LEE IN THE CAPITOL.

VIRGINIANS MAKING AN EFFORT TO PLACE HIS PICTURE THERE.

REPRESENTATIVE OF AN EPOCH.

As a Contemporary of Grant and McClellan, He Deserves a Place There—The Army of the West.

S. D. F. writes from Washington to the Philadelphia Times the following which, especially the latter part, is reproduced for what it is worth:

Prominent Virginians are now proposing that a portrait of General Robert E Lee shall be placed in the Capitol, as a contemporary of McClellan and Grant in a national epoch of history, and that future generations should have an opportunity to see the Confederate commander, no matter what they may say of him or think of him, and the part which he played in the national tragedy. They are just beginning the agitation, and sooner or later they will accomplish their object, for it is a singular fact that persistent men and women achieve things in Washington which are at first regarded with intense and bitter opposition. The persistent people persevere. The opponents gradually disappear.

One of the very best extant portraits of General R. E. Lee was painted in Paris some sixteen or eighteen years ago for a former resident of St. Louis by a French artist who never saw the original. In this painting, which now hangs among other portraits of distinguished Virginia soldiers in the moss hall of the Virginia Military Institute, the artist has given a wonderfully lifelike picture of Lee as he appeared to his officers and men in the heat of battle. It is a view of Lee that no other painting does give, and that no photograph could give, of the self-poised commander under strong emotion, yielding to the impulse of the soldier.

Equally interesting as historical paintings are three portraits of Lee by John Elder, a Virginia artist who gained much fame for his war scenes, of which he made a specialty for several years after the close of hostilities. Many of the best compositions were sold out of the State, but his "Battle of the Crater," a spirited picture of the desperate fight which followed the explosion of the historic mine at Petersburg, was purchased by Senator Mahone. His first, which hangs in the State Library in the Capitol at Richmond, was made from actual sittings while Lee was in retirement at Lexington.

The University picture, in some respects a better portrait than the last mentioned, is one which Elder painted on an order from the students of the University of Virginia in the spring of 1871. It is a large canvas, three quarters full length, representing Lee in the uniform of a Confederate general. Elder's third portrait was made in 1871 for the city of Savannah. It is a full length figure, and represents Lee standing in soldierly attitude in complete uniform and accoutrements. Artistically, it is the best of the series.

But there is one other likeness of Lee, still in the possession of his family, that always possessed a greater interest than any portrait of the world-famous general. It is the picture of a young lieutenant of engineers in the full bloom of manly strength and beauty.

There is a story current among Virginians that when Lieutenant Lee proposed for the hand of Mary Custis, her family urged that the heiress of Arlington and of the "White House" on the Pamunky, should look higher than to an alliance with a young officer who yet had his spurs to win. When one looks upon this picture of Lee as he was at 25, it is no wonder that the fair kinswoman of Martha Washington chose as she did. That full, dark, silken moustache of his was alone enough to make her envied of half the belles of the Potomac country.

At the beginning of the civil war, says Erastus Turner, of Kansas, there was no man more prominent in national affairs than Senator Pomeroy, of my State. He was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, and was very influential with that great and good man. He was the first loyal man to know that Robert E. Lee was to enter the Confederate service. Senator Pomeroy often told the story to his friends. As I remember it, he said:

"Nobody knew who I was, but any of the Virginians who were present will remember a stranger who stood leaning against one of those big pillars on the portico at Arlington. The way it came about was this: I had just arrived in Washington and circulated around among the crowds at the hotels picking up what information I could about the movements and plans of the secessionists. One day, about the 17th or 18th of March, 1861, a committee came up from the convention, then in session at Richmond. I found out who they were, and was determined to discover what they were up to. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon they all took carriages and started off. There was a buggy in front of the hotel, and hiring it I followed them over to Arlington.

"General Lee was evidently not expecting company, as they caught him in his dressing gown and slippers, and I remember, as he came out to welcome them, he impressed me with being one of the noblest looking men I ever saw. Most of the party were strangers to him, and while they were being introduced, my friend and I stood at one side, as if we had come on some business, and were willing to wait until the others were through with theirs. Lee, you recollect, had been sent for by General Scott to use his influence to prevent the recession of Virginia, and I believed his wish was that she should remain in the Union.

"At any rate, he was generally regarded as a loyal man. After the introductions were over the chairman of the committee—there were about a dozen of them—hemmed and hawed a little, and then began to make a speech. I kept a diary then, as I do know, and have ever since, and wrote out a full account of the occurrences of that night, putting down the speeches as fully as I could recollect them.

"The chairman said that they had been sent on by the convention of Virginia, then in session in Richmond, to express to General Lee, as the most distinguished soldier and one of the most distinguished citizens of the State, their confidence and esteem, and to tender him the command of the troops that had been raised to repel an expected invasion from the North. He continued at some length, and concluded by saying that the response of General Lee to the call of his State would have great influence in shaping the destiny of the Commonwealth.

"General Lee listened to the speech with his eyes cast down, and when he raised his head to reply I saw an expression on his face that looked as if his mind was fully made up, and his reply would be direct and positive. From what I had heard I expected him to decline and make a protest against secession, and his first words encouraged me in that expectation. He said: 'Gentlemen, I am opposed to war, although bred to the profession of a soldier, and I deeply deplore civil war—strife between brother and brother.

"'But,' he continued, and his words scared me, 'but I hear the voice of Virginia, like the voice of a mother, calling me to the defence of a soil that is as sacred to me as the ashes of my ancestors who lie buried here. I cannot resist the call of a State to which I owe my first allegiance; but I wish you to understand, gentlemen, that I draw my sword only in her defence, with the prayer that in asserting her sovereign rights we may not be compelled to shed the blood of our brethren.' He then said he would report at once to the Governor at Richmond, and invited the party into the house.

"My friend and I crept off and getting into our buggy drove over to Washington as fast as the nag could go. We went right to the White House, where I told Mr. Lincoln what had occurred. He was so amazed that he could scarcely believe me, and said that he understood from General Scott and others that General Lee was using all his influence to prevent the secession of Virginia. We had a company of Kansas volunteers in Washington, of which Senator Lane was captain, and I asked Mr. Lincoln's permission to go over to Arlington and arrest Lee that night before he could go to Richmond, but he said that such a thing would precipitate a crisis, which they were trying to avert. I begged so hard that he finally sent me to Seward. But Seward wouldn't believe anything. He said he knew all about Lee, and all about the convention at Richmond; that Lee was as loyal a man as there was in the army, and was engaged with General Scott in preparing for the defence of Washington. But the next morning Lee went to Richmond, and within twenty-four hours the announcement that he had taken command at Richmond was in all the newspapers."

The Army of the West.

Charlottesville, Va., October 2, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

A very clever and courteous correspondent of the Dispatch claims in your last Sunday's paper that the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, was the most hotly-contested of the great war between the States.

It was certainly a grand triumph of Confederate valor and constancy. But all valor was not the peculiar virtue of the Army of Northern Virginia. There was some very creditable fighting done by the Army of the West, which, my young friends, was also a Confederate army—as when the First Division of the Army of the West began fighting with 4,600 men on October 2, 1863, stormed the works of Corinth next day, lost all but 1,800 men, and on the third day held Ord's Corps at the Hatchie Bridge until our train and army were safe, and they marched off after three days' fighting with 1,200 men, having saved the army.

Nor do I believe any conduct of the Army of Northern Virginia surpassed the conduct of the garrison of Spanish Fort, an earthwork like the redoubts which surrounded Richmond, which was held twenty-one days by 2,000 men against Canby's army of 35,000 men, with its complete siege train and Faragut's fleet, and then marched out by order, having killed and wounded more of their enemy than their own numbers.

Bragg's army, 46,000 men, is stated to have lost 18,000 killed and wounded, but it gained a complete victory and drove Rosecrans from the field, capturing 5,000 prisoners.

In December, 1863, Grant, with 60,000 men, had pressed us down to Grenada, upon the Tallahatchie, where we were withstanding him with 16,000 men. Sherman, with 30,000 men, was to move out from Vicksburg, join Grant's army at Jackson, then these combined forces would move 90,000 strong upon Mobile, Selma, Savannah, and Charleston, and end the war. But Van Dorn, with 2,000 horse, passed around Grant's army to Holly Spring, where he had collected his supplies for ninety days, protected by a strong infantry garrison. At dawn on that Xmas eve Von Dorn's troopers burst upon them, captured the garrison, outnumbering his force, destroyed the great depot of stores, and defeated the campaign which would have ended the war between the States then and there.

This seems to me a very creditable military operation of General Van Dorn.

M.

A Correction.

Norfolk, Va., October 11, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Dear Sir,—I notice in your column of Confederate news, "that Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Norfolk, Va., had elected Miss Annie Henry as sponsor for the camp," to attend the meeting of the Grand Camp of Virginia on the 20th to 22d. This is a mistake. Mrs. Washington Taylor was elected sponsor for the camp, and Miss Annie K. Henry maid of honor. Please make the correction in your next Sunday's edition in your Confederate column.

Very respectfully, E. M. HENRY.

Hadn't Thought of That.

(Philadelphia Record.)

"Some time ago," says an insurance man, "a man asked me to accompany him home, as he had some things there to be insured. When he arrived at his house he showed me 100 boxes of cigars, which he wanted insured. There were 100 cigars in each box, making 10,000 in all, and were valued at 10 cents each, so I insured the lot for $1,000. A few days ago the man came to me and asked for the insurance money. 'You've had no fire at your house,' I replied. 'No, but I've smoked them,' said he, 'and, according to the paper, I am entitled to the money, as it reads distinctly that if the goods are consumed by fire, money is paid on application.' As far as technicalities were concerned, he was all right, but I knocked him cold about a minute later by saying, in a very stern manner, 'All right, sir; you'll get the money; but, according to your own confession, I will proceed at once to make a charge against you for incendiarism.' 'Well, I'll be hanged!' was all he said, and the room shook violently after he banged the door!"

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

(my 16-W, F, & Su 1 r)

SHE'S A WOMAN.

THE PUGNACIOUS PARTY WHO FIGURES ON OLD VA.'S FLAG.

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS."

The Idler Talks of the Old Dominion's Seal—The Woman With a Duster—The Speech You Didn't Make.

Recently my great mind was relieved of a matter which has worried me ever since I was a pie-stealing boy. It was about the figures on the flag and seal of our dear, old State. You all know the familiar motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and can picture to your mind's eye the prostrate monarch and the rampant figure wiping its feet on the fellow that's down. It was years before I was quite certain whether "Sic Semper Tyrannis" really meant "Take Your Foot Off My Neck," or "Always Thus to Tyrants." No sooner had I been positively assured about this much-vexed question than I found another difficulty. A thousand times have I asked myself, "Is the person on top a lady or a gentleman?" On some of the flags and seals it (I use the neuter for the present) has a feminine air, while on others the triumphant individual indicates a representative of the much-intimidated sex. When I stopped to argue with myself I would say: "No, it can't be a lady, for its dresses are too short. No female ever appears in such a garb, except at the seashore, and even granting that she wears a bathing-suit, we know that no member of the dominant sex would appear in such a garb before a king—no, not even if she intended to knock him down and stamp him the next minute.

And yet, when I decided to consider the bellicose individual a man, I found that there was, also, much to be argued against this supposition. In the first place, no member of my sex would stop to slaughter a monarch as long as he needed a hair-cut as badly as the aforesaid "it" does, unless, indeed, he happened to be attached to a Wild-West show or sold patent medicines. And even granting that a self-respecting man would allow his hair to run to seed, would it not also follow that he would be equally careless about his face foliage and lip-hedge? And yet Virginia's warrior, despite its waving tresses, has a clean-shaven face, on which one can almost smell the bay-rum and gum-camphor. And further, to incline me against the belief that the holder of the championship belt was a man, I observed that the figure wore a short petticoat, which barely touched the knees. Men don't take to petticoats for wearing apparel, but granting again for the sake of argument that they do, what holds that petticoat up? There are no suspenders, and a waist-belt is absent. How, then, could this little skirt have been kept hoisted? In only one way—by pins. Men don't know how to use pins. They are women's implements.

* * *

But the mote has now been removed from my eye, and I am prepared to assert authoritatively that the triumphant person is a female, as might have been expected. But I have no information that the party with whom the ground is being wiped up is her husband, though ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would naturally reach that conclusion. Section 32 of the Code of Virginia—that grand book so universally sought by lovers of light literature—has much to say on the subject, and removes all the mystery. In speaking of the manner in which the Great Seal shall be prepared, it provides that the obverse side shall be as follows:

"Virtus, the genius of the Commonwealth, dressed as an Amazon, resting on a spear held in her left hand and holding a sword in her right hand, her left foot on the figure of Tyranny, represented by a man prostrated, his head to her left, a crown falling from his head, a broken chain in his left hand, and a scourge in his right hand. Above the group, in a line parallel with the border, the word 'Virginia,' and in the exergue, on a curved line, the motto, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis.'"

To be candid, I'm sorry I have had my doubts removed. It all goes to prove what I fain would hide and what I am loath to confess—that woman is the dominant sex. In the face of the law and legends of our State, how can man ever hope for emancipation. Come, gentlemen, let's submissively get the baby-carriages and take the children out for a stroll. Our wives want to hold a meeting on woman's rights.

* * *

No woman in this world ever gets too high and mighty for a feather duster, and there are powerfully few of the mouse-haters who miss the opportunity in winter time to sift the ashes from the grate and carefully replace them on the fire. But the feather duster is above all things their delight, especially, if they have husbands to nag after and scold for their dirt-making proclivities. A man who doesn't leave a little pile of cigar ashes on the parlor doylies, or who fails to throw burned matches on the floor, is a poor fellow, indeed, and one not worthy of wifely consideration. Women naturally look on men as born dirt-makers, and men never fail to sustain their reputations in this respect. They cross the threshold with mud on their feet, and it isn't many minutes before they have left their earthly trails behind them everywhere. In a few moments the creators of household disorder can disarrange a whole establishment. To begin with, they can't be happy until they're strewn the daily newspapers all over the floor, and then, to give artistic effect to their disorder, a few business letters are torn in bits and scattered on the carpets. Then the cigars and pipes are produced in order to confound confusion, and a lead pencil is sharpened in a way calculated to scatter the shavings over every foot of the first floor. The books on the table are next disarranged, and possibly several straws are stolen from the family broom, in order that a mellow pipe may be deprived of its nicotine. These straws, by the way, are thrown in places where their presence will be noted, though not the eye alone, but likewise the nose, detects their existence.

* * *

If the baby wants amusement—and no infant ever yet required less than six persons to afford it recreation—the magnanimous destroyer of wifely tidiness will bestow upon it the choicest articles of bric-a-brac available, and then serenely bury himself in the paragraph on the prize-fight. About this time the woman with the feather duster appears—that is, providing she hasn't met the man at the door with her much-needed implement. For a second or so she'll hover about him, and then, with a snort, she'll catch a glimpse of his awful work. At this juncture the dusting brush traverses every inch of the room. One moment it will be whisked under the man's nose and a second later it will charge the pipes and tobacco. Everything retreats before it. The man, of course, pretends to ignore the disturbance. He reaches out for the part of the paper containing the scandal in high life. It is gone—whither the good wife only knows. Then he gropes for the matches. They, too, have been abducted, and are flying before the dusting brush. In the face of a scornfully erected nose the pipe-cleaning straws are preparing to meet destruction, and the pencil shavings are dashed aside with a vigor indicative of volcanic emotions in somebody's bosom. Every foot of the territory in front of, behind, above, and beneath the man is assailed by the feather duster. Yes, the very atmosphere is feathery, and a perusal of the papers is impossible. He knoweth not what moment his own face may receive a raking down, and all the while he hears slighting remarks about "men folks" and lamentations on the physical impossibility of even keeping the appearance of a house within the bounds of decency. Humbly he makes his way to the fireplace, and in deep humility he hoists his feet at an angle of forty degrees. But he finds no asylum there. Like an eagle, the feather duster leaps upon him, and a moment later he must vacate in order that the ashes may be taken up and 1 cent's worth of coal be saved by twenty minutes' inconvenience. Then the woman gives a wheeze of contentment, and the awful implement is laid aside. With the baby in one arm and the debris of the papers, pipes, and letters in the other, the woman cedes the conquered territory and leaves the room. The man patiently sharpens another lead pencil with widespread damages to the carpet, discovers another pipe with equal capacity for creating ashes, and in three minutes has ensconced himself in ten times as much dirt as there was before. The curtain arises on another dusting brush; exeunt the second supply of pipes, matches, and pencil shavings. And so the world wags. When a lady friend boastfully tells this much afflicted wife that HER husband never leaves any trash and loves to see things tidy, the much-afflicted wife is scornful. She says she wouldn't live with a man like that—that he is "finicky" and a "regular Sister Nancy."

* * *

Don't you feel horrible when you expect the toastmaster at a banquet to call on you for a speech and you haven't the thousandth part of an idea to illumine your brain? All through the awful contest of Man vs. Food, you snap at oysters and toothsome viands in a half-hearted way, for fear is within your soul and a cold perspiration is trickling down your back. The minutes seem like hours, and yet you would fain have centuries in which to compose a "few brief and eloquent remarks." It is a case of "you want to and still you don't want to." Modesty being one of your crowning characteristics, you of course suspect that everybody wishes to hear what you've got to say, but upon an investigation of your ideas you realize that you've got nothing to say. The toastmaster raps things to order, thereby checking what would otherwise result in a widespread, overwhelming indigestion. An exultant look is on his face. He knows that he will have a chance to talk more than anybody else, and he rejoices in this assurance. He smiles complacently and with an air of conscious superiority. Every man shivers; every partaker of the feast fears that his time has come. The toastmaster, after delivering himself of the magnificent effort which he has rehearsed eight times before his unprotected wife, looks around him in a patronizing way and says:

"Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow-Citizens" (or whatever his associates may be),—"We have in our midst to-night a gentleman whose talents, benevolence, and fame need no praise at my hands." Horror o'erspreads the whole assemblage. Each man believes and in his heart is convinced that these remarks apply to him. Each man finds his tongue wallowing in a parched desert and his brain an awful, immeasurable blank. Each man struggles to conquer a frightful trembling in his knees. Each man knows his wife would giggle herself to death if she saw him.

The speaker adds: "It gives me pleasure to introduce to this large and cultured audience Mr. Windy Gasbagg." (Applause and a few misapplied bars of music by the band).

As Mr. Gasbagg speaks, a just resentment surges up within you. You see that he is boring everybody to death, and you know how much more the audience would appreciate your remarks—that is, if you had any ideas worth putting into words. When the monotonous old fossil concludes, you feel that you have done an act of charity to applaud him, and you wonder how he has lived so long unchoked. But in the midst of all these thoughts the awful fear again seizes you. You feel that the company can no longer exist without a speech from you. And yet you still have nothing to say, except a fragmentary "This-is-wholly-unexpected-to-me," or the painfully truthful statement that you are no speaker.

But the toastmaster, in his immeasurable stupidity, again calls out another nonentity—the little man who has sat in the corner trying to look indifferent. His speech is a thousand times worse than yours would be—that is, providing you could find something to say, and you rejoice that the audience will soon hear something good—to wit, your address, as soon as you have thought it out.

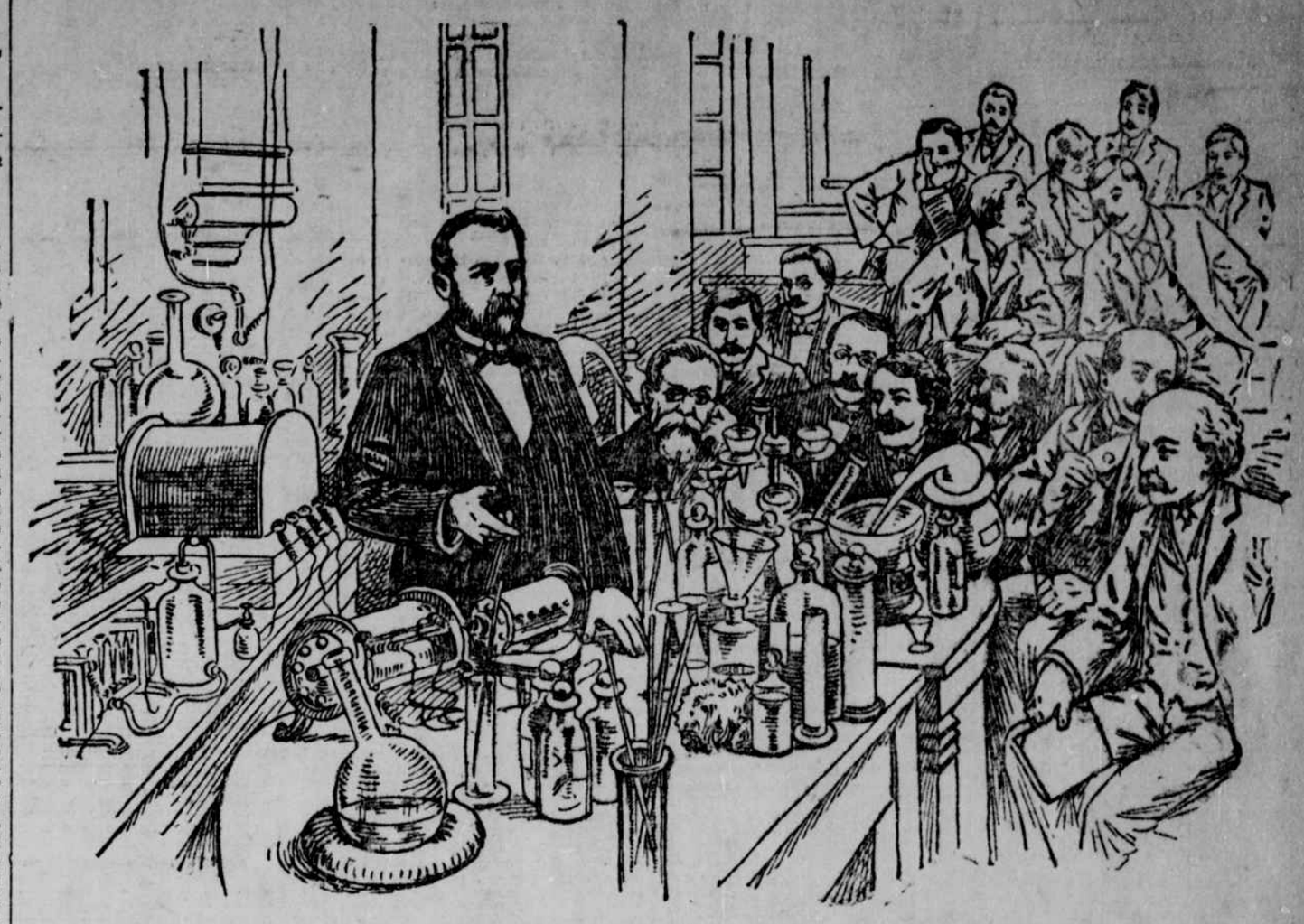
When the little, insignificant man who will never learn to make a speech sits down your heart is again in your mouth, which mouth, by the way, is as dry as a seafoam cracker. But you envy your associates the treat that is before them—in other words, the oration which you are going to deliver with such force and power.

The toastmaster, now hopelessly incapable of attending to his duties, idiotically calls upon the man who looked thoughtful after the sixth course. This man admits that the shock touched him unexpectedly, and spends twenty minutes in asserting that he, too, is no speaker—a fact which he beautifully demonstrated in the first ten words he uttered.

In the course of the evening the toastmaster's imbecility assumes more and more malignity of form—in short, he forgets that you exist—and so, when the people who have had a chance to talk begin to become impatient with the other speakers, the meeting is adjourned. You go home mad and resolve to kick the dog if he is on the front porch. And then a feeling of all-absorbing pity comes over you—pity for those poor souls who have lost an opportunity to hear you deliver that speech, which, while not in your head, would certainly have come by divine inspiration.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!



A Scene in the New Slocum Scientific Medical Laboratory (New York City), Illustrating the Power to Cure of His New Discoveries to Medical Men and Students.

A Martinsville Marriage.

MARTINSVILLE, VA., October 15.—(Special.)—The Methodist church of this place was the scene of a pretty marriage to-day, when Mr. T. N. Barbour, one of our most prosperous merchants, wed Miss Lizzie, the beautiful daughter of Dr. J. M. Smith. Ten o'clock A. M. was the hour for the ceremony, and promptly at that time the bridal party entered the church, which was beautifully and profusely decorated with evergreens and blooming flowers, to the strains of a wedding march, skilfully rendered by Mrs. Pattie Brown, the bride's sister. Rev. W. H. Gregory, the pastor, conducted the ceremony. Mr. J. W. Jemerson, of Virginia, was best man, and Miss Carr Chrisman, of North Carolina, was maid of honor. The attendants were W. C. Smith with Miss Annie D. Gravely; George L. Dillard with Miss Sallie Penn; George L. Gravely with Miss Lizzie Schofield, and John T. Penn with Miss Alice Williams. The ushers were John W. Carter, J. H. Spencer, T. G. Burch, N. H. Hairston, Pannill Rucker, and John D. Smith.

A delightful reception was given at the bride's home Wednesday evening from 9 to 11. The presents were numerous, useful, and ornamental.

The happy couple left on the 10:51 train, and will visit the principal cities and places of interest in the North.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Brown returned yesterday after having enjoyed a pleasant tour of a week's duration.

Rev. W. H. Book, of the Christian church, of Clifton Forge, began a series of meetings here Sunday, and is preaching daily to large audiences. He is a man of much piety and earnestness, and an excellent preacher. His town should consider itself fortunate to have such a man for a citizen.

This county is having a triangular fight in the political arena, as to the candidates for the Legislature. W. A. Garrett, a prosperous and popular citizen of Ridgeway District, is the Democratic choice. W. P. Emerson was nominated by the Republicans, and J. R. Armstrong was endorsed by the Populists.

Disraeli's Latin.

The Paris Gaulois, in an article on Latin pronunciation, states that at the Berlin congress, in 1878, Lord Beaconsfield, who understood French, but could not speak it, on one occasion suddenly rose and pronounced three words, which sounded "Kasi cassus belli." Bismarck, acquainted with the English pronunciation of Latin, answered with a frown, but did not utter a word, while there was general astonishment and alarm among the rest of the delegates, excepting Lord Salisbury and Odo Russell, who nodded their heads in silent approval. So profound was the impression made by Disraeli's mysterious pronunciamento that the sitting was brought to an immediate conclusion. That evening, however, Count Gortschakoff, the Russian delegate, no longer able to contain his curiosity, at a dinner given by Bismarck, leaned over to Beaconsfield and asked him as a personal favor to explain what the three "awfully sounding English words" that created such a sensation meant. "But that is not English," replied Beaconsfield, not a little offended, "that is good Latin." "What, then," asked the Russian diplomat, "were those words"? Bismarck ironically interrupted: "Let me write them down." He took his famous giant lead-pencil from his vest pocket and "Quasi casus belli," relieved the worried mind of the statesman. It is a consolation to learn from the Gaulois that the very latest diplomatic preoccupation of European statesmanship is to find a uniform pronunciation of Latin, and that notes have been addressed by England to the representatives of the Powers concerning the ever-new and much-debated subject. Are we going to talk of Sezar, Sizar, or Kaizar? Sisero, Tsicero, or Kikero? One thing is generally admitted—namely, that the usual English pronunciation is abominable, and the continental no longer tenable.

Sora.

(For the Dispatch.)

In kose you nose de soray burd, dat
flotes in swomps roun' here,
What niggers kills wid paddles nights,
kase niggers dey doan keer.
Dey nose dat in de mornin' dey kin fech
um up to town,
Whar fokes duz luv de jucy things, an'
bys de lass one soun'.
It peers like murder, mose it does, de way
dem niggers do,
Wid lights in botes, an' creepin' long, an'
doan say word bout—shoo!
Jess tappin' dem poor, little burds on top
dere helpless hed,
Den rechen out an' grabbin' um, kase
mosly dey is ded.
I spose dars fokes in dis here world,
would say 'twas mity long,
To kill a helpless little burd, while
churpin uv his song;
But ef dere is, no use to hunt um, in dis
blessed munt.
Kase ef you foun' um, dey mout say, dem
burds you orter shunt.
'Tis no use talkin' 'bout dat de, dese what
I see is ded,
An' if dars any greevin' now, de tears is
all but shed.
I specs de senceblest thing to do is—put
um outen sight,
An' sumwhar dars a cook I ne, kin fix
um sacly right.
Jess tell her be particler, an' cook um to
er turn,
Wid sesonin's so fragrant like, de angels
sure mus' yern. G. R.

BLACKSBURG POINTS.

INSPECTION OF THE VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

A Series of Experiments in Testing Cements—The Y. M. C. A. Building—A Good Sum Raised for It—Personal Notes.

BLACKSBURG, VA., October 16.—(Special.)—The Executive Committee, consisting of Captain C. E. Vawter, of Miller Manual School, and Mr. S. Hamilton Graves, of Roanoke, and President McBryde, of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, met here on Wednesday and Thursday. The recently-completed water-works, the new boiler of 100-horse power, just put in place, and the dormitories were thoroughly inspected, and found in every way most satisfactory.

Permission was granted Colonel William M. Patton and Instructor John G. Connor to conduct a series of experiments on cements. About twenty different samples of the best American and European cements have been sent here to Mr. Connor by the manufacturers. All of these will be tested for compressive and tensile power, and also as to the influence and effect of freezing upon them. The results of these tests, which will be conducted in the most thorough manner under experienced engineers, will be very interesting and valuable to both manufacturer and purchaser.

Professor William B. Alwood was authorized to continue his State work of inspection for San Jose scale. The committee adjourned, and the members left for their homes on Thursday evening, after two days' hard work.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

The erection of the Young Men's Christian Association building at the Institute seems now to be assuming a tangible form. It is designed to put up a $10,000 building. Mr. Lawrence Priddy, a graduate of the Institute of 1897, has been working very earnestly on the matter of subscriptions for the past four months. He has $6,000 subscribed. The committee believe that with this amount promised, they are authorized in going forward with the work. Very handsome plans for the building have been submitted, and this week Mr. West, an architect from Richmond, was here in order to examine and make alterations and modifications in them. If those interested in the school will now come forward with liberality, this handsome structure can be put up within the nex twelve months.

Mr. William Lybrook received recently a letter from an uncle in Australia, whose career is full of interest and romance, if I had space to go into it. He is a brother of Judge A. M. Lybrook, of Patrick, of Big Four fame, and was the eldest of six brothers, sons of Mr. John Lybrook, who lived and died in Giles county. In 1849 Mr. David Johnston Lybrook went to California to seek his fortune. Here he lived some years, and then moved to Australia, where he has resided since. His home is in Queensland, where he has been concerned in some of the largest of the many large financial transactions that have taken place there. He is now more than 90 years old, but writes a steady, clear, and legible hand. He has never been back, but says his heart often yearns for his native old Virginia, and the longing is sometimes so strong that were it not for the fear of the effect of change of climate on his health, he would come, even now.

Dr. Edw. E. Gheib, after a week's absence in Baltimore, whither he was called on business, has returned to the institute.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. and Miss Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., who have been visiting their son and brother, Professor E. A. Smythe, returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. McCleave, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Hocking, of Mt. Savage, Md., guests for the past ten days of their sister, Mrs. L. S. Randolph, left for home on Friday evening.

To the great delight of numerous friends and admirers, Miss Nellie McBryde, of Lexington, is here, as the guest of her cousin, Miss Susie McBryde.

Rev. Mr. Thomas, the newly-appointed rector of Christ church, Blacksburg, held services in this church for the first time on last Sabbath.

Mrs. William H. Beale, of Buchanan, accompanied by her son, Mr. Preston Beale, visited this week Mrs. Beale's old home, Smithfield.

Mr. C. C. Tutwiler, who pursued special post-graduate work at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute last session, is now filling a lucrative position as chemist of the Standard Oil Company, at Tampa, Fla.

Mrs. Montague Woods Coleman (nee Miss Ida Walker) is on a visit to her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker.

The Blacksburg graded school will open on Monday, with Mr. Ashby Murrill as principal and Miss Minnie Eakin as assistant. The opening is late this year, but it has been unavoidably delayed.

Mrs. Frazier, of Charlotte, N. C., has arrived in town, and will board with Dr. and Mrs. Henderson until January. She is visiting her son, Cadet R. E. Frazier, of the class of 1898.

Mr. Davis Ayres, of Salem, has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Holladay, the wife of Rev. James M. Holladay, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Sedgwick, of Mississippi, has been during the past week the guest of the Misses Houston at their handsome home, on the outskirts of the town.

Miss Mary Phlegar, the daughter of Hon. A. A. Phlegar, of Christiansburg, after a visit of some days to her aunt, Mrs. David C. Shanks, at her home, on College Hill, returned on Wednesday home.

Miss Maggie Walker, one of the charming young ladies of the town, is in Pulaski, where she will remain some time visiting friends.

Cadet Wolfenden left this week for his home, in Wythe county, on account of ill health.

Rev. L. H. Edwards, pastor of the Baptist church, of Blacksburg, has a very fine class of special students in Latin. Mr. Edwards is a graduate of Columbia University, in which institution he filled for some time the position of instructor in the ancient languages.

A SUCCESS.

The experiment of allowing the cadets to board in certain licensed boarding-houses of the town has proved a decided success. Most of the houses have as many boarders as they can conveniently take, and yet the college mess has about 160 boarders. The result has been to produce on all sides more general satisfaction.

Wheat Production in America.

(For the Dispatch.)

If the statements of Mr. C. Wood Davis in the September Forum and the comments of the editor of the New York Sun thereon are correct, and both are careful writers, it becomes a fact, the importance of which it is difficult to overestimate. Both of the foregoing writers concur in the statement that since 1884—that is, for thirteen years—there has been no increase in the entire land of the globe devoted to the cultivation of wheat, and that, practically speaking, it cannot be increased sufficiently to meet the demands of an increasing population. In other words, the only increase which can possibly be made will not meet the wants of the average increase of population, which is increasing in a far greater degree than the production of wheat. It is further stated that the real reason why wheat has ruled so low for the last ten years has been the fact that between 1884 and 1886 there have been seven phenomenal crops in point of size; so large, indeed, that the surplus of these seven tremendous crops lasted up to July 1, 1897, and that it is not possible again to have such another surplus, unless the crops are again for a continuous period phenomenally and abnormally large. Seven crops again as large as those of recent date mentioned in the article of Mr. Davis would not lower the price as much as formerly, because since that period the increase of the population of the world has caused an increased demand. It is also stated that the great Siberian railroad, now being constructed entirely across that enormous country, will not add materially to the production of the world's wheat, as it is stated upon high authority that it will never be able to raise more than enough wheat for its own use. These articles corroborate in the highest degree a paper written about fifteen years ago by Erastus Wymans and published in the North American Review, which excited considerable attention at the time. Even under the gold standard it means dollar wheat for a long period of time, and what is of far more importance it opens up a market for Indian corn. At one period during September we shipped in a single week over four millions of bushels of corn to Europe. It seems to be true that under ordinary normal circumstances hereafter we cannot produce more than wheat enough for three-fourths of the world. Indian corn, which recently has been slowly but surely working its way into the markets of Europe, has before it a prospect bright with hope and promise.

Controlling, as we already do, the cotton markets of the world, if added to this we control the wheat and corn and tobacco markets, the career of prosperity before the people of the United States of America is sufficient to stagger the imagination. Especially is this true if we open the Nicaraugua canal and bring ourselves in contact with the western coast of South America. What a field is opened to the West and the South! Steadily the centre of population marches westward, and the census of 1900 will have value the apportionment then to be made a majority of members of Congress for the West and the South. All things seem to point to a magnificent opening of the twentieth century. The day of the pessimist has passed, and dear old Virginia does not mean to be a laggard in the great race. CARTER PATTERSON.

Buckingham county, Va.

Almost Inside Out.

The stomach that is not turned thus by a shaking up on the rough water must be a well fortified one. The gastric apparatus can be rendered proof against the sickness with that stomachic so popular among travellers by sea and land, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It safeguards the system against malaria and rheumatism, and subdues liver complaint, constipation, and dyspepsia.