aspect of the city's beam; Then on our turbid waters from day to day We heard the rambolling of the loaded dray, Bearing its precious burden to the shore, Where mid the music of the stevedeer, By nimble hands in stately ships 'twas stored, And then, with hatches down and all aboard, Out in the stream, with flags and pennons gay, They dropped, then sped as their distant way.

Freighted with the best products that prevail In R-kingdom and Shennandoah's vale— In those splendid, sturdy six horse teams have yielded to the locomotive's strains. Now will we ever in the years to come Hear Murray's file or Peter Logan's drum, Or see Nick Bland's hindmost in the train. These like we never shall look upon again. These, with a thousand pictures we recall, Which mutually hang in memory's sacred hall, Awaken feelings in their brief review, Like Oasias's ome, pleasing yet mournful too. Thus far we come yet not one single link Devoted to the sex more like devine; And thus adapted them to our present use, Some lines, we had the pleasure once to send, In a familiar letter to a friend. For where in this world, seek the universe through, Where'er there's a mission of mercy to do, Or where the sad heart needs the tenderest care, To save from the fall of a gulf of despair, As such exhibitions of pure love be found As those which in woman's kind nature abound? O woman! the pride and glory of earth, What mortal would venture to measure thy worth?

As well may we turn to the sands of the sea, In order to tell what their numbers may be; Or starting afloat through the limitless air, Attempt to unravel the mysteries there— As with our restricted resources, to save, This town, intrusted by heaven to man, And thus to fashion you laugh in your sleep, And though not inordinately scarce, can perceive How one who so long has been struggling through life.

Without the encouraging smiles of a wife, Can I such exalted opinions, while he Still wears his lone Bark o'er ocean's sea? Will bless you, the truth is I loved all so well That it were a difficult matter to tell Which one of a very large number I'd choose Preferred they did not my other self. Dear home of my youth, with what thrilling emotion, My heart o'er responds at the sound of thy name; And yielding to none for an ardent devotion To aught that redounds to thy honor and fame; My hopes and prosperity ever attend thee, And long omnia ages thy virtues record; With love to adorn and stout hearts to defend thee, A lasting renown be thy glorious reward.

William E. Carre, esq., the orator, was next introduced, and delivered an appropriate speech, which was listened to throughout with profound attention and elicited frequent applause. Mr. Carre said: I esteem it high honor to speak of my native town between two of its centuries in the presence of its chief officers, its council, so many of my fellow townsmen, and these fair ladies, whose presence here tonight reminds us that through times change and centuries pass Alexandria will always be Beulah.

He then noted that it was quite one hundred years ago to-day since Robert Townsend Howe, David Arel, and their associates, met at the room in the northeast corner of the market square, and began the present municipal government. The town was then over thirty years old, and civilization had been extended over this region over a hundred years, and he would sketch this, his story, briefly, and that would conclude his task; confident that because he meant well they would not esteem his work ill, that they would not expect from him the flighty, but the earnest of the eagle, nor even the woolly, but the melodious notes—such as they have just heard from the poet—but would be content that he should sit on their low ledge like a town sparrow and twitter of love.

Some mental alchemy—at once translate The scenes and actors of those olden days, The men and manners and their means and ways; And place them here where every eye could see The forms and features of their assembly! What untold surprises would we trace, At this remembrance of our common race! The modern with the old, and who will say— With all our vantage progress and display; That probity and virtue stand as high As with our fathers in the days gone by! With force of steam and 'mid the lightning's play, Are we not seeking for some easier way— Some smoother paths than which our fathers trod; To deal with human kind and honor God! Are there not men of science and renown, With mightiest effort, striving to pull down The noble fabric reared for man, Embodying the one and only plan, Fully restored to its lost purity. But better things bespeak we for our town, Which, while sustaining well the great renown Of former days for noble charities, Is unsurpassed in its amenities.

prized of the men who laid the foundation of the town. The progress of the new town was next pictured, as a city rising amid fields of tobacco; with colonial restrictions which fettered commerce; and almost prohibited manufactures. The colonists in Alexandria, like Anglo Saxons everywhere, had a profound respect for law. They submitted to these restrictions because they were accustomed to them, and as they were pressed by French power, and in constant dread of the Indians, who still lingered near, they expected British aid, and thought these profits, which England made by a monopoly of their trade, was a high price to pay for such assistance—but it was at least a price paid for something. But when Braddock came, and the British troops instead of protecting the colonists had been compelled to rely on the Colonial troops to protect them, the feeling changed—Braddock had come and gone—the town folks and country people having relied upon themselves for defense against the Indians and French, felt able, in a just cause, to meet the world in arms inviolable on their own soil to any force the enemy could send against them. Hence these restrictions on navigation and manufactures annoyed them. They felt that for a nation to be free it would be sufficient that she would lift 11 y bore the load because they were accustomed to it, but one straw to which they were not used would break the camel's back.

That straw came in the stamp act and we may look with just pride at Alexandria's part in that day. The stamp act was to be put in operation on the 1st of November, 1765. Alexandria was then represented in the House of Burgesses by George Johnston, Esq., one of the town's greatest patriots, and at his home on the corner of Prince and Lee streets he prepared resolutions for nullifying that act of Parliament. It is the tradition of his family that the habitual gravity of his demeanor seemed after the news of the stamp act reached Alexandria, to grow yet more intense, and that after a long examination of the English law, he wrote the resolution, which Patrick Henry, shortly afterwards, introduced into the House of Burgesses. It is said that on completing the resolution he showed the paper to his wife, saying:—"This paper may cost me my life, yet it is the truth and whether or not any one sustains me I will not turn back." He went with Washington, who was also a delegate, to Williamsburg in May. Mr. Wirt narrates, and he is universally followed, that Henry drew his resolution upon the blank leaf of a volume of Coke upon Littleton. There can be no doubt whatever that Johnston came from Alexandria to the House determined to offer such resolutions and thoroughly prepared with copious argument and authorities to support them.

Certain it is that when Henry's vehement voice was raised on that memorable occasion, and "Treason! Treason!" resounded amid the excited crowd, Johnston took his stand alongside Patrick Henry. When Henry stepped to the front, Johnston stood beside him, when Henry spoke the stirring words, whose echoes are yet unquiet, Johnston chimed calmly, in as bold a clear, intoned in spirit, one in tone, not as brilliant, but more practical, as when— "After the toasts's alarm— Disturb the clock strikes."

This was Alexandria's share on that momentous day. George Johnston died the year following. Had he lived he would have been one of the leading statesmen of the Revolution. He was succeeded by John Mason, Mr. President of the Common Council, by George Washington. There was for awhile a lull in town—a lull in the British Empire. But a few ending years, and again the omnipotent of Parliament was asserted—the tea was overboard, the part of Boston closed, and the gale which swept from the northward brought the "clash of rattling arms."

Amid this tumult of anxiety, a calm Sabbath dawned on Alexandria. The hot July sky was fair overhead, and the grass was green in Christ Church yard. The sermon was just over, and men loitered to listen to what Colonel Washington would say. He was known to be an ardent patriot, but it was known, too, that he was opposed to the revolution of Colonel Broadwater, who was in favor of resistance, and he was inclined to support his friend, Bryan Fairfax, who espoused submission. He loitered awhile, and looked as he loitered to a party of gentlemen upon the green. He was chairman of the committee appointed at the last June court to draft a platform on which Fairfax and Alexandria should stand. "What does he say?" asks a bystander. "He is for resistance! That means FIGHT." And then, there on Christ Church green, A NATION WAS CONCEIVED.

As the market drew the iron, another tempo in Christ Church yard leaps the barrier of a hundred years, and thousands that I speak of it, is another Sabbath morn, the same sky is overhead; the fields are fresh with the flowers of May; the grass is still green. A grave, revered commander, who has shed his sword that he may have time to think, time to consider, time to pray, comes out of the hallowed edifice. A party of gentlemen approach him; they press upon him the pen of the time; they draw upon him that when all other swords are drawn by must lose, or else, like imprisoned lightning, it would melt its way through. Then, on the same Christ Church green Robert E. Lee gave his tacit acceptance of the command, which he afterwards put into words before the General Assembly of the Commonwealth, "Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword." And there, on Christ Church green, where Washington pronounced for resistance to British arms, Robert Lee accepted the command of the army of the Commonwealth.

Some Kings with the field of the cloth of gold, and this field of grass that waves above our dead beside Christ Church shall give us noble lessons, stirring the hearts as the field of Marathon—full of freedom as the plain of Runnymede. It is hallowed ground. Not because Washington in victory founded a nation—but because two in defeat left—only a grave, but because two for their people, each here, saw duty demand personal sacrifice, and threw themselves into the fire that burned on the altar of their country. (Applause.) Not clear does the ivy cling to the walls of that venerated pile than hangs around it the memories of Washington and Lee. (Applause.) It is the heart of the town. Its lesson is the lesson of the century. After noticing that the territory of the town was mainly servicable to the continental cause in the Revolution as an hospital town, Mr. C. said that before the Revolution closed the necessary principles demanded new political organizations, and that after Saratoga and before Yorktown, while Clinton was beating at the gates of Charleston, the present municipal government was organized. On the 9th of March, 1780, the new government went into operation, with Robert Townsend Howe as Mayor, David Arel as Recorder, John Fitzzard, James Hendricks, William Busby, Robert McCrae, Alderman; Wm. Hunter, John Harper, Josiah Watson, Peter Wirt, Adam Lynn, and Robert Conway, Common Council. The town then stood upon a hill, so that after leaving Saratoga Hall, after passing Royal street going toward the river, would have ascended instead of descending as now, and when they reached the corner of King and Lee streets they would have stood at the edge of the hill, with the river just in front of them, a cover, curving away on the south to Point Lumley (Pioneer Mills) and on the north to Point West (Fishstone). At those points many ships rode protected by the Alexandria gallees. It was a commercial town, that

was founded and in selecting its emblem the new Council placed upon its seal the good ship ALEXANDRIA with every sail set, and every penny lying setting out to cruise for fortune. "Do depicted the scenes of the early municipal government, how it "basked out" the river from the cove and made Union street, how the hills were cut down, the streets graded, the pavement, pumps and lamps begun; how Alexandria commerce was first started, how Alexandria French war, and then ruined at the capture of the town in 1814. He showed that that successor entailed no disgrace, as the United States officers had blown up Fort Washington, and all the men between 18 and 45 had been put into the militia en masse and marched forty miles away. He narrated the building of the old Town building and clock, and returned public thanks to the donor of the new one, mentioned that the present town debt was begun in 1819 but that it had now been placed on a firm basis and read the new which a note from the Auditor requested him to announce, that the new landing of the town debt at 3 per cent, had just been concluded. This was received with much applause and called out Mr. H. Strauss, who made his acknowledgments in a handsome manner.

Continuing, Mr. Carre noted the great first opening of the canal and River section which the speaker said was ably led by Francis L. Smith, Robt. Brockett and Chas. T. Stuart, the son of the first, our Mayor, vigilant and active, the son of the second, our capable Auditor, and the grandson of the third, our late City Judge. The coming of railroads, the increase of population, and then, the war and its results were chronicled. In summing up the history of the hundred years—Mr. C. at first addressed the freedom, realizing the names of John A. Rank, J. Carson Green, Geo. Plan, David Appich, Robert J. Taylor, Wm. Ford, and James Keene, who died at the first of 1862, in path of public duty. He then said to the citizen soldiers that a record which began with Stewart's troop went into Braddock's fight with 29 men and left 25 dead on the field of battle when Thomas Langdon, ancestor of the present editors of the Gazette fell; on every field of dear bought honor, from Quebec to Chancellors the soldiers of Alexandria had never faltered. If words were tears he would speak of our day on the field of battle in later days. No essential of the town would be complete that did not reverently mention the names of Chas. Burgess, Wm. J. Helder, Wm. H. Boyer, Obert Ballenger, Frank Balhoner, Wm. Lovelace, Will H. Lutz, Pat. Landon, John L. Mills, John S. Murray, Wm. Trotter, W. L. Morrill, Aod. Skidmore, Geo. Washfield, Wash. T. Harper, Jack Sager, Sam Lee, James P. Crook, Rody Whitington, John Molloy, A. Saunders, Joe Calum, Benj. Emerson, W. T. Paddock, Joe Penn, A. Woods, Wm. Dacan, Pat. Doyle, Dan Dikony, Jas. Hangan, Pat. Harrington, Jas. Keating, Jas. E. Grimes, Jenah Baldwin, Tom. Fitzgib, Robt. Beckman.

He concluded: "And what shall I say of the future? Who shall lift us from our low estate? I turn mine eyes to the mountains and I see two giants coming. When we look ahead through a long period of time we must enlarge our vision. These hills, Mr. Egle, Shuter's Hill, Federal Hill, Arlington, Georgetown Heights and the Highlands abate of Washington, and the Maryland heights down to Oxon Hill looked us up with Georgetown, Washington and the neighboring communities. Doing no further political concession with them than we now have, it is certain too, that our future is linked with theirs. I look in vain if I do not see that the cultivation of literature and the fine arts are mounting the hills to the west and north of us, that will leave us to work in the valley below, at the water's edge. The Theological Seminary will invite companionship with Kable and Haber, with Ken and Taylor. The University of Georgetown will have men like Xavier and Montalbert, like De Vies and Carroll. (Columbia University will send out men as scholarships as Henry Martyn and encourage scholars like as Welling, Howard University, an institution without a past, may give to mathematics another Banker and a physicist that excels Dumas. The new Corcoran School of design will train fine artists, and an academy of music, yet unborn, make an American music that can sing the songs of Walt Whitman; but we shall be afar off in the valley below, at the water's edge. Literature will not be for us; but we will not wait for it. I see the giants coming—coal and iron. We shall make new schools. Our academies shall be schools of applied science. Work that will keep the arms strong and feed the busy brain with thoughts that will leap out into inventions like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. This is our hope, and when another century shall have passed, and my bones and yours are lying in your grave yards, the water of Alexandria's next Centennial in 1980 shall tell that while the good ship ALEXANDRIA, that with all sails set, started in 1780, was in 1880, a cheery, unafraid, bold and plucky by waters, all hope of commerce gone, her eye did not dim, but went ashore and set the land afire with their furnace fires, plucked property from the sea and from the mountains, and say take the ship from the sea and let it be her emblem no more. (Columbia University gone, but their place in the high domain that was first lit at the water's edge in 1880—one hundred years ago—and plant beside that little bloom of pines that— "Plucke from the pavement's crevices As a flower 'ere of the soil, The noblest of labor, The long pedigrees of toil."

THE BANQUET. The public meeting over there assembled in the parlors of Mr. George Steuerraggle's Exchange, where a banquet took place, a large number of guests. The rooms were decorated with flags, and the tables set by Mr. Steuerraggle could not be excelled. There was every thing that could please the fancy and tickle the appetite. Every dish that could be thought of was there, and the tables, arranged in a manner that exhibited the very best taste and judgment, adorned with flowers and pyramids of fruits and nuts from every clime. With it all the manner in which Mr. Steuerraggle managed the affair brought forth the most favorable comments. Whatever was called for was promptly furnished by polite and accommodating waiters. After the feast was over the cloth was removed, and the wine was brought forth, and toast drank. E. E. Dowham, esq., presided, and Major George Duffey acted as toast master. The following toasts were drunk and responded to:

TOASTS "Our city government and its centennial celebration." Responded to by Alderman Thomas V. Kishell in an eloquent speech. "The Finance Committee." Responded to by Alderman Henry Strauss, who said: "In reply to the toast of the city of Alexandria, I do not state that I am glad to be one of you in celebration of the centennial of the city whose municipality was founded this day one hundred years ago. I am glad that being a citizen of this city I should be one so highly honored as to occupy so important a position in regard to the city's finances. I am also happy to participate, having for now in a fair way to prosecute, having for now in a fair way to prosecute, bonds to enable us to pay, without hesitation, that we have compromised our debt honorably and fairly and in justice to both the citizens and our creditors. Too much praise cannot be given to G. D. Hoof, esq., Cashier of the First National Bank, who was instrumental in getting many of the bondholders to compromise. We have also to thank for assistance rendered in this matter Wm. H. Lambert, esq., Cashier of the Citizens National Bank, and E. S. Leach, esq., who rendered material aid. The Finance Committee worked hard to gain what we have now secured, an over-riding blessing to the city, and my best thanks is that it may be so. "The Judiciary." Responded to by Judge C. E. Stuart.

"The Southern Planter and Farmer for March has been received. This journal, now in its fortieth year, has some of the best farmers in the Southern country writing for it. The present number contains a paper from Mr. James, of England, the most eminent agriculturist in the world, reviewing the published opinions of the Planter and Farmer on commercial fertilizers. The Planter and Farmer is published at Richmond, Virginia, at \$2 a year. Mmo. Democrat's Illustrated Portfolio of Fashion for Spring and Summer, and "What to Wear and How to Make it," have been received from Mr. George E. French, No. 15 King St. We have received the February number of the Southern Mechanic, published at Richmond, Va., at 50 cents a year. We are indebted to Mr. Muhlbach for copies of State documents.

FOREIGN NEWS. The Belgian Chamber of Deputies agreed to maintain a legation at the Vatican. Mahomet Jan, with 11,000 men, is between Ghuzni and the first day on the Cabul road. In consequence of the defeat of article 7 of the constitution bill in the French Senate yesterday, M. Ferry has resigned the ministry of public worship. On the Austro-Russian frontier, near Jekow, the Vistula river broke through a dike and flooded thirty villages, some of which were completely destroyed. Thousands of persons are without shelter or food. Many cattle were lost. The Canadian budget was submitted yesterday. It shows that receipts for the past year were \$24,460,000, and revenue \$28,867,262. The government proposes to increase note circulation from \$12,000,000 to \$20,000,000, instead of borrowing. The announcement of the approaching dissolution of Parliament was a surprise, and has caused much excitement in England. Many of the elections for members of the new Parliament, which will meet in May, will be held within a month. The campaign has already begun. Lord Beaconsfield's letter to the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, furnishes the keynote of the Conservative campaign, which is opposition to Home Rulers and the maintenance of English influence in foreign affairs. The Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain met last night to concert measures for placing obstructive and Land League candidates in opposition to moderate Home Rulers.

COURT OF APPEALS, YESTERDAY.—LAWYERS. Law. Appeal allowed and supersedeas awarded to a decree of the Circuit Court of Franklin county, pronounced on the 15th of April, 1878. Commonwealth vs. Johnson and Als. Argued by Col. Charles Marshall and Judge Robert Old for the appellants and M. B. Seawall for the Commonwealth and continued until to day.

No Trouble Apprehended. SAN FRANCISCO, March 10.—Mayor Kallach has issued a proclamation, in which he says no trouble whatever is apprehended from the working or any other classes in this city.