FREDERICKSBURG'S DAY.

THE EX-CONFEDERATE REUNION.

How Many Came Entertained the Visitors—A Grand Rally of the Veterans—The Speeches, &c.

[Special correspondence of the Dispatch.]

FREDERICKSBURG, September 18, 1884.

Leaving Richmond by the fast mail at 6 o'clock this morning, we dashed along over the historic ground through which this route lies, and were reminded at willingly every station of some event in the memorable campaigns of the civil war. Hanover Junction, the Northanna, Milford, Guinney's station, and other points, how they recalled recollections of the brave old days when we marched and bivouacked, and fought and starved under our "bonny, bonny flag"—the ever-glorious stars and bars.

Ah, what sad memories cluster around that house just above Guinney's where our great chieftain was borne from the field of Chancellorsville, to illustrate how gloriously a Christian soldier could die as he "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees"!

And what recollections come trooping up as we dash over the plain from Hamilton's Crossing to the historic old town of Fredericksburg!

Along the crest of hills to the left was the Confederate line of battle on the memorable 13th day of December, 1862. There is "Lee's Hill," from which our grand old chief calmly surveyed the field and issued his orders. Out there on the plain is the position from which "the gallant Pelham," with two pieces of artillery, enfiladed the Federal line of battle with such a terrific fire that Franklin was compelled to halt his advance, and bring several batteries to bear upon him, and even then the "boy artillerist" held his position with such persistent pluck that General Lee exclaimed: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young."

There in the woods above Hamilton's Crossing was Jackson's position, and here where the woods put out into the field was the point at which the enemy penetrated A. P. Hill's lines—where brave old Maxey Gregg fell rallying his men, and where Early's men reaped a terrible retribution as they cleared the woods and drove the enemy pell-mell across the plain.

I recalled an incident of the splendid charge made by Lawton's Georgia brigade, who pursued the enemy some distance beyond the railroad—the point at which it was intended they should halt—and even then came back loudly complaining: "If it had been those Virginia fellows 'Old Jube' would have let them drive the Yankees into the river, but he won't give us Georgia boys a fair show." [They found out afterwards that "Old Jube" was always ready to give all of his men as much fighting as they wanted.] Just in the rear of our advance line on the railroad there rushed up to me one of these brave Georgians, a mere lad, who, mistaking me for a surgeon, said: "Doctor, I want you to cut off these two fingers [showing the middle fingers of the right hand, which were hanging by shreds,] and tie up the place for me quick; the boys are going into another charge directly, and I want to go with them."

I told him that I was not a surgeon, but that a man who talked as he did

SHOULD HAVE A SURGEON

at once. The surgeon was procured, the wound attended to (while the brave boy gave us a vivid description of the charge, how they "made the Yankees just git up and git," and how they "would have driven them into the river if they had not been ordered back), and throwing his musket to a "right-shoulder-shift," the young hero double-quicked back to the front again.

As we draw nearer Fredericksburg we see in the distance the position of the famous stone wall against which Burnside threw in vain his brave men, until the plain below won the historic name of "Burnside's slaughter-pen." But above the roar of the artillery or the rattle of the musketry comes to me the sweet story of Richard Kirkland, of South Carolina, the humane hero of Fredericksburg, who, in response to the piteous cries of the wounded of the enemy, leaped over the wall, and at the risk of his own life proceeded to carry water to the famishing "boys in blue."

But I must not linger on these reminiscences, or recall the thousand memories that arise as we enter battle-scared, historic, glorious old Fredricksburg, which I first saw as the guns on Stafford Heights were belching forth their iron hail. The noble women and children of the city were seeking refuge in the rear, and Barksdale's brigade of gallant Mississippians were disputing every inch of the enemy's advance through the streets.

And if I should undertake to tell the details of the 13th of December, 1862, when Lee, with 78,000 men (only 20,000 of whom were actually engaged), met Burnside's host of over 100,000 actually engaged, besides his reserves on Stafford Heights, and made Fredericksburg forever immortal in the annals of warfare; or if I should attempt to tell of second Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, when Lee, with a little over 50,000 men of all arms, met "Fighting Joe Hooker," with his 132,000, and forced "the finest army on the planet" to save itself from utter annihilation by seeking safety across the river under cover of a dark night and a fearful storm—if I were to recall one in a thousand of the historic associations connected with this "hallowed ground," I should fill your columns for days and weeks to come. But I started to tell of the

CONFEDERATE REUNION

held here to-day under the auspices of "Maury Camp of Confederate Veterans."

Early in the morning the people of the surrounding country began to pour in, the townspeople were astir, and by the time the procession began to move both sides of the streets were lined with an eager, expectant crowd.

The following programme was carried out with good order and spirit:

EX-CONFEDERATE REUNION, SEPTEMBER 18, 1884—PROGRAMME:

Ninth Virginia cavalry—Colonel Thomas Waller commanding—met at 9:30 A. M., in south wing of court-house.

Thirtieth Virginia infantry—Major R. O. Peatross commanding—met at 9:30 in the court-house.

Fredericksburg artillery—Captain John G. Pollock commanding—met at 9:30 o'clock at armory, over Knox & Brother's store, Commerce street.

Other ex-Confederates met at Mayor's office with Maury Camp, Confederate Veterans, under command of Captain D. M. Lee.

Reception Committee (headquarters Council chamber): Mayor Hazard, J. G. Mason, J. S. Knox, General Daniel Ruggles, R. B. Merchant, General S. M. Barton, S. J. Quinn—met all reporters, members of the press, speakers, and invited guests at Council Chamber at 10 o'clock A. M.

The procession was formed at 11:30 A. M. in front of the Mayor's office in the following order, under the command of J. T. Goolrick, chief marshal:

Chief Marshal and Aides.

Band.

Fredericksburg Grays, Captain M. B. Rowe commanding.

Maury Camp, with other Confederates—Captain D. M. Lee commanding.

Thirtieth Virginia regiment—Major R. O. Peatross commanding.

Fredericksburg Artillery—Captain J. G. Pollock commanding.

Ninth Virginia cavalry—Colonel Thomas Waller commanding.

Trades Parade—David Hirsh, Esq., chief marshal.

LINE OF MARCH.

Up George to Prince Edward, down Prince Edward to Hanover, down Hanover to Princess Anne, down Princess Anne to Dixon, down Dixon to Main, up Main to Pitt, up Pitt to Princess Anne, down Princess Anne to Amelia, up Amelia to Winchester, down Winchester to Commerce, down Commerce to Main, down Main to George, down George to Island, where procession was dismissed.

Despite the blinding dust the old veterans followed their leaders through the whole programme, and were greeted all along the route by the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies and the cheers of the crowd, to which they responded with old Confederate yells. General W. H. F. Lee, who was the first colonel of the old Ninth, was everywhere enthusiastically greeted, and his old command crowded around the carriage to take him by the hand and recall reminiscences of their service with their loved commander.

THE TRADES PARADE

(though somewhat hastily organized) was a very creditable one, and showed that there is "life in the old burg yet." I regret that I have not space for a detailed description of the interesting exhibit.

The most "trooly loil" shriekers would have to acknowledge that in the large display of the stars and stripes which decorated the stores and the speakers' stand and were carried in the procession there was abundant evidence that we are no longer "rebellious rebels." But here and there was a tattered Confederate battle-flag which was greeted with an enthusiasm which showed that "the Conquered Banner" is still cherished for its memories in the hearts of our people.

The flag of the old Ninth Virginia cavalry was carried by Color-Sergeant Walter S. Callis, who concealed it on his person and brought it from Appomattox.

Some of the old veterans proposed to cut up the flag and divide it out, to be kept as heirlooms in their families, but the gallant Sergeant replied: "No! I have been using it to wrap my babies in that they may catch the spirit which it breathes, and learn the lessons which it teaches. I have already wrapped seven of them in it."

He did, however, as a special favor, give a small piece of it to the wife of an old comrade of the Ninth (B. F. Curtis, of Kentucky), whose brother was a captain in Morgan's command, and who says that she will unite this memento of the boys who followed Jeb. Stuart and the Lees with some that will tell of those who rode with John Morgan.

THE SPEAKING.

A stand had been erected on "the Island," where tables were spread with all sorts of refreshments for the inner man and where, beneath the beautiful shade-trees, the old veterans spent several hours in "fighting their battles over again," as they crowded around and shook hands with General Lee, or met in little groups to talk over their war experience.

About 3 o'clock Judge Goolrick called the crowd together and introduced Rev. J. S. Hutcheson, who opened the exercises with prayer.

In a brief but very felicitous little speech, Judge Goolrick said that he had the honor and pleasure of presenting a gentleman who needed no introduction to a Virginia audience, and especially none to the old Ninth Virginia calvary, whom he had so often led in the thickest of the fight. He need only announce the name of that gallant soldier, distinguished citizen, and stainless gentleman,

GENERAL W. H. F. LEE.

General Lee was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and "three cheers" were given for him with a will. After the applause had subsided General Lee gracefully returned thanks to his old comrades for the greeting they had given him. He never attended a meeting of old Confederates that his heart was not in his mouth; but it was a peculiar pleasure to him to meet and greet here to-day old comrades who rode with him to battle for the land and cause they loved so well. There were missing forms and silent voices which came not to this reunion, and he sadly missed the heroic dead who answered not to the roll-call of the "Old Ninth" to-day. But while dropping a tear to their memory he would pay them the higher honor of clinging forever to the principles for which they fought, as they grandly illustrated the old but true proverb, "It is sweet to die for one's own country."

He eloquently protested against the idea that these men had "died in vain." No! They had once more taught the world the grand lesson that no people, however poor in numbers or resources, will, if true to themselves and to duty, submit to oppression and wrong without making a struggle which shall make their streams red with patriotic blood, and their hillsides and valleys rich in the graves of heroes.

These men were animated by the same love of freedom, the same patriotic impulse as that which fired the hearts of patriot-freemen at Thermopylae in the palmy days of Rome, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Poland, in Scotland, in Ireland, or in the days of the first American Revolution. He claimed for our dead the same meed of praise as that which belonged to struggling patriots in all the ages. He fought not for what he believed to be right, but for what he knew to be right, and while he fully accepted the logical results of the war, he should ever maintain that our Confederate boys were true patriots; that they fought it out against overwhelming numbers and resources as long as there was any hope of success, and that they had furled their tattered battle flags with no stain of disgrace upon them. General Lee here gracefully introduced and quoted with fine effect Father Ryan's exquisite poem on "The Conquered Banner."

He then said that these old Confederates had been heroes in peace as well as in war, and drew a vivid and eloquent picture of them as good citizens, submitting to the laws of the land, and by the industries of peace making our desolate land bloom and blossom as the rose.

He looked back to these "times which tried men's souls" with pride and pleasure as well as with sadness, and he contended that in that great contest defeat was more glorious for us than victory was for the mighty hosts which opposed us.

They did not meet in these reunions to revive bitter memories of a stormy past, or to dig up again buried political issues, but simply to clasp hands as comrades of grand deeds, to talk over a past that is secure, and to go forth with fresh inspiration and fresh courage for the duties of to-day and the hopes of the future.

Judge Goolrick then introduced

DR. J. WILLIAM JONES,

who said that he did not come with any expectation of being honored with a place on the programme, but in the confident hope that in listening to his distinguished friend General Lee, and his gallant friend Captain J. P. Smith, who rode with old Stonewall on his splendid campaigns, and in mingling with old comrades who made our glorious history, he should be able to carry with him to his work some history worth preserving. And yet, as he never heard of a Confederate reunion from Maryland to Texas, from Virginia to Missouri, that he did not feel like packing his knapsack to attend it, so he was never called on to speak on such an occasion that he was not ready to respond from a full heart. With this introduction Dr. Jones made a speech which the crowd listened to and applauded, but which (for obvious reasons) your correspondent cannot report. Judge Goolrick next introduced, in fit and complimentary phrase,

REV. J. P. SMITH,

of Fredericksburg, who had been a gallant and trusted staff officer of Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Smith was warmly greeted by the crowd.

He said that the first time he had ever seen Fredericksburg was on the Sunday before the battle, when he sat on his horse beside General Jackson and saw the refugees streaming from the town as their homes were being battered down by hostile guns. He saw there the tears in the eyes of the stern soldier, and he remembered that one of the first acts of the great chieftain after the battle was to issue to his command a call for contributions for these sufferers and to appoint him as treasurer of the fund.

General Jackson headed the list with a liberal personal subscription, and the speaker had now in his possession a receipt from Mayor Slaughter for $30,000 contributed by the ragged, half-starved veterans of Jackson's corps. He thought that the people of Fredericksburg ought to revere the name of Jackson.

He gave a very vivid and accurate picture of Jackson's personal appearance and characteristics. He said that he was reticent of speech but quick to execute. He said that the "little sorrel" which Jackson rode, and which was accustomed to get over the ground so fast that it was very hard for the staff to keep up, was a horse captured at Harper's Ferry in May, 1861, from an Ohio drover, whom Jackson insisted on paying in gold, out of his own pocket, the full value of the horse. And he never used personally any captured property for which he did not pay, regarding it as Confederate and not private property. Jackson never had a leave of absence; was not accustomed to stay in houses, and was ever ready to share the hardships and privations of his men. The name "Stonewall" was given to him on the field of first Manassas by the gallant Bee, and will probably always cling to him; but he was not a "stone wall" in any of his characteristics, but rather an "avalanche."

He spoke of his secretiveness, and of how he concealed his plans from even his staff and higher officers, and gave several amusing illustrations of this.

An old gentleman in Winchester asked him once: "General, will you please tell me where you move in the morning?"

"Can you keep a secret?" said Jackson, drawing near to the old gentleman, and speaking in a confidential tone.

"Certainly, I can, General."

"So can I," was the laconic response, and there the conversation ended.

He told of how, not long before leaving the Valley before the battle of Fredericksburg, Jackson convinced all about him that he was about to cross the mountains at Millwood, and the next day moved to Winchester. Here Major Harman, his chief quartermaster, rented a large house for the General's winter quarters, and the staff were arranging to buy furniture, when Jackson marched at daybreak the next morning for Eastern Virginia and the glorious field of first Fredericksburg.

He spoke of his submission to higher authority, and of how he was accustomed to say that he would always follow General Lee implicitly and without question. One night while at Moss Neck Jackson received a note from General Lee saying that at his convenience he would be glad to see him, but that there was nothing urgent. The General told Captain Smith to be ready to accompany him early next morning to General Lee's headquarters; but waking to find a driving snow-storm, the young side turned over and went to sleep, but was soon rudely awakened with the information that General Jackson was in the saddle waiting for him. Arriving at his headquarters, General Lee protested in most emphatic tones that there was no necessity for his coming out such weather, when Jackson replied, "General Lee's lightest word is an order to me."

These and other incidents Mr. Smith told in charming style, which elicited round after round of applause, and made all feel that he ought to write out fully his reminiscences of service with Stonewall Jackson.

The hospitality of the old burg, the dancing, the fireworks, &c., your correspondent has not time now to speak of, but when another "reunion" comes off there he hopes to be on hand.

LANGLEY.

AN INGENIOUS POISONER.

How Christian Leidel Attempted to Destroy His Father-in-Law's Family.

A Bradford (Pa.) correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes: In 1880 Gustin Engel came from Germany with his wife and daughter and took up his residence in the little village of Coalton. Engel was a blacksmith. Soon after the family settled there a young German by the name of Christian Leidel came to Coalton, evidently to the surprise and great displeasure of Engel. It soon became known that the young German had been the lover of Engel's daughter in the old country and that her parents were opposed to her marrying him. It was mainly to prevent her doing so that they emigrated to America. Leidel was a carpenter and soon obtained work in Coalton. Engel, finding that his daughter was determined to receive and encourage the young man, withdrew his objections and they were married.

In 1883 serious trouble arose between Engel and his son-in-law. The two had purchased adjoining lots and each had built a shop as well as a house on his lot. In the summer of the above year Engel had an opportunity to sell his property advantageously. The man who was to buy it had the boundaries of the lot run out and found that Leidel's carpenter-shop was built partially upon it. Leidel refused to move his shop, and the purchaser, not caring to wait for the dispute between the Germans to be settled, purchased elsewhere. Soon afterward the carpenter-shop was burned down, and Leidel charged his father-in-law with having set it on fire. The quarrel was renewed with increased bitterness, and one night the blacksmith-shop was burned to the ground. Both Leidel and Engel consulted lawyers, but before recourse was had to the courts a compromise was entered into between them and peace was restored.

In July last a dog belonging to Engel worried a pig belonging to the son-in-law, and the latter shot it. This renewed the quarrel, and one day in July last the two men came to blows and the son-in-law got the worst of the fight. The daughter sided with her father in the last trouble, and her husband told her that he would sell his property and take her back to Germany. He sold out last month, but his wife refused to go with him, and he went alone. He has not been heard from since.

On Friday last the rope attached to the bucket in Engel's well broke and the bucket fell to the bottom. In fishing it out Engel drew from the bottom of the well something done up in a piece of bed-quilt. The bundle was weighted with a piece of iron. The package was taken apart and a large beef bladder was found inside. The bladder was packed full of something and the neck was tied around an iron spike. On being opened the bladder was found to be filled with Paris green. The piece of quilt was identified as being from one that had belonged to Leidel. It was subsequently learned that Leidel had purchased a beef's bladder and a quantity of Paris green a day or so before he went away. It is supposed that he had resolved to revenge himself on his wife and her family, and had so planned his work that no suspicion might attach to him. He had sunk the poison in the well, but protected it so that it would not become mixed with the water for weeks after he had gone away. The spike in the neck of the bladder had evidently been placed there to corrode it and in time eat it away, so that the poison would be released and exposed to the water. This work of corrosion was already much advanced when the package was fished up from the well, and in another week the water would have undoubtedly been deadly poison. As the well supplied not only the Engels but other families with water, the timely breaking of the bucket rope doubtless saved many lives.

A NAMELESS PHILADELPHIAN.

How an Outcast Beauty's Monument Is Not of Marble but of Better Stuff.

[Augusta letter in the Charleston News.]

About thirty years ago a young woman came to Augusta and set up housekeeping for herself. She had about $75,000, and was comely. It was well known that the name she bore was fictitious, but nobody cared to make inquiry as to her true name or the place of her birth. This lack of curiosity, as will be seen by the sequel, had important results. The woman was joined by a man, who became a noted gambler. Her fortune constituted his capital, and she gave it to him ungrudgingly. A few days ago she died and the Court appointed an administrator to take charge of her estate. It was found that about $10,000 was left, and the administrator then proceeded to hunt up the heirs. But not a clue to the dead woman's rightful name could be found. Among her papers were several diplomas, showing that she had a liberal education, but in each the name had been carefully erased. There were also a number of letters, but they had received the same treatment. The woman desired to be dead to all her past associations. She no longer existed so far as her family and friends were concerned, and she permitted no one to draw her secret from her.

The administrator became convinced that she came from Philadelphia, but beyond this he could ascertain nothing. He advertised in the Philadelphia papers, but nothing came of it. No answer was returned from the grave, and now the remnant of the anonymous woman's fortune is about to go for a purpose that she never dreamed of—the education of children. Under the law of Georgia, no heirs having been found for the property, it escheats to the State, and goes into the educational fund. Thus, in a short time, the Board of Education of Richmond county will come into possession of the property, and will be able to do much good with it. She to whom it belonged lies in a nameless grave, but the property itself will go to build schoolhouses and aid in fitting generation after generation for the battle of life.

There are other incidents connected with the story of this woman's life and death that show some of the remarkable vicissitudes of human experience. She evidently belonged to some wealthy family of the City of Brotherly Love. This is the first instance in this section where property has escheated to the State.

SUCCESSFUL MAIL-ROBBERS.

New Haven Post-Office Officials Baffled in Attemps to Find the Thief.

A New Haven (Conn) special says: There is trouble in the New Haven post-office. A New Haven business-man alleges that his mail has been robbed, and that letters containing money received at the New Haven post-office have been stolen. Detectives have been at work on the case, and the post-office officials are supposed to have exerted themselves in the way of special surveillance, but so far every effort in the line of investigation has proved futile, and despite the fact that the postmaster, the chief clerk, and other employes of the office keep an active watch, the alleged robberies have continued with little interruption. The total of the alleged robberies make a large sum. George G. Powning, who is the head of the Yale Silk-Works, is a dealer in the scrap silks so dear to the feminine heart for fancy patchwork. He and his partner were the pioneers in this line, and now control a large business. Advertising widely, they have secured customers all over the country, their mail being among the largest received at the post-office in this city. As the correspondence generally relates to orders for goods, most of the letters contain money ranging in amount from a fraction of a dollar upward. As a rule the sums are too small to suggest post-office money-orders or the registration of letters. During the latter part of August complaints began to pour in upon the firm from customers at a distance who claim to have forwarded money without receiving in return any of the goods ordered. So frequent became these complaints that Mr. Powning made known the fact at the post-office. Detectives were employed to look after certain features of the case, but their vigilance effected nothing.

It was at first suspected that some person had obtained a duplicate key to Mr. Powning's post-office drawer, and was opening it surreptitiously. A close watch kept in the post-office lobby upset this theory, for nobody save Powning opened the box, though the letters continued to disappear. In the mean time a new lock was placed upon the drawer, and detective work was transferred to another phase of the case. For a fortnight the post-office authorities have been on the watch without any result other than the embarrassment of discovering that despite their surveillance the thefts continued without interruption. Though satisfied that the thefts were really taking place, all detective expedients have been equally ineffectual, until the post-office authorities have settled down to the opinion that either there is no hope of cornering the rogue or else that the thefts are from the outside.

Chief-Clerk Boyd said to-night that his attention had been called by Mr. Powning to these alleged irregularities some time ago, and that he had carefully and persistently investigated every phase in the case, but as yet had been wholly unable to find the slightest evidence of crookedness upon the part of any man in the post-office employ. "I can only say this," said Mr. Boyd, "that the boxes now in use at the post-office have been in service for so long as to have become almost worthless. For ten years they have been steadily in use, and we have found that many of them are continually getting out of order, and I think there is more than a fair possibility that these losses may be accounted for in this way. Many of the boxes have become so defective in their locks, &c., as to have given us trouble with other parties, but until this instance there has never been any reason to suspect any crookedness upon the inside of the office. We know that in some instances keys in use at the office have become so worn by long use as to now fit and unlock a half-dozen different drawers." The investigation will be pushed, and inspectors from Washington are expected.

DEATHFUL BEAUTY.

Two United States Officers in Alaska Die for a Woman.

[Sitka correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.]

The captain and a lieutenant of one of the companies stationed at Sitka in the first year of United States possession fell desperately in love with the same beautiful Russian. She was a most charming woman, with soft mysterious eyes, a pale, delicate face, and a sow dreamy smile that set the two warriors wild. All the garrison knew of their fierce rivalry, so marvelled not a little when their old friendship appeared to be restored, and the two suitors started off on a hunting expedition together. One haggard man returned two days later and told that his companion had been attacked and gored to death by an enraged buck in the forest. He was gloomy and strange in his manner, and at nightfall went to the house of the Russian lady to break the news of his rival's death.

The friends of the lost officer talked the thing over, and, suspecting that a duel had been fought, decided to go out the next day and search for the body. In the morning the surviving rival was found dead in bed, with a look of agony and horror on his face. One story was that his victim had appeared to him, and he had died of fright and terror; the other was that some unknown and subtle poison had been administered to him in a cup of tea, and the official report ascribed his death to heart-disease. The body of the lost rival was found at the foot of a steep bank on the shore of Indian river, where a tangle of ferns, bushes, and grasses shaded and almost covered the clear, still pool in which he lay. His rifle lay near him, and a bullet-hole in the heart told the sad truth that his friends had suspected. His death was officially attributed to the accidental discharge of his own rifle while hunting, and under these two verdicts the real truth was concealed. The family of the Russian beauty disappeared from Sitka in a few months, and the story had been half forgotten until the recent opening of a path along Indian river recalled it to some of those who lived here at the time.

A BURGLAR SHOT AT BY A PRIEST.

Discovered by a Servant—What Was Found in His Pockets by the Police.

A Troy special says: A burglar broke into the vestry and parsonage of St. Peter's church, in north Second street, at 2 o'clock this morning, and was making away with the gold and silver chalices and other articles, when Rose Titleman, a servant, heard him in the hall of the parsonage. She gave the alarm, and Father Ludden, Vicar-General of the diocese, and Fathers Hefferman and Killilea gave chase. The burglar ran from the dining-room to the butler's pantry, thence to the basement, where he escaped to the street by an alley. Vicar General Ludden fired his double-barrelled breech-loading shot-gun twice at the burglar from the window of his room in the second story, but the rogue escaped by dodging among the buttresses of the church. The police captured him, and he said that he was J. F. Thompson, a tinsmith, of Newark, N. J. A search of his pockets resulted in the discovery of several painters' cards of London and Paris; a certificate of deposit of £25 in a London savings bank in favor of George F. Plumb, No. 1 Rupert Court, Leicester Square, W. C., London; a letter dated England, August 28th, and signed "Your affectionate mother, E. M. Latler"; and a paper signed by A. Morrison, M. D., and certifying that George F. Plumb, a passenger on the National Line steamship America, had been vaccinated on the 1st of September.

The Medical Lion and the Medical Lamb.

[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

At last it is possible the medical lion and the medical lamb may lie down together. The Pennsylvania State Homœopathic Society, in annual convention in Pittsburgh yesterday, was no doubt surprised at receiving an invitation from allopathic physicians to visit the West Pennsylvania Hospital. It gave no vent to its feelings of that nature, however, but accepted the invitation with thanks. It is stated that the allopathic overtures "created a general good feeling," and it is indeed a little curious to see old-school bitterness dissipated in this unceremonious fashion. How far the incident indicates a breaking down of the old lines of prejudice cannot just now be affirmed, but it is in itself encouraging.

Late Weather Report.

[Special telegram to the Dispatch.]

WASHINGTON, September 19—1:15 *A. M.*—For the Middle Atlantic States, cooler, generally fair weather, westerly winds.

For the South Atlantic States, generally fair weather, variable winds, slight change in temperature.

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY was clear and comfortable.

THERMOMETER YESTERDAY: 6 A. M, 69; 9 A. M., 76; noon, 84; 3 P. M., 84; 6 P. M., 74; midnight, 70.

Mean temperature, 76 1-6.

Fatal Election Riot.

[By cable to the Dispatch.]

VIENNA, September 18.—An election riot occurred to-day at Joska, in Crotia, between gendarmes and the opposition. Two persons were killed. Many arrests were made.

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AUCTION SALES—This Day.

By Furman Tupper, Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer, 1016 Main street.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF NO. 313 WEST DUVAL STREET.—By virtue of a certain deed of trust executed by George Fleming and wife, dated August 4, 1882, and of record in the clerk's office of Richmond Chancery Court in D. B. 121 C, page 264, to the undersigned, as trustee, default being made in the payment of a certain note therein secured, and being required so to do by the beneficiary, I shall sell by auction, on the premises, on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1884, at 5 o'clock P. M., the PROPERTY above referred to, and more particularly described in the said deed. TERMS: Cash as to expenses of sale and a note for $175, with interest from August 4, 1883. FURMAN TUPPER, Auctioneer. se 14

By J. Thompson Brown & Co., Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, No. 1113 east Main street.

SALE OF TWO VERY DESIRABLE BUILDING SITES ON THE MECHANICSVILLE TURNPIKE NEAR THE CITY.

At the request of the owner, we will sell on the premises, on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1884, at 1 o'clock P. M., TWO VERY VALUABLE AND DESIRABLE TRACTS OF LAND on the Mechanicsville turnpike near the city of Richmond. Both tracts front on the west side of the turnpike, and are separated by a county road leading from the turnpike to the head of Seventeenth street, and contain respectively 3 3/4 ACRES and 4 ACRES. The lots are admirably adapted for building sites or small truck farms, and are only a few minutes' drive to the city. The removal of the Central Lunatic Asylum will certainly increase the value of the property. The tract of four acres has a fine spring. TERMS: One fourth cash; the residue in six, twelve, and eighteen months. Interest added, and secured by deed of trust. J. THOMPSON BROWN & CO., se 14 Auctioneers.

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

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

TO-DAY AT 10 O'CLOCK

I will sell a large and general assortment of EXCELLENT FURNITURE, embracing PARLOR and CHAMBER SUITS—complete; in fact, almost every article in the HOUSEKEEPING LINE; to which the attention of those in want is particularly requested. se 19 E. B. COOK, Auctioneer.

HOPE.

EVERY PERSON, SICK OR WELL, is invited to send their address to THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., for a copy of their treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, which will be mailed free.

CANCER FOR MANY YEARS.

A family servant has been afflicted for many years with a cancer on her nose, and was treated by some of the best physicians and the old remedies used without benefit. Finally we gave her S. S. S.'s Specific, and she has been completely cured. JOHN HILL, Druggist. AUGUST 16, 1884. Thomson, Ga.

NOSE EATEN OFF!

John Naves, a young man near here, had a cancer on his face which had eaten away his nose and part of his cheek, and was extending up to his eyes. As a last resort he was put upon S. S. S. Specific, and it has entirely cured him. His face is all healed over with new flesh and his general health is excellent. His recovery was wonderful. M. F. CRUMLEY, M. D., Oglethorpe, Ga. AUGUST 16, 1884. se 19

WANTS.

WANTED, A LADY MUSIC-TEACHER to go once a week to the country by railroad and give INSTRUCTIONS IN MUSIC to two girls. Address, giving references and terms, C. H. R., care *Dispatch* office. se 19-1t*

WANTED, TO RENT A SUIT OF FURNISHED ROOMS on Grace or Franklin street between Third and Tenth streets, suitable for a teacher of music. Apply at RAMOS & MOSES' music-house. se 19-1t*

WANTED, TWO GENTLEMEN TO occupy a NICE ROOM, with board, in a convenient and desirable locality. Address "ROOM," care of Carrier 13, city. se 18-2t*

WANTED, A WOMAN TO COOK AND WASH. References required. Apply to 917 east Marshall street. se 18-2t

A TRAVELLER COVERING THIS section can add A1 line. Samples small. Commissions cash. Last year's six-weeks journey netted traveller $800. Box 1371, New York. se 18-1t

WANTED, TO EMPLOY A YOUNG LADY TO TEACH IN A PRIVATE FAMILY. Must teach Latin, French, Music, and the common English branches. References required and given. Address M. B. WOOD, Kettletitle, Scott county, Va. se 18-2t*

WANTED, A WOMAN TO ASSIST IN WASHING, IRONING, and CLEANING HOUSE. Must bring good reference to 1001 GROVE AVENUE. se 17-3t

WANTED, A SITUATION IN SOME business, by a young man who is willing to work and can bring some trade from the country. Can give good references. Apply to Post-Office Box 86, Blacks-and-Whites, Va. se 16-5t*

WANTED, PUPILS IN VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Would teach a limited number in exchange for board in Richmond. Best references given. Address MUSIC, care Carrier 6, city. se 13-6t*

WANTED, A THOROUGHLY COMPETENT BOOK-KEEPER to go to the country, to commence service December 1st. Applicants will please state communication required, and furnish testimonials. Situation permanent if satisfaction be given. No one need apply who cannot give the most unquestioned testimonials both as to character and qualifications. Send only copies of testimonials, as they will not be returned. Address "G," care of *Dispatch* office, Richmond, Va. se 17-eo13t

WANTED, PURCHASERS FOR THREE GOOD MULES AND ONE HORSE. Also, a good supply of NEW-CROP TIMOTHY, CLOVER, ORCHARD-GRASS, and RED-GRASS SEEDS for sale by TALIAFERRO & CO., 111 south Twelfth street.

1,000 TONS SUMAC WANTED, for which I will guarantee the highest market price in CASH. Bags free. Write for quotations. GEORGE T. KING, 3400 to 3500 Williamsburg avenue, se 19-10t18 Richmond, Va.

WANTED, A YOUNG LADY DESIRES TO ENGAGE WITH SOME SCHOOL, CITY OR COUNTRY, AS TEACHER OF PIANO. References given. Terms moderate. Address, MUSIC, *Dispatch* office. se 10-2w

LOST, STRAYED, AND FOUND.

LOST, CHECK No. 1697, PAYABLE AT STATE BANK, and signed by S. Binswanger. All persons are warned against receiving same. BINSWANGER & CO. se 19-3t

HORSES, MULES, COWS, &c.

FOR SALE, A SUPERIOR RIDING-HORSE. Drives well single or double. Sound and gentle. Can be seen at 1518 Franklin street. se 18-3t

POWDER.

DUPONT'S POWDER. POWDER.

SPORTING. BLASTING. MINING.

CARTER & RYLAND, Agents, se 7-eod1m corner Fifteenth and Cary streets.

DENTISTS.

HENRY C. JONES, D. D. S. DENTAL OFFICE: 915½ MAIN STREET (east). Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. my 18-eod

JOHN MAHONY, DENTIST, (formerly Watt & Mahony,) OFFICE: 625 Main street, between Sixth and Seventh, Richmond, Va. se 1-eod

WOOD & COWARDIN have removed their office to NO. 407 EAST MAIN STREET. [fr 15-eod]

LIME, CEMENT, &c.

2,508 BARRELS FRESH ROCKLAND LIME, just arrived per schooner Cora Etta, for sale low from vessel. FRESH ROSENDALE AND JAMES-RIVER CEMENTS just to hand. Cargo FRESH PORTLAND CEMENT (imported) and CALCINED PLASTER just stored. For sale low in quantities. LATHS, FIRE-BRICK and CLAY, PLASTERERS' HAIR, &c. WARNER MOORE, Rear sunset, Lamp and Ground Plaster. Foot of seventeenth street (south side of Dock). se 16

OLIVE-OIL.

GOURMET'S OLIVE-OIL. We have just received from steamer a FRESH LOT OF THIS CELEBRATED OLIVE-OIL. We have sold this OIL for many years past, and its uniform and superior quality has recommended it to all who have used it. Ask for GOURMET'S OLIVE-OIL. For sale by druggists and grocers. PURCELL, LADD & CO., Wholesale Druggists. sh 12

AUCTION SALES—Future Days.

By W. B. Lyne & Co., Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, No. 1113 Main street.

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE, WELL-LOCATED BUILDING LOTS ON BROAD STREET, BETWEEN TWENTY-FOURTH AND TWENTY-SIXTH STREETS, AND ON TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, BETWEEN BROAD AND MARSHALL STREETS, AND FRAME STABLE (TO BE REMOVED)—By request of the owner, we shall sell by public auction, on the premises, on TUESDAY NEXT, 23D INSTANT, at 5 o'clock P. M., that ATTRACTIVE VACANT LOT, 20 by 100 feet, on the north side of Broad street between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets, and adjoining on the west the new store and dwelling of John F. Walker, Esq. Also, TWO VERY DESIRABLE VACANT LOTS, about 27½ by 90 feet each, fronting together on the west side of Twenty-sixth street between Broad and Marshall streets; the LARGE FRAME STABLE on which will be sold for cash, and to be removed within ten days. TERMS: One third cash; the residue by negotiable notes, at six and twelve months, with interest added, and secured by a deed of trust. W. B. LYNE & CO., se 19 Auctioneers.

By William H. Lyne & Co., Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, No. 1113 Main street.

WE SHALL, AT THE REQUEST OF the owner, sell at public auction, on the premises, on WEDNESDAY, September 24, 1884, at 5½ P. M., those TWO SMALL FRAME TENEMENTS designated by Nos. 518 and 516 Calhoun street, near Brook avenue, containing four or five rooms each; a well of good water on the premises. Terms at sale. W. B. LYNE & CO., Auctioneers. se 19

By B. B. Chaffin & Co., Real Estate Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALE OF A VERY DESIRABLE SUBURBAN FARM OF FORTY-THREE ACRES, WIT