THE ROAD TO KHARTOUM.

ROUTE ALONG THE NILE VALLEY.

From Cairo to Khartoum by Boat and Camel—The Scenes, Legends and Towns of the River Banks.

[J. B. A. in New York Times.]

So many and distinct are the advantages which the Nile route has to offer for opening communication with General Gordon above those of the alternative methods, that for the troops engaged in the enterprise, and for success alike, it is a satisfactory issue to the various arguments that his plan has ultimately found favor in the sight of the British War Office. Undoubtedly the difficulties of the Suakin desert would have entailed much loss and privation among the men marching across it to Berber. Confusion must have waited in some measure on soldiers accustomed to a Nubian sun, and compelled to add to the manifold hardships of the desert a watchful vigilance against a foe whose tactics resemble somewhat those of M. Jourdain—a thrust, and then *qui n'a pas la patience que vous parez*. In previous letters I have described the desert roads of Nubia and Suakin, but, since the Egyptian vane has veered back to the Nile, I will ask my reader to accompany me in imagination over the route to be followed by the British force, and, while we travel up the classic river, draw some passing sketches of the scenic framework of our journey.

Since we are not in pursuit of some fleet-footed emissary of El Mahdi, nor otherwise burdened with the hurry of duty, let us board our craft at Boolah, the bustling little port of Cairo, and, on the shaded deck of some slow-moving dahabeeah, pass up the great river—the haunt of so much history and romance. As the vessel moves onward there is unrolled an ever-shifting panorama of bright scenes; for, apart from the architectural glories of the land, the nature-pictures of its present time are as fair as they are diversified, and the river-banks alive with a constant show of busy eastern life. On either shore stretch away to the Lybian and Arabian hills the arid deserts, sometimes receding where the land lying low admits the fertilizing deposits of the Nile at its flood, sometimes with bold encroachments merging their drifts of wind-sifted sand in their own reflections in the water. Flanked by this rampart of barrenness, winds with the river's course the narrow ribbon of cultivated soil which lent Herodotus his phrase that Egypt was "a gift of the Nile." Field after field succeed each other in changing shades of green, according to the crop they bear; dotted and interspersed here and there with deep groves of palm-trees, under the welcome shade of which cluster the mud-built huts of the fellahin. These closely-packed huts, built of "bricks without straw," and roofed with collections of palm-logs, leaves, sods, or other conglomeration of rubbish, would be lost in the landscape, so far as color is concerned, but for the belt of palms which invariably surrounds them. An Egyptian village is a strange conformation, and resembles nothing so much as an elaborated dustheap. The huts, being composed for the most part of sun-dried mud, soon crumble away, and, as the Egyptian has an intense dislike of altering his *locale*, the work of decaying and renewing is as constantly proceeding. It follows that most of the towns and villages of the Higher Nile stand on lofty mounds—the graves of many bygone predecessors—and thus—thanks to their elevated positions—become in time of flood veritable islands, lending safety from the inundating waters to the village occupiers and their live stock. Streets there are none, or not what might be called by that name, for the narrow lanes, now emerging on some court-yard, now blocked by some tumbled-down hut, are but little patronized, the very dogs preferring the housetops for their lazy perambulations. They are little more than tortuous passages left here and there between the mud hovels, and the widest cannot boast proportions greater than the Hindu carriage of which its owner said, "It will contain, Sahib, of the fats four, but of the leans five." During the day-time dogs and chickens hold their undisturbed sway, the men being at work in the neighboring fields or laboring at the reconstruction of broken canals, while the women are attending to domestic affairs. Every lane, dusthill, and housetop has its contingent of these dogs, which are of every degree of shabbiness, both of coat and breed, and frequently marked with the scars of some forgotten fight. They have the redeeming virtue of faithfulness to their adopted village, and share with the kites the duties of sanitary inspection in the East. As was said of their Indian cousin once removed, their home is Asia and their food rubbish.

Perhaps the numberless pigeons are one of the most pronounced items in the ensemble of an Egyptian village, and the Nile traveller cannot help being struck by the arrangements made for their reception. The greater portion of the huts are crowned with quantities of large white and gray jars, sunk into the muddy composition of the building, presenting an appearance like the battlements of a castle, and herein myriads of these birds find unmolested shelter, while every crevice round about the earthenware pigeon-houses is fitted with branches of sout or other wood to serve as perches for these intimate allies of the fellahin. Indeed, in some villages their numbers and the extraordinary preparations made for their convenience seem to justify the conclusion that it is a township of pigeons, wherein a few human beings are taken in as lodgers. In their constant movement they form a pretty feature of the Nile, as with graceful, wheeling flight they sweep in a cloud of blue across the landscape, to settle in the yellow stubble of some dowra-field or swoop among the children playing in the dusty spaces.

A familiar but ever-picturesque sight is that of the women passing to the river's bank, balancing on their heads the jars of water with a grace of step and motion that might well cause Abraham's servant to think Rebekah a damsel very fair to look upon. Like the sombre-plumaged birds called the "Nine Sisters" come these blue-robed women, morning and evening, to the river-side in chattering groups to procure water for their household wants, and when the pitchers are filled it is with a strange mingling of grace and strength that they lift the heavy burdens to their heads. Maybe the shoulder is already tenanted by some brown baby holding on for dear life to its mother's neck, while near by another toddling member of the family is driving the paternal buffalo to its daily wallowing in the Nile mud, which courtesy calls bath. Such scenes as these are some of the more common pictures which each day brings in its chapter of Nile travelling. Like the graven ruins of the land, they reproduce to us the past and show the simple lives of a people too indolent and obedient to the conservatism betaught of the sun to change customs and ways which were ancient when history was cradled.

As we sail up the river, by village and palm grove, past the many pyramids which sentinel the silent necropoli of Memphis and her sister cities, and the island of Rods, where tradition tells us that the child Moses was found among the rushes, many small towns are seen, but none of importance until Minieh is reached. A picturesque place this is, as viewed from the river, with its minarets encircled by their fretted collars, from whence the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer; its gardens, fine houses, the busy boat scenes of its banks, and the white sycamore-shaded tomb of the sheik, who sleeps by the waterside. There is a legend connected with this dead saint to the effect that his watchful spirit, besides guarding his town and devotees, keeps ward against any crocodiles passing his revered tomb. Should one, however, dare adventure and try to steal down, the idea is that he inevitably comes to grief and floats a corpse on the river to the sea. Apart from this sheik's duty, it is more than probable that were any crocodile so idiotic as to come within one hundred miles of the place it would stand but a poor chance for its life. Rare is it, though sometimes still occurring, that the "timsah" is seen in Middle Egypt, having of late been converted into travelling-bags and cigar-cases, much too rapidly for his liking. Leaving the sheik to his watchful enmity against the allegories of the Nile, the river now winds about in so eccentric a manner that sailing craft often experience much delay if the winds be contrary, before reaching the next town of note, Siût. Here it is that the railway from Cairo terminates, and most visible are the effects of this slave of civilization in the havoc it has played with the dust and quiet of the bazar. Almost anything can be purchased in one or other of its many box-shaped shops, from German cigars of most inferior quality to spectacles or the second-rate stuffs of Manchester. But in spite of the size of the city and its commercial activity, the general aspect of the place is not pleasing. Too frequently one takes some by-path, hoping to discover some new feature of the town, and comes unexpectedly on an open space, where dusky babies are fighting with the street curs for some coveted rubbish, or a broken hut has formed a receptacle for all the refuse of that quarter of the town, and impassably blocks the way. Squalid poverty shows with far too sudden and rude a contrast against the superficial brightness of the bazar just quitted. Perhaps my impressions of Siût are in part due to the fact that when I first made its acquaintance it was undergoing the process of "beautifying" in honor of an approaching visit of the Khedive, and with doubtful result. To embellish a place in the Eastern's mind consists in giving the huts and houses copious coatings of whitewash, running up painted lattice-work, arches, screens, and roadway devices, stringing rows of colored lamps on housetops, poles, along bridges, streets, and bazars, and, finally, hanging every rag in the nature of a flag or any place left vacant. By such methods as these, carried out at every available spot, Siût certainly had been given all the gayety of aspect which could be desired. The town stands a considerable distance from the river, from which a sandy but good road, raised high out of reach of the inundation, leads to the main gate; for Siût possesses quite an imposing gate, made of lattice-work, with guard-houses of mud ranged at its sides, and looking as though the whole thing only required a slight thrust to send it flying in a cloud of dust to the four winds of heaven. At this portal are generally collected a struggling crowd of goats, donkeys, and fellaheen carrying wares to market, while a few Zaptiehs, who represent the majesty of the law in Egypt, look lazily on at the confusion. These officials can be exceedingly brave when accosting the unruly Arab boy who insists upon beating a Coptic pig, inducing heart-disease into the frightened turkey, or performing sundry other childish freaks, but seldom do they show fight to a man. The bastinado is simple and quiet, while such divinity doth hedge the doings of a Zaptieh that justice dare but peep at what she would.

We now enter a part of the Nile where feathered game of all kinds begins to be plentiful, and from each sandbank and shoal the passing boat will disturb countless birds holding parliamentary discussions or break in upon their after-dinner meditations. Flocks of pelican, cranes, storks, and the small but beautiful white ibis may everywhere be seen, and the river-sides are alive with chattering hosts of lesser birds. Thick groves of sont-trees and palms stretch from village to village, and until we reach Ekhmeem, fifty miles south of Siût, the country presents a continuous belt of verdure, hemmed in by the inevitable desert-hills. Ekhmeem itself is picturesquely situated, and it reflects some credit on the aged Nestorius that he chose this place to end his long exile in. It is reputed to be one of the oldest towns of Egypt, its foundation being even ascribed to "Ekhmeen, son of Misraim, the offspring of Cush, the son of Ham." Nor is this difficult to believe, for the village wears an antiquated appearance that would fit it for almost any date this side of the deluge. A few miles further south of Ekhmeen are the famous cliffs of Gebel Tookh—a constant menace to passing dahabeehs—at the southern limit of which stands the important town of Girgeh. This place takes its name, by the bye, from the patron saint of Cappadocia and of England, St. George, originally, so history tells us, a bacon contractor of doubtful honesty and no character worth speaking of. Though large, Girgeh is very dirty in appearance, and so winding are its streets that it is a far easier task to enter than to escape from their tortuous twistings. Yet if, happily, the wanderer should pass safely from their mazes to the bazar he will see there a perfect specimen of this heart of Oriental cities. So crowded is it that only the slowest of paces is compatible with the movements of the ebb and flow of its Eastern tide. Overhead, from housetop to housetop, stretch palm-leaf and matting screens, through the rifts and gaps of which streams in the sun, checkering the dark roadway with bright patches of light. Bright-turbaned Arabs sit cross-legged on the counters of their booths praising their wares of cloth or scent or beads, and adding their voices to the murmur of the elbowing throng which aimlessly surges before them. Among this stream of color, sauntering through the dusky gloom of the place, may be seen all the many types which fill an Eastern bazar. The vendors of cooling drinks, proclaiming their presence with clattering cups of brass or poetic advice to buy; the sombre-dressed women pushing their way among the gay crowd; the men walking hand in hand, after the Arab fashion; the children, like brown, animated dolls, rushing wildly about or playing in the dust, which is the nursery which nature has given them in common with the dogs; the cake- and bread-sellers squatting by the roadside, spreading their strange-looking edibles under the passer's feet, or balancing them on wicker trays upon their heads; the net slung before the unguarded door to intimate its owner's absence; and the silent salutations of the Arabs or their noisy disputings over some bargain. At the street-corners are gathered the fruiterers, with tall piles of sugar-cane rearing their green and purple stalks against the dark walls of the mud-huts, and the indigo-dyers, with brawny arms stained to the shoulders, hang their calico stuffs in the sun to dry. Here, in the shadow of a tumbled wall, crouches a man with his head in another's lap. He is being shaved, and, mark you, the saucer filled with water and the ancient razor, which form the insignia of the native barber. Some hamal staggers past carrying strapped across his back the skin of a goat filled with water, to which his every movement imparts a life-like wobble, while from the open neck he incessantly spurts great jets of water, thereby exchanging the dust of the road for the doubtful advantage of mud. Beggars innumerable; distortioned creatures hobbling along in the throng and trading on their miserable deformities; idiots—"the children of Allah"—and the backsheesh lisping askers whose name in Egypt, as in all the East, is legion, add their quota to the hum of the bazar, while high overhead, from dawn to eve, shriek the kites and vultures, sweeping the city with their keen eyes and envying the ragged dog his siesta on some coveted dustheap.

Beyond Girgeh the landscape becomes very varied, and many fields link the palm-veiled villages. Near Bellianeh a fertile plain extends as far as the eye can see in various shades of green, bordered by the distant contrast of desert hills. Small wonder that ancient Thynis, the Abydos of old, was wealthy; for in this amphitheatre of verdure nature seems to grudge the very paths their fruitless presence, and here and there the gray dryness of their sun-cracked soil is invaded by the overrunning crops of wild herbs, which, finding no other place in this laden land, thus struggle for existence. Some Nile voyager has likened the view of the Nile during the inundation to that commanded from the edge of a saucer when full of water; while, when the river has fallen, it is not much more extensive than as seen from the bottom of the same article when nearly empty. This may be a very fair definition for general purposes, since where high shores and receding scenery conspire together, the view is naturally limited to the tufts of grass crowning the bank, or some group of fellaheen waiting patiently for the ferry; but as a rule the rise of the stream works very little effect on the extent of the prospect.

As we pass up these fertile reaches the next town of note to be reached is Kench, nearly 400 miles from Cairo, crouching among a maze of sand-hills, and showing its position mainly by the many wind-mills erected on their summits. Kench is one of the principal places where are manufactured the various earthenware vessels used for storing the water supply of the villages, the pitchers carried by the women, and the pigeon-homes already referred to. When a sufficient quantity of these jars has been gathered by some native trader they are formed into buoyant rafts by tying some hundreds of them together with their mouths uppermost, giving the necessary firmness to the whole by lashing poles across each way, which thus furnishes a rude sort of platform. On this planks, or more generally grass mattings, are spread, and the Egyptian potmakers and merchants then take up their temporary abode on this peculiar craft, travelling northward with the current till their mart is reached, and the raft, their stock in trade, disposed of. They then earn their passage back to their homes by serving as towing-men on some boat bound for the upper regions of the Nile, and half the natives one sees laboriously "tracking" some refractory old tub along the river bank are thus paying their way back to their villages. Another ten miles further on is Kopt, from which the modern sect of Copts are supposed to derive their name, and then the mighty remains of Karnak rise in sight, their pylons cameod against the clear sky and the sunlit façades of their ruins interspersed with palms. Near by is the town of Luxor, which, in arrogant conceit of being neighbor to the ruins of Thebes, takes to itself big print on the map of Egypt. Little claim has it to the dignity if not that its ragged huts and dusthesps hide their ugliness among the shadows of the fallen columns and tumbled altars of the city of the hundred gates.

Sailing on by many a picturesque village and grove of palm or sycamore fig, we come to Esneh—a town that well merits its name for cleanliness, the usual labyrinth of narrow streets, unlike those in most other towns, being tolerably free from the accustomed dogs, dust, and other obstacles to pedestrians. Very different is its sister, Edfou, thirty miles further south, which is dwarfed by the great pylons of the Ptolemian Temple, rearing their giant stature from the midst of streets of mud and palm-built hovels. The scenery with every mile now grows wilder, and the bordering hills draw in on both sides till they almost meet in the rock-bound gorge of Hagar-Silsileh. Here Arab tradition is again loquacious with a legend telling that the name of this pass—"The Mountain of the Chain"—is derived from an ancient King—a kind of royal dog in the manger—who sought to stay the traffic of the river by stretching a chain from one bank to the other, and the natives, as if to prove what they doubtless believe, point out to the traveller the very rock to which he attached his cable. This narrow gorge takes its name, far more probably, from having been the old cataract of Egypt, where "the waters of Ammon" and "fountains of Memphis" were "chained" back in their fertilizing course. Indeed, although the date when the subsidence of the rocks cleared the fretting river up to Assouan is unknown, the fact of its having so occurred is well authenticated. Emerging from the pass the hills recede, giving place to wide areas of cultivated land, while doom-palm, acacias, and date-palms dot the landscape. The many shadoofs also, with the strong-limbed fellaheen at constant toil, bear evidence to the busy husbandry of the neighborhood. Perpetual is the "song of the water," heard as they work at the leathern bucket slung from the weighted pole with which the Nile waters are raised to the sun-parched fields. The ceaseless murmur of the shadoof brings to the Eastern car thoughts of home and harvest, of water turning the thirsty desert into a land of plenty, and is the voice of all things cool and shady. The strange strident echo it everlastingly keeps up is by no means unpleasant to the not too sensitive ear, while the chant that accompanies it is singularly soft and musical, and atones, in great measure, for the harshness emanating from the ungreased woodwork. It has a simple recurring melodious phase of thanks to "Allah for the blessed water," and comes floating down the river on the evening breeze to mingle with the far-off chorus of some dusky rowers, who strain at their oars to gain the town where they intend to moor.

Another short journey and the boat passes up some most picturesque reaches of the river, which, widening suddenly, shows the Nubian Isle of Elephantine, separating the cataract-troubled waters of the Nile into two calm channels, on the bank of the easternmost of which is seen Assouan, the successor of Syene and limit of Egypt proper. Here all is bustle and activity with the busy trade being carried on in gums, ivory, dates, native weapons, and produce from the Soudan. The town's dark streets and dingy bazar are thronged with a strangely-mixed crowd of Africans, and the whole place wears a novel aspect after the civilized amenity of the Egyptian Nile. At is banks are always gathered a number of boats, and the dhow-rigged crafts of the native traders, for here is the limit of Egypt's high road. The cataracts form a tall gate, the fee to pass which is too expensive for the average "ryis," and only at the time of the river's flood can vessels of large burden be pulled up the falls by the shellaheen or natives of the district. On the southern side of the cataracts stands the little sand-shrouded village of Mahattah, the emporium of the Nubian trade. Here all the merchandise which finds its way down the river in the mud-besmeared native boats is unloaded and transported overland to Assouan, where again it is shipped and carried to its destination in the north.

From Mahattah the river scenery is wild and picturesque, but the verdure of Egypt is missing, and there reigns a barren monotony in its stead. Tall, precipitous cliffs border the Nile on both banks and begrudge to the native the narrow strip of soil which yields to him his scanty harvest. The population is sparce, and the villages are few in number. Until Korosko—100 miles south of Assouan—is reached, the land seems to be almost deserted, especially in contrast to the populous and fertile banks of Upper Egypt. Near Korosko, however, villages begin to dot the landscape again, while the eastern bank is clad in a veritable forest of palms whose deep shades are only broken by the green of doura fields. At Korosko—an insignificant-looking place in itself—commences the route across the Almoor desert to Aboo Hamed, thus cutting off the great westerly bend which the Nile makes between these two places. The journey may be made in ten days instead of the three to five weeks which following the course of the Nile will entail, but the lack of water along the route and the cruel hardships of the desert make its adoption by an army, however small, quite impracticable.

Although from Korosko to Wady Halfa, at the Second Cataract, the distance to be accomplished is only another hundred miles, the journey for sailing craft is often a long one, the devious windings of the channel and adverse winds causing much delay. The river virtually flows through a desert, and desolate in the extreme is the aspect everywhere, except when relieved by some of the wonderful temple-ruins which have made the Nubian Nile famous to all time. As we emerge from this tedious portion lying between the Tybian and Almoor deserts, Wady Halfa shows among its girdle ends the Nubian portion of our journey. It is the port of the Second Cataract, and its banks are ever littered with a diverse assortment of strange goods brought from the interior of Africa, but, unlike Assouan, its boats cannot pass the natural barrier of rock and foaming waters which fill the river for ten miles or more. These cataracts are at all times impassable, except, perhaps, by the very smallest boats, and henceforward all progress will have to be made by the camel, or when the state of the river will allow, by "nugga," or Dongola-wee craft. There exists a brief line of rails, circumventing the cataracts, which will be of great service to the British operations, but at its termination resort must be had to the metaphorical ship of the desert. If Colonel Kitchener and his pioneering coadjutors have been able to procure from the Nubian highways and hedges a sufficient quantity of these patient beasts, we may expect to see the force under General Stephenson landing from their Berber gunboats at the gates of Khartoum before El Mahdi has grasped the fact that the English Cabinet has done playing with conferences and parliamentary discussions.

A VALUABLE TRIBUTE.

The Opinion of an Officer of Three Arctic Expeditions.

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

The present criticisms upon Lieutenant Greely's party, in so far as antagonism to the conduct of his late suffering band is concerned, ought at once to cease, not only for the credit of the nation, but also in the name of justice and the faintest approach to generous feeling.

Without further mention of what greedy sensationalists are endeavoring to stir up to its most loathsome depths, with an air of fastidious affectation, let me ask those busy talkers to seriously consider what they themselves might do under similar circumstances, in order that they might still hold on to life and have the hope yet before them of being restored to mother, wife, or sister. Most emphatically do I assert that no one excepting Arctic men can possibly have a thorough knowledge of, or be in a position to appreciate, the noble and manly work carried through to its most bitter end by Lieutenant Greely and his companions any more than they can only estimate, in its just merit, the splendid dash, energy, and skill that animated Commander Schley's relief party, by which they were advanced to the tragic scene of events by so early a date in time to save a small remnant of a party of men who deserve every sentiment of delicate kindness, gratitude, and sympathy, not only on the part of their own countrymen, but from the civilized portion of the world at large. Lieutenants Schwatka, Greely, and Schley are men of whom Americans may well speak with pride when they compare men with men in Arctic exploits. Then, in the name of common decency and justice, let me respectfully ask the American press to refuse countenance to the utterances of men—"save the mark"—who would surround the returned sufferers with an impure atmosphere, rendered only so by their own affected, polluted, and morbid minds.

I am, sir, yours, obediently,

JOHN P. CHEYNE,
R. Commander R. N., F. R. G. S.

Late Weather Report.

[Special telegram to the Dispatch.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 29—1:20 *A. M.*—For the Middle Atlantic States, threatening weather and local rains, fresh southerly winds, nearly stationary temperature, lower barometer.

For the South Atlantic States, occasional rains, partly cloudy weather, fresh southeasterly winds, no change in temperature.

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY was clear and warm in the morning, cloudy in the evening.

THERMOMETER YESTERDAY: 6 A. M, 76; 9 A. M., 79; noon, 86; 3 P. M., 84; 6 P. M., 82; midnight, 75.

Mean temperature, 80 2-6.

THE STATE AT LARGE.

MECKLENBURG.

Political—The Fight Against Brady—Railroad Matters—The Crops.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

CLARKSVILLE, VA., August 28, 1884.

This is the largest county in the black congressional district, and claims the banner for heavy Coalition majorities. Consequently political wrangling and official aspirants are confined to the Republicans. The name Readjuster is Know-Nothing as a party designation. The political mutations in the last few years have truly made strange bed-fellows.

The canvass here in the interest of Collector Brady for Congress was very active and thorough. All the office-holders and machine politicians worked like beavers to secure delegates for him. Money was used freely and conveyances provided for the less enthusiastic colored brother from a distance to attend the meeting. The opposition, led by Dodson, to defeat the white candidate and triumph with a representative of the negro race, was also vigorously pushed; but money and official influence controlled the day, and the white element claimed the victory.

Politics with the darky is fast assuming a matter of dollars and cents. The charge of unfairness in appointing delegates, and the dissatisfaction manifested by many, will doubtless cause less enthusiasm for the nominee at Petersburg and probably a bolt and an independent candidate.

The dusky sons of Ham do not relish the accession of the Readjusters to their ranks, and I have heard some say "they did not know what these white men wanted to join their party for unless it was for office." The darky has little confidence in the Republicanism of a native southerner, but the northern man he regards as a suitable guide and political associate. I once asked a northern settler and Republican office-holder in this county "why his party did not wish additions to its ranks from the natives?" and he replied: "I don't care how many more voters we get, but we don't want any more office-seekers." His presumption was they joined only for office, and as the supply of offices was limited, he preferred dividing among a few.

How much better it would be for all if capacity, honesty, and fidelity were the requisites, and let the office seek the men. This reminds me of a remark made a few days ago by a citizen here and a native of New Hampshire. He said in 1846, in that State, neither candidate at the election for Governor received a majority, and the Legislature had to elect. Conflicting views caused all the candidates to be thrown aside, and all factions concentrated upon Anthony Colby, of New London, and elected him Governor without his knowledge or solicitation. A committee was sent to notify him of his election. Arriving at his house they found him absent, and his wife, totally unmindful of their business, coolly informed them that he "could be found in the field hoeing corn." So they went in search of the son of toil and notified him of his election. With hoe in hand he accepted the position, finished his row, and next day departed for Concord, and made a most excellent and popular Governor.

The vote in this county for Cleveland and Hendricks will no doubt be the largest ever polled for presidential candidates. Hon. W. T. Atkins, of this county, is elector for this district, and he will relax no effort to arouse the people, and infuse among them some of his own enthusiasm, and bring out the full strength of the party. Blaine's white vote here will be exceedingly small. Hon. John W. Daniel has promised to speak in the county some time during the campaign.

The railroad bridges here across the Staunton and Dan rivers will be about 1,300 feet long, and the way work is now progressing will be completed in seven or eight weeks. It will be a combination bridge of wood and iron, and built so high that no rise of the waters will ever endanger its security unless a flood should come greater than any ever seen by the oldest inhabitant. The railroad track is now laid to the river and the low grounds substantially trestled so as to admit free exit to large freshets without hazard to the embankment or bridge. We are now provided with telephone communication from this place to Keysville, on the Danville railroad. Major J. B. McPhail is president of this railroad, and while in town this week gave encouraging accounts of the travel and traffic over the line. There are four depots between here and Keysville, a distance of thirty-one miles. Major McPhail, by skilful management, herculean labors, and financial tact exhibited amid discouragement and disappointment, has made the road what it is. He will soon have the proud satisfaction of seeing the full fruition of his hopes—his toilsome years of struggles crowned with success, and the iron horse starting from this town drawing trains loaded with the valuable products of this fertile and inexhaustible Roanoke Valley.

This town now shows evidence of marked improvement. New residents are coming in, progress is visible on all sides, and business prospects decidedly in the ascendant. Nearly three million pounds of leaf tobacco are annually sold here. The navy shipping-leaf of the Roanoke and its tributaries and the bright tobacco from the adjacent country and the golden belt of North Carolina find here an accessible and ready market. Wherever this product comes factories, banks, and population follow as certain as the sunflower turns to the god of day.

The continued dry spell and excessive hot weather have seriously affected the growing crops of corn and tobacco. In some localities streams have ceased to run and mills stopped. The cultivation of cotton has generally been abandoned in this section.

The sumac trade has assumed large proportions here for this the first season of its being gathered to any extent. Thousands of pounds are daily brought here and readily sold for the cash to dealers alone in this old-field product. The old darky with single steer and a rickety cart, loaded with sumac wrapped in old blankets and bedquilts, with his wife on top of that, and a big "watermillion" by his side, presents a picture of supreme happiness as he drives along the streets.

The big meetings and associations are about over for the season. They were largely attended, and afforded great relaxation and pleasure to hundreds of people. At the colored Baptist Association at Chase City last week about three thousand of the race were present. JEFF.

ROANOKE CITY.

History of Gish's Mill—The Vote on Issuing Bonds for Public Buildings, &c., in Roanoke.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

AUGUST 27, 1884.

There is a history connected with the mill that burned down yesterday morning at Gish's that is possessed of more than ordinary interest to your readers in Lynchburg and as far west as Montgomery county at least. The first mill erected on the same site very many years ago burned down, when a second, from which the village took its name, was erected by Colonel David Gish. This in turn was burned by a workman named Reid, who had been employed on its construction, and who became offended at something in connection with its building. Whatever became of Reid I have been unable to ascertain. Forty years ago this month Colonel Gish undertook the erection of the brick mill on the same old site that was destroyed by fire yesterday, and during all the years that have since elapsed the flour made therein has been held in high repute. Mr. I. W. Vinyard purchased it during the war, and has continued to run it since that time. Up to February last he had an insurance on it of $5,000 with a local company whose headquarters are at Cloverdale, in Botetourt county, but they refused to renew the insurance for a greater sum than $2,500, which offended the owner. Since then he has been deaf to the appeals of insurance agents. The destruction of the mill is a loss of a serious character to Mr. Vinyard. The name of "Mill" was dropped as an appendage to "Gish's" years ago, just when nobody can tell, and last winter the people of the town becoming somewhat "cityfied" in their notions petitioned the Legislature to change the name of their embryo city to Vinton; which was done. Now, as the enterprising founder of the village is dead, and the mill gone to ashes, and the very name of the place changed, we will have little to remind us of the past save the recollections of its "oldest inhabitants."

A vote was taken yesterday by the freeholders on the proposition to issue $60,000 in city bonds for public buildings and sewerage purposes. The result of the vote was 112 in the affirmative and 22 in the negative. The vote was certainly a small one, doubtless brought about to some extent by the two confident expectation that the scheme would be defeated. Now that the Council is authorized to issue the bonds, their disposition of the proceeds thereof will be watched with solicitude, and if their action chances to be severely criticized they will have nobody but themselves to blame for it. They need to be very careful that they do not attempt to build up one section of the city at the expense of the other. If they do, they may expect to hear it thunder.

The body of A. S. Farmer, a resident of this city, who was killed on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad on Monday, was brought here and interred yesterday. REX.

BLACKSBURG.

Good Rains—Fell Dead—Sickness—Religious Notes.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

AUGUST 27, 1884.

We have had splendid rains lately that came in good time to finish up the corn crop, which had been suffering, and would have been cut short but for these timely showers. The dry season was favorable for saving the hay crop, which is an abundant one.

A man fell dead in his room in the hotel at the depot on Sunday night. When he retired to his room a noise was heard as something falling, but it was not known that he was dead until next morning, when he was found lying on the floor.

Miss Johnson, daughter of Joseph T. Johnson, about two miles from our town, died of scarlet-fever lately. The disease still lingers amongst us, and occasionally there are cases that terminate fatally.

Some improvements are going on at the college, which will add much to the health and comfort of the students the coming session.

Three persons were baptized in the Baptist church last Sunday. The pastor, Rev. W. C. Hall, has announced his intention to resign the charge of the church, and will return to his home in East Virginia some time in September.

A colored man, who received a pistol-shot wound while in a fight more than a week ago, died here on Tuesday morning. The man who inflicted the wound has left for parts unknown. H.

CHRISTIANSBURG.

Politics—A Discussion—The Republican Meeting.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch]

AUGUST 26, 1884.

Our County Court was held yesterday (Monday). At the July term the judge announced this change. Finding out afterwards that the change was not desired by the bar and others, he reversed his order and the County Court will in future, as formerly, be held on Tuesday.

Major Daniel could not be here to speak, as advertized, but fortunately Captain J. H. H. Piggott, of Fincastle, was on hand. A discussion was arranged between him and Mr. Heermans, treasurer of the Blacksburg Agricultural and Mechanical College.

There was in reality no discussion. Mr. Heermans does not know that "Readjustment" is a side issue and dead. He gave us the same old speech on purely State matters which he has been speaking ever since his sudden conversion (so called) to Radicalism. Captain Piggott gave us a clear, strong, and handsome speech on the *real* issues of this campaign. If Mr. Heermans designed to lead him off the track, he made a humiliating failure.

There is not much excitement here yet about the election, but the very active measures of our campaign committee will be sure to stir the whole county. The Republicans (new issue) held a convention yesterday and appointed delegates to the Congressional Nominating Convention. The delegates will do whatever the Boss may wish. MONTGOMERY.

The Emperor of Russia has lately started racing in the park at Peterhof, his country residence, near St. Petersburg. The course is hard as adamant and full of stones, and half the horses have broken down. The races are all military stakes, and the officers who ride do not wear colors, but appear in short white jackets, so that the spectators cannot distinguish one horse from another. The officers are wretched riders and the horses are sadly deficient in speed. The stands, which cost an enormous amount of money, are hideous.

WANTS.

WANTED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN in city or country, to take light work at their own homes; $3 to $4 a day easily made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have a good demand for our work and furnish steady employment. Address, with stamp, CROWN M'F'G CO., 230 Race street, Cincinnati, O. au 9-2 w

WANTED, PURCHASERS FOR PRIME WINTER OATS, CLOVER, TIMOTHY, ORCHARD-GRASS, and HERD-GRASS SEEDS; also, FAMILY, EXTRA, and SUPER-FINE FLOUR. For sale by TALIAFERRO & CO., au 29-eod 111 south Twelfth street, city.

WANTED, A FIRST-CLASS BARBER, to whom fair wages will be paid. Must be a sober man. Address W. E. COGHILL, au 29-2t Charlottesville, Va.

WANTED, SEVERAL INDUSTRIOUS BOYS, fourteen to sixteen years old, to learn SPINNING. Apply at RICHMOND VIRGINIA WOOLEN MILLS. au 29-2t

WANTED, TWO GENTLEMEN TO OCCUPY A PLEASANT ROOM, with BOARD, in a private family. Apply at 117 west Grace street. au 29-F&Su2t*

WANTED, TO ENGAGE FOR THE SEASON, TWO COMPETENT HANDS TO WORK ON DRESSES. Apply to MRS. M. O. LEWIS, over Breeden & Talley's, 309 Broad street. au 27-eod3t*

WANTED, A MALE TEACHER AS PRINCIPAL of public free school in the town of Smithfield. Address E. A. MORRISON, au 22-2w Clerk School Board, Smithfield, Va.

1,000 TONS SUMAC WANTED, for which I will guarantee the highest market price in CASH. Bags free. Write for quotations. GEORGE T. KING, 3400 to 3500 Williamsburg avenue, au 19-4o-2d Richmond, Va.

WANTED, TO SELL, OF MY OWN manufacture, fine FAMILY CARRIAGES, PHAETONS, TOP-BUGGIES, and VILLAGE CARTS. Also on hand a number of SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES, PHAETONS, TOP-BUGGIES at very low prices. W. C. SMITH, au 5-1m 314 north Fifth street.

SUMAC, SUMAC, SUMAC.
If you want HIGHEST PRICES,
If you want PROMPT CASH,
If you want CORRECT WEIGHTS,
If you want PROMPT RETURNS,
If you want BAGS FREE,
Send your SUMAC to
WARNER MOORE,
jy 24 Shockoe Mills, foot Seventeenth street.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT, THREE NEW AND NEAT DWELLINGS on west Main street, within half a square of Monroe Park. These houses contain nine rooms each, with hot and cold water, linen closets, &c., and are exceedingly pleasant, the rooms being very high pitched. Apply to J. T. GODDIN, Real Estate Agent, au 29-F&Su2t Eleventh and Bank streets.

FOR RENT, BRICK DWELLING No. 514½ Fifth street, between Clay and Leigh, containing seven rooms, besides kitchen and servants' rooms; all modern improvements and in nice order. Apply to D. SELDON TAYLOR, au 27-3t corner Eleventh and Bank streets.

LIME, CEMENT, &c.

LIME! LIME! LIME!—2,500 barrels FRESH ROCKLAND LIME in the dock and now discharging, for sale low from vessel. Fresh ROSENDALE and PORTLAND (imported) CEMENTS, LATHS, CALCINED PLASTER, PLASTERERS' HAIR, &c. Free supplies of FIRE-BRICK and CLAY. WARNER MOORE, Lump and Ground Plaster. Foot of Seventeenth street, south side Dock. au 29-tsu3

3,328 BARRELS FRESH ROCKLAND LIME, from the celebrated "Cobb Lime-Kilns," just arrived and now landing from schooner Brigadier, for sale low from dock by ROBERT WENDENBURG, No. 808 Main and 17 Fifteenth street. au 29-7t

REMOVAL.

BINSWANGER & CO.
HAVE
REMOVED TEMPORARILY
TO
1440 MAIN STREET,
pending repairs at 1427 Main street, which is also open for business. au 24-eod6t

SASH, BLINDS, DOORS, &c.

WHITEHURST & OWEN, MANUFACTURERS OF SASH, BLINDS, DOORS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, &c., TENTH AND BYRD STREETS.—Our new factory, unsurpassed in arrangement and equipment by any in the country, is now in full operation, and we are prepared to execute orders for first-class work at bottom prices. 26-3m

PROPOSALS.

HENRICO COUNTY COURT, CLERK'S OFFICE, August 28, 1884.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE received by the undersigned to noon TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1884, for furnishing the county of Henrico to the 1st day of July, 1885, with HEART-PINE AND OAK LUMBER, suitable for bridge-building; and for furnishing TERRA-COTTA PIPE from 6 to 20 inches in diameter. Bids must state the price per foot. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all of the bids. Address committee at Henrico Courthouse. WILLIAM Y. MORDECAI, SAMUEL P. WADDILL, au 28-4d Committee.

BOOK AND JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE DISPATCH PRINTING-HOUSE.

AUCTION SALES—This Day.

By E. B. Cook, Auctioneer, 24 Ninth street.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, BUGGY AND HARNESS, &c., AT AUCTION.—On FRIDAY, AUGUST 29TH, at 10 o'clock, I will sell at No. 614 west Cary street the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, embracing a general assortment of genteel goods, such as are usually found in a well-regulated household, including PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING-ROOM, and KITCHEN UTENSILS, A FIRST-RATE COOK-STOVE, &c., TWO RUSTIC SETTEES, TWO METAL FLOWER-URNS, BATH-TUB, LAWN-MOWER, &c.; ALSO, ONE EXCELLENT TOP-BUGGY and HARNESS. E. B. COOK, au 27 Auctioneer.

By E. B. Cook, Auctioneer, 24 Ninth street.

FURNITURE, &c., AT AUCTION. TO-DAY, at 10 o'clock, I will sell at store a SMALL AS