Alexandria Gazette and Virginia Advertiser

PUBLISHED DAILY & TRI-WEEKLY BY
EDGAR SNOWDEN.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV'R. 25, 1880.

In the depreciation of values that has taken place in this section of country since the war that of no one thing is more noticeable than the fall in the price of the white or canvas back duck. These ducks are now, as they were then, considered great delicacies, but whereas they formerly sold for five dollars a pair they can now be bought for a dollar and a half, and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that like all other wild fowl they are less numerous now than they were then.

The State republican committee, through their chairman, General Wickham, has issued an address to the republicans of Virginia, in which they criticise in severe terms the attempt made by some members of the party in the recent campaign to fuse with the Mahonites, and warns them against the danger of a repetition of such attempts in the future. It is more than probable that in the next political contest in Virginia there will be but two parties in the field.

Among the thanksgiving and praise offered by the republicans in the North to day we hope they did not fail to include a prayer for the happiness of the South, to whose conservatism and patriotism in refusing to lend assistance to those who would have forcibly resisted the inauguration of Mr. Hayes, and who wanted to contest the election of Mr. Garfield, the country is indebted for that peace and quietness so necessary to its prosperity and welfare, and for which all have great cause for thanksgiving.

Postmaster General Maynard recommends the establishment of postal savings banks, and also of a postal telegraph system. Both recommendations are timely and excellent, and Congress could not do better than adopt them. Savings banks now exist only in cities and towns. By the plan recommended they would be established at every country postoffice, and the amount of money saved thereby be immense. The postal telegraph would benefit every citizen of the country; and both the systems would produce a handsome revenue to the government.

The one republican presidential elector defeated in Indiana offsets the defeat of the democratic one—Judge Terry—in California. The republican majority in New York was less than seven thousand, their plurality a few votes more than twenty-one thousand. If Hancock had received a few thousand more votes than he did in New York city, and which he would have gotten had it not been for the religious proscription of Mr. Grace, the democratic candidate for mayor of that city, he instead of Mr. Garfield would now be receiving the congratulations of his friends. Though it is more than probable that even then the republicans would not have given up the control of the country without an attempt to retain possession of it by either fraud or force.

VIRGINIA NEWS.

Richard Summerson, a wealthy citizen of Staunton, died Saturday of paralysis.

On Monday last Norfolk, exported, foreign and coastwise, 27,652 bales of cotton, valued at $1,317,296.

Ex Governor Smith, of Warrenton, had a fall on the street a few days ago, but was not seriously hurt.

At Danville, yesterday, Alcek Thompson, a would be train wrecker, was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

Mr. Madison Riddleberger, father of Capt. H. H. Riddleberger, died at his home in Edinburg, Shenandoah county, on Tuesday morning, in the 72d year of his age.

On Saturday last Mr. S. B. Bispham, of Warrenton, while lifting a grindstone into a wagon lost his hold and the stone fell cutting off one of his fingers and painfully mashing two others.

The Shenandoah Valley railroad is running a passenger train from Waynesboro to Milnes iron works. It is now able to run trains the whole length of the road with the exception of a distance of twenty five miles between Bentonville and Milnes iron works, and it is expected that the entire road will be opened in January.

The Bride of Death.

SALEM, VA., November 24.—A most extraordinary occurrence—the marriage of a condemned felon on the eve of his execution—took place in the county jail this evening. Marcus D. L. Hawley, under sentence of death for the murder of Zachariah Hayes, in June, 1879, was formally united in marriage to Nannie Hawkins, in his prison cell, at 4 p. m.

There were present Sheriff W. W. Brand, Jailer H. A. Webber, Colonels G. W. Hansbrough and R. H. Logan, and J. Allen Watts, Esq., late counsel for the prisoner, and a few other spectators, including a sister of the bride.

The bride wore a plain walking dress, cloak, and hat; while Hawley was neatly shaven and attired in a plain new suit which had just been procured for him to be executed in. Thus the habiliments of death were converted into the attire of a bridegroom.

The couple claim to have been betrothed for ten or twelve years, and have two children. They were both calm and self possessed, neither betrayed any excitement or emotion during the performance of the ceremony.

The minister having pronounced them man and wife, Hawley, who had made a profession of faith, was baptised and received into the church, the ministers present being Rev. L. G. Miller of the Lutheran church, and Rev. R. A. Goodwin, of the Protestant Episcopal church; the latter officiating at both the marriage and baptism. The parting was an affecting scene, the bride separating forever from her doomed husband to return to her desolate mountain home, while he was again manacled and led to his dismal cell to brood over the horrible end which awaits him.

Hawley's crime, for which he will be hanged Friday, as the Governor has refused to interfere, was nothing more nor less than deliberate assassination of Hayes—the result of a feud of long standing, having its origin in a suit for the possession of about fifty acres of land. Hawley shot Hayes from ambush, and was convicted upon circumstantial evidence, along with the statement of an accessory after the fact, and he has since the trial made a pretty full confession.

Woodlawn Agricultural Society.

The November meeting was held on the 20th instant at John Ballenger's, President Gillingham in the chair and N. W. Pierson secretary.

C. Gillingham read a paper on out cows and their value, which he had prepared; also the following on corn cobs, from the Monthly Journal of Agriculture:

"And here we take leave to protest against the temper evinced by a member of the New York Farmer's Club, when this question of the value of the cobs of Indian corn was raised there not long since, whereupon he remarked, with more flippancy than discretion, that the best way to determine their value was to throw at once the grain and the cobs to the hogs for their decision! For one, we feel indebted to the author of the problem for urging it on the attention of those whose province it is to illustrate all such questions. I know a clever man who tells me that 100 lbs. of corn cobs will give as much whiskey as 100 lbs. of potatoes.

"A bushel of cobs weighs 14 lbs., and of course, the 500,000,000 of bushels of corn that will be made this year will be equal to about 35,000 tons of cobs. We now know enough for all purposes; the measure and weight of cobs from an acre of corn that gives a certain quantity of grain. A crop of 100 bushels of shelled corn gives 1,400 lbs. weight of cobs. Supposing, then, the estimate of 500 millions of bushels for 1847 to be correct, and one crop of corn blades alone would be 5 millions of tons weight, which at 50 cents a hundred, or $10 a ton, would amount to $50,000,000. Here, then, we have in a single item of agricultural produce, not even alluded to in our national exhibit of the sources of our wealth, an amount about equal to the whole product of mining and fishing industry in 1840. The annual product of one agricultural industry, by the last census, including the items which, as we have seen, are altogether omitted, was not short of $700,000,000, taking the census to be correct; that of the mining interest, including iron and coal $42,858,761—the farmer contributing more by 16 to 1 than the iron master and the coal monger; and yet we will venture to say that the voice of the latter class is heard 16 times as far and as quickly, and has 16 times as much weight as the farmers with our representatives of the landed interest in Congress! And is it to be wondered at, since not a single society can be persuaded to move or a paper be prevailed on to assert their political rights—as a class. But let us return to the point from which we started, to wit, the necessity there is for a more thorough examination into the value of the *cob* of Indian corn, to ascertain and compare its nutrative and its fertilizing properties. Exactly 28 years ago we published the very interesting paper which follows on the distillation of the meal of Indian corn and cob, as compared with that of the grain alone, and on the advantages of grinding both together as food for horses.

"Ten bushels of the corn and cob ground together were taken, which weighed 357 lbs. and 10 bushels of pure corn meal were taken, which weighed 400 lbs. They were both brewed or mashed on the same day and distilled separately with great care and accuracy. The product of the pure corn was 18 gallons, and the product of the mixture, or corn and cob was 13 gals. of spirit, each of the same degree of proof. Now it is generally argued that the cob constitutes about one half of the bulk of corn; in other words, we give two measures in the ears for one shelled, and the cobs are either used as fuel or thrown away as of no value. If this were true, the product of the mixture then should have been only 9 gallons, which is the half of what the pure corn produced. But 13 were obtained, 4 of which must have been, of course, extracted from the cobs; or if we estimate its nutritive power by the quantity of spirit it is clear that whenever we shell 10 bushels of corn and throw away the cobs, we throw away a portion of food equal to the difference between 9 and 13, or nearly one half. Besides the actual economy, there is another advantage in this way of feeding corn which ought to engage the attention of every farmer. It is notoriously true that the unground grain of corn is hesting to the stomach of all animals and of difficult digestion, producing colic and other inflammatory disorders, particularly in horses, which tend greatly to shorten their lives. They are deprived of the benefits derived from the stimulus of distension by being unable to eat a sufficient bulk to produce it before they become gorged. But when ground into meal along with the cobs and mixed without hay or straw of any kind, this necessary distension is produced without any danger of disorders arising from eating too much.

"Judge Buel referring to and quoting this statement of Mr. Minor remarked: 'The cobs of corn undoubtedly contain much nutriment.' 'We have' said he, 'abundant testimony in the practice of eminent farmers of the utility of feeding cob meal to animals, always mixed, we believe, with the meal of corn or oats,' and he published a note from Mr. Robt. White, of Shrewsbury, N. J., who says: 'A pretty extensive feeder in the Philadelphia market once told me that a bushel of meal made of corn and cobs was quite equal to a bushel of meal made of corn and oats, and that his cattle thrive as fast on the former as the latter.' Another writer says: 'I have acquired a little smattering of chemistry and have analyzed the cobs of corn, and the small yellow pumpkin. The results are that corn cobs contain one twentieth of their nutritive matter, and pumpkins one twenty-fifth of their weight of matter nutritive to animals. If my analysis be accurate, it will then appear that farmers generally are in the habit of throwing away an article (cobs) preferable as food for stock to common turnips and nearly equal to Swedish turnips (weight for weight.)"

500,000,000 bushels of Indian corn will furnish, according to the exact proof supplied by Mr. Colt, 7,000,000,000 lbs., the one twentieth of which gives 35,000,000 lbs of nutritive matter now thrown away, which at 2 cents a lb is 7,000,000 dollars."

There is very little doubt but the corn raised in the United States at the present time is more than double, if not treble, what it was when the above articles were written, in 1846, '7 and '8; therefore the loss at the present time is that much the greater, and instead of now being only $7,000,000 it would amount from fourteen to twenty one millions of dollars.

The reading of the paper lead to a spirited discussion as to their value as feed for animals; some contending that it was a great advantage to grind them together; if they could be ground fine they were worth as much as their weight of wheat bran; others thought they were only fit for burning or to be used as an absorbent of liquid manure; others stated that where careful experiments had been made they were found to be injurious to the stomach of animals when fed for any great length of time; there was a thin sharp scale on the cob in which the kernel of corn was imbeded that it was quite impossible to grind; it was this scale that irritated the stomach of an animal to its injury.

The report of the committee on the plowing match was read as published in the Alexandria Gazette of the 10th instant.

The critics report closed with the following observation:

"In looking over the farm we observe two particular features in our friend's system of management, which, in connection with his stock of energy and industry, has done him good service. They will apply equally well for any one, whether he follow farming, merchandising or mechanical employment. The first is 'Take a stitch in time if you would save nine;' practically applied, if a rail is off the fence put it on, don't wait for the whole pannel to fall, or an animal to get through and destroy; if a plank is off the stable stall, nail it on at once, don't wait until a horse breaks his leg; if a single shingle or board is off a building, don't wait until whatever is inside is damaged half its value. Delays are dangerous and unprofitable. The second feature in the system is pay as you go."

A friend from Moorestown, New Jersey, being present, was requested to give some information in regard to the canning business located there. He said there was a large canning establishment, owned and operated by New York capitalists, employing 400 hands nearly all the year, commencing with pineapples and oranges, then taking all the fruits and vegetables as they are produced throughout the season, finishing up with all kinds of poultry in the winter. But the rush of business is with tomatoes in their season. They contract with the farmers for all that they can produce, at 45 cents per 100 lbs, averaging about 26 cents per bushel. At this price the farmers realise from an acre of ground from 100 to 120 dollars gross value. The cost of raising an acre of tomatoes is no more than raising an acre of corn, but the gathering and hauling to the factory is something more than for other crops. In the flush of the season the line of teams awaiting their turn to unload is often more than a mile long, sometimes having to leave their wagons over night to be unloaded in the early morning. The entire product of this factory is taken to New York to be shipped to all parts of the world.

This gentleman said the Pioneer Mills, of Alexandria, was none too large for this business as it is carried on in Moorestown. It is well situated for that purpose to draw its supplies from every point, accessible by water or land, and to ship the products with equal facility.

Who will start this enterprise? or who will enlist the capital and brains from New York City to establish a branch of the business in Alexandria? as this is but a branch establishment at Moorestown, N. J.

The next meeting of the club will be held at Lewis Gillingham's, December 11th.

Critical committee are William Hunter, jr., J. W. Blunt and Alfred Roberts.

A Trip Down the James River.

LETTER FROM CHASSEUR.

[Correspondence of the Alexandria Gazette.]

This way to the Ariel, sar!

It was a raw, foggy morning; the day had broken, if the fog had not quenched the dawning light and kept that fact from being known; for, like a heavy murky cloud, it descended upon the earth and seemed as if it were going to make a fight for the mastery with the chariot car of Phœbus himself. Fog everywhere hiding the swirling river beneath, and only letting the lights of the anchored vessels gleam dimly through the mists. It penetrated inside and floated through the boat like noxious exhalations. It touched the masts, the doors, the wharves, and made them clammy to the touch. It deadened the sound of the whistling of the tugs, and muffled the clang of the steamer's bell. It was a huge, damp pall of moisture that defiled everything it touched, and made every sentient being miserable. The ladies stood cowering in their waterproofs; the men with their hats over their eyes, sought some consolation in their cigars, and waited for the boat to leave the wharf. For a half an hour after the appointed time, the rumbling of the trucks, the orders of the officers continued, but at last, just as a struggling sunbeam straggled through the darkened air, the steamer started down the river.

The Ariel is a unique craft. In its accommodations it almost equals a Mississippi flat boat, and its outfit was very fine when it was new. The captain is a benevolent looking little gentleman, about five feet six, and wears a gold band around his hat. He stands on the hurricane deck all the time. If any accident happens to the Ariel it will not be his fault, for, from his vantage ground, he looks down upon the passengers and crew beneath. He observes everything, and is a man with the bump of cautiousness largely developed. Like Maud Muller and the Judge; the might have been, is everything to him.

"You musn't shoot from this boat, sir," he said to a sportsman who was about to let drive at a flock of ducks floating near.

"Why?"

"Because the ball might ricochet and hit somebody on the bank.

Then noticing several gentlemen indulging in their cigars near some bales, he hailed them:

"Gentlemen, you mustn't smoke there."

"Why?"

"Because you might set the hay on fire."

"You had better not walk on that deck, he said to another; "the mule tied down there might kick you."

"Don't go on that wharf," he would cry, "for you might slip off the gangway plank."

"If I can't smoke out here in peace," said one irate individual whom he had spoken to, "I'd like to know where in the Devil I am to go; there's no place inside." And the man, blue with cold, shivered so that the pipe dropped from between his teeth.

The Ariel is the coldest boat that mortal man ever embarked in. It is an animated ice box—a floating refrigerator; so cold, indeed, that even the memory of a trip taken in her gives one the sore throat. Cold? Why, bless your heart, you suffer with one long congestive chill all the time of your voyage. In the saloon a cowering set of neuralgaic looking patients huddle timidly and hopefully around a steam pipe trying to get some warmth in their bones, for no cosy stove brightens with its light and cheers with its heat the saloon and passengers of the frigid Ariel. The bottom rail is on top in this boat, and there is no distinction—as the fifteenth amendment has it—on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude, for the Africans take the easiest chairs and sofas, and form a circle around the pipe, completely excluding the white passengers; and they lull at ease, distilling their musk like odor until the saloon smells like a phosphate factory. I saw, myself three rough, coarse negroes throw themselves down in arm chairs and sit cheek by jowl with two ladies, who, of course, immediately retired. As far as the white male passengers are concerned, there is absolutely no preparation for their comfort and convenience; no private, smoking, sitting or dressing room, and once out of the saloon they have to wander in the cold draughts or face the freezing, congealing winds without. Indeed, I can truly say that while the officers of the Ariel are courteous, yet the craft itself is the hardest steamboat I ever had the ill luck to travel in. Had one a mother in law it would be a good send off to consign her to the Ariel, especially if she had any pulmonary disease or was of consumptive tendencies.

And the meals! Like the ghost of Clarence they hang heavy upon the soul. Well, I have said enough about this floating hulk. If the owners make money by her and the public are satisfied, what's the odd?

Still, in every ugly family there is one pretty fair exception, and, by chance or fate, there has drifted into this old iron ark a model gentleman, who is too good, too conscientious, too high for the position of purser on the Ariel. On board of one of the palatial Cunard line, or as proprietor of a fashionable and high toned watering place, he would be in his element. Yet the unlucky passenger whose bad luck has thrown him aboard of this arctic boat has cause to appreciate fully the kindness and thoughtful care of George W. Taylor, of Norfolk. One good man, the Scripture tells us, saved a certain city from destruction, and were I a Sultan I would spare the Ariel on account of the clerk.

At two p. m. those congealed passengers that had to get off at Grove's Wharf were stimulated and mustard plastered until they regained consciousness, they were carried and laid down on the planks; for those who died on the trip their obituaries can be read in the Norfolk papers. Still it don' make any difference, for you have to pay at the commencement instead of the end of the voyage, and the company don't lose.

I got ashore alive as I have said from the old raft at Grove's Landing, some eighty miles from Richmond, and am a guest at Carter's Grove, one of the oldest baronial residences that line James River, and whose history is coeval with all the brilliancy and romance of the ancient regime. The glamour deepens over that golden age as time goes by, and few can sit in these lofty rooms, and spacious chambers and not feel their fancy struck and imagination stirred, as they think of the stately noblemen and titled dames that have swept across these floors in a time long agone; the period that Lord and Lady Dunmore held high court and brilliant revel at Williamsburg, but eight miles distant, and would dash up many a time in their coach, attended by as fair a cavalcade, as ever waited upon royalty itself to attend King Carter's balls, who was to Dunmore what Rochester was to Charles and Buckingham to the first gentlemen in Europe, high master of revels. For Carter's Grove was built by Carter, the wealthiest man in the Virgin State and the possessor by crown grants of more broad acres than any peer of England. His lavish hospitality, his great riches, his open handed generosity was so marked that people called him King Carter and he comes down by tradition to us a hale stout cavalier, fond of the wine cup, the chase, and the sound of the fiddle, and the tripping of feet was music to his soul. He selected this site and built this house for his daughter as a wedding present and backed it by thousands of acres and the devil only knows how many slaves. The house is exactly like Christ Church in Alexandria, the same air, the same venerable appearance, only to get a clearer idea, knock off the belfry and steeple, and cut a wide spacious door in the centre, and build a porch, and you have Carter's Grove mansion to a dot. It stands on a lofty eminence one hundred feet above the river and rises in successive terraces, the whole crowned by a massive dwelling with a cosy brick house at each end. Standing on the porch at Carter's Grove a magnificent panoramic view is before your gaze. Burwell's bay, eighteen miles in extent stretches out in a bold sweep, its waters dotted with the sailing ships, and the swift steamboats that leave long trails of smoke behind. This place is full of historic interest, that a Walter Scott, could weave into tales of wonderful interest. If these old walls could speak, what enthralling stories could they tell, of grand old parties, where the youth and beauty of the new world was gathered; of the ceremonious dinners, attended by stately old colonial gentlemen, whose snowy ruffles that showed in pleasing contrast with the satin waistcoat and gold embroidered coat; of proud old dowagers whose huge head dresses were powdered, and who were clad in stiff silk, with rare old diamonds flashing back the light, as they acknowledge with courtly grace the social toast. What rivers of liquor flowed, for down deep in the vast cellar where King Carter and Mr. Burwell kept their wine, showed that barrels upon barrels of goodly liquor rested, for scores of years, getting old and thereby acquiring that flavor that our fast living ancestors most delighted in, and the level sweep of lawn outside has been the spot of many a gallant meet, where those who loved hard riding behind the hounds were wont to assemble. On a bright fall morning we can sit and imagine the animated picture of groups of the finest horsemen that ever swung themselves into saddle, all dressed in the favorite colors, for all were showy costumes then, and mounted on their thoroughbreds they waited for the signal to start. The windows are all open, and the sweetest and brightest of the colonial girls, watched the cavalcade, their voices and light laughter mingling joyously with the blast of the hunting horns and baying of the dogs.

But Carter's Grove has witnessed other scenes than this. It was just off this point that a division of the British troops embarked on their way to Yorktown, but five miles distant; the narrow defile not fifty yards from the house, was cut by him to haul his artillery in a straight route without making a detour around the hills. Tarleton's troopers played wild work here, cursed the rebels, broke in the wine room, had a feast served up, and left behind them several mementos that will keep their visit green. The massive mahogany banisters are cut, chipped and hacked from the lowest step to the highest by their sabres. They did not gut the house or burn the barns as the Yankee Sheridan would have done, only they helped themselves to Colonel Burwell's horses, and then rode off, no doubt thinking what good taste those same rebels had for the juice of the grape, the vintage of the vine, and superior horse flesh.

During our late war Carter's Grove was occupied by a Unionist and so escaped destruction, or devastation to say the least of it. Several years ago it was bought by Mr. Edwin G. Booth, of Philadelphia, a Virginian by blood, birth and instinct. His name is dear to his State. He has contributed thousands of dollars to her institutions. It was he who built the Virginia house at the Centennial grounds where all the State visitors could rendezvous, and I know to my certain knowledge how many of the pilgrims from the Old Dominion called down blessings upon his head, as, tired and wearied, they rested beneath the shadow of his roof tree, not built for the great, nor the famous, nor friends, nor blood, but simply for all who hailed from the ancient mother State. There are some acts that touch the heart and invoke sweet thoughts. This was one of them.

Mr. Booth bought this place and put his friend Colonel Hinton to take charge of it. His instructions were just what might have been expected from such a benevolent man. It was to make Carter's Grove a resort for his friends and to bestow in a measure that warm welcome that greeted each and every guest. Once in the the doors the visitor is made perfectly at home by the unostentatious kindness of Dr. Booth, son of the philantropist, and his charming wife, whose maiden name was Miss Clara Thompson, of Jefferson county. She was a famous belle a decade of years ago, and time has only matured her many charms. She has three of the prettiest children I ever saw, and if there are two things on earth that I like best, it is children and dogs. I always fell like kissing the one and patting the other on the head. Indeed, I would be willing to live in heaven with only these two, and— But I must curtail my letter and bid adieu regretfully to this grand old place and the genial, kind and charming inmates.

CHASSEUR.

The Alexandria Republicans.

At the republican meeting held in this city on last Thursday night, intended as a "glorification" over the election of Garfield and Arthur, resolutions were adopted denouncing the postoffice, internal revenue and custom house officials as utterly unworthy of the further countenance, confidence or support of the republican party, and especially arraigning Lewis McKenzie postmaster of Alexandria city.

First—For that he became an independent candidate for Congress from this district in 1870, and defeated the regular republican nominee.

Second—For that he voted with the democrats, while a member of Congress, against the measures of the republicans;

Third—For that in 1872 he organized and was president of a democratic club in this city known as the Horace Greeley club, and did all in his power to defeat the election of General Grant;

Fourth—For that he made no effort in behalf of the republican cause in 1876, and it is charged and believed he voted the democratic ticket;

Fifth—For that in the election just passed he organized a club for the avowed purpose of defeating republican candidates, which club, perceiving his schemes, repudiated them.

Sixth—For that he entered into collusion with disreputable persons for the purpose of distributing harmful letters, circulars and bogus election tickets:

Seventh—For that he sustained and encouraged by gifts and loans of money, a libelous and scurrilous newspaper, in its abuse, defamation and blackmail of republicans, of private families and even the ladies of this community;

Eighth—For that he caused to be circulated throughout this district, in the interest of Hancock and Barbour, a false statement that the republican electoral and congressional tickets had been withdrawn;

Ninth—That for these reasons, and others too numerous to mention, the said Lewis McKenzie has openly and grossly violated the president's civil service order No. 1; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the said Lewis McKenzie has forfeited the respect and confidence of the republican party, and that his immediate removal from office be requested.

In the Washington Republican of to day Mr. McKenzie replies as follows:

Sir: I notice in your issue of the 23d instant an article headed "Alexandria Republicans," which seems to be an addendum to the former report of the meeting held on the 18th, previously reported in your paper. It appears the resolutions passed at the close of the meeting have at last come to light, but from the information derived from the best sources they did not pass unanimously, and were offered just as the meeting was about to adjourn. There were great objections to them; but I suppose the gentlemen on the platform understood or could see the trick that was attempted to be played. I venture the assertion that no decent republican, "white or colored," voted for them, except, perhaps, a few expectants of office in this crowd and the boys who were present.

The first charge is partly true. I was an independent republican candidate for Congress in 1870, avowed myself all over the district as a republican, and was voted for as such and because the people had confidence in me. My course in Congress is well known. "My record is there." Read it, author of the resolutions, and be ashamed of your first and second resolutions; they are untrue. Ask Mr. Garfield, Mr. Maynard or Mr. Seofield; ask the democrats of the forty first Congress.

Forty years have passed since I first took an interest in politics, and this is the eleventh Presidential election I have sided in as an old line whig and republican—first as a Tippecanoe boy in the Harrison and Tyler campaign—and I never voted in my life for any but whig or republican for President, except it may be in the case of my old friend Horace Greely; for this vote I have no apology to make.

General Grant at the Loudoun fair, introducing me to Commodore Ammen, said to him I had supported Mr Greeley. I said "Yes, general, I supported Mr. Greeley, but I never voted for Mr. Buchanan." He pleasantly replied it was the only vote he gave in his life. As regards the charges in the fifth and sixth resolutions, it is simply untrue and a lie. I never circulated a bogus or democratic ticket during the canvass; or a circular of any discription, except one to the colored people of Virginia, asking them to support General Garfield as the colored man's friend. Of this I and Colonel W. H. Chapman, of the internal revenue department circulated 20,000, all over the State, and they did great good. We did not call on the national committee to pay for them either.

As regard the eight resolution it is untrue and absurb on the face of it.

Now, in conclusion let me say, I could not vote for Bayly; my own self respect would not allow this.

This was a democratic district I knew by six thousand majority. I knew further that the people of the eighth district, the democratic portion of them, were going to poll a heavy vote, expecting until they heard from Indiana and Ohio that with one hundred and thirty-eight solid votes for Hancock, they would certainly elect their presidential candidate. No man can say that I circulated a Hancock ticket. But the man Bayly, I learn, had 15,000 Hancock tickets printed and circulated with his name on for Congress. That fifteen thousand such tickets were printed by order of Bayly and paid for by him can be proved, and it is said ten thousand more Hancock tickets he had printed in Washington, D. C, with his name on. So he was up for "Cork and a market," not particular, perhaps, whether his friends swapped off Garfield for Hancock, so they voted for him. Not a solitary ticket, as I believe, was printed or circulated except for Garfield and Arthur by those who could not support Bayly, their main object being to secure the Presidential ticket of Garfield and Arthur. LEWIS MCKENZIE.

Alexandria, Nov. 24, 1880.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondence of the Alexa. Gazette.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25, 1880.

From the general tenor of the letters received here from the congressmen from the South it is understood that at the coming session and in all the future, they will so accommodate themselves that, instead of being strict observers of States rights, they will be in favor of advocating all projects for the improvement of their section by appropriations from the government, and that the achievement of the progress of the South, and, consequently, of the whole country, and not the successes of mere party, will be the chief object of their desire.

Among the Senators now here are Mr. Kellogg, who has no honor in the State he fraudulently represents; Mr. Saunders, who can not utter a sentence of two words correctly, and Mr. Morrill, whose highest ambition is to dress and look as much like the late Senator Sumner as possible.

It is reported by prominent republicans just from Richmond that Messrs. Stovall and Frazier, in addition to Major Bayly, intend to contest the election of their democratic opponents to seats in the 47th Congress. They are not wise men, for, though the next House may be disposed to give contested seats to republican contestants, it is not likely that it will be partially anxious to turn out Hancock men with large majorities for the purpose of putting in the same sort of men with majorities not so large.

To day is Thanksgiving Day here, and is observed to as great an extent as it is in the New England States. All the public offices and most of the private ones and the stores are closed, and comparatively few people are seen on the streets. Large numbers of the sojourners in the city have gone to their homes in the several States to spend the day, and many of the prominent residents have availed themselves of the general holiday to go on shooting expeditions.

The fight now being made by Major Bayly and his friends, and it will not be incorrect to say that his friends include most of the republicans of his district outside of Alexandria, for the removal of the government officials in that city is so vigorous and has such promise of success that the friends of those officials have been forced to use all the means at their command to prevent what seems to be a coming victory. One of those means is a circular letter from Judge Willoughby, in which the character of the Major is portrayed in any other than favorable colors, and in which he is accused of having attempted a personal assault upon the Judge, which was prevented by the latter, who being aware of the intention, avoided the contemplated place of meeting, and also of having suggested a duel as the proper way of settling the difference between them.

President elect Garfield remains very quiet. Owing to his request both the wings attempting to control the inauguration ceremonies have gone foot and an entirely new committee has been formed. The President elect suggests as a solution of the difficulty about the Ohio Senator that a resolution be offered in Congress exempting the State of Ohio from the operation of the general law on the subject. Such a resolution might be adopted were the complexion of the next Senate more pronounced, but under existing circumstances its passage is doubtful, to say the least.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A convention of bishops of the Catholic church was held at the archiepiscopal mansion in Baltimore yesterday to nominate a bishop of North Carolina.

Alpheus Foote, recently a partner of Brick Pomeroy in the Democrat, was convicted at La Crosse, Wis., Tuesday, of forgery, and yesterday sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, with three days of each year in solitary confinement.

The rise in grain which is now being chronicled is in a great measure consequent upon the sudden cold spell and the closing of the canals. The New York canals have been suddenly shut up a month earlier, with 7,000,000 bushels between Buffalo and Albany and no prospect of opening until spring.

COURT OF APPEALS YESTERDAY.—Chamberlayne vs. Stamper's adm'r; put on privileged docket.

Benson vs. Humphreys; submitted on printed notes of argument filed.

Rawlings vs. Rawlings, executor, and als; argued by J. R. Tucker, esq., for appellant and Gen. Wm. H. Payne for appellees and submitted.

The Grangers in Council—The Banquet Last Night.

The District Grange for the Northern District of Virginia met at Armory Hall, in this city, yesterday, and organized, with H. H. Garrett, of Fairfax, in the absence of Master P. H. Powers, of Clarke, who was prevented from being present on account of sickness, as Master, and A. J. Wedderburn secretary.

A recess was then taken until 6 o'clock.

At 6 o'clock the Grange resumed, with about thirty delegates present, when the members of the National Grange and their ladies, from Washington, were introduced and received in an address of welcome by Dr. Blunt, Master of the State Grange of Virginia.

The National Grange then assembled, with J. J. Woodman, of Michigan, Master, and the higher degrees of the Order were conferred upon the members of the District Grange.

After the conferring of the degrees the members of the District Grange and their guests repaired to Green's Mansion House, where an amusing and instructive address on the farmers of France was delivered by Grand Master Woodman, and a most enjoyable evening spent until 10 o'clock, when J. T. Beckham, esq., appeared in the parlor and invited the company to a banquet, which had been prepared in their entertainment.

The gentlemen with their ladies filed down stairs into the commodious dining room of the Hotel, where a splendid banquet was served for about two hundred persons. The table, which presented a handsome appearance, was loaded with everything the heart could wish for, and the manner in which the repast was partaken of, and the general good humor which prevailed on all sides, showed how highly Mr. Green's efforts to please were appreciated. He left nothing undone that could contribute to the pleasure of the occasion, and his waiters, under the leadership of Hamilton Smith, were polite and accommodating. Among the prominent gentlemen noticed seated around the different tables were Messrs Pat Darden, of Mississippi; R. L. Thompson, of Washington, one of the founders of the order; Wm. Long, of Texas; J. N. Lipscomb, of South Carolina; D. B. Thing, of Maine; R. H. Thomas, of Pennsylvania, editor of Farmers Friend; A. B. Smith, of Kentucky; J. H. Brigham, of Ohio; G. A. Wason, of New Hampshire; T. B. Harwell, of Tennessee; W. A. Armstrong, of New York; C. L. Whitney of Michigan; H. Steward, Secretary of the State Grange of Virginia; A. J. Rose, of Texas; Dinwiddie, of Indiana; Wm. Sims, of Kansas; R. W. Baylor, of West Virginia; H. Ashbaugh, of Missouri; James Draper, of Massachusetts; C. J. Parker, of Wisconsin; Levi Booth, of Colorado; J. W. Nicholson, of New Jersey; Whitehead, of Connecticut; R. W. Boise, of Oregon; D. H. Plaster, of Union, Loudoun county, Va. Among the ladies were Mrs. Plaster, of Loudoun; Miss Binton, Loudoun; the Misses O'Brien, and Mrs. J. T. Beckham, of this city. After the banquet the visitors returned to Washington on the 12 o'clock train, much pleased with the hospitable manner in which they had been entertained in Alexandria.

The District Grange met this morning at the Mansion House with H. H. Garrett, master, and A. J. Wedderburn, secretary. The platform of principles set forth by the Nat'l. Grange was adopted, and the constitution of the Grange was changed so as to allow the members to vote upon the next place of meeting.

The Grange then adjourned to meet in this city on the first Wednesday in March next.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Fresh negotiations are in progress between Russia and the Pope for the settlement of ecclesiastical disputes.

The Quebec Colonization Company has been formed in London with a capital of 200,000 pounds, and Lord Dunmore as president.

Dervisch Pasha only succeeded in entering Dulcigno after an engagement with the Albanians which lasted eight hours. Both sides suffered considerable loss.

The steamer Ortigia came into collision yesterday with the French steamer Uncle Joseph near Spezzia. The Uncle Joseph was so much injured that she soon sank. She had 300 persons aboard, of whom only about fifty were saved.

It is proposed to reduce the number of divisions of the high Court of Appeal, of England, by uniting the Queen's bench, the common pleas division and the exchequer division, under the presidency of the Lord Chief Justice of England, so as to ensure full and complete unity of administration.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin announces that, in consideration of the fact that only the sum of £2,000 had been raised of the £10,000 which will be necessary to defend the Land Leaguers, he has transferred to the fund for that purpose the sum of £106—the balance of a political defence fund of which he is the sole surviving trustee.

The body of Mr. Paschal Smith, a millionaire merchant of St. Paul, Minn., has been found off the Marseilles coast. He left a lunatic asylum in May, and arrived at Marseilles with his wife and son on the 19th instant. The next evening he was missed, and is supposed to have drowned himself.

The surest means to rid yourself of that distressing cough is to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts. a bottle.

COUGHS—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are used with advantage to alleviate COUGHS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS. For thirty years these Troches have been in use, with annually increasing favor. They are not new and untried, but, having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age.

THE THROAT.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat and Larynx, restoring a healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or over exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. *Speakers and singers* find the Troches useful.

A COUGH, COLD, CATARRH OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable lung disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are sold *only in boxes*.

COMMERCIAL.

ALEXANDRIA MARKET, November 25, 1880.—This being "Thanksgiving day," there was no business done on 'Change, nor were there any transactions in grain reported outside.

GEORGETOWN CATTLE MARKET, Nov. 24.—Cattle—At Drovers' Rest this week some 350 head were offered, all of which were sold at the following prices: Very best 5 5½c; good 4½@5c; medium to fair 4@4½c; thin Steers, Oxen and Cows 3@3½c per lb. Some 292 Sheep and Lambs were offered, with sales of Lambs at 5@6c, and Sheep at 3½@4½c per lb. Some 10 Cows and Calves sold at 20@$45 each.

QUEENSTOWN CATTLE MARKET, Nov. 24.—200 head of Cattle were offered and sold at 3@5½c per lb. 400 Sheep and Lambs sold at 3½ to 4½c for old Sheep, and 5 to 6c for Lambs. 20 milch Cows sold at 25 to $50 each.

BARGAINS—Will open on Wednesday morning 100 dozen Linen Handkerchiefs; prices 8, 10, 14, 15, 20 and 25c; worth about double the price.
nov23-3t C. M. ADAMS, 62 King st.

FISH—500 lbs. George's Bank Codfish, 10 Boxes boneless Codfish, Yarmouth Bloaters and Scaled Herrings received this day direct from Boston.
nov23 HARMON & SMITH.

15 GROSS RUMFORD'S STERLING and ROYAL BAKING POWDER received by
nov23 HARMON & SMITH

500 lbs ARBUCKLE'S CELEBRATED ROASTED COFFEE received this day
nov 23 HARMON & SMITH