

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

- FOR PRESIDENT, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Of New York. FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Of Missouri.

Our White Sulphur Correspondence.

White Sulphur Springs, August 24th 1888. Scottsville is not on the direct road from Orange Courthouse to the White Sulphur Springs...

At North Garden depot you will find a comfortable conveyance to take you to Scottsville...

My own opinion was, when I first read the account published a few months ago in the Scottsville Register...

He thought this note, which was printed with a pencil in capital letters, came from a negro...

After an examination of the note, I could not agree with him. It was written on very small note paper...

After passing the Sheep-neck range, you come next to the Green Mountain settlement, as famous in Albemarle as the Green Spring neighborhood in Louisa...

The conclusion to my mind was irresistible, that the writer of the note was a woman, a white woman, and an educated woman.

The road from Mr. Moon's to Scottsville is very good; so we rattled on at a lively pace, and a little after six o'clock drew up in front of the Albemarle House...

Bishop Wilmer had requested the driver to turn aside from the main road in order to leave Mr. Taylor and himself at "Plaindealing," the summer residence of the Bishop.

"I suppose you have some five or six hundred acres of land there?"

"I think there are eleven hundred acres," replied the Bishop.

"Indeed! Then you raise plenty of corn and wheat?"

"No, we have to buy corn nearly every year, but," added the Bishop with inimitable wit and dryness, "we make enough lettuce to last us all the year round—plenty of lettuce—plenty."

At that, we all burst out laughing.—The idea of an eleven hundred acre lettuce-farm was too good to be resisted.

The good Bishop himself joined in. "Plaindealing" is an old-fashioned Virginia country double-house, one in front of the other and the two connected by a covered passage.

The yard is one of the prettiest I have ever seen—large, shaded with fine old trees, the soil short as if with a razor, and kept so sparsely clean.

Together it comes as near the ideal "home, sweet home" as one can ever hope to see in this world.

I am always glad when business or pleasure takes me away from the beaten path of travel into some portion of our dear old State which is new to me, for I am sure always to discover, as at "Estateville" (pronounced Estonteville) and "Plaindealing," those surprises which never cease to delight yet at the same time to sadden me.

These homesites—the seats of elegant culture, refinement and purity—show the beneficence of our slave system, which disseminated a true civilization in every nook and corner of the land, giving everywhere examples of social worth and polished manners, instead of compacting "civilization" into the cities and leaving the country people to become peasants and boors, without the first thought and beyond the chance of social refinement.

When I think me that all this is undone, and that, in spite of education laws, changes of government, what not, the last vestige of our beneficent system is destined in no great while to disappear and give place to the Northern and European system, my heart, sometimes, is fit to break.

Talking about Northern "civilization," recalls an anecdote related by one of the passengers, during this very ride, of seeing near Philadelphia two elegantly dressed young ladies who had been driving a pair of fast trotters stopping and getting out, in order to scrape the foam from the horses, for fear their own coachman would get angry with them!

This is your blessed tree system—master and mistress in awe of their own "help!" Are we not getting, may have we not got already to that pass in Virginia?

Within sight of "Plaindealing" and about three hundred yards from the road, is the now famous house of Mr. Moon, where "the Albemarle ghost" has played his strange and daring pranks for over eighteen months.

I got out of the ambulance and walked through the woods to take a good look at the house. It is situated some hundred and fifty yards from the woods, with nothing within that distance to obstruct the view on any side, and hence the great wonder that the rascal or rascals were able to carry on their pranks for so long a time without detection, and that too in defiance of oftentimes from ten to twenty armed guards around the house.

It is a notable fact, however, that when ever the students from the University come down, as they frequently did in large numbers, the "ghost" never made his appearance.

My own opinion was, when I first read the account published a few months ago in the Scottsville Register, that the "ghost" was somebody who lived in the house or in the servant's quarters.

Mr. Moon's acquaintance I had made in Charlottesville a year ago and with whom I met in Scottsville, tells me that he believes negroes and perhaps some white men belonging to a band of horse-thieves scattered through the neighborhood, to be at the bottom of this mischief.

He showed me, however, a note which he had found tied to a fishing pole in his front porch a few days before. It read thus:—I WILL NOT PESTER YOU ANY MORE MR. JACK.

GHOST.

He thought this note, which was printed with a pencil in capital letters, came from a negro, because "Mr. or Master Jack" was the name given him by the negroes when he was a small boy, and because the J in Jack was turned the wrong way.

After an examination of the note, I could not agree with him. It was written on very small note paper, ornamented with a flowered border in purple ink.

Most of the letters were far too well executed to have come from the clumsy hand of a negro, who had recently been taught to write.

Turning the J the wrong way was an after thought of the writer as he or she was writing the last word, and intended to mislead.—"Ghost" was spelled correctly, but that Mr. Moon attributed to the fact that the negroes had so often seen the word printed in the Scottsville Register.

But to me the conclusive part of the evidence was this: After the writer had finished writing in capital letters the words given above there remained a long space between GHOST and the lower part of the purple flowered border. A portion was then cut out and the lower portion of the border pinned to the upper and larger piece of paper, so that the border just enclosed neatly the promise "I will not pester you any more Mr. Jack. Ghost."

The conclusion to my mind was irresistible, that the writer of the note was a woman, a white woman, and an educated woman.

The "ghost" had kept the promise so far and had not disturbed Mr. Moon since the night on which the note was left, nevertheless Mr. M. said that, much as he had been annoyed, he would rather the ghost would keep up his (or her) tricks until caught and properly punished.

The road from Mr. Moon's to Scottsville is very good; so we rattled on at a lively pace, and a little after six o'clock drew up in front of the Albemarle House, where Mrs. Pruvis received us with her wonted kindness and gave us a Virginia supper which took away all remembrance of the tiresome day's travel.

The lecture on Love was thinly attended, there being a Baptist Association in progress a few miles off, which drew away many who would have attended.

It seems to me (I'm an attentive reader of the Dispatch) that these Baptist Associations have been held all over the State. This I say very spitefully. I was also told that I "just ought to have been here last week. We had about twenty of the prettiest girls in Buckingham visiting us, and every one of them would have attended with their beaux." Just so. I wouldn't like to tell the number of places I have visited in Maryland and Virginia, where I just ought to have lectured the week before.

Although the audience was small, they seemed so pleased that I went back to the hotel quite contented and, taking my seat at the front door, had a long and interesting talk with Mr. Pruvis about old times and old people in Lynchburg.

During the conversation, a small person came and took his seat close by me. After listening for a long time, he suddenly broke in and addressing himself to me, said,

"I reckon you've been to all the towns in the world, haven't you? 'Well no,' said I, 'not all.'"

"Well you've been to Waynesboro and Staunton and Charlottesville and—"

—Waynesboro, and Richmond and Scottsville and Palmyra and Waynesboro and—Gordonsville and—"

and Waynesboro, and I reckon them's about all the towns. I been to Waynesboro; I live there. Well I b'lieve I'll go to bed, and to my surprise, Mr. Pruvis jumped up and followed him, and very soon my Waynesboro friend came out without going to bed. It turned out that he was a suspicious character, who had been hanging about town all day, trying to "ring in" for bed and board at various places. He was supposed by some to be one of the gang of horse-thieves organized by GRANVILLE MONTGOMERY. He disappeared in the darkness, but whether he went to Waynesboro, Palmyra or some other town in the world we never heard.

As the stage did not run the next day, I remained until the following morning, passing my time very pleasantly, thanks to the courtesy and hospitality of Mr. BRADY, the editor of the Register, and Mr. JOHN HARRIS, who owns the large tobacco factory here and by the yearly purchase of from 3 to 4 hundred thousand pounds of tobacco for a German house, contributes greatly to the prosperity of the town and neighborhood.

Mr. HARRIS gave me for dinner an old-fashioned Brunswick stew, which recalled the halcyon days of yore at Dick and BILLY GAINWAY'S in Buckingham.

He told me of a remarkable ride he had, twenty years ago, from Lynchburg to the New Store, with a youth who never once opened his lips. That youth was your correspondent. An amiable young man he must have been! Mr. BRADY who is a rare humorist and has the faculty of feigning intoxication at will, gave me a most amusing account of a deception practiced by him upon the late LITTLETON TAKEWELL in a store in Richmond. TAKEWELL was so completely fooled and so perfectly delighted that he wanted to take BRADY and "show" him not only all over town but over the whole country.

Late in the evening, I took a solitary walk down to the canal, and at the entrance of a creek that empties into the river discovered the amazing mineralogy of this vicinity, where the drift has accumulated in the ancient river-bed, through which the creek makes a cross-section, every conceivable kind and color of water-worn sandstones, slates, granite and flint boulders, silicious and even micaceous rocks, and last but not least a genuine breccia of pebbles embedded in hardened mud.

What a fine place it was for a modern David with his sling—and elegant place, too, to skirt rocks on the river. Alluding to this singular collection of stones, I was told that the quarrying of flint had become quite an important interest in this part of the country.

Scottsville has not improved a great deal. The woolen factory has been rebuilt in a most substantial manner, but the company have not yet been able to raise funds for the purchase of the necessary machinery, and the building is now used by Mr. HARRIS as a tobacco factory. MASON & DAWSON have erected a new and handsome flouring mill, immediately on the canal. It is not so large as the old mill, but has an improved turbine wheel and turns out 65 or 70 barrels of excellent flour a day.

Messrs. MASON & HILL have each large and handsome stores, which would do credit to a city, but their business is small compared to what it was before the war. I was struck with the unusual number of maimed Confederate soldiers who live here. Scottsville must have played a gallant part during the war. Another thing impressed me—the negroes here are so well-behaved and industrious that they cannot be induced to gather snuff, although the country around is full of it and the merchants in town are anxious to purchase. On the whole, my visit to Scottsville was very pleasant, in spite of the Baptist Association and the absence of the Buckingham ladies. How could it be otherwise when I was so kindly treated by everybody?

G. W. B.

P. S.—All the eyes of all the world are turned this way. The White Sulphur is now the political center of "the nation." Everybody wants to know what is the real object of ROSECRANS' visit here. In my next letter, I intend to tell you all I know about it—if I know anything. I can only say now that it begins to be suspected that ROSECRANS' is (unconsciously, of course) the agent of a deep-laid plot, concocted by SEWARD most likely, to defeat the Democratic party or to elect SEYMOUR and BLAIR on a semi-radical platform, and that he (ROSECRANS) himself does not know exactly what he came here for. He talks well and talks a great deal, but says some things that sound very ugly. For example, he cannot hide his hostility to the Copperheads, as he calls the Peace Democrats, and proclaims himself openly a CHASE man. I fear he has pulled the wool over the eyes of certain distinguished men here, who ought to be sharp for him. Whether he fail or succeed, it is feared that his visit will do harm. How, I will tell you in my next.

A COLUMN FOR COLORED MEN.

We beg our colored friends in this neighborhood to give this column a careful and attentive perusal. Every word in it deserves to be considered earnestly, and if its facts and admonitions be heeded as they should be, the result cannot be otherwise than beneficial in aiding to restore that cordial understanding and good feeling which the self-seeking and cold-blooded carpet-baggers have for a time only, we hope, interrupted.

Read first what your particular friend Gen. Howard said in his speech to the colored people in Richmond.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE COLORED PEOPLE FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.—General O. O. Howard, chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, delivered an address to the colored people of Richmond on Tuesday night, which contained much good advice.

For the benefit of that class of our population, we copy the report of it furnished by the *Wig*, and commend its sensible injunctions to them. They cannot doubt that he is their friend.—The report says:

"General Howard, who is a fluent speaker, though not that of an orator, told them many things which they ought to have known three years ago, before their minds were poisoned by carpet-baggers and scoundrels. His speech was, in fact, for the most part, a sermon, and he enjoined upon them first of all to love God and keep his commandments. It would not do for them, as professing Christians, while not recognizing every one as a neighbor, to want to take the note out of a brother's eye while they had a beam in their own.—God had made them black for some wise purpose. He never makes a mistake, and the colored man who repines that he is not whiter than good advice, nevertheless, if they are pure in heart, loves them just as well as he does any of his other created beings.

"He told them further, if they were Christians and their employers used him as a neighbor, to give them a soft answer turneth away wrath.

"He believed the white people of Virginia loved the colored people and the colored people the white people. These were ties of affection which could not be severed by the war. He exhorted labor, and hence the failure of white emigration. He had seen the good feeling which existed between them on the occasion of his visits to the Freedmen's Works and the tobacco factories.

"On the subject of politics, he gently told them to lean on the Saviour as the only hope of salvation, and vote according to their conscientious convictions of right, without regard to the opinion or directions of anybody. He exhorted them to be self-respecting if he attempted to influence the vote of any man.

"He hoped none of them were foolish enough to expect land to be given them, and earnestly counseled them to save money and buy land.

"He also impressed upon them the importance of having clean houses, of sending their children to school regularly, and of taking a more intelligent view of religion, adding that religion was the only thing which could give them feelings of joy, but in something higher, more ennobling and enduring.

"General H. spoke until after 10 o'clock, and was listened to with marked attention."

Read next what a sensible colored man says in his letter published in a late number of the Lynchburg Virginian.

What has Congress done for us? They have forcibly, fraudulently, deceitfully and dishonestly alienated us from our friends, who were our friends, who knew us and loved us, and have endeavored to keep us apart and have banded us together in oath-bound leagues for the purpose of controlling our votes, and making us their slaves. We are starving for bread, and our wages of our allegiance to carpet-baggers and scoundrels are being used to ruin us, it need be, so that they get office. Congress has done nothing for us. The leaders of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the carpet-bag politicians have been fooling us for three years, selling us land, and getting office for us, with the hope that Congress would soon do something great for us—that we should soon have houses and lands. These false promises have been used by corrupt men, for corrupt purposes, that we might be fooled and they get office. We have been duped long enough. These empyrrean adventures use us as tools that they might get office, and we are left to perish while they prosper.

What do they tell us now? "If you vote for the Democrats you vote yourself back into slavery." "If you vote against the constitution made at Richmond, you vote yourselves back into slavery."

These statements are all false, and they are well known to be so in Virginia, to take charge of his school, desires to receive pupils into his family as boarders, and to furnish board and tuition, as the number of pupils will be limited.

TERMS PER SESSION OF NINE MONTHS: Board and English Tuition, \$200 00 Music, 20 00 Languages, each, 20 00 Use of Piano, 50 00 Washing, 50 00 Payable in advance, at beginning of each half session, viz:—September 15, 1888, and February 1, 1889. ERASMUS TAYLOR, Richmond, Va. Postoffice, Orange C. H.

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enslave themselves again in the Southern States, rather than live like they are now forced to live, upon the inhospitable coast of Africa. The writer states that Liberia will soon be depopulated—every man and woman leaves to return to the States as soon as they have the money necessary to do so.—Day after day night after night the poor creatures pray that they might live to die in the States—yet and even upon these plantations where the happiest hours of their life have been spent. We have no reason to doubt the statement of this poor negro—it is a strong argument against the philanthropic efforts of our Northern brethren in this direction.

News of the Week.

The oil of pennyroyal, it is stated, will keep mosquitoes out of rooms, scattered about, even in small quantities.

St. Mark's Church in Richmond, was robbed of various articles of few nights since by some sacrilegious thief.

The Richmond Dispatch says: "We give the sad intelligence that we are to another bass ball visit—this time from Washington."

There has been a great pigeon race in Belgium. The winning bird, one of 1,500, made the distance of 500 miles in thirteen hours.

At Apperville the manufacture of oil of sassafras has been undertaken by Mr. Lunsford. He retails it for the cure of rheumatism.

Rev. Mr. Pratt of Brooklyn N. Y. has signed a willingness to accept the call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Lexington.

The Charlottesville Chronicle announces the death of Dr. R. B. Nelson of that place and says: "No man was ever more loved, and will be more missed."

One Knight, a carpet-bagger in the Georgia Senate moved to add to the bill for the support of Radical papers a section suppressing all Democratic journals.

Judge Joynes of the Court of Appeals has granted a writ of error in the case of Jeter Phillips, recently convicted of murder in Richmond. The matter will be argued next October.

Garroting cases occur in Richmond.—Several cases of this nature have been made in all cases proving to be colored men roving about without employment.

No more important discovery has not been made in Southwestern Virginia, since the recent one of coal at Saltville. It is on land sold by Mr. Wyndham Robertson to Mr. F. Smythe.

Mr. David E. Booker has been removed from his position as inspector at Lynchburg which he has held since a short time after the war. His successor, who is a stranger, has arrived.

A correspondent describes Mosby as a "lawyer of fair village ability, with a sad-jawed face, a full silbony eye, a grinning mouth, his eyebrows all over him, and a satiny case of speech."

Pomroy has put up his coat of arms over the Democrat office. It is two large silver spoons crossed, the bowls which show portraits of Butler, surrounded by a bright red brick, with the motto—"Red Hot."

Mr. R. B. Baxter died suddenly last week, while speaking at the bar, in Boylston. He was for many years clerk of the court. He was very highly esteemed. He was for many years one of the board of trustees of Randolph Macon College.