GOTTSCHALK'S GRAVE

AT THE SEPULCHRE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST PIANIST.

He Sleeps in Beautiful Greenwood—Born in New Orleans May, 1829—Died in Brazil December, 1869.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

I promised in a previous communication to give a sketch of the lamented Gottschalk, but other things have occupied my time and attention. As Gottschalk was undoubtedly the greatest artist America has ever produced, and since he was a southerner, I copy the following article from the January No. (1871) of Harris's *Musical Bulletin*, a paper now extinct, written by Marguerite F. Aymar, and entitled "Gottschalk's Grave": OBERON.

GOTTSCHALK'S GRAVE.

A day in May seemed to be set in November—the one we chose for our visit to Greenwood, and more especially to the grave of our beloved master in art, Louis Moreau Gottschalk. As all will remember, he died on the 18th of December last, in Rio Janeiro, Brazil, and that his remains were brought on and buried finally in Greenwood on the 3d of October, 1870, after a solemn and most impressive requiem mass at St. Stephen's church, in Twenty-eighth street—the church where he used to go whenever he was in New York, and whose lamented pastor, the late Dr. Cummings, was one of his warmest friends and admirers.

Passing through the grand archway with its relievos cut in the solemn brown stone and the words, "Weep not—the dead shall be raised," as comfort to the aching hearts that pass daily beneath it, following their loved ones to this last of resting-places, we walked slowly up a hill for a short distance, and then by a little abrupt turn to the left we reached the plot where he lies sleeping so near beside his brother.

The ground is enclosed by a substantial railing, with a device of lyres as its decorate moulding. For some time we hesitated without the sacred enclosure, for at the beautiful monument that hearts and hands have erected to memory. At the upper end of the plot stands a superb pedestal of the whitest marble, and resting on it the figure of an angel whose right hand points off into the heavens, as if to symbolize that his works and deeds shall be widely known; in the other he holds a trumpet of fame and a scroll upon whose white and glistening surface are graven the names of six of his most exquisite compositions, thus:

Marche de Nuit,
Bamboula,
Danse Ancienne, Mazurka,
Dernier Amour,
Marche Funèbre,
Morte!!

At her feet stands a marble lyre with its strings broken. The whole idea is very fine, and although perhaps a little too much still reminds one of him, his goodness, his genius, and his waywardness. The inscriptions upon the monument I will give in full, judging that it cannot fail to be interesting to those who knew him only in art and through his works, as well as to those who can remember his having called them "friend." In front is the following in gold letters, whose brilliancy was as dazzling as the warm sunlight fell upon them:

In loving memory of
LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK,
The celebrated American pianist
and composer.
Born in New Orleans, Louisiana,
8th May, 1829.
Died in Rio Janeiro, Brazil,
18th December, 1869.
Aged 40 years.

Has a noble heart and generosity made him beloved for all, and to his sisters and brother, for whom this monument is erected, a lasting love and gratitude, he ever was the fondest and most loving of brothers.

Time will never erase the remembrance of his noble deeds and genius.

Upon the left side is the following inscription, in memory of his younger brother, who he loved and cared for with a surpassing love and sweetness:

"Also, to the loving memory of
GEORGE GEORGE GOTTSCHALK,
Born in New Orleans, Louisiana,
14th December, 1836.
Died in New York
26th September, 1863;
Aged 27 years.
He bore his sufferings with patience and resignation.
Was entranced to be buried with his loved brother the 3d of October, 1870."

There they lie, peacefully sleeping together at last, quietly, in the sunshine or storm, with the soft winds from the swaying ivy above them, or the winds blowing mercilessly around their resting-place—it is all the same to the brothers, who sleep and rest beneath the earth, cold as that made the earth hard and bitter as death of them. Here, until the last, they shall lie together.

In front of the statue the ground is laid out in a unique design; planted in thick, green ivy is this:

"L. M. Gottschalk—merle."

Like a lyre. The effect of this is singularly pretty, even this time of year, and in the spring all shall be fresh and the device green beside the brown earth it will be very beautiful. The day we were there some hand had placed two wreaths by the angel's feet, and a small flower-pot containing a vine that seemed trailing mournfully about the broken lyre—for whoever brought it did not seem to have known that summer vines wither and die in our northern clime, and all the tender little leaves were curled up, brown and cold. Not so a young English ivy, which was growing luxuriantly and twining itself about the lyre.

We lingered awhile in sad thought and remembrance as the sight of his name graven on a stone—the name we had written with words of praise and admiration beside it—now, only there on a stone, the few loving sentences that some women's hearts had dictated, to the story of his brief, wonderful life and fame. Little did we dream as we left the Academy of Music straining our aching eyes to catch the last glimpse of the elegant, graceful figure, the poetic, pale face, with its grand inspired eyes that it would, indeed, be *the last* time we should ever behold him on earth—that far away he would breathe his last, and that years after we should come to lay our tribute on his grave. While our thoughts are with him we cannot refrain from most grateful mention of Madame Octavia Hensel's book

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

The name, we are happy to say, is not a "dead one"; it was not one of those hard, "dry lives" which are written of dead heroes every day, but it is just such a book as those who loved and admired him most would have wished for. Full of quaint little anecdotes and savings of his—tiny sketches of himself and glimpses of what he really was—his biographer has given us a picture in the sweetest and most musical language. One brief paragraph, telling us of the rapt spiritual face, with its well-remembered peculiar, radiant expressions of eyes which made it seem as though he really were inspired with special force. Perhaps, "Are you not now convinced that I can sleep to the music?" There is more truth in my heart than the world gives me credit for. Who cares? I choose to live in death's *andante* shall never find the music of my life's sonata unfinished."

More honor, indeed, than the world gave him credit for! But now the world gives him credit for all the sweetness, and the genius, and the pure soul-power that were thine. That angel guarding thy grave shall tell to other angels all the long, long story, and God shall listen, and God shall find room for one of earth's sweetest spirits, and the few broken, heart-felt words, written in golden letters on the white stone, shall bear record of all that went to those thou hast "left behind."

In a great ship of sunshine, with the warm odor of arbor-vitae and the scent of the trees falling, we left him sleeping and turned our eyes towards the bay, lying in a dim, gray haze of dying daylight. *Requiescat in pace, alma beata, e bella.*

The Dog Nuisance.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I am truly glad that the dog question has begun to be agitated, and I hope the agitation may be kept up until something is done to abate the nuisance. Your editorial one day last week, and also your remarks in reply to "Friend of the Dogs" in Sunday's paper, were in the right direction, but they did not go far enough in that they did not offer any definite remedy for the evil.

Mr. Editor, there are five times too many dogs in the city. Coming up Main street a short time ago from the county court-house to Eleventh street, I saw by actual count *thirty-six dogs!* Just think of it, thirty-six dogs visible in the street—in one street—in a distance of eleven squares, and the majority of them not worth the powder and buckshot it would take to kill them. The neighborhood in which I live—Seventh street north of Leigh—is fairly alive with dogs, and there are few nights that I am not more or less disturbed by them. There are six hours out of the twenty-four—from midnight to 6 A. M.—when the usual noises of the day are practically suspended, and it is during this time, when tired people ought to be getting the rest necessary to fit them for the duties of the following day, that the canine tribe gets in its work, yelping and baying and making the night hideous, and causing an untold amount of profanity, mental, if not expressed, on the part of the tired sufferer, who fain would sleep, but who finds it a hopeless case.

After lying awake one night listening to a perfect chorus of canine voices for two hours, about 2 A. M. I arose and dressed, and, armed with a heavy iron poker, went out with the determination to slay or, at any rate, to drive out of the neighborhood every dog that I could find; but, alas! the offenders were all "pets" and on their master's premises, and not one could be seen. I could only go back to bed and "grin and endure it" until, completely worn out, I got to sleep some time after 3 o'clock.

I am not opposed to dogs in the abstract. On the contrary, I am fond of them, and like to have a good dog around me. But when it comes down to the question of peaceful and quiet rest on the one hand, or a lot of yelping curs and "pets," with sleepless nights, on the other, the dogs must go. I agree with "Friend of the Dogs" that the old-fashioned way of catching them in nets, hauling them away in a cage, and disposing of them, I never knew how, was cruel, barbarous, and repulsive to the finer instincts of humanity, but, unless some better plan can be devised, even that is better than having the peace of the community disturbed night after night without any redress. For goodness sake let something be done so that we can sleep at night.

Let the City Council take the matter in hand and pass a high-license law, putting the dog tax at $5 and *enforce* it. Let the police go around twice a year or oftener, and where a dog is found unlicensed give the owner ten or fifteen days to pay the tax or send the dog out of the city. Let the "dog-catcher" be revived in some form, and by some means the least cruel and repulsive get rid of those that do not belong to anybody in particular and are not worth paying the tax on if they did. Those persons who own really valuable dogs will pay the tax and value their pets all the more highly for it. Those who have pets that are not of sufficient value to pay $5 for and those who cannot afford to pay it—well, there are very few people who have not friends in the country who would take their dogs and thus save them from the executioner. A high license would certainly reduce the number of pet dogs, and then if the vast horde of stray dogs is gotten rid of, while the evil might not be entirely cured, it would be so much diminished as to be practically of not much consequence. Respectfully, R.

HIGH PRICE OF POTOMAC HERRINGS.

Extensive Trucking Crops Abandoned by the Farmers—Disease Among Cattle.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

KING GEORGE COURTHOUSE, VA., April 23.—The storms of last week played havoc with the fisheries on the bleak shores of the Potomac. The prices for green herrings ranged from $3 to $4 per thousand up to the stormy days. Now the same class of fish are selling on the shores readily for $9 and $10 per thousand. This is a serious matter with the farmers, who every April buy a year's supply of Potomac herrings and cure them in large quantities for farm labor, &c.

Rev. A. T. Lynn, after three years' service, has resigned the pastorate of Potomac Baptist church in order to devote more time to his Stafford churches. His farewell service was very largely attended, and a resolution complimentary to Mr. Lynn was adopted by a rising vote of the whole congregation, composed of members of the various religious denominations of King George.

The report of a contemplated electric railway from Fredericksburg through this county to Colonial Beach was without foundation, but an effort is on foot to interest railroad capitalists in the route, so that a broad-gauge road may be established to connect Fredericksburg and the counties on the Northern Neck with the Chesapeake Bay.

Fletcher's Chapel Methodist Sunday school contributed $70 to a fund for the erection of a large brick church edifice at that place.

A large number of valuable cows have recently died in this county. Cause unknown. The disease is dissimilar to any which has hitherto attacked the cattle of this section.

Owing to the continuation of cold and wet weather farmers here have abandoned their plans for extensive trucking this season. An unusually small area has been planted down to potatoes, and no effort will now be made for an English-pea crop.

Your correspondent has interviewed all the fruit-growers of King George, and has himself made critical examinations of the bloom, and finds that at least 80 per cent. of the peaches were entirely destroyed by the frosts and ice of last week.

A man from Westmoreland county who gives his name as Haskins was last week adjudged a lunatic by a board of lunacy of this county and lodged in jail to await the authorities at the asylum. He is now a raving maniac, and the jailer finds great difficulty in controlling him.

A wharf is in course of erection at Chatterton, on the Potomac river, and will probably be completed by the 1st of June. Mr. J. Q. Stiff, who is at the head of the enterprise, expects to open a large store and general warehouse at that point, which will perhaps be the most prominent shipping point on the Potomac.

The "Third-party" movers here are quiet but seem to mean business. It is understood that the chairman's manifesto, soon to be printed and circulated among the farmers, is a conservative but able and attractive document. The dissenters from the old parties are decidedly outspoken against the renomination of Cleveland and seem to be more in sympathy with Hill than any one whose name has been mentioned in connection with the next presidency.

"Cup and the Lip."

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A Magyar legend connects the Tokay vintage with the proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." It recites that a Hungarian nobleman who had assiduously devoted himself to the betterment of his vineyards, upon the occasion of planting a new species of vine, on which he had founded extraordinary hopes, sent for the astrologer of the castle and directed him to draw a horoscope of the new vineyard and determine its future. This having been done, he was informed that the wine would be the best that earth had ever produced, and that it would be fit for use in four years, but that he would never taste it.

"What, you scoundrel," said he to the astrologer, "do you mean that I shall die before that time?"

"No," replied he, "but my divination tells me that you will never taste the wine."

The four years being passed, the lord of the vineyard had a cup of the wine brought to him and sent for the prophet. Holding the cup in his hand, he said: "Now you see, sir, that I am about to drink the wine that you said I should never taste. When I have quaffed this cup I shall have you soundly flogged for your awkwardness." "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," calmly replied the astrologer. As the words passed his lips a retainer rushed into the hall crying out that the wild boars had broken in among the vines and were tearing them up. The nobleman threw down the untasted cup, seized his boar-spear, and rushing into the vineyard, attacked the largest of the boars, which turned on him and killed him.

This legend may be found as I have copied it in the "Reference Hand-Book of Medical Sciences" in an article on "Wines," and written by Charles McK. Leoser, of New York. E. T. R.

Two Blood-Stained Programmes.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Having noticed a telegram in Saturday's DISPATCH, dated Baltimore, 15th instant, in respect to the "blood-stained programme" found in President Lincoln's box after his assassination by Booth I would like to say that I think Messrs. Ford & Case are both mistaken. I have on many occasions handled *two* programmes (both of which were blood-stained) which were picked up in the President's box after the assassination by Mr. E. A. Emerson, who was cast as Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," the night of the tragedy. Mr. Emerson is now a resident of Lynchburg, and I think still has the programmes in his possession. He will substantiate what I have written in every particular. SALGUOD.

Damned for Taxes Not Due.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Isn't it a rather queer system which requires a person to be dunned and published for taxes he doesn't owe?

Both of these things have been done to me, and I am told that there is no help for it—the law requires it.

It is admitted that I do not owe the taxes. I suppose it is all right, but it is rough, mighty rough. TAX-PAYER.

Letter from Cyrus W. Field, Jr.

8 EAST FIFTY-SIXTH STREET,
NEW YORK, May 8, 1883.

Several times this winter I have suffered from severe colds on my lungs. Each time I have applied Allcock's Porous Plasters, and in every instance I have been quickly relieved by applying one across my chest and one on my back. My friends, through my advice, have tried the experiment and also found it most successful. I feel that I can recommend them most highly to any one who may see fit to try them.

CYRUS W. FIELD, JR.

QUERIES & ANSWERS.

A CONTROVERSY ABOUT GRAMMAR AND GOOD USAGE.

Banking Question—Ballard-House Bridge. Rain-Making—The Law of the Road, Etc.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In a late issue, in speaking of the book "Eminent Virginians," you say, "This * * * was prepared by *agents of his*." Is this correct? And are the similar expressions, "A friend of *mine*," "A neighbor of Mrs. *Smith's*," correct? If you will kindly analyze and parse these words you will oblige yours truly, R. D. D.

Yes, they are correct. Nobody would say, "A book of *him*." Everybody says, "A book of *his*." Therefore we should say, "A book of *Smith's*." This is called a double possessive. It is difficult of explanation. In fact few people can understand what is meant by the explanation that "a book of Smith's" means "a book of Smith's books." Everybody puts the wrong construction on the words. The meaning is "one of Smith's books." That is to say, "This is a book of Smith's books" means "This is one book (out) of Smith's books;" or, "This is one horse (out) of a hundred horses of Smith's." In the French language, for example, the word "*a*" and the word "*one*" are the same. The French say "*one* book," not "*a* book." So in English when we say "*a* book" we mean *one* book. Consequently we correctly say, "This is *one* (or *a*) book of (out of) Smith's (many or few) books."

Howells, the Author.

PETERSBURG, VA.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please be so kind as to give a short sketch of the life of W. D. Howells, the novelist, or information as to where such may be found, and greatly oblige

Yours truly, GEORGE H.

William Dean Howells was born at Martin's Ferry, O., March 1, 1837. His ancestors on his father's side were Welsh Friends and people of substance. His grandfather, impelled by his democratic sympathies, emigrated to this country and became an ardent Methodist, while his father adopted the beliefs of Swedenborg, in which young Howells was educated. In 1851, when the father was the clerk of the House at the State capital, Howells worked as compositor on the *State Journal*, earning $4 a week. In 1851 the family removed to Ashtabula, and all found employment on the *Sentinel*, which the elder Howells purchased. Before this last removal the talents of the young author had attracted attention, and at the age of 19 he was the Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and when he was 22 he was made the news editor of the *State Journal* at Columbus. During his residence in Columbus he published poems in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the first entitled "By the Dead," and in one year five others. "The Poet's Friends"; and thus his literary life was begun.

The New York Delegates.

WEST POINT, VA.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

It has been asserted by newspapers of the State that the delegates appointed by the Democratic State Convention of New York to go to Chicago did not represent the character, worth, and intelligence of the party in that State. Will you be kind enough to print the names of some of the most prominent delegates appointed at Albany, February 22, 1892.

Yours truly, J. H. B.

The following are some of the delegates: At large—Governor R. P. Flower, Edward Murphy, Jr., chairman of the State Committee; General Daniel Sickles, General H. W. Slocum; alternates—Manton Marble, formerly editor of the *World*, Hon. John Bigelow, ex-Minister to France.

District Delegates—The following are members of Congress: A. C. Chapin, A. J. Cummings, W. Burke Cochran, Henry Bacon, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, J. R. Fellows, of New York (an ex-Confederate). Other distinguished men: Hon. Hugh J. Grant, mayor of New York; J. H. Manning, son of Daniel Manning, mayor of Albany; Perry Belmont, ex-Minister to Spain; Hon. W. F. Sheehan, Lieutenant-Governor of New York; Frank Campbell, Comptroller of New York State; Frank Rice, Secretary of State; George Elliote (a very wealthy German), Frederick Cooke, an eminent German lawyer, with many others of like distinction.

The Burial of Latane.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Does the engraving (now rare and valuable) which represents the Burial of Latane give the portraits of the ladies who were present?

I have heard that it does not, but that the artist got several Richmond ladies to consent to be drawn in the picture. H. T.

Very probably he did; but we cannot answer positively.

Those who prepared Captain Latane's body for burial were Mrs. Dr. W. S. R. Brockenbrough and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Willoughby Newton, formerly of Westmoreland.

A minister (Rev. Mr. Conway) was sent for but could not be gotten. The other ladies who were present at the grave were Mrs. William B. Newton, wife of Captain Newton, of the Hanover Troop; Mrs. Dr. Smith and Miss Newton, sisters of Captain Newton, and Miss Dabney, a niece of Mrs. W. B. Newton.

A few men of the neighborhood were there.

When everything was ready at the grave, Mrs. W. B. Newton opened the prayer-book at the burial service and requested Mr. Richard Atkinson, a *Methodist layman, to read it, and he did so.*

Stopping Payment of Checks.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

1. Does a bank, the payee of a check, assume any liability if it should refuse to stop payment of a check on the telegram of an endorser, who is unable to get at the drawer in time to get him to stop it? The drawer of the check had the amount to his credit. Has the endorser on a check the right to stop payment of it under any circumstances? If so, what are they?

2. In what amounts are the following coins legal-tender for debts: Pennies, nickels, and silver dimes, quarters, halves, and dollars? G. H. P. C.

A bank is under no legal obligations to obey a telegram of any kind involving pecuniary responsibility. Only the drawer of a check can rightfully stop the payment of his check, and any request to this end must come through him. If he has the money to his credit, and the check is presented properly endorsed, the bank is liable to action on the part of the drawer for any damage to his credit by the protest of the check.

No subsidiary coin is a legal tender for any amount. Silver dollars are a legal tender for any amount.

Crescent City Papers, &c.

GOOCHLAND C. H., VA., April 15, 1892.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

1. What are the names of the daily papers published in the city of New Orleans?

2. Was the address of Colonel Ingersoll on Music, delivered at Delmonico's before the united *musicale* of the country (and which is so highly praised in the New York letter to the DISPATCH of April 3d), published in any of the New York daily papers, and, if so, which and of what date? A. X. M.

1. According to the latest newspaper directory, the *City Item, Deutsche Zeitung, Abeille, New Delta, Picayune, States, Times-Democrat*, and *Evening News*.

We have no means at hand now of finding out. Write the New York *World*.

The Ballard-House Bridge.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

When was the bridge across Franklin street joining the Exchange and Ballard Hotels built? J. T.

The City Council's records show that on the 11th day of August, 1856, a petition of John P. Ballard to construct this bridge was referred to the Committee on Streets with authority to grant it if they deemed it expedient, and that on the 13th of August, 1856, the Street Committee granted the permission.

In January, 1867, Mr. Ballard made application to obstruct Franklin street while the bridge was being removed, but it was rejected.

It was about this time that the bridge was removed. The bridge was rebuilt between 1870 and 1872, probably under the permit of 1856.

"Laundered" or "Laundried."

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

When a school-boy—many, many years ago—the word laundry was spelled as I have here written it, and an article restored to cleanliness by its process was spelled *laundried*. I notice that "Down-East" writers of catchy advertisements spell the last word *laundered*. Will you please inform your readers when and why this change? And if changed whether it was done by one of sufficient knowledge to justify its being used by OLD FOGY.

Laundered is correct, and is an old-time English word.

It [a beard] does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere prun'd and starch'd and *laundered*. —[*S. Butler*, Hudibras II., 171.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears.
—[*Shakespeare*, Lover's Complaint.

Laundried is set down as "colloquial in the United States" by the Century Dictionary.

Whence "Goode's" Rock.

RICHMOND, VA.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please let me know how the name of Goode's Rock was given to the rock now being removed at the lower end of Stearn's flats, just west of the United States monitors? and oblige PARKER C.

John Goode, who was born in England about 1620 or 1630, removed from Barbadoes to Virginia prior to 1660, and settled a place four miles below Richmond, on James river, which he named "Whitby," where he died in 1709. "Whitby" remained in the Goode family until 1876.

The rock referred to by our querist was known as "Goode's Rock" beyond the memory of the oldest descendant of the emigrant John Goode, and it is quite likely that it was so called for the proprietor of the adjacent land.

Destruction of Hair by Electricity.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have seen in medical journals that the only way to destroy superfluous hair is by electricity. Is there any one in Richmond who is able to do this? B. S. H.

The only effective method of removing superfluous hair is by electrolysis. One pole of a constant-current battery is attached to a slender needle in a handle, and this has to be passed down to the root of each hair separately, making it a rather tedious process. It can be as well done in Richmond as anywhere. A number of our physicians have the necessary appliances and experience.

Rain-Making.

CENTRAL PLAINS, VA.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have had an argument with a good old brother of the same proclivities of Professor Davis, who claims that it is wrong to pray for rain when we need it, but contends that it is perfectly right and legitimate, morally, to produce rain by any of the modern appliances that have been invented (or claimed to have been invented) by man.

You being good authority, please give your views upon the subject, and oblige your obedient servant, &c. J. H. M.

It is right to do either or both.

Cleopatra.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please give me the accepted pronunciation of the name Cleopatra, and oblige,

MURFREESBORO', N. C. MRS. S. W. R.

Cleopâ-tra. "Though the vowel of the penultimate syllable in this word appears to be short by nature, the Latin poets, as Lucan, Juvenal, and Statius, often make it long by position; and the usage of Shakespeare has fixed the accent on this syllable for English readers."—*Worcester's Dictionary.*

Winter and Summer in the Bible.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Is there any place in the Bible where it says that the time will come when we shall not know the winter from the summer save by the leaves on the trees? A SUBSCRIBER.

The Bible contains no such statement. The nearest approach to it is found in Matthew, xxiv., 32—"When the fig-tree is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh."

The Law of the Road.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

What is the law in meeting on the road? Should a driver turn to the right or the left? HOLLINS, VA. R. S. G.

In the United States, and generally in Continental Europe, teams or riders approaching each other on the highway are expected to keep to the right of the centre of the travelled part of the highway. In Great Britain the reverse obtains.

As to Congressmen.

RICHMOND, VA., April 20, 1892.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

1. How many congressmen are elected from this State?

2. Is there any district in the United States which elects more than one congressman? SHOCKOE.

1. Ten.

2. No.

The New States.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please name the new States admitted into the Union since 1888, and the electoral vote of each, and oblige G. A. M.

Idaho, 3; Montana, 3; North Dakota, 3; South Dakota, 4; Washington, 4; Wyoming, 3—total, 20.

"Not a Drum Was Heard," &c.

LAFAYETTE, VA.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please state the name of the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore." R. G. G.

Charles Wolfe.

Mrs. Davis's Address.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

What is Mrs. Jefferson Davis's present address? NORTH CAROLINA.

Beauvoir, Miss.

Notice to Correspondents.

No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Nor will any attention be given to long "strings" of questions.

Many queries are not answered because similar ones have been recently answered.

Address "Query Editor, DISPATCH office, Richmond, Va."

LOOKING FOR ROYALTY.

But When the Royalty Arrived It Was No Recognized.

It sometimes seems that although the "divinity that doth hedge a king" is now an unknown quantity, and, as the *Youth's Companion* remarks, some royal personages might be recognized by their common sense.

The Princess Mary, wife of the Danish Prince Valdemar, was journeying through Helsingor one day on an excursion to Sweden. The station-master heard of her coming, and not only decorated the waiting-room with lilies, but set a watch at the door to prevent the public from intruding on the royal privacy.

At the expected time the Princess and her sister appeared, unattended, each carrying a small hand-basket. These surely could not be princesses! The brusque watchman promptly blocked the doorway.

"You can't go in," said he.

"Why not"? asked the astonished travellers.

"Because we expect the Princess Marie."

"Then keep a good lookout for her," laughed the amused lady, and went through the common gate to the platform. The station-master waited all day, and then concluded that the Princess had taken another route.

According to Mac.

[Rider and Driver.]

Society's like a horse, no doubt—
A fact seen plainly when
You note how both are taken out
And rubbed down now and then.

Only a shilling is the price of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The people are happy.

SPRING FASHIONS.

CREPONS AND CROCODILE CLOTHS MOST POPULAR MATERIALS.

Charming French Challies—Beautiful Bedfords—Silks Decidedly in the Ascendant.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, April 23.—Thank the gods we live in the nineteenth century—and towards the end of it! In the elder days of dress one had a silk gown, or a stuff dress, or a calico frock, and with precious little variety about the color or the weave. Now, it would seem as though no two looms were employed in producing the same goods. There are so many fabrics that the dealers are puzzled to give names to them, and they are sufficiently difficult to describe.

Of the more distinctly spring materials it may be said that crépons and crocodile cloths are by far the most popular, although Bedfords dispute the ascendency with them, and are really so altogether charming this season that to choose between them would confuse the judgment of Paris himself. The crepons are best liked in the plain, solid colorings, owing their attractiveness to the peculiar weave of the goods. The newer Bedfords, on the other hand, are striped.

RESEMBLING SCALES.

Crocodile cloths have a peculiar, small figure in the weave, distantly resembling scales, whence the name. They are of a similar weight to the crepons, and, in fact, belong to the same family. Camel's-hairs have abandoned the odd and striking effects of last year to a very considerable extent. The smooth qualities are shown, however, with polka-dots of contrasted colorings sprinkled across their surfaces. Homespuns and the Scotch tweeds and cheviots are staple, suffering little change from year to year. At present they display chiefly invisible plaids and mixtures.

LIGHTER FABRICS.

Coming to the lighter fabrics, French printed challies are decidedly among the most charming of the wash dress-goods. These display large floral designs, small sprigs, and a variety of striped effects. Polka dots are also frequent. Challies with dark grounds are a prominent feature; they are, of course, figured in light colors.

Bedford cords exhibit this season the novelty of challi figurings. They are very satisfying goods for spring dresses and will make up well for wear at the resorts. Bayonnaise is a new quality in veilings; it is figured with tiny designs and is deliciously soft and pretty.

Dimities, batistes, ginghams, and the other wash goods have all attractive features, organdies are especially favored and although old-fashioned, present many novelties of design.

A SILK SEASON.

As to the silks. It is what the dealers call a "silk season"—silks, that is, are decidedly in the ascendant and are to be widely used, even for the street, although for the latter purpose they will occupy the position of trimmings. The first feature of the new weaves that strikes the eye is that most of them have changeable effects; the second, that about three-fourths of them are striped. Never were stripes so altogether popular.

Moires are in a vast variety of new colorings and new combinations. White grounds show pale-tinted stripes with small blossoms embroidered indiscriminately across stripes and ground. Equal-striped moires in two decided colors are finished with what is known as the "chameleon" effect.

PEKIN STRIPES.

Satins, taffeta silks, and surahs all show a tendency toward Pekin stripes in boldly contrasted colorings, such, for instance, as blue and canary. Some of the new surahs have serpentine effects. Altogether the new silks are rather gorgeous, and promise in the shape of gowns later on to give us some brilliant rainbow effects at the springs or by the ocean.

Cycling dress will include this season, as will most other sorts of outing attire, the little india silk shirt that is to be such a feature of the year. As days grow warmer the short cloth jacket worn above it will be stuffed into the "luggage-carriers" on the handle-bars, and our wheel-woman, with her plain serge skirt, sustained by bretelles, will present that coquettishly man-like appearance aimed at by the *fin de siecle* young lady.

A "CAMPAIGN" DRESS.

A pretty travelling dress included in the "preparations" of a young lady here who expects to make a vigorous campaign at the resorts is of navy-blue French serge, edged with white braid; there is a little blouse waist of checked India in blue and white, which goes inside the skirt-band; the jaunty English jacket is worn over it, and is also edged with braid.

The Watteau was never used in so many different ways.

Easter Sunday's parade on the avenue demonstrated the immense success of the English straight-back top-coat. Every other woman seemed to have one on, and the color was generally some shade of tan.

OTHER NOTES.

The era of the low shoe returns. Let us hope that modish women will discard it in favor of the pretty high-laced suede boot they are showing.

There is a rumor that the length of the bell skirt is to be curtailed long ere autumn's leaves strew the ground. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.

Everything has a girdle of some sort. The girdle is a *sine qua non*.

In crepon, or any of the spring fabrics, the majority of the models display the Russian blouse. It is a style that is generally becoming, except to stout women; and these latter unfortunates are not much considered by the modern modiste.

Prince-of-Wales tips still deck the spring bonnets.

"The Judgment of Paris."

[Judge.]

She gave the boy an apple—
And she was one of three—
And said: "Give this to her of us
Most beautiful to thee."
The boy gazed at each lovely elf—
Then ate the apple up himself.

Mr. Warren D. Wentz
of Geneva, N. Y.,

Tells of His Fearful Sufferings After Gastric Fever and His Cure by

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All who know Mr. W. D. Wentz give him the best of recommendations for honesty and integrity. For many years he has worked for Mr. D. P. Wilson, the harness maker and member of the Geneva Board of Health. He says:

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Die of Starvation

I took pepsin compounds, bismuth, charcoal, cod liver oil and malt until my physician confessed that his skill was about exhausted and he did not know what else to try. Everything I took seemed **like pouring melted lead** into my stomach. I happened to think I had part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla that had been in the house for two or three years, that I found had benefited me previously for dyspepsia. I began taking it and soon began to feel better. I have now taken a little over two bottles and can truthfully say I feel well again and can eat anything without distressing me, even to

Pie and Cheese

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A Good Voucher

"I have known Mr. Warren D. Wentz for many years and can vouch for him as a man of veracity and one well known about here. I have sold him several bottles of

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