THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Ex-President of the Confederate States.

CONTAINING COMPLETE HISTORY OF HIS EVENTFUL LIFE AND DEATH, FUNERAL SERVICES, COMMENTS OF THE PRESS NORTH AND SOUTH, ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY
A. C. BANCROFT.

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FOR EDITOR'S USE.

Will the Editor please insert the following as an item of literary news?

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

We have just received from the publishers a very full and comprehensive book under the title, Life and Death of Jefferson Davis, giving a full history of his eventful life and death, together with Funeral Services, also comments of the press from all parts of the country. It will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie, the publisher, 57 Rose St., New York, who also desires agents to sell it.

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(Jefferson Davis)
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1889.)
THE

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LIFE AND DEATH OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Jefferson Davis was born on June 3, 1808, in that portion of Christian County, Ky., which afterward became Todd County. His father was Samuel Davis, a planter, who had served in the Revolutionary War as an officer in the mounted force of Georgia. After that war the elder Davis removed to Kentucky, where he resided until a few years after the birth of his son Jefferson, when he took his family to the neighborhood of Woodville, Wilkinson County, in the then Territory of Mississippi. After having enjoyed a partial academic education at home, Jefferson Davis was sent at an earlier age than is usual to Transylvania University, in Kentucky, where he remained until 1824. In that year President Monroe appointed him as a cadet at the West Point Military Academy. He "was distinguished in the corps," says a fellow-cadet, "for his manly bearing, his high-toned and lofty character. His figure was very soldier-like and rather robust; his step springy, resembling the tread of an Indian 'brave' on the war-path."

Mr. Davis was graduated at West Point in June, 1828, and was at once assigned to the 1st Infantry, receiving on the same day (July 1) his commissions
as brevet second lieutenant and second lieutenant. With his regiment he served on the Northwestern frontier, taking part in the Black Hawk war in 1831-'32. During the captivity of Black Hawk that Indian chieftain is said to have conceived a strong attachment for Lieutenant Davis, whose gallantry and bearing pleased him. On March 4, 1833, young Davis was transferred to the 1st Dragoons, a new regiment, with the rank of first lieutenant, and was at the same time made adjutant of the regiment. During the two years following he had considerable service in the various expeditions against the Pawnee, Comanchee and other Indians.

On June 30, 1835, Lieutenant Davis abruptly resigned his commission in the army. Soon after he eloped with Sally Knox Taylor, the daughter of Zachary Taylor, then colonel of the 1st Infantry. After his marriage, which is said to have been his chief reason for giving up the profession of arms, for which he had always a strong attachment, Mr. Davis devoted himself to the cultivation of cotton on his plantation in Warren County, near Vicksburg, and to a wide range of reading.

HIS ENTRY INTO POLITICS.

Mr. Davis led a life of retirement and study until 1843, when he began to take an active part in the exciting Gubernatorial canvass in his State. His political career dates from the session of the Democratic State Convention, held at Jackson in the summer of 1843. He was a delegate to the convention, and in the course of its deliberations he deliv-
ered his first public speech. So rapid was his progress as a popular speaker that in 1844, he was given a place upon the Polk and Dallas electoral ticket. In the canvass of that year he added to his reputation and won the confidence of the Mississippi people. From that time until his death Mr. Davis was a Democrat in politics and an extreme and ardent disciple of that doctrine of States' Rights which brought the War of the Rebellion upon the country. He committed himself to the States' Rights creed in his first public speech, and ever afterward he made it the basis of his political faith and the guide of his public conduct.

In the campaign of 1844 Mr. Davis bore a leading part in Mississippi in support of Polk and Dallas and Texas annexation, and in 1845 he was rewarded for his services to the Democracy by an election to the National House of Representatives. Among the other Mississippi members of Congress, at that time was Jacob Thompson, whose career afterward, as Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan and as an agent in Canada of the Confederate Government, made his name infamous. Mr. Davis took his seat in Congress (December 8, 1845) at a time when tariff questions, the Oregon excitement, and the Texas question were engaging attention. He took part in the debates upon these topics, and eleven days after taking his seat, having the coming Mexican war in mind, he introduced a resolution looking to the converting of some of the forts into schools for military instruction of troops furnished by the States. On February 6, 1846, in a speech on the Oregon question, he spoke of the
“love of union in our hearts,” and, speaking of the battles of the Revolution, he said: “They form a monument to the common glory of our common country.”

DISTINGUISHING HIMSELF IN THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

As a member of Congress, Mr. Davis did all he could to promote the war policy of the Government, and in the midst of these labors he received with delight the announcement of his selection as colonel of the 1st Regiment of Mississippi Riflemen. He resigned his seat in the House in June, 1846, joined his regiment at New-Orleans, and led it to reinforce General Taylor, on the Rio Grande. His service extended from June 26, 1846, to July 12, 1847. At Monterey (September 21, 1846), he charged on Fort Teneria without bayonets, and gallantly won a desperate and hard-fought fight. On the following day Davis occupied El Diablo, and on the 23d he was exposed to a sharp fire from a half-moon redoubt about 150 yards away. With his regiment and some Tennesseans he drove the enemy out and followed them, under a heavy fire, to within a square of the Grand Plaza of the city. Colonel Davis at once became one of the idols of the army, and took a prominent place among the heroes of the war.

At Buena Vista, when the battle was setting against the Americans, Colonel Davis resolved to attack immediately in front. With his regiment and a handful of Indiana volunteers he advanced at double-
quick, firing as he went forward. His brave fellows fell fast under the storm of shot, but their rapid and fatal volleys carried dismay and death into the enemy's ranks. Leaping into an intervening ravine, the Mississippians drove the Mexicans from their commanding position. Davis next fell upon a party of cavalry and compelled it to fly. Immediately afterward a brigade of lancers, a thousand strong, approached at a gallop, in beautiful array and with sounding bugles and fluttering pennons. It was an appalling spectacle, but not an American flinched. Impressed with the extraordinary firmness of the Americans, when they expected panic and flight, the lancers checked their speed. Colonel Davis had thrown his men in the form of a re-entering angle (afterward known as the V movement), both flanks resting on ravines, the lancers coming down on the intervening ridge. The enemy was thus exposed to a converging fire, and the moment they came within rifle-range each man of Davis's command singled out his object, and the whole head of the advancing column fell. Under this deadly fire the enemy recoiled and retreated, paralyzed and dismayed. In no previous campaign in history had Davis's celebrated V movement been adopted, though there was a slightly analogous case at Waterloo. Shortly after this brilliant piece of work Davis was ordered to attack a large force of Mexicans concentrated on the right for a final onslaught. His men had been in action all day, were exhausted by thirst and fatigue, reduced in numbers and suffering from wounds, but they went forward at double-quick, broke the enemy's right line and decided the
battle. Early in this last engagement Davis was severely wounded in the heel, but he refused to leave the field until the action was over. Colonel Davis and his men were complimented for conspicuous coolness and gallantry in General Taylor's dispatch of March 6, 1847. His regiment was ordered home on the expiration of its term of enlistment, in July, 1847, and while in New Orleans Colonel Davis was appointed by President Polk a brigadier-general. The commission, however, was declined, on the ground that a military appointment by the Federal Executive was unconstitutional, although Congress had authorized such appointments.

ENTERING THE SENATE BY APPOINTMENT.

In August, 1847, Mr. Davis was appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Jesse Speight. He took his seat on December 6, 1847, and in January following he was elected for the remainder of the term by the Legislature. Later he was elected for a full term, but he resigned in November, 1851, having become the States' Rights, or "Resistance," candidate for Governor of Mississippi. While in the Senate Mr. Davis was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, to which place he was elected by a vote of 32 to 5, and he was active in the discussions on the various phases of the slavery question, including the Fugitive Slave law and other compromise measures of 1850. He proposed the extension of the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific, and assailed the Clay compromise as a pro-
posai to the South to surrender at discretion. "I here assert," he said in the Senate, "that never will I take less than the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific Ocean, with specific right to hold slaves in the territory below that line; and that before such Territories are admitted into the Union as States, slaves may be taken there from any of the United States, at the option of the owners. I can never consent to give additional power to a majority to commit further aggression upon the minority in this Union; and I will never consent to any proposition which will have such a tendency, without a full guarantee or counteracting measure is connected with it."

The prominence of Mr. Davis, with his extreme ardor in behalf of what he deemed the rights and interests of his section, brought him constantly into conflict with the most eminent leaders of both the great political parties, who had agreed to ignore all minor issues, and unite in the paramount purpose of saving the Union.

It was while Mr. Davis was in the Senate, that his father-in-law, General Taylor, was a candidate for the Presidency on the Whig ticket (1848), but the Senator declined, on pro-slavery grounds, to support him. Mississippi voted for Cass. In the Democratic Convention which nominated Cass, Mr. Davis received one vote for Vice-President.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

After their defeat in Congress the States' Rights men resolved upon a test of popular sentiment, and
they organized in South Carolina and Mississippi. In South Carolina the question was whether the State should act separately in the policy of resistance or await the co-operation of other Southern States. The party of co-operation triumphed in the election of members to a State convention by the decisive popular majority of 7,000. In Mississippi the issue was one of resistance or acquiescence. The States' Rights or Resistance Party embraced four-fifths of the Democracy of the State, and a small accession of States' Rights Whigs. The Union or Compromise party was composed of the Clay Whigs and a fraction of the Democracy. The Legislature provided for an election of members of a State Convention to consider the subject of Federal "agressions." The convention was to be held in September, 1851, and the election of Governor in November. The state was for months the scene of great excitement. General John A. Quitman was named by the States' Rights Convention for Governor, and Senator Henry Stuart Foote, an active supporter of the Compromise measures, was the Union candidate. While an animated canvass was in progress, the election of members to the September convention resulted in an aggregate majority of 7,500 for the Union candidates. Disappointed by such an unexpected exhibition of public sentiment and foreseeing defeat in November, General Quitman withdrew from the contest. Mr. Davis, who had already been elected to a second term as Senator, was now looked to as almost the sole dependence of the States' Rights men and they summoned him to take the field against Mr. Foote. Though greatly en-
feebleness in health, he accepted the nomination and resigned his seat in the Senate. He was defeated by a plurality of 1,009. It was now evident that the Southern people were yet far from being ready for organized and practical resistance, but Mr. Davis was avowedly still determined to devote his energies to the efficient organization of the States' Rights party for future struggles.

SECRETARY OF WAR UNDER PIERCE.

Mr. Davis spent a year in retirement after his defeat as a candidate for Governor of Mississippi. In the Democratic Convention which nominated Franklin Pierce for President, he received two votes for Vice-President on the first ballot, and eleven on the second. The Baltimore Convention indorsed the Compromise and Pierce accepted it as a finality beyond which there was to be no further agitation of the slavery question; and, Mississippi having elected Foote on a Compromise platform, Mr. Davis saw no obstacle in the way of his actively supporting Pierce, in whose Constitutional opinions he had entire confidence. After the election, General Pierce offered him a place in his Cabinet. Considering himself committed to the fortunes of his principals in Mississippi, Mr. Davis preferred to remain and fight the issue out there, and reluctantly declined the offer. Later, the tender of a place in the Cabinet was repeated, and the obvious advantage to the States' Rights party of representation in the Government were earnestly urged upon Mr. Davis by Southern leaders. He finally consented
to serve, and on March 7, 1853, he entered the Cabinet as Secretary of War. He held this office for four years, and advanced his Department in dignity and importance.

Before the expiration of his term as Secretary of War, Mr. Davis was elected to the United States Senate for the term beginning on March 4, 1857, and on that day he took his seat at the special session of the Senate. He remained in the Senate until January 24, 1861, when he withdrew, having been officially informed that Mississippi had seceded from the Union on January 9. In his last term in the Senate Mr. Davis opposed the French spoliation bill, favored the Southern route for the Pacific Railroad and often encountered Stephen A. Douglass in debate on the doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty," which he opposed. After the settlement in 1858 of the Kansas contest by the passage of the conference bill, in which he had taken a prominent part, Mr. Davis wrote to the people of his state that it was "the triumph of all for which we contended." In the XXXVIth Congress—which began in December, 1859, and closed in March, 1861—Mr. Davis was the recognized Democratic leader.

THE SENATE ADOPTS HIS PRO-SLAVERY RESOLUTIONS.

On February 2, 1860, Mr. Davis introduced seven resolutions in the Senate embodying the doctrines of the Southern Democracy. The first affirmed the sovereignty of the States, the second affirmed the recognition of negro slaves as property by the Con-
stitution, the third insisted upon the absolute equality of the States, the fifth declared it to be the duty of Congress to supply any needed protection to Constitutional rights in a Territory, and the seventh affirmed the validity and sanctity of the Fugitive Slave Law. The fourth and sixth resolutions read as follows:

"That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, whether by direct legislation or legislation of an indirect and unfriendly character, possesses power to amend or impair the Constitutional right of any citizen of the United States to take his slave property into the common Territories, and there hold and enjoy the same while the Territorial condition remains.

"That the inhabitants of a Territory of the United States, when they rightfully form a Constitution to be admitted as a State into the Union, may then, for the first time, like the people of a State when forming a new Constitution, decide for themselves whether slavery, as a domestic institution, shall be maintained or prohibited within their jurisdiction; and 'they shall be admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission.'”

The struggle over these resolutions continued for more than three months, and the Senate did not reach a vote until May 24, 1860. On that day the first four were adopted, and on the following day the others were adopted, an amendment being added to the fourth resolution. The yeas ranged from 33 to 36 votes, and the nays from 2 to 21. The amendment to the fourth resolution was after-
ward reconsidered and rejected. The fourth resolution—the sentence and death knell of "Popular Sovereignty"—was passed by the decisive vote of 35 to 21, every Democrat present except Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, voting for it. Mr. Douglas was absent throughout the voting, by reason of sickness. Thus were adopted by the United States Senate, as necessary deductions from the fundamental law of the land, propositions which had been voted down by the Southern Democracy in a National Convention, when presented by Mr. Yancey in 1848.

Mr. Davis had been often mentioned as a Democratic candidate for President, and in the Charleston Convention in 1860 he received $1 \frac{1}{2}$ votes for President, though his friends announced that he did not desire the nomination. This was after the delegates from Mississippi had withdrawn from the convention because resolutions asserting the extreme Southern view of the slavery question had been rejected. In the Senate, on December 10, Mr. Davis made a speech in which he carefully distinguished between independence, which the States had achieved at great cost, and the Union, which had cost "little time, little money and no blood," taking his old States' Rights position. He was made a member of the Senate Committee of Thirteen, appointed to report on the condition of the country. He was excused at his own request, but finally consented to serve, accepting the appointment in a speech in which he avowed his willingness to make any sacrifice to avert the impending struggle. After remaining in session several days and rejecting the Crittenden proposition, the com-
mittee reported on December 31, that it was unable to "agree upon any general plan of adjustment." Before this committee Mr. Davis offered a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that "property in slaves, recognized as such by the local law of any of the States of the Union, shall stand on the same footing, in all Constitutional and Federal relations as any other species of property so recognized," etc.

On January 10, 1861, Mr. Davis spoke on the state of the country, asserting the right of secession, denying that of coercion and urging the withdrawal of the garrison from Fort Sumter. On January 24, Mississippi having seceded on the 9th, Mr. Davis withdrew from the Senate and returned to his home. He took leave of his associates in a speech in which he defended the cause of the South, and said: "I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. Therefore, if I had not believed there was justifiable cause; if I thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient justification, or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of government, because of my allegiance to the State of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I do think she has justifiable cause, and I approve of her act. I conferred with her people before that act was taken, counselled them then that if the state of things which they apprehended should exist when the convention met, they should take the action which they have now adopted. Secession . . . is
to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign . . . and may reclaim the grants . . . made to any agents whomsoever. . . . I carry with me no hostile remembrance."

THE LEADER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Before he reached his home, Mr. Davis was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Mississippi, with the rank of major-general, by the State authorities. But he did not assume this office. The Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Ala., adopted on February 8, 1861, a Constitution, and on February 9 elected Jefferson Davis President of the Confederacy, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President. Concerning the election of Mr. Davis as President of the Confederacy, Mr. Greeley says in his "Recollections:" "The President of the Southern Confederacy was chosen by a capable, resolute aristocracy, with express reference to the arduous task directly before him. The choice was deliberate and apparently wise. . . . Mr. Davis carefully improved—as Mr. Lincoln did not—every opportunity to proclaim his own undoubting faith in the justice of his cause, and labored to diffuse that conviction as widely as possible. His successive messages and other manifestoes were well calculated to dispel the doubts and inflame the zeal of those who regarded him as their chief."

Mr. Davis's progress to Montgomery was a continual ovation, and he made twenty-five speeches on the route to enthusiastic crowds. In his inaugural address at Montgomery on February 18, as President
of the Confederate States of America, Mr. Davis asserted that "necessity, not choice," had led to the secession of the Southern States.

Soon after his inauguration Mr. Davis appointed commissioners to "negotiate friendly relations" between the Federal Government and the Confederacy, "and for the settlement of all questions of disagreement between the two Governments upon principles of right, justice, equity, and good faith." Two of these commissioners, John Forsyth and Martin J. Crawford, served on Secretary Seward, early in March, a virtual declaration of war under the guise of an overture looking to negotiation, settlement and amity. In his pacific reply Mr. Seward said that the Executive could recognize Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford only as citizens of the United States, not as plenipotentiaries of an independent power, and that the alleged secession and confederation of the seven States in question was not and could not be recognized by the Government as valid. The Commissioners returned to the South without having accomplished anything. In a message to his Congress, after this incident, Mr. Davis charged the Federal Government with deception, because an effort was made to supply the closely invested and scantily provisioned garrison of Fort Sumter, while promising to evacuate the fort. Then followed the attack on Fort Sumter by the Secessionists on April 12, which precipitated the war. In his first message to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, seventeen days later, Mr. Davis condemned, as illegal and absurd, President Lincoln's proclamations calling for troops and announcing a blockade of
Southern ports. "All we ask," he said, "is to be let alone," and he promised to resist subjugation to the direst extremity.

Mr. Davis advised the removal of the Confederate capital from Montgomery to Richmond, and in July this was done.

BULL RUN FOLLOWED BY INACTION.

On July 20, in his second message to the Provisional Congress, Mr. Davis complained of the "barbarities" committed by the Federal troops and again asserted the impossibility of subduing the South. The morning after the delivery of this message he started for Manassas, and arrived in time to witness the close of the battle of Bull Run, reaching the field when victory had been assured to the Confederates. He remained at Manassas, in consultation with Generals Beauregard and Johnston, until July 23, when he returned to Richmond, where he was received with demonstrations of public regard. A period of inaction followed Bull Run, and for this Mr. Davis was blamed by many Confederates.

Through the whole summer, fall and winter of 1861 the Union military leaders, stupefied by Bull Run, lay idle or consumed their resources in reconnaissances and expectations that came to nothing. Meanwhile the Confederates had made the best of their opportunities. By January 1, 1862, their line stretched from the Mississippi River at Columbus Ky., westward through Missouri to the plains, and eastward through strong forts on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers to Bowling Green, Ky., to Cum-
berland Gap and thence to the head and front of their force in Virginia. In his message to the Provisonal Congress at its last session (November 18, 1861), Mr. Davis said: "The retrospect is such as should fill the hearts of our people with gratitude to Providence for His kind interposition in their behalf. . . . A succession of glorious victories at Bethel, Bull Run, Mannassas, Springfield, Lexington, Leesburg and Belmont has checked the wicked invasion which greed of gain and the unhallowed lust of power brought upon our soil."

In November, 1861, an election was held in the Confederate States, and Mr. Davis was chosen President for six years without opposition, and Mr. Stephens was also re-elected Vice-President. When Mr. Davis held his first New-Year's reception as Chief Magistrate of the infant Confederacy there were not wanting signs of approaching shadows. "Richmond was then," says F. H. Alfriend in his biography of Mr. Davis, "in exultant spirit; its gayety, festivity and show, the type of that fatal confidence in Southern invincibility, which, in a few weeks of disaster, was brought to grief and humiliation." The disaster to the Southern arms near Somerset, Ky., in January, was disheartening to the impatient temper of the Southern people, but they had yet to suffer in the series of bloody engagements ending with the surrender of Fort Donelson (February 16), and the occupation of Nashville (February 24). Defeats followed in the East. Retreat, evacuation and surrender seemed the inevitable tendency of affairs everywhere within the Confederacy.
Organized hostility to Mr. Davis's administration followed these reverses. With fear of popular resentment in view, the promoters of these attacks did not aim their shafts at Mr. Davis, but they accused his advisers with being responsible for the late reverses; and upon the assembling of the 1st Congress under the permanent government, they sought to revolutionize his Cabinet. Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, were most bitterly assailed in Congress and in the press. Several changes in Mr. Davis's Cabinet followed these onslaughts, but of these there is now no occasion to speak.

PREDICTING AN EARLY TRIUMPH.

The 1st Confederate Congress met at Richmond on February 1862, and four days later Mr. Davis was inaugurated as President of the Confederacy. In his address Mr. Davis said, after a vindication of the right of secession: "Although the contest is not ended and the tide for the moment is against us, the final result in our favor is not doubtful. The period is near at hand when our foes must sink under the immense load of debt which they incurred." In a short message to Congress three days later, Mr. Davis suggested various measures for the improvement of the Confederate forces. He declared that the policy of enlistment for short terms had contributed largely to the recent reverses, and intimated plainly that war would be continued for a series of years.

Following the inauguration of the permanent
Government of the Confederacy came not only re-
newed resolution in the prosecution of the war, but
a positive recognition and adoption of Mr. Davis's
views. The Southern people now saw the folly of
their idea that the war would end in six months
with independence to the seceding States, and they
began to fall in with Mr. Davis's conviction that the
war would be one of unexampled magnitude and
long duration. With considerable reluctance Mr.
Davis recommended the adoption of the Conscript-
tion Act. When a member of the Federal Senate,
expediency had no influence on his course—a course
which led to a terrible war and threatened the dis-
memberment of a great Republic; everything had
to be sacrificed to his interpretation of the Constitu-
tion. But when conscription became necessary to
the "salvation" of the Confederacy, Mr. Davis be-
came a man of expediency and put aside his "un-
alterable" love of constitutional methods for the
sake of the triumph of the Southern arms. On
April 16, 1862, in accordance with the recommenda-
tion of President Davis, the Confederate Congress
adopted the Conscription law, which was thence-
forward, with many material modifications rendered
necessary by circumstances, the basis of the military
system of the Confederacy. The immediate effects
of the law were to the benefit of the Confederate
Army, already almost demoralized. Another ad-

dvantage to the army was the appointment (March
13) of General Robert E. Lee to the general com-
mand of the Confederate forces.

The concentration of troops in March, 1862, for
the defence of the Valley of the Mississippi, had
raised Mr. Davis’s hope, but the battle of Shiloh (April 6-7) was perhaps the sorest disappointment experienced by the South, until the loss of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg threatened the approaching climacteric of the Confederacy. Following the defeat at Shiloh came the loss of New Orleans (April 25). Mr. Davis was present with Lee during most of the fight at Fair Oaks (May 31). Frequently under fire and in consultation with his generals in exposed positions, he was conspicuous in his efforts to animate his troops. After the wounding of General Joseph E. Johnston, Mr. Davis assigned Lee to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and there followed a positive change in the Confederate military policy, Lee’s vigorous and aggressive policy being in accordance with Mr. Davis’s views. For some time Mr. Davis remained constantly with his army and once he narrowly escaped death from the fire of a Federal battery. Lee succeeded in relieving Richmond, threatened Washington and prepared for an invasion of Maryland; McClellan, within a short period, was forced back to the initial point of his campaign, and the cloud of war was lifted from the heart of Virginia to the Potomac frontier. This was the situation early in July. In the West the Confederates also met with successes that cheered their hearts, and when Mr. Davis visited his Western Department in December, 1862, he defended, before the Mississippi Legislature, the Conscription law and declared that “in all respects, moral as well as physical, the Confederacy was better prepared for war than it was a year previous.”
ANGERED BY LINCOLN'S EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, issued September 22, 1862, to take effect on January 1, 1863, was received with great indignation in the South, and, on December 23—the day before General B. F. Butler left New-Orleans, having turned over his command to General Banks—Mr. Davis issued a retaliatory proclamation. This proclamation—after reciting, among other things, the hanging of William B. Mumford (June 7) for tearing down the United States flag from the roof of the New-Orleans Mint, after the capture of the city by the Federal forces—declared General Butler to be a felon, and directed any Confederate officer who should capture him to hang him immediately without trial. It further declared that all commissioned officers in Butler's command were "robbers and criminals deserving death," and directed that, whenever captured, they be "reserved for execution." All commissioned officers of the United States, when found serving in company with slaves, were also to be tried by the civil authorities. The threats made in this proclamation were, however, not generally executed, although supported by legislation of the Confederate Congress.

When President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation on January 1, 1863, Mr. Davis thus referred to it in a message to his Congress: "It has established a state of things which can lead to but one of three possible consequences—the extermina-
tion of the slaves, the exile of the whole white popu-
lation of the Confederacy, or absolute and total sep-
aration of these States from the United States. . . A restitution of the Union has been rendered forever impossible by the adoption of a measure which, from its very nature, neither admits of retraction nor can exist with union. . . . We may well leave it to the instincts of that common humanity which a benefi-
cent Creator has implanted in the breasts of our fel-
lowmen of all countries to pass judgment on a measure by which several millions of human beings of an inferior race—peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere—are doomed to extermination, while, at the same time, they are encouraged to a general assassination of their masters by the insidious recom-
mendation to 'abstain from violence unless in neces-
sary self-defence.' Our own detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable measure re-
corded in the history of guilty man is tempered by profound contempt for the impotent rage which it discloses. So far as regards the action of this Gov-
ernment on such criminals as may attempt its execu-
tion, I confine myself to informing you that I shall—unless, in your wisdom, you deem some other course more expedient—deliver to the several State author-
ities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces, in any of the States embraced in the proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States providing for the punish-
ment of criminals engaged in exciting servile insur-
rection." Mr. Davis's plan was rejected by his Con-
gress, and provision was made for the trial of such
officers by military tribunals, the chief penalty being death; and slaves taken with arms were to be turned over to the civil authorities.

At the opening of the spring of 1863 the primary objects of the Confederacy were the safety of Richmond and of Vicksburg, the key to the Mississippi Valley, and the holding of the defensive line in Tennessee, the barrier between the Union forces and the vitals of the South. The safety of Richmond at least until another campaign could be organized was secured by the results at Chancellorsville (May 1-4), which left to the main Confederate army its choice of the field of future operations. With increased forces Lee started early in June to invade Pennsylvania. He was attacked at Gettysburg (July 1) sooner than he expected, and there met defeat. It was a terrible blow to the South, and thereafter the Confederate forces undertook no serious demonstration upon Federal soil. Simultaneous with this defeat of Lee's army came the fall of Vicksburg (July 4), and thus within three months the South was brought from the hope of almost instant independence to the certainty of a long and bitter and doubtful struggle.

WEAKENED BY THE DISASTERS OF 1863.

With the fall of Vicksburg the Valley of the Mississippi was opened to the Federal forces, and at no later date was the Confederacy able to undertake any serious enterprise for its recovery. The disasters at Gettysburgh and Vicksburg were immediately followed in the South by a marked abatement of that
unwavering confidence in the ultimate result which had previously stimulated the energy of the Confederates. These disasters were also attended by a fatal derangement of the already falling Confederate system of finance. The depreciated currency of the Confederacy had rarely improved in seasons of military success, but it always grew rapidly worse with each disaster. Mr. Davis's critics not only censured him for the loss of Vicksburg and the Gettysburg defeat, but they also attacked the financial failure of his Administration. Charles G. Memminger was driven from his post as Secretary of the Treasury, and George A. Trenholm was appointed in his place. But the opportunity for arresting the downward tendency of Confederate finances had passed. Such was the alarm and distrust that followed the July disasters that the Confederate currency declined 1000 per cent with a few weeks. In his message of December 7, 1863, Mr. Davis reviewed the subject of the currency and sketched a plan, afterward adopted by his Congress, for improving the finances by compulsory funding and large taxation. But the value of the almost worthless currency did not increase; its depreciation in the last twelve months of the war was rapid and uninterrupted.

The surrender of Cumberland Gap early in September, 1863, was a painful surprise to the South. It was a serious blow at the whole system of defence in Tennessee and the adjacent States. At the close of the year there were many signs of the approaching exhaustion of the South, but the people hoped that by a vigorous use of the means yet remaining the war might be fought to a favorable con-
clusion. A series of successes early in 1864, in Florida, North Carolina and the Southwest, revived the hopes of the Confederates, but they in no way affected the main current of the war. On May 2, the day before Grant began the campaign in Virginia, by crossing the Rapidan, Mr. Davis said in a message to the Confederate Congress: "The armies in Northern Virginia and Tennessee still oppose with unshaken front a formidable barrier to the progress of the invader." That progress, however, was not long to be stayed.

**GRANT TAKES THE FIELD AGAINST LEE.**

Grant's plan in the campaign of 1864 was to concentrate all the National forces into several distinct armies, which should move simultaneously against the opposing Confederate armies, operate vigorously and continuously, and prevent them from detaching forces for the protection of threatened points or for making raids. He announced that the Confederate armies would be the only objective points in the coming campaign. Grant crossed the Rapidan on the night of the 4th and 5th, and fought Lee in the Wilderness on the 5th, 6th, and 7th. The loss was heavy on both sides. On June 13 Grant began to cross to the south side of the James, in order to operate against Petersburg and Richmond from a more advantageous position. On the 15th he attacked the outworks of Petersburg, and by the 18th he possessed a line close to the city. The remainder of the year was passed in demonstrations against Richmond and Petersburg and in devastat-
ing raids by Sheridan. The engagements between the two armies were frequent, and the losses were heavy on both sides. Atlanta fell before Sherman on September 1, and Savannah on December 20. Hood's army was routed in Tennessee by Thomas in December.

After the fall of Atlanta Mr. Davis visited Georgia and endeavored to raise the spirits of the people there and to restore harmony between the Confederate and State Governments. He had a fruitless interview with Governor Joseph E. Brown, who had opposed the conscription act as unconstitutional. Mr. Davis reviewed and addressed Hood's army on September 18, and in speeches at Macon, Augusta and elsewhere he strove to inspire the people with the spirit of renewed resistance, and to persuade them that an honorable peace was impossible. As is evident from the tone of these speeches, the peace party was daily gaining strength in the South.

Early in the year Mr. Davis said that the Confederacy, in consequence of its diminished resources, could no longer submit its cause, unaided, to the arbitrament of battle. Diplomacy must be employed to bring about such negotiations as he desired with the Federal Government. He appointed Messrs. Clay, of Alabama; Holcombe, of Virginia; and Thompson, of Mississippi, as a commission to visit Canada, with a view to negotiate with persons who might aid in the attainment of peace. Sailing from Wilmington they reached Canada in safety, and on July 12 they opened a correspondence with Horace Greeley, and through him sought safe-
conduct to Washington. Mr. Greeley had already become convinced that the Confederates were nearer exhaustion than was thought, and that by a little diplomacy they could be led into propositions for surrender. He accordingly besought President Lincoln to send some one to Canada to confer with Mr. Davis's commissioners. Mr. Lincoln finally sent Mr. Greeley, and later he dispatched Colonel John Hay, one of his private secretaries, to the spot to watch the proceedings. It was found that the commissioners had not sufficient authority. The negotiations failed, and Mr. Greeley's share in the business brought upon him more censure than he deserved. In his final communication, addressed "To whom it may concern," Mr. Lincoln offered safe-conduct to any person or persons having authority to control the armies then at war with the United States, and authorized to treat upon the basis of "the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery." Another unsatisfactory effort to secure peace was made early in 1865. Mr. Davis still insisted that he would only treat on the basis of the independence of the South. When the Confederate Congress met in November the opposition to the administration was outspoken, and as a result the Secretary of War (James A. Seddon) resigned.

THE END OF THE REBELLION.

In his last message to his Congress (March 13, 1865), Mr. Davis asserted that the Confederacy still had ample means of meeting the peril that threat-
But Grant's campaign—for the details of which the reader must consult military histories—was far more successful than the leader of the Confederacy anticipated. On April 2, while sitting in his church pew at Richmond, Mr. Davis received a telegram announcing Lee's speedy withdrawal from Petersburg and the consequent necessity for the evacuation of Richmond. On the opening of that day Mr. Davis started, with his personal staff, for Dansville, where, on the 5th, he issued another of his reassuring proclamations. Dansville was abandoned within a week, and Mr. Davis made his way to Charlotte, N. C., via Greensboro, N. C. There he heard of the assassination of Lincoln. He overtook his wife near Irwinsville, Ga., and there, on May 10, he and his whole party were captured. He was taken to Fort Monroe and confined for two years. Efforts were made to have him tried, but the Federal authorities were unwilling to hold a United States court in Virginia while it was still under martial law. On May 6, 1866, he was indicted for treason by a grand jury in the United States Court for the District of Virginia. One year later he was brought before the court at Richmond on a writ of habeas corpus and was released on bail, Mr. Greeley being the first to sign his bond. After an enthusiastic reception in Richmond, he came to New York, and then went to Europe by way of Canada. After a visit to France he returned to the United States. A nolle prosequi was entered in his case in December, 1868, and he was never brought to trial. On his return he became president of an
insurance company at Memphis, holding that post for several years.

In 1879 Mrs. Dorsey, of Beauvoir, Miss., bequeathed to him her estate, and there he has since quietly resided, devoting himself to literary pursuits. Mr. Davis's first wife died within three years after her marriage, and in 1845 he married Miss Howell, a descendant of a Revolutionary officer. Mrs. Davis's wife and two of his children survive him. One daughter is the wife of Addison Hayes, of Colorado, and the other is Miss Winnie Davis.

Since the war Mr. Davis has addressed many public gatherings in the South and some in the West, and he always reasserted his doctrine of States' Rights, and declared that he was "not one of those who 'accept the situation.'" He never renewed his allegiance to the United States, and was always excepted when Congress passed amnesty bills. In 1881 he published his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

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DIXIE MOURNS FOR ITS CHIEF.

HIS LAST HOURS PEACEFUL—SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY HE PASSES AWAY PAINLESSLY—WILL BE BURIED AT NEW ORLEANS—ARRANGEMENTS FOR A PUBLIC FUNERAL—KINDLY TRIBUTES FROM EVERY SECTION.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 6, 1889.—The death of Jefferson Davis occurred at a quarter to one this morning. As the Payne residence, where Mr.
Davis died, is remote from the news centres of the city it was nearly an hour later before the fact was known even to belated newspaper men or at the telegraph office. The first news of it was conveyed by a friend of the family who went to the telegraph office to send messages to Mrs. Hayes, of Denver, and Miss Winnie Davis, Paris, France, daughters of the ex-President of the Confederacy. Perhaps less than fifty people knew of it outside the newspaper offices until they had read the morning papers. The last information from the sick-room had been to the effect that the distinguished patient was greatly improved. He was free from fever, his appetite had improved, and Dr. Bickham, one of the attending physicians, stated that "he was considerably improved."

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Davis herself had sent a cheering and hopeful message to Mrs. Stamps, Mr. Davis' niece, and so encouraging was his condition that Mrs. Stamps and her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Farrar, who had been constant in attendance upon their uncle, decided to attend the opera.

At six o'clock the situation suddenly changed. Mr. Davis, who had been suffering from bronchitis, complicated with malaria, was seized with a violent congestive chill. The physicians were hastily summoned and found their patient critically ill. No intimation was given to the public of the changed condition, the physicians and the family apparently hoping that the attack would pass off. As Mr. Davis continued to sink steadily Mrs. Stamps and her daughter were quietly recalled from the opera, reaching the Payne residence at eleven o'clock. At
that time it was known that Mr. Davis was beyond hope, and the anxious watchers could only wait for the end.

THE END AT HAND.

Mrs. Davis, who has been constant in attendance upon her husband, scarcely leaving him for a moment since he was taken ill, sat by his bedside, holding his hand in hers. When the physicians arrived they promptly ordered a prescription, which was administered by Mrs. Davis herself about eight o'clock. Mr. Davis swallowed a portion of the draught, but his stomach evidently refused all of it, and he gently waved his hand in token that he refused to take more of it. Mrs. Davis persisted and urged that it was necessary that all the medicine should be taken; but with that exquisite courtesy for which he was famous and which did not fail him at the last he murmured, "Pray excuse me," and again motioned the medicine away. These were the last words he spoke. He fell immediately afterward into a comatose state, but was not entirely unconscious, as he responded from time to time to the tearful inquiries of his wife by a gentle pressure of the hand.

Gradually he grew weaker and the hand pressure became fainter and fainter. To afford him greater ease the physicians, about eleven o'clock, turned him over on his right side. It was then apparent to all that the end was near.

After the change was made Mr. Davis breathed more quietly. He lay peacefully on his pillow
without a struggle or trace of suffering. Gradually his respiration became more and more faint, and finally at fifteen minutes before one o'clock he expired. So quietly did death come that the watchers gathered at the bedside scarcely knew when life was extinct. There were present in the room at the time Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Stamps, a niece; Mrs. Farrar, a grand-niece, and Mrs. E. H. Farrar; Miss Fannie Smith, a grand-niece; Associate Justice Charles E. Fenner, whose guest Mr. Davis was, and Mrs. Fenner, and Drs. Chaille and Bickham. Mrs. Hayes, one of the daughters of Mr. Davis, was on her way from Denver, and received the news of the death of her father at Fort Worth.

MAYOR SHAKESPEARE'S PROCLAMATION.

Mayor Shakespeare was at once informed of the death of Mr. Davis and issued the following proclamation:

"It is with the deepest regret that I announce to the people of the city of New Orleans the departure from this life of Jefferson Davis. He needs no eulogy from me. His life is history and his memory is enshrined in the heart of every man, woman, and child in this broad South. We all loved him and we all owe him honor and reverence. In order that proper arrangements may be made for his funeral I have the honor to invite the following gentlemen to meet me in my office at 12 o'clock this day to confer on the subject."

The gentlemen named by the Mayor, who include the most prominent merchants of the city, repre-
senting every shade of political opinion, met in the Mayor's parlor at twelve o'clock. In the meantime Mayor Shakespeare had informed himself of Mrs. Davis' wishes regarding the funeral. Mrs. Davis had consented that it should be of a public character, under the auspices of the Mayor and the Confederate Veterans' associations, and had also consented that the body should be buried in the beautiful Metairie Cemetery in this city, where the Confederate associations have their handsome tombs. Mrs. Davis had also consented that the body should lie in state at the City Hall, only stipulating that it should be removed quietly and unostentatiously from the Payne residence between ten and twelve o'clock to-night. Until that hour she desired to have her dead to herself.

FUNERAL WEDNESDAY NEXT.

The committee quickly perfected arrangements for the funeral on this basis. It was decided that the obsequies should take place next Wednesday afternoon, and that they should be of a semi-official character under the direction of the Mayor of the city. A committee of arrangements was formed, of which Colonel William Preston Johnston, president of Tulane University, a son of General Albert Sydney Johnston and an aide of President Davis during the civil war, was appointed chairman. This committee consists of representatives of the United Veterans' Association, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of Tennessee, the Confederate Cavalry, and
the City Council. On motion of General A. S. Badger, himself a past district commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Colonel Jacob Gray, present district commander, was selected to act as representative of that organization. The Washington Artillery was selected as the guard of honor while the body was lying in state. The Mayor was also instructed to invite all the Southern Governors and other distinguished men to be present at the funeral.

A vault in the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia, in Metame Cemetery, will be prepared for the temporary reception of the body until a permanent tomb can be constructed. The funeral promises to be the largest ever seen in the South. The procession will consist of local military veteran associations, both of the Federal and Confederate armies, and a large number of similar bodies from other points. Joined to this will be a large proportion of the population of this city and thousands from the surrounding towns.

It has been found impossible to properly prepare the City Hall for the reception of Mr. Davis' body before the early hours of the morning. An army of decorators are now at work, but cannot complete the designs till after twelve o'clock. The body will be removed to the Hall as soon thereafter as practicable, and will remain under military guard during the night and constantly until the funeral next Wednesday.

Mr. Davis leaves considerable real estate, including his Beauvoir property and plantation at Brierfield, Miss. This, however, is heavily encumbered,
the amount due being $45,000. He owned 8,000 acres of valuable land in Arkansas, and at the time of his death friends were arranging to form a stock company to take this off his hands. It was proposed to pay $100,000 for the Arkansas lands, which would have paid all debts and left a handsome surplus. The movement for the purchase of the lands has been accelerated by the death of Mr. Davis and there seems no doubt that the purchase price will soon be in the hands of his widow.

EMBLEMS OF SORROW.

As soon as the death of Mr. Davis was known the city began to take on the garb of mourning. Although the general opinion had been from the first that he was on his death-bed no one had anticipated that the end would come so soon, and consequently there had been no preparations for it. But the sorrow of the people was soon made manifest in a profuse display of bunting, entwined with crape, and the draping of many of the newspaper offices, stores and public places in mourning colors. Flags were half-masted everywhere except at the Custom House.

During the day the Payne residence was visited by large numbers of people, but only a few intimate friends were admitted to the death-chamber. The body of Mr. Davis was laid out in a suit of Confederate gray, which he habitually wore, and his features were as natural as in life. His long illness had had little effect upon his features, which were full and composed, but the body was somewhat emaci-
ated. In his hand was a small bunch of flowers, and flowers in profusion had been sent to the house.

Mrs. Davis, who was greatly affected by her husband's death and who had been taken from the room by order of the physicians, measurably recovered her composure during the day and saw a few friends, and was able to discuss the arrangements for the funeral. She was in receipt of many telegrams of condolence from all portions of the country, and telegrams of inquiry as to the time of funeral and indicating that great numbers of people could be expected from a distance have been pouring in all day.

Telegrams of condolence to Mrs. Davis were sent by Governor Lee, of Virginia; Fowle, of North Carolina; Lowery, of Mississippi; Ross, of Texas; Richardson, of South Carolina, and Nichols, of Louisiana; Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court; Senators Walthall and George, of Mississippi, and Reagan, of Texas; Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, and from Confederate veterans all over the South.

Dr. Stanford E. Challié, the physician in attendance upon Mr. Davis, was seen to-night and requested to give a medical review of the case. Dr. Challié said that he had been the family physician of Mr. Davis for a number of years, and that the deceased was a warm personal friend of his. In answer to a query as to the health of Mr. Davis for the past five years, the Doctor stated that he had been afflicted with chronic bronchitis and chronic indigestion.
In giving this history of the fatal sickness Dr. Chaillé said that he had been in attendance twenty days before the lamentable end came. He gave as the causes of death Mr. Davis' chronic diseases, coupled with malaria, fever and old age. The malaria was, no doubt, greatly aggravated by Mr. Davis being exposed to the cold in going to his plantation about three weeks ago.

"At no time," Dr. Chaillé said, "did I feel sure of his recovery, and would only say that I thought the chances were in his favor. Thursday, however, when his digestion broke down entirely, I gave up all hope of his recovery."

At no time before Thursday did any of the symptoms of disease indicate a fatal issue. Prior to that day Dr. Chaillé said that the causes which rendered the issue doubtful was his debility, old age and inability to take proper nourishment.

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NOT KNOWN BY THE GOVERNMENT.

NO MARKS OF RESPECT BY THE WAR DEPARTMENT, OF WHICH HE ONCE WAS CHIEF.

The Secretary of War declined to show any mark of respect for the memory of ex-Secretary of War Jefferson Davis. It has been customary to place the flag on the department staff at half-mast whenever an ex-secretary dies, to drape the build-
ing in mourning for thirty days and to place crape around the portrait of the dead statesman. But Mr. Davis declined to ask for the removal of his disabilities, and it was held that he was no longer a citizen of the country, and by his refusal to ask for restoration to citizenship he had willingly alienated himself and forfeited all right to the respect that other ante-bellum Cabinet officers had been shown on the announcement of their death. Secretary Proctor simply said in explanation:—"I do not see that there is anything before us in the matter. We know nothing about him; we do not know any such man. It is better to forget such things, to let them pass away from our minds."

Consequently the flag was run up to the masthead this morning, the pillars of the great War Department building are undraped, and the fine oil-portrait of the former chief of the department in the office of the Secretary is not distinguished from its associates by mourning emblems. That which, however, causes sincere grief among the thousand employees of the War Department is the fact that work will not be suspended on the day of the funeral, as has been customary in other cases.

Congressman Spinola, of New York, personally knew Mr. Davis before the war. He knew him when he was a member of the Cabinet of President Pierce and subsequently when he was in the Senate. He says that at that time Mr. Davis was looked upon as one of the leading men of the country. He was of bright intellect, of great determination and firmness, and a leader always. But, like many other bright men, he went off on a tangent, tried to
break up the government, and died virtually in exile. For conduct preceding and during the war he is generally condemned in the North, but condemnation could not efface his previous record.

Mr. E. V. Murphy, of the Senate stenographic corps, knew Mr. Davis when he was a Senator, and says he recollects particularly how kind Mr. Davis was to all the employees about the Senate. He knew them all personally and would ask after them and after their families where they had any. He complimented the stenographic reports of the Senate. He was a favorite with all the employees for another reason, and that was because he would always endeavor to secure extra compensation for them.

Several years ago Mr. Murphy wrote to Mr. Davis in regard to two pictures which a friend had secured at a sale of the collection of a picture dealer named Lamb. The history of the pictures made it probable that they had belonged to Mr. Davis. A letter from him was received by Mr. Murphy, in which he said that the pictures had been stolen from him, and that he had too much experience with pillage during the war to buy back his property twice.
MOURNING IN THE SOUTH.

FLAGS HALF-MASTED AND BELLS TOLLING REQUIEMS FOR THE DEAD LEADER.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 6, 1889.—The flags on the Capitol—the Stars and Stripes and the State flag—were not dropped at half-mast until two o'clock this afternoon. Governor Lee returned from North Carolina this morning, and when he heard of Jefferson Davis' death he said the Legislature was the proper authority to take action and order tributes of mourning. The Legislature convened at noon and about the only business that came up was the appointment of a joint committee to draft suitable resolutions on the death of Mr. Davis. This committee will report to-morrow. The flags were then ordered to be placed at half-mast and remain so until after the funeral. Governor Lee sent a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Davis.

Mayor J. Taylor Ellyson issued a letter this morning directing both branches of the City Council to meet on Monday to take suitable action. He says he will have the bells of the city tolled on the day of the funeral.

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, at a meeting to-night appointed a committee to report resolutions on the death of their old chieftain. They are also arranging for a memorial meeting to be held on Sunday next. If possible Governor Lee will take part in it, perhaps preside.
MISSISSIPPIANS AT THE CAPITAL ADOPT RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1889.—A meeting of the prominent Mississippians now in this city was held here this afternoon to take appropriate action on the death of Jefferson Davis. Among those present were Justice L. Q. C. Lamar, who presided, and the entire Mississippi delegation in Congress, including Senators Walthall and George.

The following resolutions of sympathy and affection were adopted and telegraphed to Mrs. Davis at New Orleans:—

Resolved, That while the fullness of years and feeble health of the distinguished dead warranted expectation of this sad event, yet its certainty is a shock to our affections which no language can express or even faintly shadow; that we recall with tender emotion his career as soldier and civilian, brilliant, eventful, and without parallel in our annals, whether as a soldier pouring out his blood on foreign battlefields, as a statesman in the Cabinet of the nation, as the leader of his party in Congress, as the guiding spirit of the South through the stormiest period of her history, as the vicarious sufferer for us and his people in defeat, he has constantly and fully met the requirements of the most exacting criticism and illustrated in every station and condition the manly courage, the acute intellect, the heroic fortitude, the unaltering devotion to duty, the constant sacrifice to conviction that won for him our confidence, admiration, love and reverence, and we know that the imperious will and unbending
purpose which at moments provoked dissent and opposition were but the results of an absolute sense of right and superb self-reliance, which permitted no hesitation or turning in his chosen course.

Resolved, By pure force of mind, by fervid patriotism, by uncompromising honesty, by delicate honor and by kindly and sympathetic nature, we declare he constituted an exemplar for our youths who aspire to high and heroic things; and in this moment of our grief and in our pride we confidently challenge the judgment of posterity and believe that the historian of after years, looking down the perspective of the past, will see Jefferson Davis the colossal figure of his times, and do justice to the virtues which so deeply fixed him in our hearts.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest and deepest sympathies to his bereaved family and invoke for them the consolation of the divine love.

Resolved, That we condole with our fellow citizens upon the loss of his living presence and congratulate them upon the possession of his illustrious example and of his immortal memory.

NORTH CAROLINA'S MEMORIAL.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 6, 1889.—There was profound sadness here on receipt of the news of Jefferson Davis's death. Bells were tolled and the Capitol was closed, while State and national flags were displayed at half mast on the Capitol and City Hall. The Capitol and a number of other buildings were draped in mourning. Governor Fowle sent the fol-
lowing telegram to Mrs. Jefferson Davis:—"North Carolina mourns with you the death of the greatest and best beloved son of our Southland."

The Governor this afternoon issued the following memorial proclamation:—

"Whereas, Almighty God, by His providence, hath removed from this world Jefferson Davis, trusted leader of the people of the state of North Carolina in the four darkest years of her history; and

"Whereas, our entire people regard his memory with feelings of highest respect, esteem, and affection.

"Now, for the purpose of manifesting their appreciation of his exalted character and distinguished services, I, Daniel G. Fowle, Governor of the State of North Carolina, by this my proclamation do enjoin upon the people of this State, laying aside all business, to assemble themselves together at their respective places of worship at the time to be appointed for the funeral of Mr. Davis and to join in memorial services suitable to such sad occasion."

Mayor Thompson called a mass meeting of citizens at the City Hall, which was held this evening, Governor Fowle presiding. The Governor said, in accepting the invitation to preside at the meeting, that North Carolina's great heart is deeply grieved at his death, and our affectionate remembrance of him will never fade away.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS SEND TELEGRAMS OF CONDOLENCE.

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 6, 1889.—The news of the death of ex-President Jefferson Davis was received
in Augusta with profound regret by the entire people. Private and public buildings are being draped and flags are flying at half-mast. The following telegram of condolence was sent to Mrs. Davis this morning:

**Headquarters Confederate Survivors' Association.**

**To Mrs. Jefferson Davis, New Orleans:**

The members of the Confederate Survivors' Association, of Augusta, Ga., crave the privilege of assuring you at the earliest moment of their profound sympathy and heartfelt sorrow upon the death of your illustrious husband, our beloved chief and the venerated President of the Southern Confederacy.

CHAS. C. JONES, JR., President.

F. M. STOVALL, Secretary.

Notice has been given of a meeting of the Survivors' Association to take formal and appropriate action.

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**ALL SPEAK OF HIM KINDLY.**

HIGH TRIBUTES TO HIS ABILITY, INTEGRITY, AND DEVOTION TO PRINCIPLE.

**WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 6, 1889.**

The only man now living who served under Secretary Davis's immediate administration in the Secretary's office is Major William B. Lee, who was one of the seven clerks then forming the force in that division. He is still employed in the same office.
He remembers Mr. Davis very well. He said this morning:—"He was one of the best Secretaries of War who ever served. He was a kind, social man, very considerate and pleasant to serve under. I never heard a complaint from one of the clerks. Socially he was a most charming man, officially very pleasant. He was a warm friend and a bitter enemy. I knew him many years, and as a man I found him a good friend. He was a regular bull dog when he formed an opinion, for he would never let go. About the only very important event of his administration was his quarrel with General Scott, which was very bitter, and caused a great deal of hard feeling."

Speaking of the time when Mr. Davis was Secretary of War in the administration of President Pierce, General Montgomery C. Meigs, formerly quartermaster-general of the army, said:—"My acquaintance with Mr. Davis began upon the occasion of my submitting to him the plans for the introduction of water to the city of Washington. The act of Congress providing for a supply of water to the city placed the direction of the work in the hands of the President, who devolved it upon the Secretary of War as his representative. I was thus brought into a close intimacy with Mr. Davis and became much attached to him, and I think that this feeling was reciprocated in some measure by himself. Mr. Davis was a most courteous and amiable man in those days, and I found intercourse with him very agreeable. He was a man, too, of marked ability, and I quite looked up to him and regarded him as one of the great men of the time."
I found Justice Lamar in his library to-night busily engaged in the preparation of a Supreme Court opinion. He kindly laid aside his work, however, and chatted pleasantly for a few minutes about the dead President of the Confederacy.

JUSTICE LAMAR'S RECOLLECTIONS.

"It was in 1857, when I first came to Congress," said he, "that my acquaintance with Mr. Davis as a public man began. He was then chief among such men as Clay of Kentucky; Seward, of New York; Douglas and Trumbull, of Illinois; Fessenden, of Maine; Benjamin and Slidell, of Louisiana; Hunter, of Virginia, and Hammond, of South Carolina. I never saw him worsted in a debate. He was an off-hand speaker and debater, and always thoroughly up on every question that he discussed. I saw him once debate with Mr. Benton, the only time I ever saw Mr. Benton. You can see the report of that debate in the proceedings of that day. If you read it you will find that Mr. Benton was made to acknowledge that he was mistaken—the only acknowledgement of the kind I ever heard of his making."

"What of his conduct of the affairs of the Southern Confederacy?"

"I cannot go into that, but I will state to you that whatever of failure he met was due to the inexorable conditions of that great conflict."

Senator George said:—"I was a member of the meeting this evening which passed resolutions on the death of Mr. Davis, and I regard them as a truthful and eloquent statement of the feelings of the
people of the South in relation to their great leader. Whatever may be said of Mr. Davis by some of his contemporaries who differed with him, I am sure the judgment of posterity will be that he was a pure, able and patriotic citizen."

Senator Walthall said:—"Mr. Davis in his last days had a stronger hold on the affections of his own people than he had in the time of his greatest power. There will be universal mourning in the South, and especially in his own State, to whose name he had brought so much of honor in the past."

**SENATOR REAGAN EULOGISTIC.**

Senator Reagan was seen at the telegraph office this afternoon just as he was sending a telegram of condolence to the family of Mr. Davis. He said:—

"I served with Mr. Davis in the Cabinet of the Confederacy from the beginning to the end, as his Postmaster General."

"What were his characteristics?"

"He was a man of great labor, of great learning, of great integrity, of great purity."

"What, from your knowledge and acquaintance with the man, was the principal motive which actuated him in going into the Rebellion?"

"To secure a government that should be friendly to the people. He was an intense believer in the doctrine that the States should control absolutely their domestic affairs, and that the general government had no power or authority to act outside of the matters specially delegated to it."
"There was, then, no vindictiveness, no hostility to the Northern people?"

"Not at all; not at all. So far from that being the case Mr. Davis had served in the army and in the War Department, had been a member of both branches of Congress, during all of which experience he associated with the Northern people in such relations that for a year or two before the war the radical Southern leaders did not confer with him at all. I know this, for I was here and familiar with what was going on."

MILLS SPEAKS KINDLY.

Representative Mills, of Texas, spoke his mind freely to the following effect:—

"Mr. Davis was regarded by the Southern people as one of the greatest, best and purest men in the world. We all loved him. He was our representative man, and all of the Southern people understood that the opposition he encountered and the adverse criticisms piled upon him were intended for them. His position was misunderstood in the North.

"Mr. Davis was a Union man at the beginning, and he adopted the course he did with great reluctance, but from a feeling of duty. He was deeply attached to the Union, and wanted to exhaust every means on earth to prevent a rupture. He was not a vindictive or cruel man. He had perfect confidence in himself, was well balanced on all occasions, and was a great military man and statesman. He was highly accomplished and spoke the best of
English. His memory was marvellously clear. He never forgot anybody. My predecessor, Mr. Geddings, told me that one day Mr. Davis was addressing a crowd, when a snowy-haired old man on the outskirts expressed a desire to greet the speaker, whom he had known and served under in the Mexican war. Mr. Geddings offered to introduce him, but the old man declined, and going up to Mr. Davis offered him his hand and asked if he recognized him. Mr. Davis fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, his mouth twitched, tears sprang into his eyes and he exclaimed: 'Ward, snow has fallen on your head since I last saw you.' 'And that,' said Mr. Mills, "was about forty years before the meeting."

Postmaster General Wanamaker said:—"The passing away of Jefferson Davis shuts from view the last great landmark of the terrible war. If it could end all divisions and strifes and bury in a deep grave the differences of sections a new day of peace and prosperity would dawn upon the land."

Ex-Attorney General Garland said:—"Yes, I knew Mr. Davis quite well, as I was near him almost daily, from Montgomery, Ala., to Richmond, during the whole time of the war between the States, and I regarded him as a man of fine attainments, polished and accomplished, brave and courageous and true to his principles, and I believe the Confederacy came as near succeeding under his presidency as it would have done under that of any other man.

"As to the place history will give him, that is a most difficult question to answer at any time and as
to any man, but I believe, when his whole life and character are considered and analyzed in an unclouded atmosphere by cool, dispassionate people, he will hold a very high place in history."

Representative Clements, of Georgia, said: "A good man gone. He was permitted to live to see largely modified the harsh criticism engendered by the late strife and the events in which he took such a prominent part, and the ultimate verdict of the world will be that he was both a statesman and a patriot. In time to come the North will accord in that judgment, as well as the South and the rest of the world. I do not believe that any man was ever animated by more pure and patriotic motives than he was. The people of my section have the greatest reverence for him."

VIRGINIANS DECLARE HIM BOLD, TRUE, AND CONSCIENTIOUS.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 6, 1889.—I saw Governor Lee at his residence this evening and asked him what he had to say about Mr. Davis.

"Jefferson Davis was in my opinion, he said, "in many respects one of the greatest men this Republic has ever produced. He was able, bold, true, manly, conscientious, clear in the right, admirable in expression, cultured in address, and stood steady in his firm belief in the construction and doctrines of this government. The Southern people loved him because he suffered for them. They are prepared to protect and guard his memory from the fierce future minds of prejudice."
Mayor Ellyson said: "Jefferson Davis will be known to posterity as one of the great men of the nineteenth century. Few men were ever privileged to occupy so many positions of honor and trust, and not one ever discharged his duties with more signal ability than did Mr. Davis. He will ever have a warm place in the affections of the Southern people. The more he was maligned and persecuted the more they loved him."

Judge Henry W. Flournoy, Secretary of the Commonwealth, said:

"Mr. Davis's life illustrated virtue, patriotism, and courage in a degree rarely seen among men. He was greater and more unyielding in defeat and misfortune than in victory."

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LONDON PRESS ON DAVIS.

WHAT THE ENGLISH EDITORS SAY ABOUT THE CONFEDERACY'S PRESIDENT.

LONDON, Dec. 7, 1889.—The London papers print long obituaries of Jefferson Davis. In their editorials they say that it would be difficult to name an American who for the last forty years has occupied a more conspicuous position in the eyes of his fellow countrymen.

LIBERAL OPINION.

The News says: "The splendid clemency of the great popular government in the case of Mr. Davis has been justified by the results. Mr. Davis pass-
ing his old age in peace has stood as an evidence of the absolute security of the federal system."

The *Morning Chronicle* says: "In the nature of things Mr. Davis can never be recognized as a national hero. Still he was a man of no ordinary mould, and was a rebel only because the contest he entered upon ended in failure."

**TWO TORY VIEWS.**

All the evening papers last evening had leaders on Jefferson Davis. The *Globe* recalled Mr. Gladstone's eulogium, including the famous phrase so much criticised at the time, "Jefferson Davis has created a nation;" adding that if he had not created a nation, it was because such a creation was clearly not possible in the conditions; that if statesmanship, military genius, and devotion on the part of a whole people were sufficient for the foundation of a State, a slave-holding republic would have been established. The enterprise failed because success in the conditions was impossible.

The *St. James' Gazette* doubts whether Davis will take a historical position as one of the world's great men. He was a man of great persistency of purpose and keen political vision. He had wonderful luck in discovering Lee—one of the greatest generals of the age—and Secretary Benjamin, an exceedingly shrewd administrator. The *St. James' Gazette* draws a striking comparison between Davis and some of his famous contemporaries, and especially compares Lincoln's unique personality and deeply cherished memory with the absence of en-
thusiasm for Davis, or even of general interest in him. Lee, it says, is glorified in the Old World as in the New; Stonewall Jackson is almost glorified in England, while as Davis departs from the scene of human activities it is doubtful if a single person outside the immediate circle of his relatives is affected by a passing thrill of emotion.

NORTHERN ESTIMATE OF HIM.

TENACIOUS AND OBSTINATE AND NOT SUCCESSFUL AS A LEADER.

A quarter of a century ago the announcement of the death of Jefferson Davis would have fallen like a monster bomb in this city. Yesterday it was read and discussed with the calm interest that was given to the President's message.

Some estimates of Mr. Davis's character from representative men who knew him well are given here with.

The first is from Burton N. Harrison, who was private secretary to President Davis during the war between the States, but is now a member of the New York Bar, with an office at No. 120 Broadway. Mr. Harrison said:

"Yes, I was secretary to President Davis during what was called the 'permanent government' of the Confederate States. My relations to him were of the closest intimacy and I have cherished for him the most grateful and affectionate regard. He was of a lofty character, guided by a sense of duty
throughout life singularly pure in every act and in all his thoughts.

"Mr. Davis was an aristocrat, reticent, stately, courteous, always disinterested and of an undaunted courage and rare singleness of purpose. He had scholarly tastes, and was familiar with our older literature and with the writers of the first third of this century, but, when I was with him, had not found time for the books of later days. Mr. Davis was a soldier always and a good one.

HE KNEW WHAT THE SOUTH MUST MEET.

"Mr. Davis had been reared in the school of strictest construction of the constitution. He had no doubts of the rights or of the duty of the Southern States after the Presidential election of 1860, but it cost him the keenest suffering and sorrow to withdraw from under the flag he had loved. He knew so well the power and population and resources of the States of the North and the unReadiness and comparative poverty of the less populous States of the South and their many disadvantages in a long war as to look upon disunion and its certain consequences with horror. He had been a leader among the States' rights men in debate, but shrunk from actual secession. It was with sincere reluctance he accepted the Presidency of the Confederate States, and after the war had passed its first stage and the North had become practically unanimous in prosecuting it, he felt he was struggling against almost certain defeat, until General Lee's remarkable campaigns persuaded him against his
own judgment that the South could conquer an independence.”

PRYOR'S ESTIMATE OF DAVIS.

General Roger A. Pryor, the well known lawyer of this city, and at one time a prominent leader of the Southern Confederacy, said: "I first met Davis in 1855, when I was editor of the Washington Union. He was then in the Senate. I knew him better as Secretary of War, and from that time until the end of the war we were thrown much together. Right here I wish to say it is a mistake to suppose that Davis was a secessionist. On the contrary, he was originally opposed to secession. Graduate of West Point and Secretary of War as he was, it was to his interest and disposition to maintain the Union. He even made a speech at Portland, Me., when Secretary of War, in which his devotion to the Union is expressed in strong language. The ultra party in his own State drove him to secession against his better judgment. I say this in justice to him."

"As chief of the Southern Confederacy he was not regarded as a complete success. He had little tact and not very much administrative ability, though, it is true, he was a good Secretary of War. On the other hand, however, he was a man of high principle and entirely loyal to the Southern cause. He was also quite religious and regularly attended an Episcopal Church."
GENERAL PORTER'S ESTIMATE.

"I knew Mr. Davis intimately," said General Horace Porter. "I was an instructor at West Point just before the war broke out, and Mr. Davis was then the president of a board appointed to revise the course of instruction. He was a man of great intelligence, had a remarkable fund of information on all subjects, but was a man of very arbitrary character, very dogmatic in his opinions, and on this account often made a great many enemies where he might have made friends by a more conciliatory course.

"He was a man of a great deal of tenacity of purpose, and this trait was displayed, unfortunately, in the latter part of the war, when he persisted in fighting until they reached the last ditch, when many others in the South saw that defeat was inevitable, and urged that overtures be made looking to peace. But this was better in the end, as, if peace had come sooner than it did, slavery might not have been so thoroughly eradicated, and the general questions might not have been as completely settled as they were."

WHY THE FLAG WAS HALF-MASTED.

I called the attention of Proprietor Cranston, of the New York Hotel, to the fact that there was some criticism over the fact that he was flying the flag of his hotel at half-mast.

"Well, what objection is there to that!" he re-
sponded. "Mr. Davis has been a very prominent figure in our national life, and I do not see why there should be any fault found over our doing him this small honor. We have been hearing for years that there is now 'no north, no south, no east, no west,' but that we are all one brotherhood. I am not desirous of acquiring any notoriety out of the fact that I have put our flag at half-mast on this occasion while others have not. I have done it simply out of respect to the memory of Mr. Davis, who was a distinguished citizen of this country before the war began. Whenever he was in this city, I may add, he made his headquarters at this hotel."

DAVIS AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

EX-JUDGE CAMPBELL TALKS REMINISCENTLY OF HIS OLD ASSOCIATE—WRONG BUT CONSCIENTIOUS—FIRM IN HIS BELIEF IN SLAVERY AND STATES' RIGHTS—A STRONG MAN WITH MUCH OF THE SOLDIER IN HIM.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Ex-Judge James Campbell, who was Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of President Franklin Pierce, is living in this city, full of years, but hale and hearty.

Now that Jefferson Davis is dead ex-Judge Campbell is the only surviving member of the little company of statesmen who helped the nation's Chief Magistrate to steer the ship of State through the dangerous rocks and shoals of the troublous times before the war. Ominous rumblings of the awful
political storm that was to come so near wrecking the Union had already been heard. The weather-wise foresaw that sooner or later the good ship would have to succumb to the great rock of slavery and the shrine of State rights, but the politicians of that day managed to stave off the peril for a while.

IN THE CABINET.

It was in these perilous times, when the air of the Capitol was full of the preliminary mutterings of the cyclone, that Mr. Campbell first met Jefferson Davis, in the official family of President Pierce—Mr. Campbell as Postmaster General and Mr. Davis as Secretary of War. The two men—alike only in that they were democrats, but differing in all else—became intimate friends, soon to be separated and to become foes, the one to lead the fight under the banner of secession and the other to stand by the old flag of the Union.

But ex-Judge Campbell has the kindliest feelings for his old associate, the bitterness of the rebellion has long died out and he likes to talk with affectionate respect of his distinguished colleague who has just departed. I found the veteran Pennsylvania democrat and retired lawyer at his old fashioned office on Sixth Street to-day and he courteously consented to tell me something about Mr. Davis.

HIS INTIMATE ASSOCIATE.

"Yes," said ex-Judge Campbell, "I knew Jefferson Davis well. I may say I was intimately associated
with him from 1853 to 1857, during the administration of President Pierce, when we were both in the Cabinet together, he as Secretary of War and I as Postmaster-General. But I had not seen him for years before his death, and all my recollections of him date back to a time before you were born.

"I first made Davis's acquaintance in March, 1853, when we entered the Cabinet together, and our association soon became personal, as well as official, for—although I was a Northern man and he a Southern, and he was an older man than I—he seemed to take a fancy to me, while I respected and admired him. Our relations were always pleasant, and we were together from the beginning to the end of President Pierce's term.

"General Pierce's Cabinet was peculiar in more ways than one. It was the only Cabinet in the history of the country that remained intact throughout the entire Presidential term, and it was singularly harmonious. We had the entire confidence of the President and he had ours, and he trusted more to his Cabinet officers than any President has done since. The Cabinet nowadays seems to be a mere corps of clerks who record the President's wishes. Pierce's Cabinet officers worked together for four years without the slightest difficulty or dissension."

MARCY AND CUSHING.

The veteran lawyer pointed to a group of small engraved portraits hanging on the wall behind his desk. They were the pictures of his associates in Pierce's Cabinet. The strong heads and faces of
William L. Marcy, the Secretary of State, and of Caleb Cushing, the Attorney General, were most conspicuous. Mr. Davis was represented as a man of forty-five, with a determined, serious, thoughtful face and a fine head. The picture bears little resemblance to him in later years.

"Mr. Davis came into the Cabinet under somewhat peculiar circumstances," continued Mr. Campbell. "He had been elected to the House of Representatives in 1845 from Mississippi, but had not particularly distinguished himself, when the Mexican War broke out. He had been educated as a soldier at West Point, as everybody knows, but had left the army and settled on a Mississippi plantation named Briarfield, which his brother, Joe Davis, a very rich man for those days, had given him. When the Mexican war broke out he at once resigned his seat in Congress and re-entered the army, where he served with especial distinction.

LEADING A FORLORN HOPE.

"When the war was over he was returned to the Senate, his colleague from Mississippi being Henry S. Foote, a very able man. Foote and Davis differed on the compromise measures of Clay in 1851, Foote sustaining them strongly while Davis very strongly opposed them. The contest between Davis and Foote afterward became very bitter.

"There was to be an election for Governor of Mississippi that year, and the democrats had nominated a General Quitman. As the canvass progressed it became evident to the leaders of the party
that Quitman was a weak candidate and would be defeated. He was prevailed upon to withdraw three weeks before the election, and Jefferson Davis induced to resign his seat in the Senate, take Quitman's place and lead a forlorn hope in the fight for the Governorship."

Davis made a plucky battle; and, although he was attacked with pneumonia after a few days and was unable to make speeches, he came within about 900 votes of being elected.

"After this defeat Davis remained quietly on his plantation until the Presidential canvass between Pierce and Scott, when Davis took the stump for Pierce with enthusiasm and ability and contributed largely to his carrying Mississippi. This service led to President Pierce tendering him the portfolio of Secretary of War, and so he came into the Cabinet.

HOW MR. DAVIS IMPRESSED HIM.

"How did Mr. Davis impress me? Well, as a firm, unyielding man, of strong attachments politically and personally, and equally strong in his dislikes. I believe Davis was a conscientious, earnest man. I am sure that he always meant to be in the right.

"He was unquestionably an able man and a leader, and there always seemed to be something of the soldier about him—the result of inheritance, probably, for his father had been a soldier, and of his military education and experience. His tastes lay in that direction, and he was in a congenial place
as Secretary of War. Most of his nearest personal friends in Washington were army men.

"I know that Jefferson Davis is not popularly known as a social genial man, but he was, as I came to know him. But he was not much of a diner out or anything of that sort. He was very quiet and domestic in his habits and correct in his private life, and was exceedingly temperate both in eating and drinking. These abstemious habits he must have kept up all his life, or he never could have lived to be eighty-one years of age.

WIDE EDUCATION.

"Jefferson Davis was one of the best educated men whom I ever came in contact with. His acquirements were broad and often surprised us. Caleb Cushing, who was in the Cabinet with us was one of the most highly cultivated men of his time, as all the world knows. He was famous for his retentive memory and an extent and range of knowledge that was encyclopædic. President Jeff Davis wasn't far behind Cushing, and that is saying a great deal.

A CASE IN POINT.

"As an instance, I remember on one occasion we were talking about a certain medicine. Mr. Davis went into a minute analysis and scientific description of its nature and effects, and seemed to know as much about it as though he were an educated
physician who had made a special study of the subject.

"When he had finished I asked:—'For Heaven's sake Davis, where did you learn all that?'

"'Judge,' he replied, 'you forget that I have had to learn something of medicine so as to take care of the negroes on my plantation.'

"Davis was a reading man, especially upon historical subjects. He was particularly interested in the political history of his country, and I think there have been few men who were better posted in that line than Jeff Davis.

"In politics he was one of the most stubborn slavery men whom I ever met.

A DISCIPLE OF CALHOUN.

"He was a political disciple of Calhoun in all his most extreme States' rights views. And although I could not agree with Mr. Davis on this point, and it was a time of intense partisanship and the bitterest feelings, which were soon to break out in secession and civil war, we never had an unpleasant dispute. Yet we always talked with great freedom. Davis and other Southern leaders, and especially the Senators from the Southern States with whom I was brought into constant official intercourse, talked with me with more frankness than to most Northern men, I suppose because I was the son-in-law of an Alabama slave-holder. In those days Northern and Southern democrats alike felt that there would be great trouble in the country if Fremont was elected. Everything that the in-
fluence of the administration could do to turn the scale in favor of Buchanan was done. I went into the fight as earnestly as anybody, because I feared for the future."

THE ENTIRE SOUTH IN MOURNING.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY WITH MRS. DAVIS ADOPTED BY STATE LEGISLATURES, AND FLAGS ON MANY SOUTHERN CAPITOLS HALF-MASTED—THE CAREER OF THE MOST CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6.—Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, died at 12:45 o'clock this morning at the residence of his life-long friend J. U. Payne. The announcement of the event created a profound sensation in this city, although the death of Mr. Davis had been expected at any time within the last month. Four weeks ago, while travelling on a river steamboat, he caught cold, and his condition became so serious that his physicians refused to allow him to return to his home in Mississippi. Mrs. Davis was sent for, and immediately joined her husband and remained with him until the end. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were as devoted to each other as when in their youth they eloped to be married.

For the last three days Mr. Davis had been getting steadily better, and was much improved, so the physicians thought. All day yesterday the favor-
able symptoms continued, and late in the afternoon, as late as 4 o'clock, Mrs. Davis sent such a cheering message to Mrs. Stamps, and Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, that they decided for the first time since Mr. Davis had been taken ill, to attend the French opera.

At 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon, without any assignable cause, Mr. Davis was seized with a congestive chill which seemed to absolutely crush the vitality out of his already enfeebled body. So weak was Mr. Davis, that the violence of the assault soon subsided for lack of vitality upon which to prey. From that moment to the time of his death he sank gradually.

At 7 o'clock Mrs. Davis administered some medicine, but the ex-President declined to receive the whole dose. She urged upon him the necessity of taking the remainder, but putting it aside with the gentlest of gestures, he whispered, "Pray, excuse me."

These were his last words. Gradually he grew weaker and weaker, but never for an instant seemed to lose consciousness. Lying peacefully upon his bed, and without a trace of pain apparent in his features, he remained for hours. Silently clasping and tenderly caressing his wife's hand, he awaited the end.

About 10:30 o'clock Associate Justice Fenner went to the French Opera House, to call to Mr. Davis's bedside Mr. and Mrs. Farrar and Mrs. Stamps. By 11:30 o'clock there were assembled in the death-chamber, Mrs. Davis, Drs. Challié and Bickham, Associate Justice and Mrs. Fenner, Miss
Nannie Smith, grandneice of the dying man, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Farrar.

Finding that Mr. Davis was breathing somewhat heavily as he lay upon his back, the doctors assisted him to turn upon his right side. With his cheek resting upon his right hand, and with his left hand drooping across his chin, he lay for some fifteen minutes breathing faintly. More and more feeble became his respirations until they passed into silence, and then the watchers knew that the father of the Confederacy had passed away. After death the face of the deceased, though looking slightly emaciated, showed no trace of suffering.

Despite the fact that the end had come slowly and peacefully, and after she had been face to face for hours with the dread reality, the blow fell with crushing force upon the afflicted widow. As long as there had been work for either head or hands she had borne up bravely, and not until the end did she seem to realize the force of the blow that had fallen upon her. Knowing her predisposition to heart affection, the doctors were at once gravely alarmed for her. They promptly administered a composing draught, and this morning Mrs. Davis was resting quietly.

When the family had partially recovered from the shock, Mr. Farrar sent despatches to Miss Winnie Davis, who is in Paris, to Mr. Davis's son-in-law in Colorado City, and to Gov. Lowry of Mississippi.

It is believed that the foundation of the ex-President's last illness was malaria, complicated with acute bronchitis. Careful nursing and skilled medical attendants had mastered the latter, but it is
supposed that the congestive chill, the immediate cause of death, was attributable to a return of the malaria.

The illness of Mr. Davis had been watched with deep anxiety here, and arrangements had been made to announce his death by the ringing of the fire bells. Word was, therefore, telephoned to the central station at 12:50 this morning, and in a few minutes the mournful notes of the bells conveyed the intelligence of the death to the city. Many people gathered at the hotels, and at 3 o'clock hundreds were discussing the event.

Mayor Shakespeare was roused from his bed about 3 o'clock, and proceeded at once to the house where Mr. Davis's body lay, and there, in consultation with the family, drew up his proclamation announcing to the public Mr. Davis's death, and appointing a committee of prominent citizens to arrange for the funeral. At an early hour this morning a conference of the committee was held at the City Hall. It had been at first determined that the funeral should take place on Sunday, but before the conference was over telegrams began to pour in from all portions of the South, asking for the date of the funeral and announcing that a number of persons desired to be present, and suggesting that time be allowed for them to get here. This induced the conference to postpone the funeral until Wednesday noon. As soon as an agreement was reached Mayor Shakespeare telegraphed to all the Southern Governors, notifying them of the arrangements made, and inviting them to take part in the funeral ceremonies.
The question of the place of burial was also discussed. The Davis family burying-ground is at the Briarfield homestead, just below Vicksburg. Here Mr. Davis's elder brother, Joseph Davis, is buried, and here the ex-President's remains will ultimately lie; but as it was impossible to hold funeral ceremonies at Briarfield, it was determined to place the remains temporarily in the tomb of the Confederate Veteran Association of the Army of Northern Virginia here.

The body will be removed to the City Hall, to lie in state there in the Council Chamber until the funeral.

The news of Mr. Davis's death was promptly telegraphed to all the leading cities of the South, and many messages expressive of respect for the dead Confederate and sympathy with Mrs. Davis have been received. Everywhere in the South there were public manifestations of sorrow. Flags were at half-mast on the State Houses in Atlanta, Montgomery, Richmond, Jackson, Raleigh, Nashville, and Columbia, and on public buildings in many other cities. A fund was started in Atlanta to erect a monument. Montgomery sent an appeal to Mrs. Davis to have the remains buried there under the Confederate monument, the corner stone of which is to be ornamented with a life-size bronze statue of Mr. Davis. Memphis, Richmond, Jackson (Miss.), Atlanta, and Macon made similar requests. The Legislature of South Carolina adopted resolutions of sympathy with Mrs. Davis, alluding to her husband as the most distinguished statesman of the South and as "one of the ablest and purest the
country has ever had.” The Virginia Legislature also appointed a committee to draft resolutions. The Confederate Survivors' Association at Augusta and the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States at Baltimore arranged for memorial meetings in those cities. Meetings of citizens were arranged for in other cities. At Augusta, Charleston, Raleigh, Lynchburg, Norfolk, Savannah, Memphis, Jackson (Miss.), Columbus (Ga.), and elsewhere shops were draped in black and bells were tolled. Gov. Gordon, of Georgia, telegraphed the Governors of all the Southern States, suggesting that the day of the funeral be proclaimed a day of public mourning. The Governors of North and South Carolina and Mississippi have already issued proclamations in accordance with this suggestion. A meeting of Mississippians in Washington, presided over by L. O. C. Lamar, telegraphed resolutions to Mrs. Davis, describing her husband's career as "brilliant, eventful, and without parallel in our annals," and himself as "the vicarious sufferer for us and his people in defeat," and expressing the belief that "the historian of after years, looking down the perspective of the past, will see Jefferson Davis the colossal figure of his times."

AS THEY REMEMBER HIM IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—There are many persons about the Capitol now who were there when Mr. Davis was in the Senate. E. V. Murphy, one of the official stenographers of the Senate, was a boy just beginning short-hand work in the latter part of Mr.
Davis's political career under the national Government. He remembers Mr. Davis very well, and speaks of him very highly.

"He was," said Mr. Murphy, "a nervous, energetic speaker, and very impressive. He spoke rapidly and forcibly, and as if he were thoroughly in earnest. This earnestness and force made him highly effective. He was a leading man in the Senate, and gave every one who saw him the impression that he was a born leader. He was not a demagogue, and would always take the unpopular side of any question when he believed he was right. In his speeches in the Senate he was not nearly so outspoken a secessionist as his colleague, Brown of Mississippi. Brown appeared to fear that Davis would stand better with the people of Mississippi than himself, and for that reason took a very radical tone in his southern speeches. But when the time for secession came he could not make a farewell address. Brown burst into tears in the office of the Secretary of the Senate, and said he could not do it.

The galleries were crowded with young Southern men and boys when Davis made his farewell address, Davis was the leader of the South and Judah P. Benjamin was its orator. Those were exciting times, but there was never such a scene as when Benjamin made his farewell speech. The galleries were packed, and when Benjamin ended by saying: 'The South will never surrender; never, never, never?' handkerchiefs were waved and thrown into the Senate chamber, and there was an outbreak such as I have never seen in the Senate."
Speaking of Mr. Davis's personal qualities, Mr. Murphy said that he was courteous and kind to all. "He gave strangers," said Mr. Murphy, "the impression that he was reserved and unapproachable, but this was not so. His quick, nervous temperament made him easily nettled, and when he was disturbed he would sometimes make a sharp retort, but would apologize for it the next moment. He stood very high in the estimation of Senators on both sides of the chamber. His long and varied service, and his practice of entertaining gave him a wide acquaintance. In those days most of the Senators and members lived in hotels and boarding houses. Money was not so abundant, and many of them lived in quarters which a Government clerk would not now occupy. Davis, Slidell, and a few others were the only Southern men who kept house, and they entertained in a luxurious manner for those days, although it would not be thought so now. I recollect particularly how kind Mr. Davis was to all the employees about the Senate. He knew them all personally, and would ask after them and after their families when they had any. He was a favorite with all the employees for another reason, and that was because he would always endeavor to secure extra compensation for them.

Several years ago Mr. Murphy wrote to Mr. Davis in regard to the pictures which a friend had secured at a sale of the collection of a picture dealer named Lamb. The history of the pictures made it probable that they had belonged to Mr. Davis. A letter was received by Mr. Murphy in which Mr. Davis said that the pictures had been stolen from
him, and that he had had too much experience with pillage during the war to buy back his property twice.

Representative Spinola, of New York, is one of the few persons now in Congress who was acquainted with Mr. Davis when he was a Senator of the United States and a member of the Cabinet. He says that at that time Mr. Davis was looked upon as one of the leading men of the country. He was of bright intellect, of great determination and firmness, and a leader always. But like many other bright men, he went off on a tangent, tried to break up the Government, and died virtually an exile. For conduct preceding and during the war he was generally condemned in the North, but condemnation could not efface his previous record.

Few of the Southern Representatives about the Capitol to-day could be induced to talk about Mr. Davis's career, fearing in many instances that their remarks would be misconstrued. Representative Mills of Texas, however, spoke his mind freely:

"Mr. Davis was regarded by the Southern people as one of the greatest, best, and purest men in the world. We all loved him. He was our representative man, and all of the Southern people understood that the opposition he encountered and the adverse criticism piled upon him were intended for them. His position was misunderstood in the North. Mr. Davis was a Union man at the beginning and he adopted the course he did with great reluctance; but from a feeling of duty. He was deeply attached to the Union, and wanted to exhaust every means on earth to prevent a rupture. He was not a vin-
dictive or cruel man. He had perfect confidence in himself; was well balanced on all occasions, and was a great military man and statesman. He was highly accomplished and spoke the best of English.

His memory was marvellously clear; he never forgot anybody. My predecessor, Mr. Geddings, told me that one day Mr. Davis was addressing a crowd, when a snowy-haired old man on the outskirts expressed a desire to greet the speaker, whom he had known and served under in the Mexican war. Mr. Geddings offered to introduce him, but the old man declined, and, going up to Mr. Davis, offered him his hand and asked if he recognized him. Mr. Davis fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, his mouth twitched, tears sprang into his eyes, and he exclaimed: "Ward, snow has fallen on your head since I last saw you, and that was about forty years before."

Senator Reagan served with Mr. Davis in the Cabinet of the Confederacy from the beginning to the end as his Postmaster-General. He said today:

"Mr. Davis was a man of great labor, of great learning, of great integrity, of great purity. He was greatly misjudged in many ways. He was the most devout Christian I ever knew, and the most self-sacrificing man."

Postmaster-General Wanamaker said: "The passing away of Jefferson Davis shuts from view the last landmark of the terrible war. If it could end all divisions and strifes and bury in a deep grave the differences of sections, a new day of peace and prosperity would dawn upon the land."
Ex-Attorney-General Garland said: "When his whole life and character are considered and analyzed, in an unclouded atmosphere, by cool, dispassionate people, he will hold a very high place in history."

THE CAREER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Jefferson Davis was born on June 3, 1808, in what was then part of Christian county, but is now Todd county, Kentucky. His father was a planter, who had served as a Georgia officer in the Revolutionary war and afterward settled in Kentucky, whence he again moved, while Jefferson was a boy, to Wilkinson county in Mississippi, which was then still a Territory. The boy received some academic education at home, and then went to Transylvania University in his native State. At 16 he received a West Point appointment, and entered the Military Academy in the same class with Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston. Graduating in 1828, he was assigned to the infantry, and three years later won such distinction as a staff officer in the Black Hawk war that he was promoted, in 1833, to the rank of First Lieutenant and Adjutant in a new regiment of dragoons. This gave him two years of active service on the frontier in expeditions against the Pawnees and other hostile Indians.

Mr. Davis had a taste for military life and appeared likely to make a good record in the army, but he was ambitious of distinction in civil life; and, accordingly, after seven years of service, he resigned his commission in the summer of 1835. A love
affair had its influence also, for shortly after leaving the field he married the daughter of Zachary Taylor, then a Colonel in the army and later President. Returning to Mississippi, he became a cotton planter, a few miles from Vicksburg, and lived for eight years in retirement, devoting much of his time to careful study with reference to a public career. His first appearance in politics was as a delegate to the Democratic State Convention of 1843, and he at once enrolled himself as a follower of Calhoun.

Mr. Davis made swift progress in politics. In 1844 he was chosen a Presidential elector on the Polk and Dallas ticket, and in 1845 he was elected Representative in Congress. He heartily approved the Mexican war, and he made in May, 1846, a strong speech in favor of a resolution of thanks to his father-in-law and the officers and men of Gen. Taylor's army. Two months later he joined that army, being elected in July Colonel of the first Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers. He promptly resigned his seat, overtook his command at New Orleans, and was soon at the seat of war. He led his troops gallantly in the storming of Monterey in the following September, being complimented by Gen. Taylor with a place on the commission appointed to arrange the terms of capitulation, and he especially distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista, Feb. 23, 1847, where he was severely wounded.

The year for which his regiment had enlisted having expired, the "Hero of Buena Vista," as his admirers had styled Col. Davis, returned to his Mississippi home in July, 1847, encountering a
round of congratulatory receptions on the way. Within two months the death of one of Mississippi's Senators opened the way for his return to Congress. The Governor in August appointed him to fill the vacancy, and in the following January the Legislature elected him for the remainder of the term, expiring in March, 1851, given him the rare compliment of a unanimous vote. In 1850 he was re-elected for the full term of six years. He soon became prominent in debate, especially upon military affairs, and in 1849 was made Chairman of the Military Committee.

Mr. Davis had not been long in the Senate before he became conspicuous as an extreme advocate of the State's rights doctrine. In the Presidential election of 1848 he opposed his own father-in-law because, although Gen. Taylor was a Southerner, he did not come out "flat footed" for the extreme Southern view. In 1850 Senator Davis bitterly fought Clay's famous compromise measure in Congress, and when it was passed he resolved to continue the fight at the polls. He therefore helped organize a State's rights party, pledged to resistance, in Mississippi, and when its first nominee for Governor declined he accepted the nomination, in September, 1851, and resigned his seat in the Senate. His opponent, as the candidate of the Union or Compromise party, was the other Mississippi Senator, Henry S. Foote. The result was a defeat of the State's Rights party, Foote receiving the odd majority of 999 votes, but it was also something of a personal triumph for Mr. Davis, as he ran ahead of his ticket, and greatly reduced the majority of 7,500
which the Union party had secured at an election held a few weeks earlier.

Mr. Davis was thus again left in retirement, where he remained until the Presidential canvass of 1852 opened. At the Democratic Convention of that year he received a few votes for Vice-President. He took the stump for Pierce in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee, and in March, 1853, was appointed by the new President Secretary of War, in a Cabinet unique in our history for having lasted a full four years without a single change.

While still Secretary of War Mr. Davis was again elected to the Senate for a full term, and he took his seat in December, 1857. He was especially active in all sectional controversies, and by the beginning of the last Congress in Buchanan's term he was recognized as the leader of the Democratic party in the Senate. He had frequently been "mentioned" in connection with the Presidential nomination, having some strong advocates among Gen. Pierce's special friends in New England, and he received the vote of Gen. B. F. Butler of Massachusetts on every one of the fifty-seven abortive ballots at the Democratic National Convention at Charleston, S. C., in April, 1860, along with those of one or two other delegates. He heartily supported the Breckinridge and Lane ticket in the quadrilateral contest which culminated in the election of Lincoln and Hamlin.

Mr. Davis was one of the special committee of thirteen Senators appointed in December, 1860, to make a last attempt for a peaceable settlement of the now threatening sectional controversy, which
considered the Crittenden Compromise, but on the last day of the year reported their inability to agree upon any plan of adjustment. South Carolina had already seceded, on the 20th of December, and early in January Mr. Davis was made Chairman of an executive committee of three appointed by a secret caucus of Senators from seven other Southern States to perfect the scheme of rebellion. It was one feature of this scheme that its Senatorial promoters should hold on to their seats as long as decency would permit, and accordingly, although Mississippi seceded on the 9th of January, it was not until the 21st of the month that Mr. Davis made his farewell speech. He returned to his plantation and was promptly appointed to the command of Mississippi's militia, with the rank of Major-General. Before he could assume this position, however, a Convention of the six States which had by this time seceded met at Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 4, to form a provisional Government, adopted a Constitution on the 8th, and on the 9th the "Congress of the Confederate States of America," by a unanimous vote, elected Jefferson Davis President, with Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, for Vice-President.

From this time on Jeff Davis, as he was commonly called, was to the North the living embodiment of the Rebellion. Although later in the struggle a strong opposition developed, his unanimous election as President by the Provisional Congress only ratified the popular choice, which recognized him as the master spirit in the great movement. He was inaugurated with simple ceremonies on Feb. 18, when he delivered a temperate address.
Mr. Davis constituted his Cabinet as follows: Secretary of State, Robert Toombs, of Georgia; Secretary of War, Leroy P. Walker of Alabama; Secretary of the Treasury, Charles G. Memminger of South Carolina; Secretary of the Navy, Stephen R. Mallory of Florida; Attorney-General, Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana; Postmaster-General, John H. Reagan of Texas. The first few weeks of the new Government's existence were passed in fruitless attempts at negotiation with the Federal authorities, and in vigorous preparations for the war which daily became more certain. At last, on April 12, it came in the attack which Gen. Beauregard made upon Fort Sumter in accordance with instructions from President Davis.

As soon as war broke out Mr. Davis advised the transfer of the seat of Government from the capital of Alabama to that of Virginia, and the change of base from Montgomery to Richmond was effected on May 20, although the President did not arrive until a few days later. Meanwhile troops from other Confederate States were pushing into Virginia, until by June 50,000 men had been gathered in the northern part of the State under Gens. Beauregard and Johnston. The great victory at Bull Run on June 24 threw the whole section into a paroxysm of joy. Mr. Davis had left Richmond on the morning of the battle to take command in person, but he did not reach the field until the Union army had already been put to flight. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm on his return to Richmond.

The Confederate victory, however, was not fol-
ollowed up, and as the conviction grew that a great opportunity had been thrown away, Mr. Davis suffered somewhat in prestige from representations that he had insisted upon a defensive policy against the wishes of Beauregard and Johnston. Years afterwards Gen. Johnston assumed the responsibility for his failure to pursue the enemy, but the fact that difference of opinion as to the best policy of prosecuting the war had thus early arisen between the President and these two Generals is undisputed. At almost the same time trouble broke out in the Cabinet, and Toombs retired, being succeeded as Secretary of State by Hunter of Virginia. A few months later Hunter in turn resigned, the immediate occasion being a haughty reminder by his chief that his department did not comprise military affairs, when he had ventured some advice about the conduct of the war. Meanwhile Walker, the original Secretary of War, had proved an utter failure, and the place was filled for a time by the transfer of Benjamin from the Attorney-General's department.

Despite these signs of trouble, however, the year closed favorably for Mr. Davis and the Confederacy. The Presidential election had been held in November, and he had been chosen without opposition for a term of six years, Mr. Stephens also being continued in the Vice-Presidency. The Union army had not fully recovered from the Bull Run defeat, but a few weeks put another face upon the situation. Gen. Grant's capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, loosened the Confederate hold upon Kentucky and Tennessee, while the capture of Roanoke Island with its garrison by Gen. Burnside gave the Union
forces an excellent foothold in North Carolina. These disasters strengthened the growing hostility to the Administration, and bitter attacks were made upon Secretaries Benjamin and Mallory, who, as heads of the War and Navy Departments, were held responsible. Such was the situation when the first Congress under the permanent Constitution assembled on February 18. President Davis was inaugurated on February 22, and his address on that occasion, as well as his message to Congress a few days later, was largely devoted to explanations of the recent defeats and recommendations for strengthening the army. The most important of these new measures was the Conscription law, passed in April, which made the great mass of citizens between the ages of 18 and 35 liable to service during the war. This law, which was afterward made still more stringent, provoked bitter opposition in several States. During this spring the Congress, at Mr. Davis's suggestion, passed a law creating the office of Commanding General, to which he promptly appointed Robert E. Lee.

The list of Confederate reverses in the first part of 1862 was continued by the disappointing battle of Shiloh and the loss of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and the capture of New Orleans by the Union forces. But the tide soon turned, and Southern spirit revived as Lee raised the siege of Richmond, forced McClellan back upon Washington, carried his advance into Maryland, and later defeated Burnside, who had succeeded to the command of the Army of the Potomac, in the bloody battle of Fredericksburg. In December Mr. Davis made a
trip through the western department, visiting the various camps, and allaying the discontent which had developed in that section. In his message to Congress in January, 1863, Mr. Davis devoted considerable space to President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, which he characterized as "the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man."

The Confederacy received its death blow in the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, followed by the surrender of Gen. Pemberton and his army of 27,000 men at Vicksburg on the 4th, and the capture of Port Hudson, with its garrison of 6,000 soon after. The Administration was, of course, held responsible for these crushing disasters, and the President was fiercely condemned for having instigated the advance into Pennsylvania, and for having appointed his personal favorite to command at so pivotal a point as Vicksburg. The dismay caused by the news from Gettysburg and Vicksburg was reflected in the rapid decline of Confederate currency within a few weeks, and from this time on the finances of the Government were in a simply hopeless condition. The growing scarcity of food, as the area of the Confederacy was contracted, increased public despondency. Men to fight were as difficult to obtain as food to support them and money to pay for it.

Mr. Davis's message to Congress early in December, 1863, admitted the discouraging features of the situation. He advised energetic measures, and was active through the winter in preparing for the campaign of 1864, which both sides felt would be de-
cisive of the struggle. The year opened with some minor Confederate successes in North Carolina, Florida and the Southwest, but thereafter the Union cause made steady and rapid progress. Sherman's "march to the sea" cut the Confederacy in twain, while in Virginia Lee found it impossible to shake off Grant's tightening grasp, and the re-election of Lincoln convinced the mass of the Southern people that their cause was hopeless. Mr. Davis vainly sought to stem the tide. After the loss of Atlanta on September 1, he visited Georgia, and tried both to encourage the people and to compose the demoralizing differences between himself and Gov. Brown, but without success in either case. Congress, on reassembling in November, proved to be thoroughly demoralized, and did little during the session except attack the President, who was especially condemned for supplanting Johnston with Hood in command of the army opposing Sherman.

Mr. Davis still professed confidence of success, and urged various measures for strengthening the army, the most important of which was the enrollment of negroes, but Congress delayed action upon this project until three weeks before the fall of Richmond. During the winter Mr. Davis appointed Vice-President Stephens, Senator Hunter, and Judge Campbell Commissioners to discuss terms of peace with President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, but the Hampton Roads conference between them, February 3, proved fruitless.

On the morning of Sunday, April 2, while he was attending service in St. Paul's Church, Richmond,
Mr. Davis received a note from the War Department saying that Lee had been defeated and advised preparations for the evacuation of the city during the night. He immediately left the church, and in the evening, with his personal staff and Cabinet, started by rail southward, his family having preceded him by several days. Reaching Danville, Va., the next morning, he attempted to set up his Government in that city, and on April 5 issued a proclamation on the situation. Admitting the injury to their cause by the loss of Richmond, he sought to encourage the people by the claim that Lee's army, relieved from the necessity of guarding special points, would be free to move from point to point and strike the enemy in detail far from his base.

Within a week, however, Lee surrendered and the Government took passage by rail for Greensboro, N. C. Here Mr. Davis met Gens. Johnston and Beauregard, and sought to imbue them with his own resolution, but found both unwilling to fight longer. While Sherman and Johnston were engaged in their fruitless negotiations, Mr. Davis and his party proceeded in ambulances or on horseback to Charlotte, N. C., where he was staying when news came of Lincoln's assassination, soon followed by the proclamation from Washington accusing him of instigating the crime and offering a reward of $100,000 for his arrest. Even after Johnston's surrender Mr. Davis cherished a lingering hope of continuing the war beyond the Mississippi, where he planned to reënforce Kirby Smith's army with such of Johnston's old soldiers as still had any
stomach for fighting. But as he made his way by horse through South Carolina his originally large cavalry escort steadily fell to pieces, until when he reached Washington, Ga., but a few stragglers remained faithful.

Still bent on crossing to Mississippi, Mr. Davis resolved first to see his family, who had preceded him in the flight. He joined them in a camp near Irwinsville, Ga., where just before daylight on May 10 he was surprised and captured by a force of Union cavalry under Lieut.-Col. Pritchard of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. Accounts of this, like many another historic event, differ widely, especially as to the interesting question how the Confederate leader was arrayed. The first reports sent North represented that, when the tent was captured, Mrs. Davis tried to smuggle her husband out of the camp disguised in petticoats, morning dress, woolen cloak, and hood drawn closely over the head, but the man's boots aroused suspicion and caused his arrest. The Confederate version is that Mr. Davis had been sleeping in a loose wrapper, and that as he was leaving the tent his sister-in-law threw a shawl over his head.

He was taken to Fortress Monroe, where he arrived May 19, and was confined almost two years. On May 10, 1867, he was removed to Richmond, arraigned in the United States District Court upon the charge of treason, and admitted to bail in $100,000, Horace Greeley heading the list of bondsmen. The charge of complicity in the assassination of Lincoln was dropped for lack of evidence. After a brief stay in Richmond, Mr. Davis went to Canada,
stopping over in New York on the way. In the summer of 1868 an offer of a partnership, without putting in any capital, in a Liverpool firm drew him to England, but he concluded not to accept it, and after a brief visit to France he returned. At the next December term of court a *nolle prosequi* was entered by the Government, and he was discharged, while he was included in the general amnesty proclamation of the following Christmas.

Mr. Davis settled in Memphis, and became President of a life-insurance company, but after some years of business life he retired to a comfortable estate presented by an ardent admirer at Beauvoir, on Mississippi Sound. Here he passed his old age, spending much of his time in study, and only occasionally issuing forth to defend and glorify the "lost cause." In 1881 he published an elaborate work entitled "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," in which he sought to lay the blame of its "fall" largely on Gen. Johnston and other military commanders. Mr. Davis's first wife did not live long, and in 1857 he married Miss Verina Howell, granddaughter of Gov. Howell of New Jersey, and of Revolutionary fame, who survives him.

**AS A HORSEBACK RIDER.**

Jefferson Davis was known personally to a larger number of people in Richmond than in perhaps any other city. Citizens who were children during the war recall his regular evening ride on a gray horse, which he sat splendidly. Dr. Charles Brock, a prominent physician and a fine horseman,
recalls an incident of this time. He says that one evening he was riding a mare that was so vicious that he could do nothing with her. While the animal was bucking on a turnpike near that city, President Davis rode up and said:

"That is a fine animal, Doctor."

The doctor replied that he would like to see Mr. Davis ride her. The President said that he would like to take a spin, and they changed horses.

"He had no sooner taken the reins," said the Doctor, "than with one easy pull he had her entirely under subjection. Then he put spurs and rode her three miles, and I tell you she was subdued enough when he returned her to me. It was the finest riding I ever saw."

Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, himself a noted horseman, says Mr. Davis was the finest horseman he ever saw. On one of his lonely rides Mr. Davis was fired upon by a man hid in the bushes, the ball whistling close to his head. He rode his horse straight in the direction from which the missile came, and the would-be assassin fled, but was caught by some soldiers. He proved to be a foreigner who was crazy, and he was not prosecuted.
"PRAY, EXCUSE ME."

THE GENTLE WORDS WITH WHICH JEFFERSON DAVIS PASSED FROM THE TURMOIL OF THIS WORLD—THE WHOLE SOUTH IN TEARS—BELLS TOLLING IN ALL THE CITIES OF THE SOUTH—COUNTLESS TELEGRAMS OF CONDOLENCE SENT TO MRS. DAVIS—SHE IS OVERCOME WITH GRIEF—THE SOUTHERN CITIES ARE VYING FOR THE TOMB OF THE CHIEFTAIN.

In the quite hours of early morning at the home of his life-long friend, J. U. Payne in the beautiful "Garden District" of this city, Jefferson Davis today breathed his last. For weeks he had lain upon a bed of sickness, though not of pain. Slowly and more slowly the current of life has flowed until today it ceased. The end was calm. Surrounded by those who were bound to him by ties of kindred and with his two faithful physicians at his side, the ex-President of the Confederacy yielded his invincible spirit to the Power that gave it.

Though Mr. Davis had been confined to his bed for some weeks with a severe cough and mild fever, the statements of his physicians had been so uniformly encouraging that the public had come to believe that, despite his fourscore years and more, he would recover. The conviction was general that within a few days the venerable Confederate chieftain would be at Beauvoir, his home on the Gulf coast, there, amid the Gulf breezes, to regain his wonted vigor.
Only yesterday afternoon Dr. Bickham, one of Mr. Davis's physicians, declared that his distinguished patient was entirely free from fever, taking nourishment and much improved. At that very hour the throes of death had begun to manifest themselves, not to those about him, but to the spirit of the patient himself. He knew that he was never to go forth from the chamber where he lay.

HE HAD NO HOPE FOR HIMSELF.

From the beginning of his illness Mr. Davis had insisted that his case was nearly or quite hopeless. He knew, as only the weakened and aged can know, how nearly worn out was the chord of his life. The vital force that had sustained him on many a hazardous occasion would no longer respond to the demand of his invincible will. There was, however, no dread of pain or fear of death. His spirits were never depressed. He faced the future as he had faced the past—calm and resolute. The end, therefore, though unexpected by the watchers by his bedside, was no surprise to him. The doctors had striven to impress upon him that his condition was improving, but he told them they did not know as well as he how near he was to the end. Only once did he waver in his belief. That was yesterday morning, when he playfully remarked to Mr. Payne, at whose home he had been made comfortable during his illness: "I am afraid I shall be compelled to agree with the doctors for once, and admit that I am a little better."

At 6 o'clock last evening, without any assignable,
cause Mr. Davis was seized with a congestive chill which seemed to absolutely crush the vitality out of his already enfeebled body. So weak was he that the violence of the assault soon subsided for lack of vitality upon which to prey.

From that time to the moment of his death there was just a gradual sinking. At 7 o'clock Mrs. Davis administered some medicine, but he declined to receive the whole dose. She urged upon him the necessity of taking the remainder, but putting it aside, with the gentlest of gestures, he whispered, "Pray, excuse me."

These were his last words. Gradually he grew weaker, but never for an instant seemed to lose consciousness. He lay peacefully for hours without a trace of pain in his look. Silently clasping and tenderly caressing his wife's hand, with un-daunted Christian spirit he awaited the end.

From the moment of the dread assault of the congestive chill, those gathered around his bedside who had been watching and noting with painful interest every change of symptom for the past month knew well that the dread messenger was at the door. About 10.30 o'clock Associate Justice Fen-ner went to the French Opera-House to call to Mr. Davis's bedside Mr. and Mrs. Farrar and Mrs. Stamps. As soon as the message reached them they hurried thither.

By 11:30 o'clock there were assembled in the death-chamber, Mrs. Davis, Drs. Chaillé and Bickham, Associate Justice and Mrs. Fenner. Miss Nannie Smith, grandniece of Mr. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Farrar. Finding that Mr. Davis
was breathing somewhat heavily as he lay upon his back the doctors assisted him to turn upon his right side. With his cheek resting upon his right hand like a sleeping infant, and with his left hand drooping across his chest he lay for some fifteen minutes breathing softly and faintly. More and more feeble became his respirations till they passed into silence.

Despite the fact that the end had come slowly and peacefully, and after she had been face to face for hours with the dread reality, the blow fell with crushing force upon the afflicted widow. As long as there had been work for either head or hands she had borne up bravely, and not until the tender ministrations were past did she seem to realize the terrible force of the blow that had fallen upon her. Knowing her predisposition to heart affection, the doctors were alarmed for her. They administered a composing draught, and at a late hour this morning she was resting quietly.

It is believed that the foundation of the ex-President's last illness was malaria, complicated with acute bronchitis. Careful nursing and skilled medical attention had mastered the latter, but it is supposed that the congestive chill, which was the immediate cause of death, was attributable to an turn of the malaria.

After death the face of the deceased, though looking slightly emaciated, showed no trace of suffering, more nearly resembling that of a peaceful sleeper than of the dead.

Mr. Farrar went to the Western Union Telegraph office and sent despatches to Miss Winnie Davis,
who is in Paris with Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, to Mr. Davis's son-in-law in Colorado City, and also notified Gov. Lowery, of Mississippi.

Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Davis's daughter, who was due here yesterday, was detained last night at Fort Worth, and is not expected to be in the city until Saturday morning.

Judge Fenner and Mr. Farrar said last night that they could not take any steps concerning the funeral until they had held a consultation with Mrs. Davis, who is at present too much grieved by her severe loss to be approached.

Mr. Farrar is fully acquainted with all the details of Mr. Davis's will, but he stated that he did not know but Mrs. Davis received some final wish from her husband regarding the place of burial.

On Wednesday afternoon a reporter had a few moments' conversation with Mrs. Davis. She was worn and wearied with service at the sick-bed, but which she would not allow to any other, and her step was lagging as she came into the dining-room. She was very hopeful, however, of her husband's ultimate recovery.

"Mr. Davis has always been an exceedingly temperate man," said Mrs. Davis; "he has never abused his physical powers, and no one could have lived more moderately than he. Of course, all this is in his favor."

THE MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour at which Mr. Davis died, it was decided to immediately in-
form Mayor Shakespeare of the fact. A note was hastily written and delivered at his residence at 3:05 in the morning. The Mayor dressed hurriedly and went to the Fenner residence, where he at once issued the following proclamation:

**Mayor's Office, Dec. 6, 1889.**

It is with the deepest regret that I announce to the people of the City of New Orleans the departure from this life of Jefferson Davis. He needs no eulogy from me. His life is history, and his memory is enshrined in the heart of every man, woman and child in the broad South. We all love him, and we all owe him honor and reverence.

In order that the proper arrangements may be made for the funeral, I have the honor to invite the following gentlemen to meet me in my office at 12 o'clock this day to confer on the subject: Francis T. Nicholls, Charles Chaffe, President of the Cotton Exchange; Louis Bush, President of the Board of Trade; Joseph L. Herwig, President of the Stock Exchange; John Dymond, President of the Sugar Exchange; A. K. Miller, President of the Maritime Association; R. M. Walmsley, John G. Devereux, John T. Hardie, Col. John B. Richardson, Gen. Adolph Meyer, Gen. John Glynn, jr., J. H. Stauffer, Edward Bermudez, Walter H. Rogers, Col. David Zable, Gen. A. S. Badger, Dr. A. W. Smyth, T. C. W. Ellis, Thos. Agnew, B. M. Harrod, President of the Lumbermen's Exchange; Wright Schaumberg, James G. Clark, Jules Tuyes, Pierre Lanaux, Ringgold Brousseau, Dr. E. E. Souchon, Dr. A. B. Miles,
Rev. Dr. Markam, Rev. Father Hubert, Rev. Dr. I. L. Leucht, Bishop Keener, Bishop. N J. Galleher.

[Signed] Joseph A. Shakespeare, Mayor.

While the Mayor was writing the proclamation Mr. Payne restlessly paced the room and finally fell into a arm-chair and gazed in silence at the grate. The house then sank into silence. A piece of heavy crêpe was then adjusted to the door-knob. Some laborers, with dinner cans in hand, where first to notice the grim emblem. Their loud talk was hushed instantly, and they passed the house softly and in silence. At daybreak the news had been spread by the papers all over the city, and every one who went by reverently raised his hat. As the morning advanced, the Fenner residence was visited by hundreds of persons. Lawyers, physicians and representatives of every class called. With one or two exceptions, however, callers were not permitted to enter the apartment in which Mr. Davis's body lay.

ALONE WITH HER DEAD.

In conformity with a request of Mrs. Davis, she was permitted to commune alone and undisturbed with her dead to-day. The body of the soldier and statesman was laid out on a white, draped bier in the parlor, the front room on the right of the main entrance on First street. The bier is covered with white satin, with a fringe of white silk. The body was clad in confederate gray, which in life Mr. Davis habitually wore. It reposed amid a wilderness of
flowers. The hands, folded over the breast, were encased in tan-colored gloves, and the face, which had looked worn and emaciated just after death, had been improved wonderfully by the embalmer's art.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE DEAD FACE.

At 10 o'clock E. F. Blake, of New York, of Washburn's photograph gallery, arrived, and with his assistants succeeded in taking six fine photographs of the dead chieftain, three of which were half and two full life-sized.

A touching incident occurred in the death-chamber upon the arrival of Milo Gooper, an aged and decrepit colored man who had been Mr. Davis's servant during the war. During the past fifteen years Milo has been a resident of Florida, and each year has sent to his old master some kindly remembrance in the shape of oranges or other fruit grown in that State. Hearing of the severe illness of Mr. Davis he started for New Orleans for the purpose of getting a last glance of the kindly face before its disappearance in the grave. Upon his arrival this morning, he was admitting for the death chamber, where he fell on his knees and bursting into tears prayed fervently for his old master and for the welfare of those he had left behind him.

The only person notified last night of Mr. Davis's death was Mayor Shakespeare.

The conference summoned by his proclamation was held at the City Hall. At the hour appointed a large concourse of the most prominent citizens was
JEFFERSON DAVIS IN HIS STUDY.
(101)
present. Col. William Preston Johnston, President of Tulare University, a son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and aid-de-camp of Mr. Davis during the war, was called to the chair. There were present Associate Justice Fenner, at whose home Mr. Davis died; Mr. Farrar, a nephew representing the family; Bishop Galleher, of the Episcopal Church; Father Hubert; the Presidents of the various commercial exchanges, banks and insurance companies; members of the State, City and Federal Governments; Gen. A. S. Badger, Deputy Collector of the port, representing the Grand Army of the Republic, and the representatives of the Washington Artillery, the Confederate Veteran Associations of the Army of Northern Virginia and Tennessee, the United Veterans, Sons of Veterans, the Confederate States cavalry organizations, Sons and Daughters of the Army of Northern Virginia, members of the State and city judiciary and leading members of the clergy of all denominations.

Mayor Shakespeare called the meeting to order and explained its purport. Judge Fenner expressed the wishes of the family. Mrs. Davis, he said, wanted to remain with the body of her husband tonight, but was willing to surrender it to-morrow and allow the remains to be taken to some public place where they could lie in state and receive the homage of the Southern people. It was proposed that the body be removed to the City Hall, to lie there till Tuesday, when the burial could take place.

It was determined to have the funeral on Wednesday instead of Tuesday, in order to allow all the Southern people, who so desired, to come to New
Orleans, and pay their respects to Mr. Davis. It was also determined to inform Gov. Nicholls officially of the death of Mr. Davis and invite the State of Louisiana to join with the City of New Orleans in the funeral ceremonies. The Mayor announced that he had sent telegrams to the Governors of the several Southern States inviting them to be present at the funeral. The Mayor then appointed the following Executive Committee to arrange the details of the funeral:

Chairman, Col. William Preston Johnston; Capt. J. A. Chalaron, of the United Veterans; Col. J. Richardson, of the Washington Artillery; Cap. Jacob Gray, of the G. A. R.; J. E. Clark, City Council; Major D. A. Given, of the Confederate Cavalry; J. N. Augustin, of the Sons of Veterans; Capt. A. J. Lewis, of the Army of Tennessee; Fred. S. Washington, of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Council Chamber was assigned for the reception of the remains. The Washington Artillery announced its desire to station a body-guard of honor around the corpse. On the question of burial, as both the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee offered tombs, the matter was decided by lot and the first-named chosen.

The Committee on Finance was appointed. It was determined to ask Bishop Galleher, of the Episcopal Church, to take full charge of the religious service and also Father Hubert, of the Catholic Church, to speak at the grave. The entire clergy of New Orleans will be invited and assigned to a place in the procession.

The citizens of New Orleans were asked to drape
their houses. The Executive Committee will publish Sunday morning a full programme of the funeral procession and ceremonies.

MISS DAVIS RECEIVES THE NEWS.

SHE BEARS UP WELL UNDER THE SHOCK—NUMEROUS CALLERS UPON HER.

Paris, Dec. 6.—The news of the death of Jefferson Davis became known in Paris at an early hour this morning to the American colony, several hours before the appearance of the newspapers. A special despatch brought the sad tidings to the one most deeply interested in it, Miss Winnie Davis, the dead leader's favorite daughter, and known so well as the "Daughter of the Confederacy." The shock caused by the news was terrible, but she bore up bravely. During the afternoon and evening a great number of people called to leave cards and condolence in evidence of sympathy with her under the great bereavement. Miss Davis is the guest of Mrs. Pulitzer in Paris, who took her abroad in the latter part of October in the hope that the change would restore her to health. For some time before she had been suffering from impaired eyesight, the result of her work in assisting her father in the preparation of his recent book. Miss Davis herself was loath to leave her father, although he was in perfect health at the time, but the doctors were inexorable that she should go abroad in order to con-
sult the most eminent oculists and rest from her secretarial labors. She intended to spend the Winter with her hostess on the Riviera and the coming Summer at one of the German baths.

Miss Davis will sail for home next week.

SOUTHERN HEARTS BOWED DOWN.

CITIES OF THE CONFEDERACY ARE IN MOURNING FOR ITS DEAD EX-PRESIDENT.

MONTGOMERY, Dec. 6.—The first capital of the Confederacy is in mourning to-day. Citizens who participated actively in the events transpiring between 1861 and 1865, while Mr. Davis was at the head of the Confederate Government, spoke in the most feeling terms of the death of the ex-chieftain of the lost cause. The State-House is draped in mourning and the flags are at half-mast. All the State departments are closed and deserted and the historic building stands like a silent monument to the deeds and memory of the old Confederate chief.

Gov. Seay, of Alabama, sent the following telegram to Mrs. Davis this evening:

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, New Orleans:

I ask to convey to you for myself and for all the people of Alabama sincere sympathy in your distress, and to express our veneration for the great dead. It is the wish of our people that his grave may be made beneath the monument to the Con-
federate dead on the Capitol Hill at Montgomery, hard by the very cradle of the Confederacy.

**Richmond, Va., Dec. 6.**—Gov. Lee has sent the following telegram of condolence:

*To Mrs. Jefferson Davis:*

The sympathetic chords of the hearts of our people are deeply touched at the loss of one we have ever regarded as of the greatest valor, and whose virtue we will ever hold sacred.

(Signed) **Fitzhugh Lee.**

In answer to *The World's* query to him the Governor says:

Jefferson Davis was, in my opinion, in many respects one of the greatest men this Republic has ever produced. He was able, bold, true, manly, conscientious, clear in thought, admirable in expression, cultured in address, and stood steady in his firm belief in the doctrines of this Government, though the very lightning scorched the ground beneath his feet. The Southern people loved him because he suffered for them. They are prepared to protect and guard his memory from the fierce winds of prejudice, in saying to all those who hated him and whose hearts are consumed at this hour by sectional animosity: "If this be treason make the most of it."

**Charleston, S. C., Dec. 6.**—Probably in no other city was Jefferson Davis more beloved than in Charleston. The devotion to him has always been unqualified. All the public buildings floated the National and State flags at half-mast to-day, and
hundreds of business houses indicated their respect by various decorations. The military and commercial organizations of the city have already prepared suitable resolutions upon the death of the deceased statesman.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 6.—Glowing eulogies were delivered in the State Legislature here to-day upon Jefferson Davis. Mr. McKessick pronounced him grand on the field of battle, grand in the councils of State, grand in his clanking chains in Fortress Monroe, grand in the cold arms of death. It was proper that he should be honored by this State and the people of the whole South, whom he had served, and it was meet that the Confederate flag should be his winding sheet. The following resolutions were offered:

"Resolved, By the House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, the Senate concurring, that this General Assembly has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Jefferson Davis. That in the death of Mr. Davis the South has lost its most distinguished citizen, and the country one of the ablest and purest statesmen it has ever had, whose life, character, and services should ever be held in honored and loving remembrance by the people of the whole country, but especially by those of the South.

"That the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House be requested to communicate immediately to the family of Mr. Davis this expression of the profound sorrow and sympathy of the people of South Carolina.

"That in token of our respect the flags on the
Capitol and all other State buildings be placed at half-mast during the present session of the General Assembly.

"That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed and signed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, be sent to the family of Mr. Davis."

They were unanimously adopted by a rising vote. A resolution to adjourn in honor of the memory of Mr. Davis was adopted in like manner. This morning Gov. Richardson issued this proclamation.

Intelligence having been received of the death of Jefferson Davis, which occurred at 1:15 o'clock this morning in the city of New Orleans, it is meet and fitting that the people of South Carolina should evidence by appropriate proceeding their veneration of love for this great and patriotic citizen, for his eminent virtues and heroic conduct in the midst of the most trying scenes of this country. I hereby invite the people of South Carolina to assemble on the day and at the hour of his funeral to join in a suitable memorial service to his memory.

The Governor also sent the following telegram:

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, New Orleans:

With my deep and sincere personal sympathy, I beg to express to you the profound sorrow of the people of South Carolina at the intelligence of the death of your illustrious husband. The fame of his greatness will grow with the passing years.

J. P. Richardson,
Governor of South Carolina.
The city bells tolled to-day between 12 and 1 o'clock in honor of Mr. Davis. It is probable that upon the meeting of the Legislature to-morrow a delegation will be sent to New Orleans to represent South Carolina, and the State House will be draped in mourning.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 6.—Men of all parties unite in conceding to Jefferson Davis honesty of convictions and integrity of purpose. Ex-Confederates here received the news of his death with great solemnity.

HELENA, Ark., Dec. 6.—The public meeting held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce here was largely attended by ladies. A message of condolence and sympathy was sent to Mrs. Davis. The meeting also recommended that all business be suspended on the day of the funeral and that a memorial meeting be held Monday night.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 9.—Bells were tolled here, public building closed, State and National flags half-masted, and the public buildings draped in mourning. Gov. Fowle issued a proclamation as follows:

Whereas, Almighty God in his providence has removed from this world Jefferson Davis, the trusted leader of the people of North Carolina in the four darkest years of her history, and

Whereas, Our entire people regard his memory with feelings of highest respect, esteem and affection, now, for the purpose of manifesting their appreciation of his exalted character and distinguished services, I, Daniel G. Fowle, Governor of North Carolina, by this proclamation do enjoin upon the people of the State, laying aside all business, to assemble
themselves together at their respective places of worship at the time to be appointed for the funeral, and take part in memorial services suitable to such sad occasion.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 6.—The municipal buildings here are draped in mourning, also the Register building and office of the News. The flag at the Armory is at half-mast. A public meeting will be held for memorial addresses. A delegation of ex-Confederate soldiers will attend the funeral, also the Mobile Cadets, of which Mr. Davis was elected honorary member at the beginning of the war, and of which he kept the certificate of membership hanging in his office.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 6.—Many messages of condolence have been sent from this city to Mrs. Davis. Gov. Ross ordered that the flag on the Capitol be placed at half-mast and sent the following message:

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

I unite my condolence with that of those who honored your illustrious husband while living and who revere his memory when dead. His lofty patriotism, immaculate integrity and firmness of purpose, which never yielded principle for expediency nor abandoned right for success, will be held up for emulation by the aspiring youth of Texas who would achieve an honorable distinction among their fellow men.

L. S. Ross, Governor.

Gov. Ross received a message from Gov. Gordon, of Georgia, suggesting that the governors of the Southern States, by proclamation, invite the people of their respective States to assemble on the
day of the funeral and join in suitable memorial services, to which Gov. Ross replied: "The people of Texas will give substantial token of their high appreciation of the character and life of Mr. Davis." Treasurer Lubbock, who was on Mr. Davis's staff and who was captured with him, sent a touching telegram of condolence to Mrs. Davis, and will leave here Monday to attend Mr. Davis's funeral.

Jackson, Miss., Dec. 6.—Acting on the suggestion of Gov. Gordon, Gov. Lowry has issued a proclamation requesting that memorial services be held throughout the State at 12 M., on Wednesday, the 11th, the day fixed for the funeral of Mr. Davis, and that the Governors of the other Southern States issue similar proclamations.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

BRONCHITIS, AGE, AND INSUFFICIENT NUTRITION WERE WHAT CAUSED DEATH.

New Orleans, Dec. 6.—Dr. Charles J. Bickham, the physician Dr. Chaillé called in shortly after Mr. Davis arrived in New Orleans, was seen at his residence by a reporter last night. He stated that he had never previous to the late fatal sickness treated Mr. Davis, and consequently did not know much about his physical condition prior to the fatal attack. He said, in summing up the case briefly, that acute bronchitis was the exciting cause of death, while the predisposing causes were chronic bronchitis, age; insufficient nutrition on account of the delicacy of
his stomach, and suffering probably from malaria before. "From the beginning of the fatal illness," Dr. Bickham said, "neither Dr. Chaillé nor myself was buoyant regarding Mr. Davis's recovery. Mr. Davis seemed to foresee the end, and if asked how he felt, even when not in pain, he would say, 'I feel as though I were going down, down, down.'" This state of mind had considerable effect on our patient, for the mental conditions have a great deal to do with it.

It was learned from Dr. Bickham that Mr. Davis had never been better during his sickness than he was for two or three days previous to Thursday. "A distressing feature in the illness," said Dr. Bickham, "was Mr. Davis's great loathing of food, and when he did take nourishment it did not seem to strengthen him or the blood supply as would be expected. This, of course, was due to the weak condition of his stomach. If he had strength enough he would have resisted the chill that proved fatal Thursday night."

In answer to a question Dr. Bickham said:

"He never rallied after being seized with the chill, which was probably easily brought on in consequence of the malaria in his system." During the entire sickness, although Mr. Davis seemed confident of his death, he was resigned, and showed no signs of dread of the approaching end.

THE FUNERAL.

The executive committee appointed to arrange the public ceremonies of the funeral was appointed
by the Mayor. The body will be taken in charge by the Veteran Association of the Washington Artillery and the guard of honor will be in uniform. When the body reaches the City Hall Col. John B. Richardson, of the Washington Artillery, will take command of the guard of honor and the body will be placed in the Mayor's parlor. Soon after the appointment the Executive Committee held a meeting, Col. Wm. Preston Johnson, one of Mr. Davis's aides-de-camp, presiding.

Bishop Galleher will be requested to conduct the religious ceremonies and to summon whatever assistance from the clergy he might desire. It was also decided to invite the entire clergy of the city, including all denominations.

The military of Mobile and other neighboring towns have telegraphed that they will come here in time to swell the grand demonstration of respect in honor of the dead hero, and at the present writing it promises to be the grandest and most impressive affair that has occurred in the history of the South. All the Governors of the Southern States will also be notified officially of the death of the Chieftain of the Confederacy. Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans Association, has been officially notified of the death of Mr. Davis, and has issued instructions to the various camps and organizations.

The City Council will meet and adjourn on Tuesday night, and the meetings of the various standing committees of the Council have been postponed.
TELEGRAMS OF SYMPATHY.

Among the telegrams received by Mrs. Davis today and to-night were the following:

**Atlanta, Ga.**

_Mrs. Jefferson Davis:_

Please accept my sincere sympathy in your bereavement. Our whole people mourn with you and pray that God may bless you and yours.

_Henry M. Grady._

**Washington, D. C.**

The whole South mourns with you. Your husband's hold upon the affections of the people in his last days was even stronger than in the hour of his greatest power.

_E. C. Walthall._

**Jackson, Miss.**

The great heart of Mississippi is touched by the death of her best beloved. His noble nature and public services will be treasured always in the memory of her people. Accept assurances of my heartfelt sympathy. Your bereavement is our bereavement, and may the merciful God comfort you.

_Robert Lowry._

**Jackson, Miss.**

_Mrs. Jefferson Davis:_

My sympathies and prayers are with you.

_Hugh Miller Thompson_,

Bishop of Mississippi.
Mrs. Jefferson Davis:

The whole Southern people are in grief over the death of their great and beloved countryman, and their sympathy with you is deep and pervading. Please believe that what I feel for you cannot be told in words.

L. Q. C. Lamar.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 6.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis:

The sympathetic chords of the hearts of our people are deeply touched at the loss of one we have ever regarded with the greatest affection, and the memory of whose value and virtue we will ever hold sacred.

Fitzhugh Lee.

Raleigh, N. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis:

North Carolina mourns with you the death of the greatest and most beloved of the sons of our Southland.

Daniel G. Fowler.

Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis:

Every true son of the South shares your sorrow.

J. C. S. Blackburn.


Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

My dear friend: Myself and family mourn with you for the death of your distinguished and noble husband and my most valued friend. In the hour of your calamity you have the affectionate
sympathy of millions of loving friends, who deplore
the loss of the true friend, the earnest Christian, the
patriotic citizen, the wise statesman, most beloved
and venerated by a large part of the American
people for his self-sacrificing devotion to principle
and to duty. May God protect and help you in
your great affliction. Command me always if I can
serve you.

JOHN H. REAGAN.

TALLAHASSE, Fla., Dec. 6.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis:
Permit me to tender my sincerest sympathies in
the great affliction which has come to you. The
people of the South mourn with you in this our
common bereavement.

F. P. FLEMING, Governor.

NO. 320 JOSEPHINE STREET,
NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6, 1889.

Judge E. C. Fenner.

DEAR SIR: The people of Louisiana will hear
with profound grief and sorrow the death of Presi-
dent Davis, a man who, standing equally the tests of
prosperity and adversity, became even more and
more endeared to the true men and women of
this State as his brave and unblemished life drew to
a close. Would you do me the kindness at a later
moment to convey to Mrs. Davis my sincere sym-
pathy with her and the expression of strong regard
and affection for her husband. I would have seen
you this morning in person, but sprained my foot
last night so badly as to make it impossible for me
to leave the house. I have directed that the flag on the Capitol be displayed at half mast. Very truly

Francis T. Nicholls.


Mrs. Jefferson Davis:

With my deep and sincere personal sympathy I beg to express to you the profound sorrow of the people of South Carolina at the intelligence of the death of your illustrious husband. The fame of his greatness will grow with the passing years.

J. P. Richardson,
Governor of South Carolina.

NO OFFICIAL RECOGNITION.

Washington, Dec. 6.—The War Department, over which Jefferson Davis presided under President Pierce, from 1853 to 1857, has not and will not take official notice of the death of the Confederate leader. When asked whether the flag on the War Department Building would float at half-mast on the day of Jefferson Davis's funeral, Secretary Proctor said to-day, with a very positive ring in his voice: "I had not considered that question, but it will be safe to say that the flag will not be placed at half-mast upon that occasion."

Secretary Proctor said that he could see no good reason to take cognizance of the event. In accordance with this opinion of Secretary Proctor no notice of any kind was to-day taken by the War
Department officials of Mr. Davis's death. The flag, which has always been at half-mast when an ex-Secretary died, floated from the top of the flag-staff in a strong southeast breeze. The clerks in the Department were at their desks as usual, officially ignorant of the death of Mr. Davis. No announcement will be made to the army. Solitary among the fifty-eight Secretaries of War, Jefferson Davis dies unnoticed by the Department over which he presided, and unannounced to the army which he once commanded. His portrait looks down from the gallery of pictures of ex-Secretaries which adorn the walls of the chief clerk's room in the War Department. No crape adorns it, as is customary when an ex-Secretary dies, nor will any be placed about it, and the War Department building will not, as is usual on the death of an ex-Secretary, be clothed in sombre black. To all intents and purposes, so far as the War Department is concerned, Mr. Davis died in 1861.

Congressman Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi, who was designated by that State at the time Mr. Davis was indicted for treason to assist Charles O'Connor in his defense, was a warm personal friend of Mr. Davis. He was at Fortress Munroe, then at Richmond, where Mr. Davis was taken for trial, and afterwards in New York, when Mr. Davis was free again. Speaking to a correspondent of the World to-day, Gen. Hooker said: "The attachment that the Southern people felt for Mr. Davis was never understood by the people of the North. We loved the more because he was made to answer in many ways for what we as a people had partici-
pated in and indorsed. But he was a strong and good and lovable man, brave, a true friend and a charming companion. There was every element of leadership in his composition. Nor was Mr. Davis the rabid Union hater that the people of the North have been led to believe. He left the United States Senate with great reluctance and regret. The people of the Northwest, who knew Mr. Davis as an officer of the old army, admired him much and still respect his memory. As a prisoner he bore himself admirably. He was extremely poor and yet so sensitive on the subject of money matters that when I reached him with $7,060 which the people of Mississippi had collected for his relief, I finally decided to hand the money over to Mrs. Davis. It was afterwards lent to a merchant in Memphis who failed, so neither Mr. Davis nor his family ever got the benefit of a dollar of it.

"Mr. Davis's appreciation of the favors shown him by Mr. Greeley, who went on his bail bond, and by Mr. O'Conor who defended him, was very great. Mr. O'Conor, you know, although offered a fee of $20,000 by the State of Mississippi, declined to be remunerated. With regard to Mr. Davis's history of the war, I have always felt that he made a mistake in publishing it when he did. If he had left the manuscript with his wife and children, with instructions to print it after his death, it would have been more profitable."

"What was the real reason why Mr. Davis left the army, where he had demonstrated so much ability, and prepared himself for politics?"

"It was the influence of his elder brother, Joseph
Davis, then a prosperous planter in Mississippi. Joseph Davis felt that his younger brother was wasting his life at army posts. So he wrote to him and urged him to resign and engage in something more profitable. He offered to defray all expenses until the younger man could establish himself in some civil calling. The result is a matter of history. The two men were much alike. Joseph Davis has been dead several years.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock a meeting of Senators and Representatives from Mississippi, together with a number of other prominent Mississippians now in this city, was held in the parlors of the Metropolitan Hotel to take action on the death of Mr. Davis. There was no formal organization, but remarks suitable to the occasion were made and a series of resolutions adopted.

The only man now living who served under Secretary Davis's immediate administration, in the Secretary's office, is Major William B. Lee, who was one of the seven clerks then forming the force in that division. He is still employed in the same office. He said this morning: "He was one of the best Secretaries of War that ever served, a warm friend and a bitter enemy. About the only important event of his administration was his quarrel with Gen. Scott, which was very bitter and caused a great deal of hard feeling."
THE SOUTH IN NEW YORK.

SWINGS ITS FLAG AT HALF-MAST IN HONOR OF ITS HERO'S MEMORY.

All day yesterday the Stars and Stripes were displayed at half-mast at the New York Hotel on account of the death of Jefferson Davis. The New York Hotel is well known in this city as the leading home of the Southerners, and the death of Mr. Davis formed the general theme of conversation. Manager M. J. Crawford, of the New York Hotel, was a personal friend of the great leader of the South. He knew him for years. Mr. Davis used to spend much of his time at the Mexico Gulf Hotel at Pass Christian, Miss.

"Yes, I have known Mr. Davis for many years," said Mr. Crawford, when seen by a World reporter last night, "and I always had the highest regard for him. He was a man of marked ability, and he had a kind word for everybody. General W. S. Harney was his great chum. He used to live at my hotel at Pass Christian, and Mr. Davis knew of no greater pleasure than to come over to the Pass and spend a day with his friend, General Harney. They were comrades in war. Both fought side by side during the Mexican war, and both delighted in telling campaign stories. Mr. Davis was liked by everybody in the South, and while at the hotel he was frequently thrown in contact with people from the North who had come South to spend the winter. To those he never
spoke of the war, and the guest from the North respected him all the more for it. He had a kind word for everybody, and the poorer people especially had a great love for him. Whenever he came to the metropolis he stopped at the New York Hotel. It is now about twelve years since his last visit to this city. He had just returned from Europe. He remained only a few days, and and after seeing the sights of New York returned to the South. His country home, Beauvoir, in Mississippi, was only about fifteen miles from Pass Christian, and I remember well how he loved to drive along the Gulf coast over to our place. Every Southerner at this place mourns his loss, and we have many prominent people from the South with us to-day. Mr. John C. Calhoun and Senator M. C. Butler, both of South Carolina, were his personal friends, and both gentlemen speak of Mr. Davis in the highest terms."

Among the prominent Southerners now stopping at the New York Hotel are Colonel E. S. Jennison, of Texas; Colonel G. C. Washington of Tennessee; and Major Livingston Mines, of Atlanta, Ga.

THE SOUTH IS READY TO GIVE.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HER DAUGHTERS' NEED WILL BE CARED FOR.

It has long been a matter of common knowledge and yesterday was the subject of frequent comment that the estate of Mr. Davis had become sadly impoverished. Yesterday when reference was made
to the fact that Mrs. Davis and her daughters would without doubt be left in most straitened circumstances, a telegram was sent from this city to Mr. Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, inquiring what was their exact condition and whether it was probable that any concerted effort would be made among the people of the South to raise a fund as a token of their love and esteem. Mr. Grady's answer received to-day, is as follows:

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 6.—I thank you heartily for your dispatch. Three or four times in the past ten years, touched by Mr. Davis's known poverty, we have started to make a fund for him, and once had a considerable amount subscribed without his knowledge. Each time he gratefully but firmly declined, saying that so many widows and orphans of soldiers and so many disabled veterans themselves were poor and in need of the necessaries of life that all generous offerings had best be directed to them and to their betterment. He has grown steadily poorer, and I fear leaves his family nothing.

I am now in communication with the friends of his family, and if permitted to raise a fund, the people of the South will spontaneously give all that is needed and more, but we shall advise you promptly, and any voluntary offerings from the North would honor those who gave, and be accepted in the South as evidence that the hostility of the North to a man who deserved no more of censure than his associates, but who went to his grave carrying the whole burden of the responsibility, is at last allayed. Henry W. Grady.
THEIR DEAD CHIEFTAIN.

MARKS OF PROFOUND SORROW SHOWN EVERYWHERE—MR. DAVIS'S LAST HOURS—FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 6.—Had some awful catastrophe occurred, evidences of general and sincere sorrow could not have been more plentiful than they have been in this city to-day. Jefferson Davis is dead, and his death has cast a shadow over the whole city in which he breathed his last. Flags have hung at half-mast all day; bells have been tolled in the slow, funereal way which tells of death, and there has been but one topic of discussion within the limits of the town.

Judge Fenner has to-day received many telegrams of condolence, addressed to himself and to Mrs. Davis from men of prominence all over the South. In almost every town in the Southern States news of the death of Mr. Davis has been received with the most profound sorrow. In many of them buildings have been draped in mourning; church bells have been tolled and flags hung at half mast, and in all of them there has been some outward show made of the grief of the inhabitants.

Gov. Fowle of North Carolina sent a message of sympathy to Mrs. Davis, and also issued this proclamation, the suggestion in which is likely to be carried out generally by the people of the South:

"Whereas, Almighty God, by His providence,
hath removed from this world the trusted leader of the people of the State of North Carolina in the four darkest years of her history, and

"Whereas, Our entire people regard his memory with feelings of the highest respect, esteem, and affection; now, for the purpose of manifesting their appreciation of his exalted character and distinguished services, I enjoin upon the people of this State, laying aside all business, to assemble themselves at their respective places of worship at the time to be appointed for the funeral by Mrs. Davis and to join in suitable services."

From the beginning of his fatal illness Mr. Davis had insisted that his case was nearly or quite hopeless, though the dread of pain or fear of death never appeared to take the slightest hold upon his spirits, which were brave and even buoyant from the beginning of his attack. In vain did the doctors strive to impress upon him that his health was improving. He steadily insisted that there was no improvement, but with Christian resignation he was content to accept whatever Providence had in store for him. Only once did he waver in his belief that his case showed no improvement, and that was at an early hour yesterday morning, when he playfully remarked to Mr. Payne: "I am afraid that I shall be compelled to agree with the doctors for once and admit that I am a little better."

All day long the favorable symptoms continued, and late in the afternoon—as late as 4 o'clock—Mrs. Davis sent such a cheering message to Mrs. Stamps and Mr. and Mrs. Farrar that they decided, for the first time since Mr. Davis had been ill, to attend
the opera. At 6 o'clock last evening, without any assignable cause, Mr. Davis was seized with a congestive chill, which seemed to absolutely crush the vitality out of his already enfeebled body. So weak he was that the violence of the assault upon him soon subsided for lack of vitality upon which to prey.

From that moment to the moment of his death the history of his case was that of gradual sinking. At 7 o'clock Mrs. Davis administered some medicine, but the ex-President declined to receive the whole dose. She urged upon him the necessity of taking the remainder, but putting it aside, with the gentlest of gestures, he whispered: "Pray, excuse me."

These were his last words. Gradually he grew weaker and weaker, but never for an instant seemed to lose consciousness. Lying peacefully upon his bed, and without a trace of pain in his look, he remained for hours. Silently clasping and tenderly caressing his wife's hand, with undaunted Christian spirit he awaited the end.

From the moment the congestive chill attacked him those gathered around his bedside, who had been watching and noting with painful interest every change of symptom for the past month, knew well that the dread messenger was even at the door. About 10:30 o'clock Associate Justice Fenner went to the French Opera-House to call to Mr. Davis's bedside Mr. and Mrs. Farrar and Mrs. Stamps. As soon as the message reached them they hurried to the bedside of the dying man. By 11:30 o'clock there were assembled in the death chamber, Mrs.
Davis, Drs. Chaillé and Bickham, Associate Justice and Mrs. Fenner, Miss Nannie Smith, Mr. Davis's grandniece, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Farrar.

Finding that Mr. Davis was breathing somewhat heavily as he lay upon his back, the doctor assisted him to turn upon his right side. With his cheek resting upon his right hand, like a sleeping infant, and with his left hand drooping across his chest, he lay for some fifteen minutes, breathing softly, but faintly. More and more feeble became his respirations, till they passed into silence, and then the watchers knew that the silver cord had been loosed and the golden bowl broken. The Father of the Confederacy had passed away.

A touching incident occurred in the death chamber this morning upon the arrival of Milo Gooper, an aged and decrepit colored man who had been Mr. Davis's servant during the war. For the past fifteen years Milo has been a resident of Florida, and each year has sent to his old master some remembrance in the shape of oranges or other fruit grown by himself. Hearing of the severe illness of Mr. Davis, he departed for New Orleans for the purpose of getting a last glimpse of his master's kindly face. Upon his arrival this morning he was admitted to the death chamber, where he fell upon his knees, and, bursting into tears, prayed for his dead master.

Early in the day many visitors called, but at the request of Mrs. Davis that her dead be left alone with her for the day the front door was locked and callers were rigidly excluded. A cablegram was sent to Miss Winnie Davis, who is now in Paris
with Mrs. Pulitzer, and telegrams were sent among others to Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Davis's daughter, who was expected here last night from Fort Worth, but from whom a message had been received later in the evening announcing her inability to arrive before to-morrow. Another telegram was sent by Judge Fenner to Gov. Lowry of Mississippi, informing him of the death of his State's most distinguished son.

At noon a committee of distinguished citizens met at the City Hall upon the call of Mayor Shakespeare to make arrangements for the funeral. It was decided to remove the body to the City Hall to-night, where it will lie in state in custody of a guard of honor commanded by Col. J. B. Richardson of the Washington Artillery. The funeral will take place Wednesday at noon, Bishop Galleher of the Episcopal Church conducting the ceremonies. The body will be temporarily interred at Metairie Cemetery, in the tomb of the Veteran Association of the Army of Northern Virginia. All the Governors of the Southern States were formally invited to be present at the funeral and act as pall bearers.

Gen. George W. Jones of Iowa, a lifelong friend of Mr. Davis, arrived this morning a few hours after death had come. He was greatly affected over the death of Mr. Davis, who though in his eighty-second year, was his junior by several months.

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 6.—Mr. Henry W. Grady, this morning telegraphed Mr. Farrar, a friend of the Davis family, asking if a death mask could be taken. An affirmative answer was received, and
the Constitution sent Orion Frazer, the sculptor, to New Orleans on the first train. From this mask a statue of Mr. Davis will be made for the city of Atlanta. A fund for this purpose has already been started.

Atlanta wants the body buried here, and a number of telegrams to that effect have been sent to the family. West View Cemetery is located on the site of some famous battles around Atlanta. Gov. Gordon to-day telegraphed the Governors of all the Southern States suggesting that the people of the several States meet at the hour appointed for the funeral of Mr. Davis and join in suitable memorial exercises. He also suggests that the people unite in raising a fund for the family. Telegrams have been sent inquiring if the family would consent to a fund being raised, and if so, it will be begun at once. Mayor Glen has ordered the city buildings draped for thirty days, and the people to meet at 11 o'clock of the day of the funeral for suitable exercises.

RICHMOND WANTS THE BODY.

SHE THINKS MR. DAVIS OUGHT TO BE BURIED THERE
—REMINISCENCES.

Here, in the former capital of the Southern Confederacy, the announcement of the death of the Hon. Jefferson Davis is received with manifestations of the deepest regret. Here, from the time the seat of the Confederacy was removed from
Montgomery and located in this city, Mr. Davis's tall, commanding figure was a familiar sight. During those days of terrible struggle and suffering the President of the Confederacy was always regarded with the highest confidence by the people of this State, and at no time from the opening of the war until it practically collapsed with the fall of Richmond did that confidence lag.

Here, in the former seat of the Southern Confederacy, and the scene of the most thrilling events of that great struggle, it is thought that the remains of one who in life was such a conspicuous figure of that period should find their final resting place. It has been suggested that the authorities of the State and city should ask Mrs. Davis to allow the body of her husband to be buried in the grounds of what is known as the "Jeff Davis Mansion." This was the "White House of the Confederacy," and was occupied by President Davis from the time of his inauguration until he left on the night Richmond was evacuated.

The property was owned then and still belongs to the city. It is used as a public school-house, and a few weeks ago a proposition was made to demolish it and erect upon its site a more commodious building. Owing to the associations connected with it, the suggestion met with such a determined opposition that it was at once abandoned. During the war little Jeff Davis, a four-year-old son of the President, fell from a balcony of this building and was instantly killed. The body is buried in Hollywood. Should the remains of the ex-President be brought here and interred on the premises where the most
stirring and eventful years of his life were spent, the ashes of little Jeff will no doubt be removed and placed beside the father.

Gov. Lee sent the following dispatch to-night to Judge Charles E. Fenner, at New Orleans:

"I voice the unanimous desire of our citizens in asking that the last resting-place of the illustrious statesman, Jefferson Davis, be in Richmond. As the capital of the Confederacy, here he lived; here, then, let him sleep, watched over by the city which, for so many years, was the object of his loving solicitude."

During the time of his residence here the President's office and the Cabinet rooms and other offices were in the granite building now used as Post Office, Custom House, and for other Governmental purposes. Mr. Davis's house was at the corner of Twelfth and Clay, almost opposite and about a dozen blocks north of his office. It was his custom to walk to the office in the morning. His usual route was through the Capitol square. About ten o'clock each morning he could be seen coming down the graveled walks to the Executive office. His private office in those days was the one now and almost ever since used as the United States court room. There it was that the President was arraigned before United States Circuit Judge Underwood on the 13th of May, 1865, to be tried for treason. He had been arrested in Georgia and committed to Fortress Monroe, where he remained for weeks. He was finally brought here and came before Judge Underwood, who bailed him, and that was the last ever heard of that famous trial. The
Cabinet room—the one in which Mr. Davis held his councils with his official household—was the one just opposite the President's room, and for years has been used by the clerk of the United States District Court. It was there that all of the great military movements were discussed by the head of the Confederacy and his advisers. With the exception of Senator Reagan of Texas, who was Mr. Davis's Postmaster General, all of these have passed away.

No one in Richmond, or, for that matter, in the South, outside of his own family, saw more of President Davis in those days than Mr. William H. Davies of this city. That gentleman, when about nineteen, entered the President's service as confidential messenger. He was with him from the time Mr. Davis came here from Montgomery, Ala., until the night of the evacuation. Referring to the Cabinet meetings, Mr. Davies said to-day:

"Gen. Robert E. Lee was the only person ever permitted to enter the Cabinet unannounced. When he came in I merely opened the doors and he walked into the council chamber."

Drifting into reminiscences of the ex-President, Mr. Davies continued: "He was one of the most lovable men I ever knew. He was always dignified, calm, and thoroughly well poised, and he treated everybody around him with courtesy. With me he was more like a father than an employer. Mr. Davis was a fine rider—the finest, I think, I ever knew. It was his custom to ride out three or four times a week, or as much oftener as the weather and his official duties permitted. A favorite route was
up Clay Street in the direction of Camp Lee. He was nearly always alone, never having the slightest fear of his life. This, by the way, came near getting him into trouble one evening. I remember it just as well as if it occurred yesterday. The President rode out the 'Bloody Run road.' When just below Rockett's some one fired a pistol at him from ambush. Luckily, the assassin missed his mark. The man was subsequently found concealed in the roof of one of the shanties in the neighborhood, and arrested. He was never prosecuted, though. This incident never alarmed Mr. Davis, nor did he permit it to interfere with his evening equestrian exercise.

Of Jefferson Davis Gov. Lee said to-night: "He was, in my opinion, in many respects one of the greatest men this Republic has ever produced. He was able, bold, true, manly, conscientious, clear in thought, admirable in expression, cultured in address, and he stood steady in his firm belief in the doctrines of this Government, though the very lightning scorched the ground beneath his feet. The southern people loved him because he suffered for them. They are prepared to protect and guard his memory from the fierce future winds of prejudice, saying to all those who hated him and whose hearts are consumed at this hour by sectional animosities, "If this be treason, make the most of it."

AN ANECDOTE OF MR. DAVIS.

An amusing anecdote of Jefferson Davis is told by Mr. Oliver Dyer, author of "Great Senators of
Forty Years Ago," who is perhaps the only person in the city who has a clear remembrance of Mr. Davis as he appeared during the session of the Thirtieth Congress in 1848–9, when he was at the zenith of his Senatorial career. Mr. Dyer read the very full story of Mr. Davis's career as printed in yesterday's *Times* and then told a reporter this story:

"During a speech which was being delivered with characteristic impetuosity by Mr. Davis he concluded a paragraph with the statement that the home of the sailor when in active service is wherever he may be when the sun comes down over his head. The remarkable phenomenon of the sun coming down over the head of a sailor was not a fact to be lightly passed over by the Whig opponents of the Senator, and when Mr. Davis paused impressively in the midst of his glowing eloquence. Senator Mangum of North Carolina, a Whig leader, sniffed audibly, and observed in a theatrical aside:

"'A singular head—" when the sun comes down over his head"!'

"The decorum of the Chamber was broken by the glee of the Senator's fellow-legislators, who were tickled at the rhetorical rout of Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis himself joined with good-humored amusement in the general merriment, and when parliamentary order was restored corrected himself by stating: "The home of the sailor when in active service is wherever he may be when the sun sets."

"It is a little incident, but is typical of the good humor, easy nature, and kindliness of Jefferson Davis."
THE SOUTHERN LEADER'S LIFE AND WORK PASSED IN REVIEW.

HE WAS BORN TO COMMAND—a brief but, for the time, brilliant military record—early political triumphs—secretary of war under president Pierce—then back to the senate again, as the leader of the secession movement—at the head of the Confederacy—his private life without reproach—his home at Beauvoir—his recollections of Clay, Calhoun and Webster—a reminiscence of the surrender of Monterey—Stonewall Jackson—abolition of slavery.

Jefferson Davis may be said to have led during most of his years a restless life, both physically and mentally. He was in the white heat of endeavor and discussion, from his boyhood until old age and death combined to destroy his remarkable powers. Naturally, the last years of his life have been comparatively restful. Yet, Mr. Davis has kept an eye upon public affairs, while brooding over and discussing the past with more or less spirit. The Southern people have continually endeavored to smooth his pathway in every possible manner, and have given outward evidence of affection for him whenever opportunity offered. Yet, it is doubtful if the people whom he led into an armed war, and governed while in rebellion, believed in the wisdom of his civil career or approved his conduct of the War.
With all their sentiment the people among whom he lived all his life have and give the best estimate of his character. They regard him as a bold, able man, whose imperious will has constantly prevented his giving and taking with other men in the great game of public affairs. Could he have accepted judgment or advice from other men, his road would have been less thorny and his measure of regard overflowing. But Jefferson Davis was born to command men. He was a combative boy, and the earliest recollections of him in Mississippi are but a reflex of his later history as a man. His education was begun at the Transylvania University in Kentucky, near where he was born on June 3, 1808. Although his parents removed from Kentucky to Mississippi in his infancy, he always expressed a decided affection for the State of his birth.

Even in his boyhood his tastes, both in study and action, took a military turn and, before he had finished his university studies he was sent to West point, where he graduated at the age of twenty. His military career was quite brilliant for the times in which he served. The martial spirit was bred in the bone, and showed in every element of his life. For seven years from 1828, when he entered the army as a Second Lieutenant of Infantry, he served in the Florida War and other Indian campaigns. He resigned in 1835, after having been Adjutant of Dragoons, and serving in various important capacities in the then primitive Army organization. He once said that the cause of his resignation was that he found Army life entirely too quiet in times of peace. He therefore left it to become a planter in
Mississippi. He had hardly lain aside the uniform of a soldier for the garb of a planter before he began taking part in politics, and in 1844 was a Presidential Elector. In 1845 he was elected to Congress, and although he served but one year, he already began to make his influence felt as a political leader.

AS A POLITICAL LEADER AND SOLDIER.

The Mexican War took Mr. Davis out of Congress. He had only begun his career as a statesman or public man when a chance for battle promptly induced his resignation, and he went to Mexico at the head of a Mississippi volunteer regiment. In the varying fortunes of our Army in that country he bore a prominent part, and returned from that conflict a Brigadier-General, mentioned in orders for conspicuous bravery.

Once again on his plantation in Mississippi, he asserted his political leadership, and was appointed a United States Senator in 1847, to fill a vacancy. He was afterward elected for the term ending in 1851. In that year he was re-elected for a term of six years, and had just taken his seat when a political emergency arose which again drew him into aggressive local politics. The question of secession was just being agitated under another guise, and Mr. Davis was called by his party in the final days of a political campaign to stand as a candidate for Governor. He accepted the charge, made the fight and was beaten by 7,000 majority, although the Democrats should have had 8,000. The echoes of this defeat, which was even then heralded as "a
Union victory," had hardly died away before Mr. Davis settled down to the peaceful pursuit of a planter, which he always insisted he greatly enjoyed. A year later the election of Franklin Pierce brought him to Washington as Secretary of War. For four years he had administered the affairs of that Department, and in all his after life looked upon them as among the pleasantest duties of his life.

Once, if not many times, he declared that the position of United States Senator was more congenial to him than any other he could be called upon to fill. But it is very doubtful whether his administration of the War Office was not the most congenial position he ever had. He was not only fond of a military life, but he always had a very high opinion of his military ability.

HIS WORK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Although he was in the War Office during the great intellectual struggle over the compromise measures, and was supposed to have nothing to do with them, he took a great interest in them, and wielded a powerful influence in shaping the opinion of the South upon these important measures. In 1857, after a term in the Cabinet, he was sent back to the Senate by the State of Mississippi, and at once became the leader of leaders in the secession movement. In nearly every respect he was the ablest of them all, in all the attributes that were necessary to a Southern leader in that crisis. He proved himself subtle in counsel; politic, yet bold enough, in debate,
and, more than all, very able and cunning in impressing himself upon the Executive then in power and all others in authority who opposed the madness of the secession movement. No Southern man of that time exercised anything like the influence in all important circles that Jefferson Davis did, and he used it with a skill that demonstrated the depth of his mind for statecraft. His election as President of the Confederacy and his inauguration at Montgomery in February, 1861, are familiar history. His administration of the affairs of the Confederacy are also an open book. His military spirit constantly intruded itself in his administration of public affairs.

At different times he had more or less of a misunderstanding with nearly all of the military chief-tains under him, and a large number of the civil rulers of the time were opposed to his methods and berated his judgment. As Senator Ben Hill once said, and he was one of Mr. Davis's stanchest friends:

"While Mr. Davis is one of the purest, ablest and most interesting men this country ever produced, he is a man with a powerful will, whose greatest fault is his ability to give and take in the management of men."

**HIS INTEGRITY UNQUESTIONED.**

Mr. Davis's private life was ever singularly free from all sources of complaint which frequently have clustered about men in this country who have attained high positions. His integrity was never questioned, but his temper and judgment frequently
have been, and oftentimes by those who loved him best. Therefore his life was made restless and oftentimes harsh by the complications that his indomitable will was constantly creating. Perhaps had his disposition and temperament been cast in a more tender mold, he would not have been able to administer the curious combination of diverse elements called the Confederacy. But that question can never be settled, except in individual minds; and people of all sections will look at the career of the fallen chieftain through many different-colored spectacles.

The story of the downfall of the Confederacy is known to all men, women and children who can read. How Mr. Davis fled from Richmond before Grant's advancing hosts; how he made another stand at Danville for a few days, and then became a wanderer through the South with his family, a few friends and a handful of cavalry, is in all the books. His capture by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, near Washington, Ga., is an oft-repeated tale of the collapse. The only man who now survives that memorable morning of Mr. Davis's political household is John H. Reagan, now a United States Senator from Texas. He was Postmaster-General in his Cabinet, and stood by him to the end. The stories told of that event need not be repeated; and, in the presence of the final end, the record of Mr. Davis's life as a public man should be left to the future historian, who will review it dispassionately.

In many respects, the quarter of a century that has intervened since Mr. Davis saw the Confederacy crumble into decay at his feet has been the
most restful and most interesting of his life. He has been living quietly in Mississippi among the people for whom and for whose institutions he battled so long and earnestly. His financial resources have been small, but he has had a beautiful home on the Gulf of Mexico, quiet enough for ease and study and rich enough for a man whose public career ended sadly, and whose remaining years had to be spent in contemplating the past, and conjecturing what might have been had his dogmas been sustained by the sword. At this home, or in social intercourse anywhere, Mr. Davis was one of the most interesting men that ever lived in this country. He was a splendid companion and loved an intellectual combat. He was fond of social life, and his fund of anecdote, reminiscence and most of the other graces, were as generous as was his hospitality.

AS SEEN IN HIS HOME LIFE.

He was very fond of the home in which he exercised to their fullest all these attributes during the last years of his life. Beauvoir, the name of Mr. Davis's country seat, is about seventy-five miles from New Orleans. It was presented to him by Mrs. Dorsey, an enthusiastic Southern woman, who at her death left him all her property. It was here that I first visited the ex-President of the Confederacy, and enjoyed long hours of social converse with him upon subjects connected with his public career. His estimate of many public men, both in war and peace, was exceedingly interesting; but
his home and its surroundings as I first saw them are first worthy of description.

Sitting well back from the road is a large, square cottage, two stories high, with broad porches running around the entire building. On each side of the main house are two single-story cottages, built in plain but comfortable style. A well-worn picket fence runs along the whole front of the place, and incloses a few acres of good-sized shade trees, mostly of live oak, with now and then a pine or cedar. A broad gravel walk leads between two lines of trees to the steps of the porch. At the foot of the porch steps large iron urns holding evergreens stand on each hand, and as I cast my eye over the inclosure it presented an air of quiet comfort, yet of sorrowful cast. Doubtless the mass of crape-like moss which hung over the trees in the inclosure gave it the sombre appearance. The old mansion and the cottages are time-streaked as well as the trees, and the tenantless servants' quarters, which but a few years ago were full of happy darkies, tell a silent story of the change freedom has wrought. There seemed to be little or no cultivation about the place, or opportunity therefor. A few bleating sheep, led by a knowing-looking bell wether, fed about on the grass, which here and there grew rank. Beyond the house quite a vineyard of Scuppernong grapes were growing.

The scene around and before the late residence of the ex-President of the Confederacy is in many respects charming. A great sheet of water stretches before the house as far as the eye can reach, and the gentle surf from the Gulf washes the white sand al-
most up to the gate. The bracing breeze from the sea makes fans of the air moss, which hangs from the limbs of every tree. Now and then a cheering sail relieves the long monotony of water, and occasionally a steamer or a tug breaks through a bank of trees, and in a moment is lost in another.

There is a great hall to the mansion, which cuts the house in twain and takes up fully one half of the building. It is the greatest room in this quiet home, and is filled with comfortable sofas and tasteful ottomans, and decorated with paintings of great age and value. The first doors to the left and right on each side of it lead to the parlors, which, like the hall, are tasteful and comfortable but plainly furnished. Over the mantel in one of them hangs a small portrait of Mr. Davis, and around the walls upon easels and in quiet corners, beautiful and rare paintings are tastefully grouped. The whole house is well and substantially built. The ceilings are unusually high and splendidly decorated with fresco work of neat design and excellent finish. Taking it all in all, it is a gentleman’s home—quiet, very quiet; away out of all bustle.

In this home lived Mr. Davis, his wife and daughter, an only child. This young lady is known as "The Daughter of the Confederacy," for she was born in Richmond during the War. The two children by the first wife, a boy and a girl, died in 1877, during the yellow-fever scourge in Memphis. Their mother was the daughter of General Zach Taylor. Mr. Davis married his second wife while in the Senate. The child who has been left to cheer his declining years, was educated abroad,
and has much talent as an artist. She painted several pictures while in Paris, of which her father was very proud. Three years ago last Spring when Mr. Davis made his last trip and received the homage of the South, this daughter was his companion and received a great share of the adulation that was showered upon her father. But these recent events are known to all. Mr. Davis's fund of reminiscence was to me exceedingly interesting, and amidst the surroundings of his own home I listened to them. Speaking once of the great statesmen of his day, he said:

MR. DAVIS'S FUND OF REMINISCENCES.

"I had peculiarly intimate relations with Clay, Calhoun and Webster. I went to school in Lexington, Ky., Mr. Clay's town. His favorite son, who was named Henry, was killed while with me in Mexico, and he always associated me with that boy. Mr. Calhoun gave me my first warrant to West Point, and, by a singular coincidence, when I went to the Senate my seat was by his side, and he always seemed to take a fatherly supervision over me. While in the House I had been upon a committee charged with investigating the State Department under Mr. Webster's administration. He had been charged with misappropriating some of the Secret Service funds, but the investigation showed that he had simply used it to prevent the introduction of the Ashburton Treaty into the politics of the State of Maine. I drew and championed the report which exonerated him. Mr.
Webster never forgot that act. He was the most grateful man for any act of kindness or interest in him that I ever knew. He was a great orator, but not in the sense in which Mr. Clay was. Mr. Clay possessed the graces of oratory to a greater extent than any man that ever lived in this country. His gestures, his manners, and his speech were perfect. Mr. Calhoun had none of the graces of oratory, but did have a perfect contempt for them, and his pronunciation was wretched. But no orator of the present day could influence the people or have the position that these men had in those days. The newspapers have taken the place of the speaker, and a greater engine than the newspapers has superseded the orator—that is, the telegraph. People want news and information, and want it in paragraphs. They will hardly stand much more than a paragraph of editorial, and rebel at anything like an essay.

Speaking of the men and measures just before the War, he said:

"Mr. Buchanan was an able man, but a very timid one. If he had had the nerve to deal with the situation as its gravity demanded, I doubt exceedingly whether any other State South would have followed South Carolina into secession. Had he withdrawn the troops from Sumter, it would have been such a conspicuous act of conciliation that the other States would not, I believe, have called conventions to consider the question of secession, or if they had the ordinances would not have been passed. I was not one of those who believed that there could ever be a peaceful separation of the States, but could not
convince our people of it. I had years before become convinced by my association with public men, and especially with Mr. Webster, that the North would never consent to it. I knew that secession meant war, and, therefore, did my utmost to prevent it. When the war came, however, it had to be met with spirit. The chance for a peaceful separation of the States was lost years before the war. It could have succeeded when the North wanted to go, and again when Texas was annexed, but not after."

Speaking of his generals, he said:

"Albert Sidney Johnston was the most perfect man I ever knew. He had divided his life between military and civil pursuits, and shown wonderful capacity in both. He had such a grand character, such perfect self poise, such an analytical mind, such ready conception of men, marvellous quickness of perception, and ability to deal with events. I never before, saw a single individual having so many sterling qualities. I had known him intimately many years. General Lee and myself were cadets at West Point together, but Albert Sidney Johnston and I had been much together in active life, in the field, in bivouac, and in private intercourse. Early in our association I was struck with his marvellous quickness of perception, and perfect command of himself.

AT THE SURRENDER OF MONTEREY.

"We were together in Mexico one morning when both thought our lives not worth a fig. I was the
officer selected to arrange the terms for the surrender of Monterey, and had spent several hours with General Ampudia, the Mexican Commanding General, arranging the terms. It was getting quite late, and there was some suspicious delay in signing the papers. I said to General Ampudia, 'Have the articles signed and I will call for them in the morning.' I arose early the next day, had my horse saddled, took a cup of coffee and started for the Headquarters of the Mexican General, in the city of Monterey. As I passed the Headquarters of Gen. Taylor, who always got up with the chickens, he stuck his head out of the tent to see who was passing, and seeing me, said:

"'Hallo, Davis! Where are you going?'

"'I am going to General Ampudia to receive the terms of surrender, which he was to have signed and ready for me this morning.'

"'Not by yourself.'

"'One man is as good as twenty. If they mean foul play, they would destroy twenty as well as one, and if there is danger nothing but an army will do.'

"'Get down and have a cup of coffee, and wait a few moments.'

"I alighted and went in, and while we were talking, Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, who was then acting Inspector-General, came along. He asked me where I was going, and I gave him the same reply that I gave General Taylor.

"'Let me go with you?'

"'Certainly; I shall be glad to have you.'

"After our coffee Johnston and I started. When we reached the streets we found them stockaded,
and only room for one horse to pass between the stockade and the buildings. Artillery was guarding the entrance, and the men stood at their guns with port-fires open. The tops of the houses, which were flat, were also covered with infantry-men standing at their guns. The whole scene had an ominous look, and as we approached Johnston called my attention to it, and said:

"'Have you a white handkerchief? If so, you had better show it.'

"I pulled one out and rode up to the stockade, and, summoning the officer in command, said:

"'I am here by appointment with General Ampudia. Please to notify him of my presence.'

"The officer turned his back to us and gave some orders, which I did not understand, and we waited some time, and things began to look still more suspicious. I then called the officers attention again to the importance of our mission, and another man was sent, and then another delay, and a third was dispatched. While waiting we saw Ampudia's Adjutant-General coming down the street. We knew that he spoke English. Johnston in a very low tone of voice, said:

"'This man cannot affect not to understand us.'

"As he came up we saluted, and explained to him that I was there in obedience to an understanding with his commanding officer, and there appeared some delay, and I expressed a wish that he would have us conducted to General Ampudia's presence.

"'Oh, certainly,' said he, and he was calling an orderly to show us the way. Johnston in an undertone said:
"'He had better do the conducting.'

"'I would be obliged if you would accompany us to the General's presence yourself,' said I.

"'Oh, with pleasure, with pleasure,' he replied, and led the way.

"As we turned and passed through the stockade, Johnston took one side of the Adjutant-General and I the other, and we were soon with the Mexican General, and had the papers relating to the capitulation in our hands.

"On our return, in jumping the ditch the flap to my holster flew up, and I found that my pistol had been stolen by his orderly while I was with the Mexican General. It was a very valuable one, although a very plain one. It had been given to me by Colonel Johnston, my companion during the Black Hawk War, and I prized it highly.

COMPLIMENTING EX-CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

"Albert Sidney Johnston was doubtless the most perfect soldier of the War on either side. The battle of Shiloh is the only battle of which I have any knowledge that was fought just as it was planned. He sent me a dispatch, which has been lost or destroyed, giving the plan of his battle, and if it had not been for a delay in some of his troops coming up, every incident of his plan would have been carried out and each movement would have fitted in like clockwork."

"Stonewall Jackson was the greatest executive officer of the Confederacy. General Lee uttered a great truth, and from his heart, when he said, upon
hearing of Jackson's death: 'I have lost my right arm.' Lee was a great soldier and a great man. Most people mistake his character. He had the reputation of being a slow, careful, cautious man, but he was one of the most combative men I ever knew. He was always willing to fight. At times he was even impetuous, especially in the face of disaster. He would often rush into places and dangers where he did not belong, and many times showed his disposition to be an executive leader, rather than the controlling mind of a great army. He was one of the purest men I ever knew—a man incapable of subterfuge, evasion, deceit, or indirection. He won and held a deservedly high place as a man and a soldier at home and abroad. When Jackson lived, he was Lee's dependence. He recognized Jackson's ability as an executive officer, and trusted him implicitly when he gave him his plans. Jackson never waited for orders a second time, nor sent back for instructions. After the battle of Gettysburg, Lee wrote to me that he had met with a reverse, and asked me to find some younger and abler man to take his place. I replied that if I could find a 'younger and abler man' I might desire to make the change, but as I had so much more confidence in him than in any other man I knew, I would not consider it. We had many other strong Generals, but these were our great leaders'.
THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. Davis once talked to me long and earnestly on the condition of the South. Among many other things, he said:

"If the South can establish a system of tenantry or get immigration to occupy and till its lands there is no question but that it has a great future. Whether the colored people will ever reach that point is a question yet to be settled. Man is now in a struggle with nature upon these problems. There is no question but that the whites are better off for the abolition of slavery. It is an equally patent fact that the colored people are not. It is an arithmetical proposition easily determined that it is more profitable to proceed with free labor, where only the hand employed is to be paid, than where the whole family is to be supported to get the labor of those competent to work. Then there is also a saving in capital. Before the War, when a colored man died, the owner lost from $1,000 to $1,500. Now he loses nothing, except, perhaps, the cost of burial. If the colored people shall develop a proper degree of thrift, and get a degree of education to keep pace with any advancement they may make, they may become a tenantry which will enable the South to rebuild the waste places and become immensely wealthy.

"Negroes become greatly attached to localities, and most of them love to remain where they were raised. Almost all of our old servants are yet on the old plantation near Vicksburg. The colored
people have many good traits, and many of them are religious. Indeed, the 4,00,000 in the South when the War began were Christianized from barbarism. In that respect the South has been a greater practical missionary than all the society missionaries in the world. I had an old man, who, for the colored people in our section, was as complete a ruler as was ever born. He was as free from guile and as truthful a man as I ever knew. The Federal forces treated the old man with great indignity. He was a very superior servant, and his quarters where he lived were fitted up with taste, some people might say with luxury. He had everything about him for his comfort, and when the soldiers came and looked into his neat and well-furnished cabin they asked him who those things belonged to. 'To me,' he answered. They denounced him as untruthful, and said that he had taken those things to keep for his master, and took them away from him.

"Nothing that was ever done to me," said Mr. Davis, "made me so indignant as the treatment of this old colored man."

"War was not necessary to the abolition of slavery," continued Mr. Davis. "Years before the agitation began at the North and the menacing acts to the institution, there was a growing feeling all over the South for its abolition. But the Abolitionists of the North, both by publications and speech, cemented the South, and crushed the feeling in favor of emancipation. Slavery could have been blotted out without the sacrifice of brave men and without the strain which revolution always makes
upon established forms of government. I see it stated that I uttered the sentiment, or indorsed it, that, 'Slavery is the cornerstone of the Confederacy.' That is not my utterance."

His day is done, and his discussions of the mighty problem of this Republic are over. His estimate of men is interesting, as it fixes his relations with those who played in the same mighty game with him. No matter what other verdict may be made up of his wonderful career, it may truly be said that he was born and lived on the battlefield of life, whether in war or in peace.

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**MR. DAVIS'S CONTEMPORARIES.**

**BUT FEW LEFT AT WASHINGTON—A REMINISCENCE OF FORTRESS MONROE.**

**WASHINGTON, Dec. 6—**It is remarkable how few contemporaries of Jefferson Davis when he was in the Senate, and afterward when he was Secretary of War, are still in public life. No one who served with him in the Senate is now prominent here. Ex-Senator Aaron H. Cragin of New Hampshire is perhaps the only Senatorial contemporary who still lingers in the Capital City, and he has faded out of recollection and is simply a claim agent in a small way. Hannibal Hamlin renews his youth perennially in Maine. Eli H. Saulsbury of Delaware, if Delaware had not gone back on the houses of Saulsbury and Bayard at the last election and sent a
Higgins instead, might have been the only living Senator who sat with the brilliant Mississippian in the Senate of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

Some of the members of the Lower House of that Congress are still in the service of the United States. Senator Pugh of Alabama sat in the House when Jeff Davis represented Mississippi in the Senate. So, also, did Zebulon B. Vance, now Senator from North Carolina, and Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, the father of the Tariff bill. Senator Reagan of Texas, ex-Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, was a Congressman when Mr. Davis was Senator. Mr. Ed. McPherson, the recently elected Clerk of the House, was also a contemporary in the Lower House. Secretary Windom, as member from Minnesota, more than once associated with Senator Davis on Conference Committees. John Sherman, as a Representative from Ohio, frequently met the Mississippian in joint convention of the two houses. Ex-Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska, then a Congressman from New York, and General Spinola were each in Congress while Mr. Davis was Senator. Justice L. Q. C. Lamar of the Supreme Court was a member from Mississippi when Mr. Davis was Senator, but has since diverged very considerably from the lines of thought maintained by his old chief.

One other almost forgotten relic of the period is ex-Senator Jones of Iowa, who sat with Davis in the Senate, and who brought himself to recollection by coming on to witness Harrison's inauguration. Lyman Trumbull of Illinois was in the House at the time, as was also John H. Farnsworth, who now

This almost exhausts the list. There are some few other contemporaneous Congressmen who still live and occupy some share in public attention, as, for instance: John B. Alley, Joseph McKibben, one of the seconds in the Terry-Broderick duel, and General N. P. Banks, who became speaker on the issues which Mr. Davis and his friends raised to the front.

Most of these men have pleasant words to say of the late Confederate chieftain. His courtesy of demeanor was one characteristic which never failed to make a deep impression upon all those who were brought in contact with him. There is still one of the Senate employees who remembers him in this respect. This innate courtesy did not desert him even when the fortunes of war had thrown him down from his high estate in the councils of the Rebellion and landed him a prisoner in Fortress Monroe.

It happened to the present writer, then attached as confidential stenographer to a Government Commission investigating the condition of affairs in the Southern States, to be accorded quite a lengthy interview with Mr. Davis, in his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. There was a stipulation made at the time that the conversation should not be made public. Mr. Davis was under indictment for treason, and was liable at any time to be placed on trial for his life. The recollection of the conversation which then passed, as the newspaper man and the ex-President of the Confederacy paced backward and for-
ward along the grassy slopes of the interior of the fort, is entirely pleasant, though tinged with a quaint flavor of the wrong-headedness and misjudgment which so strongly marked Mr. Davis's career.

Some of his dolorous predictions are recalled. One in particular, that the negroes, deprived of the care which surrounded them in their infancy under the institution of slavery, would soon become extinct, owing to the absence of the maternal instinct of care and protection, and, as negro labor was the only labor adapted to the South, Mr. Davis argued from this that the South would soon become a desolate waste. He lived to see the South make a larger crop of cotton under free labor than it had ever done in the most prosperous of slave times, but he probably did not change his opinion.

He was not alone in this view. Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and Mr. Davis's deadly opponent, expressed almost identical views in very nearly the same language and without any restriction as to their publication. So also did Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, and Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia. The times have changed, and habits of thought have changed with them.

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TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S OWN STORY OF HIS CAPTURE IN 1865.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 7.—The Evening Post this afternoon, publishes a report of Jefferson Davis's capture,
written by himself, having been withheld until after his death at his own request. It consists of two letters written to his old friend, Colonel Crafts J. Wright, deceased, who was a resident of this city for ten or fifteen years after the War, and who was a roommate of Davis at West Point.

FIRST LETTER.

MISSISSIPPI CITY POST-OFFICE, \\
Oct. 13, 1877. \\

My Dear Crafts:

I have learned that T. F. Drayton is at Charlotte, N. C., and have written to him, mentioning your affectionate inquiries and your purpose to have a reunion of our class, as many as may then be living, at West Point, in June next. The meeting will be certainly attractive to him, and I hope there may be none other than myself who will fail to answer to his name at the roll call.

Accept my thanks for the report of the proceedings at the last annual meeting of the West Point graduates, also for a paper containing a statement in regard to my capture. The Lieutenant, in his zeal to sustain the slanderous article of his General, makes assertions which he could not have believed to be true. For instance, the one who ordered me to halt bore a carbine, not a "revolver." The only person with me was a colored maid-servant. Instantly I dropped the waterproof cloak and shawl
and advanced toward the soldier, offensively declar-
ing I would not surrender, in answer to his demand. Then Mrs. Davis ran up to me and threw her arms around my neck. That, of course, ended any pos-
sibility for my escape, and I said to her, "God's will be done," and turned back with her to the tent and passed on immediately to a fire a short distance off. The only firing or show of armed resistance was be-
yond a creek we had crossed before encamping, and that fire was between the Michigan and Wisconsin men.

It was considerable time before I saw Col. Prit-
chard. He afterward told me that several hours had elapsed before he knew of my presence, and he claimed credit for the forbearance of his men in not shooting me when I refused to surrender. As you say, there was no impropriety in assuming a disguise to escape capture, but there was no time to have assumed one, except by waiting for the deployed cavalry seen approaching to close upon the road still open to the creek. The falsehood was conceived in a desire to humiliate me, and it was at first asserted that I had on a bonnet and woman's dress, with hoop-skirt. Wood-cuts of that kind were said to have been made in New York.

It may here be mentioned that the staff officers sent on the ship, when my wife and children were detained after I was incarcerated at Fortress Monroe, did plunder her trunks, carrying off many articles of value, and among other things a hoop-skirt, which the knaves were said subsequently to have sold as the one worn by me. Do not, my friend,
wonder at my conviction that in my case and in our time truth is crushed beneath malice and falsehood so deep below the light of reason, in the Northerner's mind, that justice to me from them is hopeless.

That gallant soldier, Adjutant-General Townsend, whose feat has been to keep watch and ward over a trunk belonging to me which was found in Florida, and over the cloak and shawl taken from my wife when a prisoner, could enlighten the witness as to the shape of the cloak and teach him not to risk his veracity by assuming to have seen a belt in the gray of the morning, and with but an instant's opportunity to view a moving and distant object. Either sagacity or magnanimity should have taught my enemies to deal fairly, if not generously, by one who was regarded as suffering for the people he had represented.

I presume you have the papers of the Southern Historical Society on the treatment of prisoners both at the South and at the North; also, a book of Dr. Stevenson, one of the surgeons of Andersonville. It contains a list of those who died and the diseases and treatment, etc. Robert Smith, the Confederate Commissioner for Exchange of Prisoners, has recently published in the Philadelphia Times a letter on that subject. Further than these, I might refer to my messages, if I knew where they could be had.

Colonel T. B. Northrop, who was for nearly the whole war Commissary-General of Subsistence, now resides near Charlottesville, Va. He was in the United States Army until 1861. As to my views in
regard to the treatment of prisoners, he might give you some information not contained in the reports. General A. R. Lawton of Savannah, Ga., was Quartermaster-General, and if he knew what and why you wanted it, would give you free whatever he knows.

I thank you truly for your kindness. Give my paternal regard to your wife, and believe me. Ever yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

SECOND LETTER.

MISSISSIPPI CITY, Feb. 4, 1878.

DEAR FRIEND—I have the pleasure to acknowledge your kind letter of the 30th ult. The facts you state in regard to captured treasure are new to me. It is probable that most of it was the property of the Richmond banks. The item of money captured from "Jeff Davis" is unfounded, for the sufficient reason that I had no gold when captured, either private or public. Mr. Reagan, Secretary of the Treasury, had some gold (part of it his private property), most of it belonging to the Confederate States Treasury, which was seized in his saddlebags. The amount does not, as my memory serves me, correspond with either item. It was probably appropriated by the drunken fellow Hudson, who was recognized as Adjutant of the Michigan Regiment, and who, Reagan told me, got his saddlebags.

The rest of the Confederate States' treasure was in possession of the Treasurer, an old purser of the
United States Navy, and his assistants, both of them recent appointments. They were in Washington, Ga., when I left there, and I have no knowledge of their future conduct. Colonel Pritchard told me some days after my capture that he had been sent in pursuit of the wagon-train, and that he had no expectation of finding me with it. As has been related to you, I had recently joined it.

There were in the Northern papers of that time reports to the effect that a large amount of treasure was being carried away, and that was undoubtedly the motive for the presence of those wagons, the report of General Wilson to the contrary notwithstanding. General Sherman notices the reports of treasure being carried off, and the abuse of himself for want of activity in the matter. I will write to Mr. Reagan and ask him to answer your inquiries.

The fact is, my dear Crafts, that I staked all my property and reputation in the defense of State rights and constitutional liberty as I understood them. The first I spent in the cause, except what was seized and appropriated or destroyed by the enemy; the last has been persistently assailed by all which falsehood could invent and malignity employ.

With sincere regards to your wife, I am ever affectionately yours, Jefferson Davis.
A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The Confederate Chieftain Buried Amid the Peace and Quiet of a Summer's Day, while Mourning Thousands Follow Him in Tearful Sorrow to His Last Rest.


Jefferson Davis was laid to rest on Wednesday, Dec. 11th. The day was an ideal one. It was bright and balmy and fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and it seemed as if May had spread over the year, and spring had determined upon being perennial. Not even a cloud darkened the sky, and the air was still, as became a fête-day of death. The city had put on her mourning garb. Almost every street the houses were draped in black and white and purple. Along Canal Street the drapery reached from the roofs of the high business buildings almost to the street. Miles away from the central portion of the city there were residences bearing the insignia of grief. On the road to the cemeteries there
were modest little hamlets, and even those were hidden behind the drapery of death.

Business was suspended, the mammoth wholesale and retail houses, the cotton presses, factories and almost all other establishments closed up so as to allow employers and employees to participate in the funeral. Some business could not very well be closed altogether, so that throughout the early morning wagons hurried about and executed commissions. Towards noon the streets were surrendered to the people and the procession. The schools all closed. In fact everybody combined to have a grand outpouring of the masses to do honor to the departed leader. There has certainly been no such demonstration in New Orleans before. Men and women came many hundred miles from all over the south to assist in the obsequies. All New Orleans was out. Lafayette square, stretching out before the City Hall, where the body lay in state, was thronged with people. The streets along the line of march were crowded with spectators and out the broad avenue of Canal street, the direct roads to the cemeteries, both sides, were linen with spectators for several miles. With all the tremendous gathering, the moving of the vast procession, the driving and traveling about, there was scarcely a mishap or misdeed to mar the occasion.

At the city hall everything was in motion early. Owing to the fact that it was the last time when the face of the beloved dead could be beheld the doors were thrown open to the public before 7 o'clock. The majority of those who came to gaze upon the remains were strangers who had just arrived. Mrs.
Davis and the members of the family paid their farewell visit to the hall the night before.

The beautiful chamber of death has already been fully described.

The massive marble pillars in front of the hall were draped in black and sable streamers stretched from the flagstaff, upon which floated an American flag at half-mast. The high, broad portals were tastefully draped and the wide hall through the middle of the building was darkened by the heavy mourning hanging along its full length. In the council chamber was the catafalque, upon which rested the metallic, black plush covered coffin, in which rested the body of the beloved chief. The bier was upon a platform, which was crossed by those who called to pay their respects. The base seemed to rest upon a bank of ferns and all around the room were massed the floral offerings that came pouring in. The flower tributes were noteworthy for their number and beauty and appropriateness of design. Some of the offerings came long distances to grace the apartment. The effect of the field of brilliant hues was heightened by the background of black bunting, which was like a sky of gloom illuminated by clusters of electric lights. At each end of the coffin stood a sentry. One was a veteran of one or the other of the great armies which bore the brunt of battle for the south. The other was also a veteran in the gray uniform in which the Washington Artillery marched to fame on many fields. In addition to these there was a constant guard around the platform. This was made up of the new generation of the same command in natty new uniforms.
of blue and red and gold. It happened the night before the burial that three veterans in gray took turns beside the dead and at the same time each had a son on duty near by. Yesterday morning the guard detail was as follows:


Besides these the veteran associations also detailed special guards of honor. These were as follows:


Honorary General Officer—Brigadier General A. G. Blanchard.


The detail of actives from the Washington Artil-
lery was composed of Lieutenant H. H. Barker, Sergeant Lick, Sergeant Diebold, Corporal Baumann, Corporal Underhill, and Privates Wermeuth, Weidig, Aitkens, Sieger, and Stahl.

Sergeant-at-Arms John Hurley, who lost an arm in the cause which has just surrendered its president to immortality, was a guard all by himself. One of his special duties was to receive and place the flowers which arrived during the day. The Louisiana Rifles sent a cross six feet high, of roses and rare flowers, with an open wreath of immortelles. From Henderson, Ky., came a scroll of lilies and immortelles, with the card saying, "With the earnest prayers and the Christian sympathy of your friend, and once pastor, Churchill Eastin." The Ladies’ Hermitage Association of the Union was represented by a pillow of roses, with "Peace" inscribed upon it in letters of violets. A pillow of the Confederate colors in flowers told of its source by the word "Vicksburg" in immortelles across its face. Another pillow, with the word "Victory" in blue immortelles, came anonymously.

The Frank Cheatham Bivouac of Nashville, Tenn., was represented by a mammoth star with a Confederate flag in the center, and the letters "C. S. A. — J. D." in red filling the points of the star. The Misses Stringfellow of Montgomery sent a scythe of flowers and sheaves of wheat bound together with the Confederate colors. Mrs. John G. Devereux of New Orleans sent a lovely floral pillow. A tall column of white roses, camellias, and lilies with a band of violets running round it, came from the Ladies’ Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala.,
Mrs. M. D. Bibb, president. The Goldsboro Rifles of Goldsboro, S. C., sent a bunch of flowers. The Confederate Association of Kentucky was represented by a mammoth floral pillar resting upon a base of holly. Mr. and Mrs. Morris McGrath sent a column of roses supporting a star with a dove nestling at the foot of the column. A bunch of palmetto tied with the Confederate colors and crape came from the Women's Memorial Association of Richland County, S. C. The Girls' High School brought another bouquet. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of this city laid a basket of flowers at the tomb as its tribute. A box of flowers packed in moss came by express from Mrs. T. P. Bailey, Miss Bailey, and Miss Williams of Georgetown, S. C., "with kind regards and sympathy." Another box of flowers came anonymously with a sealed letter to Mrs. Davis.

Charles Elbe, the florist, sent a lovely wreath of ferns, with a cluster of red roses seemingly holding them in place. The Continental Guards brought as their offering a magnificent crown resting upon a star, and a dove nestling on the crown, the design formed of heliotrope and mignonette. The pupils of McDonogh, No. 11, girls' school, visited the remains in a body in charge of Miss Criswell. A colored man brought a lovely sword and shield, but refused to give any name. An anchor of roses came from the Montgomery Grays. Typographical Union, No. 17 sent a beautiful cross and crescent, four feet high.

The Richmond Howitzers sent a massive emblem, rich in color and elaborate in design. It represents
the Gates Ajar. The background was of red immortelles with a lighthouse worked in yellow and shedding a powerful light. In raised letters beneath the beacon were these suggestive words: "Guide and light for his people." Below crossed cannon, muskets and a bayonet was simply "Constitution;" above, "Fame." The name of the dead was written across the top in purple immortelles. Colonel John A. and Cora Morris sent a floral harp with a dove on its chords. "With deepest love and sympathy to Mrs. Davis" was the message Idie and Lillie Hewes sent with their offering from Tuscaloosa, Ala.—an anchor made of violets, jesamines and ferns. There was contributed by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Memphis a superbly designed confederate flag at the time of its surrender with the inscription "Our Chieftain." It came with the loving sympathy of the association—their tears for the mighty dead and their hopes for his resurrection.

W. J. Patterson, F. Kernan, Wm. H. Sheffield and Robert M. Sardis, a Mobile delegation brought on behalf of the Lee Association of Mobile, an exquisitely finished floral chair. Misses Colver and Burns also came over and put the offering in place, laying across it a streamer inscribed, "Lee Association of Mobile, to our Honorary Member Jefferson Davis, Dec. 11, 1889." A badge was also placed on the coffin. In addition to this there was a mourning plaque bearing the couplet:

"And leaving in battle no blot on his name.
Looks proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame."
Florida's remembrance was a bed of flowers. Mrs. C. H. Culberson, librarian of the city hall, placed beside the bier a basket. The Palmetto Guards furnished a mound, ornamented and inscribed. McDonough School No. 17 sent a star and crescent.

The last offerings that came did not reach the hall before the body left, and were laid upon the mound at the base of the monument at the cemetery. They were from the Firemen's Charitable Association and consisted of an immense crescent and star, and a pillow of flowers. These, together with the great number of magnificent tributes which have been arriving almost since the hour of death, made up one of the finest displays of flowers that ever graced a burial. When taken to the cemetery they covered the mound, and partly filled the tomb.

There were many touching and interesting incidents at the chamber of death during the day. People were admitted almost to the moment the coffin was lifted upon the brawny shoulders of the military detail. Among the early callers were the uniformed Odd Fellows of Canton Columbus No. 1, who came in a body. Dr. F. J. Mayer and Hon. Will Clegg called as representatives of Lafayette parish.

A notable incident was the visit of Mrs. Wheat, the widow of Rev. J. T. Wheat, who traveled all the way from Salisbury, N. C., in order to view the remains. Her husband was pastor of the church at Memphis, Tenn., of which Mr. Davis was senior warden. She was the mother of Major Bob Wheat of Wheat's Battalion, known to fame as the Tigers, and of Captain J. T. Wheat, of the First Louisiana
Regulars, who was killed at Shiloh at the same moment that Albert Sydney Johnston fell. She came in upon the arm of Major Douglas West, a companion at arms of Captain Wheat. The old lady gazed long at the face of the dead, and took great interest in all the proceedings. The committee of the Lee Association of Mobile viewed the body, and also remained interested spectators. The Mobile confederate veterans and the Gulf City Guards, in uniform, were the next to cross the platform.

Two gray-haired old men came into the room arm in arm. It needed no specially gifted physiognomist to tell that they were brothers. One was Mr. J. U. Payne of this city, the other was Mr. M. U. Payne of Boone county, Mo. Both were life-long friends of Jefferson Davis, and the sight of his dead face filled their hearts to overflowing. They remained for several moments beside the bier, and passed on with tear-dimmed eyes.

The handsome uniforms of the Lomax Rifles of Mobile flashed an instant across the scene, and then Father Darius Hubert, who was a confederate chaplain and still acts in that capacity for the Army of Northern Virginia, came in. Sergeant-at-Arms Hurley gave him his only arm and conducted him to the catafalque. The good father's lips moved in prayer and then he made way for the Mobile Cadets. He remained motionless near by for some time, and seemed abstracted in thought. In his hand was a little bunch of flowers which later on he threw upon the mound at the tomb.

Mrs. Mallory, the wife of the confederate secretary of the navy; the Columbus Riflemen, Chaplain
G. C. Tucker of the First Alabama Regiment, and the Alabama State Artillery next visited the death chamber. Mrs. A. W. Roberts, the niece, and her daughter Josephine, the granddaughter of the departed leader, bid their distinguished relative farewell. Bishop Thompson of Mississippi, Captain P. F. Alba of Mobile, Fathers Miles, O'Connor and O'Shanahan of the Jesuits, were conspicuous in the crowd that followed. The Mobile Rifles marched over the platform in solid column.

Major W. H. Morgan of Le Flore county, Miss., came into the room, but turned when they reached the platform. They were intimate friends of Jefferson Davis, and were accustomed to meeting him daily all last summer. They saw him last in October and wished to remember his noble face as they had seen it in life, and therefore did not gaze upon the features stiffened in death.

For some time a ragged little urchin, who in some way had slipped the guards around the hall, wandered up and down the corridor seeking admission to the death chamber. The committee at the door could not let him pass, and the boy was disconsolate. Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar, Jr., the son of the distinguished Mississippian, saw him. The lad reminded him of his own son, and he listened to the persevering urchin's story. Then he raised the applicant in his arms, dirty and ragged though the little fellow was, and carried him to the coffin. "Now you've seen Jefferson Davis," said Mr. Lamar, and the boy ran off delighted. Mr. Lamar surrendered business engagements and traveled a long way to attend the funeral.

By way of contrast another lad was the next caller.
He was Scott Flower, a handsome little fellow, a son of Mr. J. G. Flower. He too was anxious for a look at the face of the dead, and his wish was gratified.

The ambulance surgeons, a bevy of sweet girls from McDonogh No. 11, Ex-Alderman John E. Sliger, and a party of British shipmasters passed by the catafalque.

Another touching scene was the appearance of Mrs. Walter Stauffer, a daughter of the lamented General Dick Taylor. Her husband led her in and she knelt beside the coffin and repeated a prayer. Those around looked on with saddened eyes as the lady was conducted away from the scene of service.

The little crowd in the apartment was all attention again when the martial form of General John B. Gordon entered the room. He was recognized at once, for his is a face not easily forgotten, and the soldiers presented arms. He was accompanied by Mr. W. P. Burks of Montgomery and Mr. R. N. Sands of Mobile. General Gordon stood silent and motionless beside the bier, gazed at the face of his dead friend intently, and with a sigh made way for the next comers.

The Montgomery delegation was about the last to pass through the room. Just before the guard beside the bier was changed for the last time Father Hubert assumed the post at the head of the coffin and did a soldier's duty. He stood with hands folded, head bowed, and eyes fixed on the face of the dead. A solemn hush fell upon the assemblage. It was only broken by the entry of the detail of the Louisiana Field Artillery, which was to carry the
body to the caisson. The detail was composed of the following: Lieutenant F. M. McKeough, commanding; Sergeant Geo. B. Hamilton, and E. De Kepas, Chas. B. Guillotte, L. Aleix, C. W. Brown, John J. O’Reilly, A. H. Gordon, and W. J. McCorkindale.

It was ten minutes to twelve o’clock when Mr. Francis Johnson, the funeral director, and Captain P. F. Alba, of Mobile, also a funeral director and a lifelong friend of Jefferson Davis, closed the lid and shut out the face from view, leaving it to remain engraved in the memories and hearts of the people, and to live again in monuments of marble and upon the pages of history. The governors of the various Southern States in attendance accompanied by Lieutenant-Governor Jeffries, of Louisiana, came into the room just then to bid farewell to the dead, but it was already too late. They marched by the bier, however, followed by State Treasurer W. H. Pipes, State Auditor O. B. Steele, State and city officers, the judiciary, pall-bearers, and visitors. Among the latter was a delegation from the South Carolina Legislature, which was in charge of Captain Jos. C. Haskell, of Avery’s Island, who represented his brother, Colonel Jno. C. Haskell, who was appointed chairman of the committee, but was too ill to attend. When the lid was placed upon the coffin, the latter had upon it the bunch of wheat from Mrs. W. H. King, the badges of the Army of Tennessee, Army of Northern Virginia, Lee Association of Mobile, and other organizations, the battle flag of the Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, the Confederate flag, which was one of the treasures of Beauvoir,
the bunch of cut flowers the old housekeeper sent from the Davis homestead, and the sword which Jefferson Davis wore with glory in the Mexican war. Beneath the bier were the crossed palmetto branches from Mrs. Henry Cheves.

Mrs. Davis sent word asking that all these relics be preserved, and the wish was attended to. They were removed to make way for the lid. The latter had upon it a silver plate with the simple inscription: “Jefferson Davis, at Rest, Dec. 6, 1889.” When the lid was fixed in its place, Captain Alba placed upon it the Confederate flags, and the beautiful but simple cross of flowers from the girls' high school. At the head of the coffin stood the last guards. These happened to be Private Peter Michel, of the Washington Artillery veterans, and Col. A. J. Lewis, of the Army of Tennessee. Capt. Beanham gave the word of command, and his sturdy detail of soldiers from the Louisiana Field Artillery raised the casket from the bier and carried it forward along the long corridor.

In the meantime the clergy had been gathering in the library. Bishops J. N. Galleher of Louisiana and Hugh Miller Thompson of Mississippi naturally led the clergy. Bishop Wilmer of Alabama was detained at Mobile just as he was preparing to come here. Among the other Episcopal clergymen were Drs. Cleburne, Snively, Waters, Tardy, Bakewell, Hammond, Hunter, Percival, Hedges, Trader, Martin, Sessums, and Rev. Ebenezer Thompson of Biloxi, Miss., the pastor of the Davis family. Father Hubert represented the Catholics, although the Jesuit fathers and others
joined the procession later. Rabbi I. L. Leucht was present. Dr. Minnigerode of Calvary church, Louisville, and Dr. Burford of Calvary church, Memphis, were visiting Episcopalians. Drs. Palmer, Markham, H. M. Smith, Hall, Ferguson, Mallard, Hyland, Trawick, Elwang, Byers, Lyle, and Koelle represented the local Presbyterian clergy. Rev. R. W. Merrell, Dr. Drave, Dr. Bussey were the local Baptist clergymen in attendance. Rev. Robert E. Swartz represented the Christian church. Rev. John Woods of Sherman, Tex., Rev. G. G. Woodbridge of Brookhaven, Miss., and Rev. D. O. Byers of Moss Point, Miss., were visiting Presbyterians. Rev. John S. Moore, D. D., came from Sherman, Tex. He is a confederate veteran with two bullets through his body; came out of Richmond with Jefferson Davis, and visited him at Fortress Monroe.


In the library besides these were Mrs. Mallory
and her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Kennedy, Mmes. Chapman, Jones and Blake, the daughters of the valiant Bishop Polk, Miss Grace King, and other distinguished ladies who were present at the religious services.

The Goldsboro Rifles of North Carolina sent a guard of honor to the city hall with historic battle flags. It was composed of Captain W. T. Hollowell, Lieutenant T. H. Bain, Lieutenant J. R. Griffin, Sergeant W. T. Harrison and Private M. T. Dortch, Jr. The command came as an escort to Governor Fowle of North Carolina, who was accompanied also by his daughter and Colonel Williams, Captain Grimes of the Rifles and Major Harrel and Lieutenant J. I. Thomason of his own guard. The detachment sent to the hall bore each a flag. There was one that went through the war, another the regular flag the Goldsboro Rifles that had been in several battles, the colors of the state and the colors of Company D of the First Regiment. Miss Helen Fowle, the daughter of the governor, bore the colors of the state in the parade. Among the ladies in the mayor's parlor when the procession started were the widow of the Confederate General Braxton Bragg, Mrs. Chapin and Mrs. F. T. Blake, daughters of General Polk; Mrs. Wheat, mother of the confederate general, Mrs. Mallory, widow of Stephen R. Mallory of Jefferson Davis's cabinet, and others.

Veteran Michel led the way and the coffin followed, accompanied by the two bishops. Dr. Bakewell led the clergy and they were followed by the pall-bearers. The members of the council drew
up in line and stood with uncovered heads while the little procession passed along. Ex-Governor McEnery and Chief Justice Bermudez stood in the doorway of the committee room. Facing the mayor's parlor the Gouldsboro Rifles drew up, bearing aloft their folded battle flags, draped in mourning.

It was shortly after 12 o'clock when the coffin was set down in the open air upon the broad portico of the city hall. Around the bier was grouped the clergy. The rest of the space was filled by spectators. On the stone steps leading up to the hall the gray heads of the aged pall-bearers who were grouped in front formed an impressive background. Leading down from the stone platform to the street the Louisiana Field Artillery drew up in double line in open order. On the street the police stretched in long line and kept back the crowd. All along Lafayette square and nearly all its distance back the people were massed. The ends of the various divisions could be seen some squares away, and the faint echoes of the rallying airs of the bands floated towards the hall. When the coffin came in sight the booming of cannon commenced, the big bell in the steeple of the First Presbyterian church tolled, and a solemn stillness fell upon the multitude. The scene was one never to be effaced from memory.

Scarcely had the Episcopal clergy, in their flowing robes of white and black, grouped around the bier, when Rev. Ebenezer Thompson of Biloxi commenced the solemn service, and read the first portion of the ritual, "I am the resurrection and the
JEFFERSON DAVIS PREPARED FOR BURIAL.

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life," the other clericals reciting the responses. Rev. J. E. Martin of Grace church read the second chapter, and the reading was punctuated by the deep intonations of the cannon, the clanging of the bells, while the organ within took up the funeral strain, and filled the large library with its strains of sorrow.

Dr. Markham read the chapter from I. Corinthians, xv. 20, "Now is Christ risen from the dead," which forms the next portion of the burial service. The approaching bands, at the head of forming divisions, kept up their playing and the strains grew louder upon the air. It was just at this time that the organ began a new refrain, and the surpliced choir took up the air and sang the anthem, "Through the shadow of the valley of death." The fresh, sweet voices of the boys blended beautifully with the deeper tones of the adult singers. At the close of the hymn Bishop Galleher, who, with Bishop Thompson, stood at the foot of the coffin, read the following prayer:

When we utter our prayers to-day for those who are distressed in mind, when we lift our petitions to the Most Merciful and ask a benediction on the desolate, we remember that one household above others is bitterly bereaved, and that hearts closely knitted to our own are deeply distressed.

For the master of Beauvoir lies dead and under the drooping flag of the saddened city; the light of his dwelling has gone out and left it lonely for all the days to come.

Surely we grieve with those who weep the tender tears of homely pain and trouble; and there is
not a sigh of the gulf breeze that sways the swinging mosses in the cypress trees sheltering their home but finds an answer in our burdened breathing.

We recall with sincerest sympathy the wifely woe that can be measured only by the sacred deeps of wifely devotion; and our hearts go traveling across the heaving Atlantic seas to meet and comfort if we might the child who, coming home, shall for once not be able to bring all the sweet splendors of the sunshine with her.

Let us bend with the stricken household and pay the ready tribute of our tears. And then, acknowledging the stress and surge of a people's sorrow, say that the stately tree of our southern wood, planted in power, nourished by kindly dews, branch ing in brave luxuriance and secured by many storms, "lies uprooted."

The end of a long and lofty life has come, and a moving volume of human history has been closed and clasped. "The strange and sudden dignity of death" has been added to the fine and resolute dignity of living.

A man who in his person and history symbolized the solemn convictions and tragic fortunes of millions of men cannot pass into the glooms that gather around a grave without sign or token from the sur charged bosoms of those he leaves behind; and when Jefferson Davis, reaching "the very sea-mark of his utmost sail," goes to his God, not even the most ignoble can chide the majestic mourning, the sorrowing honors of a last "salute."

I am not here to stir by a breath the embers of a settled strife, to speak one word unworthy of him
and of the hour. What is writ is writ in the world's memory and in the books of God. But I am here to say for our help and inspiration that this man as a Christian and a churchman was a lover of all high and righteous things; as a citizen was fashioned in the old, faithful type; as a soldier was marked and fitted for more than fame, the Lord God having set on him the seal of a pure knighthood; as a statesman he was the peer of the princes in that realm; and as a patriot through every day of his illustrious life was an incorruptible and impassioned defender of the liberties of men. Gracious and gentle even to the lowliest (nay, especially to them)—tender as he was brave, he deserved to win all the love that followed him. Fearless and unselfish, he could not well escape the lifelong conflicts to which he was committed. Greatly and strangely misconceived he bore injustice with the calmness befitting his place.

He suffered many and grievous wrongs. Suffered most for the sake of others, and those others will remember him and his unflinching fidelity, with deepening gratitude while the Potomac seeks the Chesapeake or the Mississippi sweeps by Briarfield on its way to the Mexican sea.

When on the December midnight the worn warrior joined the ranks of the patient and prevailing ones who

"Loved their land with love far brought,"

if one of the mighty dead gave the challenge—

"Art thou of us?"

He answered;
"I am here."

The Bishop seemed deeply moved as he spoke of the revered dead, and at the close of his eloquent appeal all stood with bowed heads and muttered a solemn "Amen."

Rev. A. G. Bakewell read the creed, many of the audience repeating it after him. When he ended Father Hubert, who stood an attentive listener near the bier, stepped to the head of the casket, and with voice broken with grief, and an intensity of feeling that was reflected in the hearts of all who heard, repeated the prayer given below:

"O God, loving and compassionate Father, in the name of my broken-hearted comrades I beseech thee to behold us in our bereavement, from whom thou hast taken one who was to us a chief, a leader, and a noble and constant exemplar. Thou knowest how in the time of his power he ever took care that his soldiers should have with them thy ministers to cheer, to warn, to teach them how to fight and to die for the right. See him now at the bar of thy judgment, at the throne of thy mercy-seat and to him let justice and mercy be shown. And may we one day with him love and bless and praise thee forever more. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, amen."

Another silence fell upon the crowd. Again the soldiers stepped forward and raised the coffin to their shoulders. The march to the caisson commenced. The attention of the crowd being no longer claimed by the services, the bells and the cannon sounded more distinctly. The casket was carried down between the lines of soldiers and put
in its place in the caisson. The men even a hundred yards away uncovered their heads, the band leading the companies through the square hushed suddenly. The marshals of the parade just then riding by reigned up their horses and lifted their hats. The coffin secure, the pall-bearers marched around it to the carriages, the marshals rode away to bring up their lines, the guard of honor took up their positions beside the hearse, and all was in readiness to start.

Mrs. Davis joined in the wish of the confederate veterans and the entire South that the funeral should be strictly a military one, in so far as the ceremonies immediately attending the burial were concerned, and the committee of arrangements strictly followed the programme. The funeral car was magnificently arranged. Its body-props was a heavy four-wheeled artillery caisson, the property of the state. The superstructure was several feet high, and built like a canopy. The supports were six huge bronze cannon, mouth down. In the interstices were crossed muskets. The upper part or canopy was highly ornamented with heavy shot at each corner and at the sides. On both sides were furled American flags. Heavy cloth drapery hung loosely from the top like curtains, adorned with silver fringe. The muskets bore crape, and there were mourning emblems profusely displayed.

The allotted number of horses required in a military funeral must not exceed six. That was the number which drew the caisson. The animals were all black, with heavy trappings. They were handled by representatives of the State National
Guard, the detail being Corporal B. Freeland and Privates W. W. Frerichs and G. D. Alexis, from Captain Beanhams Battery B. Several handsome floral offerings that had been sent to the mortuary chamber were placed on the caisson.

On the limber there was placed the tribute of the Palmetto Guards of South Carolina, and just below a wreath of yellow immortelles with crossed swords sent by the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. On the canopy in front was the coat-of-arms of Texas, and behind an emblem from the New Orleans Sugar Exchange with the Latin phrase, "Ad sum."

The Louisiana Field Artillery not on duty at the caisson abandoned the city hall after the crowd deserted it, and formed another line from the coffin to the square, still guarding the sacred dust from the too near approach of the crowd. While the caisson waited the military marched by into position, presenting arms in passing. When these had fallen in position and all up the street there seemed to be a moving array of plumes, the carriages had also been filled, and at 12:30 o'clock the procession moved.

THE MARCHING COLUMN.

MILITARY AND CIVIC BODIES AND FIREMEN IN LINE.

Immediately after the coffin had been placed upon the caisson, the military companies, which had formed on Camp street, marched through La-
fayette square, and with arms reversed, assumed the van of the procession. The cortége proceeded in the following order:

Platoons of city police, uniformed and drilled, under command of Superintendent David C. Hennessy and Captains Collein, Journee, Donally and Barrett, all mounted.


FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier General Adolph Meyer, commander of the First Brigade Louisiana State National Guard, and staff, mounted. Those in line were: Lieutenant Colonel Clem. L. Walker, assistant adjutant general; Major W. M. Pinckard, assistant inspector general; Major S. P. Walmsley, assistant quartermaster general; Major F. A. Behan, assistant ordnance officer; Major Blaine Jamieson, brigade commissary; Captains William Brand, Calhoun E. Fluker, E. O. Jonas, and Lieutenants W. C. Dufour, C. Andre Cohen, aides-de-camp.

Band.

Captain William H. Beanhan, mounted, commanding troops of the State National Guard,
Band of Vicksburg Southrons.  
Brigadier General William Henry, adjutant-general Mississippi State National Guard, and General F. F. Myers, inspector-general of his staff.  
Volunteer Southrons of Vicksburg, Miss.—commanded by Captain C. J. Searles. There were forty men tastefully attired in light blue, white and gold trimmings. They wore white shakos.  
Battery B, Louisiana Field Artillery of New Orleans, under command of First Lieutenants H. Bolivar Thompson and James Reynolds and Second Lieutenant T. G. Chandler. Forty men were in the parade under arms, a number doing detached service. They wore blue uniforms trimmed with red, and red kepis.  
Detachment of eight men of Warren Light Artillery of Vicksburg, Miss., under command of Sergeant M. Gowndes, Jr.  
Columbus Riflemen of Columbus, Miss., twenty-six strong, commanded by Captain A. J. McDowell, First Lieutenant H. M. Waddell, Second Lieutenant R. Speirs. Their dress was pure gray with black trimmings and white helmets.  
Capital Light Guard of Jackson, Miss., commanded by Captain D. P. Porter, Jr., First Lieutenant, M. Buckley; Second Lieutenant, W. L. Reber. This company, thirty strong, was the escort of Governor Lowry, and the other state officers of Mississippi, who came down on a special train Wednesday morning from Jackson. Their uniform is dark blue and gold.  
Jeff. Davis Volunteers of Fayette, Miss., Captain L. R. Harrison; First Lieutenant Jeff Truly. They
had seventeen men in line dressed in dark blue with buff trimmings and full dress cap.

Staff First Alabama Regiment—Lieutenant Colonel Dick Roper, Colonel G. C. Tucker, D. D., chaplain; Captain Emile Sherman, quartermaster; Captain N. Angelo, commissary; First Lieutenant, Dr. Festornazzer, assistant surgeon; Sergeant-major James G. Terry.

Staff of Second Alabama Regiment—Colonel Thos. G. Jones, adjutant general; Colonel L. J. Lawson, inspector general; Colonel Paul Sanquinitti, chief of ordnance; Colonels A. Steinhart, J. L. Tanner and M. P. Legrand, aides-de-camp.

Jefferson Volunteers of Birmingham, Ala., Captain L. V. Clark, Acting First Lieutenant J. H. Kendricks—Thirty men in dark blue with gold trimmings, and blue helmets with white plumes, composed this command.

Montgomery True Blues of Montgomery, Ala., with a national fame on their bayonets for soldierly bearing, were in command of Captain H. E. Stringfellow and First Lieutenant J. G. Lugengeale. They were thirty-three in number, uniformed in dark blue, with red and gold trimmings and black shakos.

Montgomery Grays of Montgomery, Ala., one of the most famous of southern commands, sharing honors with their twin, the True Blues, of the same place, were commanded by Captain W. J. Booth, First Lieutenant M. S. Watson, Second Lieutenant R. P. Stout, and Junior Lieutenant B. E. Williams. There were thirty-six Grays dressed in gray coats
and trousers, with bluff and gold trimmings, gold epaulets and white shakos.

Montgomery Mounted Rifles, Company A, of Montgomery, Ala., Captain A. A. Wiley; First Lieutenant, L. C. Ramsey; Second Lieutenant, W. C. Campbell. The Rifles were dressed in navy blue suits with yellow cavalry trimmings and carried carbines and revolvers.

Montgomery Field Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant W. R. Taylor; Second Lieutenant, John G. Thomas; Second Junior Lieutenant, S. T. Wescott. There were thirty-three men in line uniformly in dark blue with red band and red kepi. They also wore sabers and revolvers, a rare sight among New Orleans militia.

Band.

Lomax Rifles of Mobile, Ala., Captain F. P. Davis, First Lieutenant H. L. Pettus, Second Lieutenant J. H. Wilkinson, with thirty-five men wearing dark blue and gold suits and light-blue helmets with white plumes.

Mobile Rifles of Mobile, Ala., a command of handsome appearance under Captain Murray Wheeler. First Lieutenant, R. B. Dumont, Second Lieutenant A. B. Deure. They had twenty-eight men uniformed in dark green and gold and white helmets.

Gulf City Guards, of Mobile, Ala., had twenty-five men in line, uniformed in dark blue with red and gold trimmings and white helmet and plume. They were commanded by Captain A. C. Ebettoff, First Lieutenant A. J. Chrisholm and Second Lieutenant E. B. Lyman.
Mobile Cadets, of Mobile, Ala., were thirty men, uniformed in gray and gold with the black full dress cadet cap. Lieutenant R. A. Sadler was in command.

Alabama State Artillery, of Mobile, Ala., were in command of Captain R. H. Scales and Lieutenant R. Benz. There were twenty-four of them, uniformed in dark blue, red decorations, red kepis and equipped with sabers: They brought their gun with them, but were unable to produce it in the parade owing to the lack of horses.

Detachment of twelve veterans of Washington Artillery in uniforms of gray and red, under command of Lieutenants Robert N. Strong and Emile O’Brien.

Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Ga., commanded by Captain F. Howard Ellis, First Lieutenant G. G. Crawford and Second Lieutenant Charles N. Roberts. The Guards, thirty-five in number, acted as the escort of General Gordon from Atlanta to New Orleans. They wore a dark blue uniform with heavy gold braid and white shakos.

Staff of Battalion Washington Artillery of New Orleans: Lieutenant Colonel John B. Richardson, Major Andrew Hero, Jr., Adjutant E. R. Kursheedt, mounted; and Captain C. L. C. Dupuy, ordnance officer; Captain William Bremer, surgeon; Captain J. H. De Grange, quartermaster; Captain Alf. T. Baker, commissary; sergeant major, W. W. Crane.


Company B—Captain Eugene May, First Lieu-


The command had nearly 150 men in line, attired in the battalion full dress of dark blue, trimmed with red and gold and white helmets.

Dallas Artillery of Dallas, Tex., commanded by Captain A. P. Wozencroft and Second Lieutenant James Ford. They were sixteen strong, and wore dark blue blouses with red settings and red kepis. They carried sabers.

Continental Guards of New Orleans, in command of Lieutenants E. K. Skinner and E. D. Dean. They had thirty-five men in line in their handsome blue coats, buff vests and trousers, top-boots and three-cornered hats with red and white plumes.

Tiro al Bersaglio (Italian sharp-shooters) of New Orleans, commanded by Major A. Patorno, Captain S. Domico, First Lieutenant L. Capuano, Second Lieutenant P. Ingrassia, Third Lieutenant A. Rubino, Fourth Lieutenant M. Valente. They had eighty men in line, making a stalwart appearance in dark blue blouses trimmed with red and their peculiar round hats with dark plumes.

Louisiana Rifles of New Orleans, commanded by Captain Charles H. Adams, First Lieutenant O. T. Mayer and Second Lieutenant Eugene Pujol. The Rifles numbered twenty men, in their full dress uniforms of dark and gold coats and tall black shakos.
Atwood Violett, Irwin Jamieson and C. P. Richards, mounted aids to the executive committee.

The clergy followed.


Fourth Carriage—Rev. J. W. Martin, Grace Episcopal Church; Rev. E. W. Hunter, St. Anna's Episcopal Church.

Fifth Carriage—Rev. Father Hubert, S. J., and Edward Ryan of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Sixth Carriage—Rev. Father A. F. Chasse, Chancellor of the New Orleans diocese and representing Archbishop Janssens; Rev. Father H. C. Mignot, St. Louis Cathedral.


Eighth Carriage—Rev. H. H. Waters, St. Paul's Episcopal Church; Rev. C. S. Hedges, Mount Olivet Episcopal Church; Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, Biloxi Church; Rev. K. Mordscorm, New Orleans.

Ninth Carriage—Rev. R. W. Merrill, Baptist
Missionary; Rev. T. J. Brave, New Orleans; Rev. H. M. Smith, D. D., editor *Southern Christian Advocate*.


Eleventh Carriage—Rev. R. Q. Mallard, D. D., Napoleon Avenue Presbyterian Church; Rev. W. W. Elwang, Franklin Street Presbyterian Church; Rev. W. A. Hall, Presbyterian; Rev. J. J. Billingsley, Methodist Missions; Rev. C. W. Bussey, Colisseum Place Baptist Church.


Succeeding these were the

**THE PALL-BEARERS.**

Hon. Charles E. Fenner of Louisiana.
Sawyer Hayward of Mississippi.
Hon. Thomas H. Watts of Alabama.
Commodore W. W. Hunter of Louisiana.
General T. F. Drayton of North Carolina.
General Jubal A. Early of Virginia.
General Albert G. Blanchard of Louisiana.
General Stephen D. Lee of Mississippi.
General Cadmus M. Wilcox of Alabama.
General J. T. Holzelaw of Alabama.
General T. T. Munford of Virginia.
Colonel F. R. Lubbock of Texas.
General Samuel H. Ferguson of Mississippi.
Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer of Louisiana.
Colonel Robert E. Park of Georgia.
Hon. Ethel Barksdale of Mississippi.
Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston of Kentucky.
Captain Jack White of Texas.
Rev. John William Jones of Georgia.
Hon. James McConnell of New Orleans.
Colonel Henry J. Leovy of New Orleans.
Colonel Thomas L. Bayne of New Orleans.
Dr. Joseph Jones of New Orleans.
S. H. Kennedy, Esq., of New Orleans.
Captain Thomas P. Leathers of New Orleans.
Hon. B. F. Jonas of New Orleans.
James S. Richardson of New Orleans.
Colonel D. M. Hollingsworth of New Orleans.
E. B. Kruttschmitt, Esq., of New Orleans.
General W. Miller Owen of New Orleans.
Colonel Wright Schaumberg of New Orleans.
Major Page M. Baker of New Orleans.
Major Thomas E. Davis of New Orleans.
Major John W. Fairfax of New Orleans.
General A. S. Badger of New Orleans.
Captain Jacob Gray of New Orleans.
Colonel A. J. Lewis of New Orleans.
Major D. A. Given of New Orleans.
Captain J. A. Chalaron of New Orleans.
Hon. James G. Clark of New Orleans.
Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston of New Orleans.
Colonel John Overton of Tennessee.
General John C. Haskell of South Carolina.
General Wm. M. Cabell of Texas.
Major W. H. Morgan of Mississippi.

The only absentees from the ranks of the pall-bearers were General George W. Jones of Iowa, who went out with the family; Major Henry J. Hearsey of New Orleans, who was ill, and Colonel John B. Richardson, who was in personal command of the Washington Artillery.

Following the carriages of the pall-bearers was the caisson with the guard of honor, composed of sergeants of the Louisiana Field Artillery, as already described.

THE FAMILY CARRIAGES.

It was only a few minutes before twelve when the carriages containing the family and relatives of Jefferson Davis drew up on Lafayette street beside the city Hall. The carriages came from the direction of Carondelet street and were nine in number. The first carriage went immediately behind the bier and its occupants were Mrs. Verina Howell Davis, wife of the President of the Confederacy, and Mr. J. U. Payne, who acted as Mrs. Davis's escort. Mr. Payne is an old friend of Mr. Davis and loved him dearly. Mr. Payne was Mr. Davis's commercial agent in this city. He had been selected out of the many friends of Mr. Davis to conduct Mrs. Davis to see the last of the great leader. Mrs. Davis was attired in heavy mourning, which covered her entirely; not even her hand was exposed.
Mrs. Margaret Hayes also occupied a seat in the carriage. She was dressed in deep mourning and was accompanied by her cousin, General Joseph R. Davis of Biloxi.

Mrs. Hayes is a daughter of Jefferson Davis and a stepdaughter of the present Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Hayes lives in Colorado Springs and came here for the purpose of nursing her father, but before she arrived he died, and so what she had intended for a visit of pleasure was cruelly made one of sorrow.

The carriage was drawn by two jet black horses, which were covered with crepe. At the horses' bridle was a large black rosette of heavy crepe. The carriage lamps were covered with this emblem of death, and the sides of the carriage, in all its rich work and fancy work, was thoroughly covered with crepe. The whip, a long black one, was decorated to such an extent that only the handle was visible. The carriage belonged to Colonel James S. Richardson and was driven by A. Washington, who wore a large black rosette on his left arm. Beside the driver sat an aged colored man, Robert Brown. Robert before the war was a slave of Mr. Davis, and when Mr. Davis abandoned Richmond Robert went with him and stayed with him until his capture. Robert used to nurse the children and take care of them all the time during these war times and was a faithful nurse, too. Shortly after Mr. Davis' capture, and while in the custody of the Union soldiers, Robert was one day playing with the children—Jefferson, Maggie and Verina. A union soldier was pretty rough to one of the children and Robert told him to stop. He would not
and Robert asked him: "Am I free?" The soldier replied, "Yes," and Robert said: "Well, take this," and struck the man in the face, knocking him over. This only goes to show the love all Mr. Davis' servants had for him and the way they stuck to him through life. The old man set on the box with a large black rosette on his arm and was visibly affected by the funeral procession and all the sights connected therewith.

Mr. Hayes was too ill to attend the funeral, but last evening it was learned that he was better, and it is hoped that he will recover soon. During the long ride Mrs. Hayes fainted twice, but last evening seemed well again. Mrs. Davis seemed quite strong last night and will be ready to go to Bouvoir tomorrow evening.

In the second carriage was Mrs. Helen Keasy, a niece of Mr. Davis, Hugh L. Davis, a grand nephew of Jefferson Davis, Miss Nannie Smith, a grand niece of Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Sterling, also a grand niece. Little Nannie Sterling, a great-grand niece of Mr. Davis, also occupied a seat in this carriage. Miss Smith and Mrs. Sterling are from Biloxi, and Mr. Davis is from Woodville, Miss.

The third carriage was occupied by grand nieces and nephews of Jefferson Davis: Mrs. A. R. Brous sau, Mrs. C. P. Wilkinson, Miss Elsie White and Mr. A. Syndey White, all dressed in mourning.

Mrs. Mary Stamps, widow of Jefferson Davis's nephew, Captain Isaac P. Stamps, who was killed at Gettysburg, occupied the fourth carriage, with her son-in-law, Mr. E. H. Farrar, who is a cousin of Mrs. Varina H. Davis, the widow of Jefferson
Davis, and Mr. Farrar's three children, Edgar, a great-grand nephew and godson of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and Mary and Anna, great-grand nieces of Mr. Davis. In the fifth carriage there were Mr. Jefferson D. Smith, of West Feliciana, and a grand-nephew of Mr. Davis; Mrs. L. G. Balfour, a grand-niece of Mr. Davis, and Lulu Gartley, Mammie and Hollie, children of Mrs. Balfour, and great-grand nieces and nephews of Mr. Davis. The sixth carriage was occupied by Misses Verita D., Mary L. and E. Hilton Howell, W. F. Howell and Mr. William M. Railey. These are nieces and nephews of Mrs. Davis. The seventh carriage had Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Richardson and Mr. Girault Farrar for occupants. Mr. Farrar is Mrs. Davis's cousin and Mrs. Richardson is Mr. Farrar's sister. The eighth carriage was occupied by Mrs. Justice Charles T. Fenner, Mr. E. D. Fenner, Master Guy and Miss Gladys Fenner, Master Andrew King and Rose, the nurse. The Fenner residence is the place where Mr. Davis always stopped while in the city, and though not related to any of the Fenners he always classed them among the family. Mrs. Fenner has always done all in her power for Mr. Davis, and deserves to be treated as one of the family. The last carriage was occupied by Hon. F. K. Winchester of Natchez, Miss., and a cousin of Mrs. Davis; David Bradford of Kentucky, nephew of Mrs. Davis; H. D. Alexander of Kentucky, grand-nephew of Mrs. Davis, and Betty, Mrs. Davis's maid.

Behind this carriage came that of the attending physicians: Dr. W. G. Austin, quarantine officer,
THE HOUSE IN WHICH JEFFERSON DAVIS DIED.

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and Dr. Joseph T. Scott. Dr. Austin has been Mr. Davis's physician for forty years, and has attended him altogether at Beauvoir. Dr. Scott has for many years been Mrs. Davis's physician, and has to some extent attended on Mr. Davis. The physicians who attended Mr. Davis in his last illness were not able to attend. Dr. Bickham had an important operation to perform and could not get away, much to his disappointment, and Dr. Chaille was at the hall but was called away before the funeral started.

SECOND DIVISION.

*The Veterans of the War.*

Following the carriages of the family came the grand marshal of the second division, General William J. Behan, and his aids: Colonel George A. Williams, Mr. J. B. Sinnott, Mr. George H. Dunbar, Mr. A. A. Maginnis, Colonel E. Howard McCaleb, Mr. P. O. Frazende, Colonel A. W. Crandell, Major J. G. Devereux and Mr. W. B. Ringrose. The gentlemen were on horseback and dressed in citizens' clothes.

Following these came a brass band and then the veteran associations. The Army of Tennessee were on the left and the Army of Northern Virginia on the right in double column.

The Army of Tennessee was under command of Col. W. T. Cluverius assisted by Comrades Fendel Horn, Leopold T. Santana and George Petit. There were 350 men in line, including visitors and juniors. Comrade Nolan carried the flag of the as-
association, with it the Louisiana state flag. Dr. A. J. Witherspoon, who was the chaplain of a company of the Army of Tennessee during the late war, marched in line as spry and easily as any young man present. A good representation was present and many visiting veterans were in attendance. The two associations were on a par and were neither one ahead of the other. The columns were on each side of the street, with an open space between each. Captain Fred. A. Ober, first vice president and officer of the day, was in command of the veteran association Army of Northern Virginia.

This association had 500 men in line, including visitors. The color-bearers were John Hurley (one-armed John, who did duty so faithfully at the hall while Mr. Davis was laid out there) of the Louisiana Infantry and John H. Collins of the Louisiana Tigers. The regular colors were four in number with the United States flag in the center, with a battle flag on either side. The Confederate flag was carried by Comrade Joseph A. Brown, Louisiana Field Artillery. The battle flags were carried by Juan Guittierez of the Tenth Louisiana Infantry and Antoin Weidemeyer, Louisiana Zouaves. The United States flag was carried by Ed. Fitzpatrick. The color guard consisted of Comrades Charles Hyleste, Zouaves; John S. Mioton, Donaldsonville Artillery; T. B. McPeake, Company A, Fifth Louisiana; Colonel David Zabie, of the Fourteenth Louisiana Infantry; H. H. Marks, Washington Artillery; Adolph Costa, Louisiana Field Artillery; Lieutenant Colonel J. Moore Wilson, in command of color guard.
Behind these two associations came the Confederate States Cavalry, commanded by Colonel George Moorman and 200 strong. All visiting cavalrymen marched in line. The battle flag of the Second Louisiana Cavalry which was commanded by Colonel W. G. Vincent in the war was carried yesterday by Peter Moreau of the Second Louisiana Cavalry. It is a fact worth mentioning that Moreau, the same person who carried the flag yesterday, carried the same flag through 100 battles of the late war. Behind the cavalry came the Confederate Association of Kentucky, who number about 200 in Louisville and who were represented by twenty-five men with Captain J. H. Leathers in command. They came down on a special car of the Mississippi Valley Route which was heavily draped with black, and they leave this evening.

The sons and daughters of the Army of Tennessee were well represented. There were 106 men in line and Vernon Venables carried the colors. Zollicoffer Camp Confederate Veterans at Knoxville, Tenn., had a good representation and Charles Ducloix carried the colors.

There were delegates from the Lee Association of Mobile and several other veteran associations of Mobile. Comrade Charles Santana was in command of the unattached associations of the different states, who were with the Army of Tennessee. The sons and daughters of the Army of Northern Virginia also turned out in full force. There were fifteen United States veterans in line.

The veterans of the Louisiana Field Artillery, Battery B, numbered twenty-four in all, with Com-
rade Charles A. Thomas in command. This brought up the line of foot men, and the Ladies' Confederate Monumental Association came out with forty-five delegates in eight carriages. Mrs. Louis A. Adams is president, Mrs. Theodore Schute, treasurer; Mrs. L. D. Nicholls, secretary.

There were several other associations represented by delegates of two or three each.

THIRD DIVISION.

The third division was headed by General J. B. Vinet, marshal. This was made up entirely of carriages.

In the first conveyance was Governor Francis T. Nicholls of Louisiana, Governor Robert Lowry of Mississippi, Governor S. B. Buckner of Kentucky and Governor D. C. Fowle of North Carolina.

Next came Governor Nicholls' family escorted by Colonel C. A. Larendon.

Mrs. S. R. Mallory, widow of the secretary of the navy of Mr. Davis' cabinet, and her daughter, Mrs. Dr. T. S. Kenedy, followed.

Governor James P. Eagle of Arkansas, Governor F. P. Fleming of Florida, Governor J. S. Richardson of South Carolina, and Colonel Faries came next in order.


Judges McGloin and Kelly, of the court of appeals.

Judges F. A. Monroe, N. H. Rightor, Albert
Voorhies, T. W. C. Ellis and Fred D. King, of the
civil district court for the parish of Orleans.

Judges H. H. Price and C. H. Lavillebeuvre, of
the city courts.

Lieutenant Governor James Jeffries, Auditor O. B. Steele, Treasurer W. H. Pipes, Register of the
Land Office John S. Lanier, Registrar of Voters Geo. W. Flynn, Tax Collectors C. H. Parker,
Thomas Duffy, I. W. Patton and Louis Arnauld.

State Engineers Sidney F. Lewis and Arsene Perilliat.

State Assessors Sam'l J. Kohlman and Louis A. Richards.

Judge Emile Rost of Jefferson parish.

Dr. C. P. Wilkinson, Dr. S. D. Kennedy, Dr. L. F. Salomon, Dr. Charles E. Kells, Dr. H. W. Blanc,
Mr. James D. Hill, Mr. C. Taylor Gauche, Dr. A. M. Beret and Mr. Albert Voorhies of the state
board of health.

State Senators Alfred Goldthwaite, Lloyd Posey,

Representatives Borland, Dupre, O'Donnell,
Shields, Bossier and Elder.

Colonels Byrnes, Gillespie, Fairchild and Cot-
traux of the governor's staff.

Messrs. A. K. Miller, Hugh Flynn, Robert
Bleakley and Douglas Kilpatrick of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

Mr. L. M. Finley, Judge Larry O'Donnell, J. T. Hayden, Frank Levis, E. D. White, John Dymond,

Assistant Postmaster Henry Renshaw, repre-

Mayor Joseph A. Shakesperre, Comptroller Thoman, Public Works Commissioner Leche, City Surveyor B. M. Harrod, Assistant City Attorneys F. B. Lee, Sam'l L. Gilmore and W. B. Sommerville.


Henry G. Hester, Chas. Chaffe, Hugh McCloskey, Breedlove Smith and E. Onerbeck.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Benevolent Organizations in Uniform.

The fourth division of the cortege was devoted to uniformed bodies of benevolent organizations. The marshal was Colonel A. W. Hyatt, assisted by Colonel Joseph Voegtele.

At the head of the division was a company of uniformed rank of Odd Fellows. Captain A. S. Meyers, First Lieutenant M. Shinn and Second Lieutenant W. W. Read were in command of thirty elegantly uniformed Patriarchs Militant. They wore black broadcloth coat and trousers, ornamented with black
and gold. Their caps were chapeaux-de-bras, with plumes, and their equipments rapiers, with gold baldriks and pouches.

Band.

Next in the long line was the First Louisiana Battalion of the Uniformed Rank of Knights of Pythias. They too were an elect body of men, finely drilled and uniformed. Major Henry Street and Adjutant Harry L. Edwards commanded the battalion. The knights wore black broadcloth, Prince Alberts decked with silver buttons and red and gold trimmings. They wore white helmets and carried swords. Captain Mark O’Rourke and Lieut. Edw. A. White were in command of Orleans Division No. 1; Captain W. H. Drury commanded Ascalon Division. Algiers Division was commanded by Captain A. Turfs and Lieutenant L. H. Daniels. Captain Jules Hebert commanded Calanthe Division, numbering twelve men, who came down from Plaquemine, La., especially to participate in the funeral procession.

The rear guard of the fourth division was gallantly held by the Louisiana divisions of the Patriotic Sons of America. W. Hincks, esq., was marshal, aided by N. Underwood, vice president of the national body. The state camp, 200 strong, paraded in their sashes, composed of the national colors, with illuminated stars, rosettes and braided supports. Following the state camp were large delegations from the local camps of the order, also adorned with sashes.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Hon. Charles T. Soniat, Marshal, and Messrs. James Legendre, George H. Theard, G. A. Lanaux and Wal-
ter Denegre, aids, mounted on spirited steeds, rode at the head of the fifth division.

The faculty and students of the Tulane University of Louisiana, about 1500 in number, followed. Profs. Chaille, Logan, Lewis, Souchon, Miles and Elliott of the medical department, Profs. Miller, Semmes, Denis and Hall of the law department, and Profs. Jesse, Ficklen and Fortier of the academical department, were in the line of march.

Principal J. V. Calhoun, accompanied by 230 pupils of the high school.

The Catholic Knights of America turned out in large numbers. Hon. James David Coleman, supreme president of the order; D. T. Cummings, president; Clay Knoblock, vice-president; J. J. McLaughlin, treasurer; Matt Brown, secretary, and Rev. A. F. X. Chappuis, spiritual director of the state council, and representatives from all the branches of the state were in attendance.

The following is a list of British shipmasters and the names of the vessels that they command. They had a new British flag, purchased by them for the occasion. The colors were carried by Captain J. W. Noble: Captains Charles Bennington, steamship Westbourne; Alfred Gibson, steamship Royal Welch J. W. Noble, steamship Chittagong; S. Graystone, steamship Mortlake; W. J. C. Martyr, steamship Moonstone; Geo. Bullman, steamship Clintonia; Andrew White, steamship Huntsman; R. Jago, steamship Jessmore; D. Stewart, steamship Huntsman; Geo. Grigs, steamship Straits of Belle Isle; Wm. Mitchell, steamship Lavernock; W. G. Steele, steamship Elevator; H. H. Bent, ship San Stefano, and
Geo. N. Cosman, ship Nettie Murphy. Also a number of officers from the steamships Royal Welch, Chittagong and Mortlake.

Jefferson parish was represented by a delegation of 100 from the Lee Benevolent Association, the David Crocket and Goldsboro fire companies and the Citizens' Protective Association. Ed Reiss, Dr. L. G. Lebeuf, Louis Tulberg and W. Preston were in charge of the column.

Next come the St. Leo Benevolent Association, about fifty in number, officered by Geo. W. Young, president; Jos. Whipple, vice president; W. J. Johnson, recording secretary; J. H. Bruns, financial secretary; F. Collenbacher, treasurer; Jos. Davis, marshal.

Guibet's Battery was in line with a delegation of twenty-five. The officers of the organization are: B. Rouen, president; J. F. Meunier, vice president; L. F. Boisdore, recording secretary; L. Aleix, financial secretary; L. A. Dupont, treasurer; R. B. Flores, collector.

Typographical Union No. 17 was in charge of President James Leonard, and made a splendid showing.

The Screwmen's Benevolent Association could not turn out the whole organization on account of the pressure of work on the levee. President John Breen, Andrew M. Kein, Denis Kirby, John A. Davilla, A. McDonald, J. H. Kalvalage and a delegation of twenty-five members were, however, in attendance.

The Cotton Yardmen, Dan Mahoney, president, and M. J. Cusack, secretary, were also out with a delegation of twenty-five,

The Sons of Louisiana, officered by Armand Quere, president; E. Morel, first vice president; E. Dewent,
second vice president; Joseph Bofill, recording secretary; M. Dudoussat, financial secretary; J. J. Weinfurter, treasurer; E. Gener, grand marshal, had over a hundred men in line.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, John Fitzpatrick, state delegate; John Breen, county delegate; John E. Kelly and Morris Kenney, presidents of third and second divisions, were next in the order of march with 100 men.

The Southern Athletic Association, 300 strong, were under the command of Vice President J. C. Campbell.

The Columbia Athletic Club, 200 members, had the following officers at its head: J. J. Weinfurter, president; A. Blais, first vice president; R. H. Cooper, second vice president; N. A. Wilt, recording secretary; L. B. Bouchereau, financial secretary; A. Petitpain, grand marshal.

The Young Men's Gymnastic Club, E. J. Gueringer, president; Wm. H. Heyl, secretary; the Continental Mutual Benevolent Association, G. Gast, president; John Masquere, secretary; and the Louisiana Benevolent and Protective Association, A. V. Flotte, president, W. J. Desgouttes, secretary, were also out with large delegations.

**SIXTH DIVISION.**

*The Fire Department of New Orleans.*

The fire department of New Orleans and the Sixth district constituted the sixth division, of which Chief Engineer O'Connor was marshal and his aids Assistant Engineer James Donovan and Andy Lynch.
The display made by this division was an admirable one, and as regards numerical strength the fire department was as well represented to honor the dead hero as on their annual parades. Certainly quite a large number of firemen were members of the other bodies, civic and military, and participated with these organizations, hence the companies were not all out in full force.

The order of parade was as follows:

Carriage containing Hon. I. N. Marks, president, and members of the board of fire commissioners.

Chief Engineer Thomas O'Connor and Assistants Lynch and Donovan on foot.

Volunteer Steam Fire Company No. 1, Foreman Jacob Heuser.

Delegation from the Algiers and Carrollton departments.

Mississippi Steam Fire Company No. 2, Dan A. Rose, foreman.

Vigilant Steam Fire Company No. 3, I. Kieffer, foreman.

Lafayette Hood and Ladder Company No. 1, A. Klein, foreman.

Columbia Steam Fire Company No. 5, James Walsh, foreman.

Louisiana Hose Steam Engine Company, Edward Schwartz, foreman.

Eagle No. 7, A. Cadessus, foreman.

Phoenix Steam Engine Company No. 8, Louis Knoop, foreman.

American Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, Fred Gross, foreman.

Creole Steam Fire Company No. 9, Daniel Douglas, foreman.
Louisiana Steam Fire Company No. 10, Max Miller, foreman.
Irad Ferry Exempt Society.
Irad Ferry Steam Engine Company No. 12, J. J. McGuinness, foreman.
Hope Hook and Ladder Company No. 3, Albert Cain, foreman.
Perseverance Steam Fire Company No. 13, Chris Berthelsen, foreman.
Philadelphia Steam Fire Company No. 14, T. J. McKay, foreman.
Jackson Steam Fire Company No. 18, F. S. Hausner, foreman.
Washington Steam Fire Company No. 20, Gaspar Pietri, foreman.
Pelican Hook and Ladder No. 4, H. R. Ducastaing, foreman.
Jefferson Steam Fire Company No. 22, Jacob Baker, foreman.
Chalmette Steam Fire Company No. 23, J. Raynes, foreman.
Crescent Steam Fire Company, No. 24, Andrew Blake, foreman.
Sixth District Department—Alex C. Winn, chief engineer, and delegations consisting of the officers, and some of the members of Phillips' Chemical Engine No. 4, Young America Steam Fire Company No. 3, Protector Steam Fire Company No. 2, Pioneer Steam Fire Company No. 1, Independent Chemical Engine Company No. 5 Hook and Ladder No. 1.
At the head of this division was borne a handsome floral offering, in the shape of a crescent and star made of fine flowers.
It was a remarkable parade. There was not a hitch anywhere, and it kept in splendid order until the body of the great leader had been consigned to the tomb and the order to disband was given. Private carriages were excluded from the procession so as not to destroy its symmetry and order. But hundreds of them drove out the other side of the shell-road on Canal street while the parade was moving. There were six trains on Canal street waiting to take people to the cemetery, but they did not move until the column was well on the way to Metairie. The line reached almost from the cemeteries to the heart of the city, and it took an hour and twenty minutes for the parade to pass a given point. It did not move very slowly either. The veterans had announced that they intended to walk out every inch of the way, and they did. Not only that, but they struck a long swinging stride that carried them along at a gait that made the usual funeral walk of the carriage horses unequal to the occasion. Fortunately the roads were good and the weather fine.

The procession after leaving the city hall proceeded up St. Charles to Calliope, and from Calliope moved into camp, thence to Chartres, to St. Louis, to Royal, to Canal, to the cemetery.

All along the line of march honor was shown to the remains of the beloved head of the confederacy which had gone before him. All along the military display was much admired. The soldiers conducted themselves admirably. It was a magnificent gathering of soldiery, containing the flower of southern troops. The uniforms were handsome and were displayed to good effect by the manly bearing of the men and their
accurate marching. General Gordon, looking the leader that he is, was a superb figure at the head of the column, and General Glynn and his aids kept a constant and effective supervision over the whole array. The veteran societies turned out in large numbers also, and their gathering from far and near, some already approaching the age when travel is difficult, some with armless sleeves and some with only one foot to stand upon, gave the assemblage all the appearance of a lost rally. The Mexican veterans joined with the later heroes in doing honor to the man who was as grand a soldier as he was a wise statesman, and they too attracted general attention.

The police rose to the occasion and really did good service. They cleared the pathway to the tomb, and the caisson, with its precious burden, moved smoothly along without being once obstructed.

After the procession had deployed itself into line, it was a steady march out Canal street. Shortly after reaching Claiborne street the junior organizations and the benevolent and other societies dropped out and boarded the trains. The Sons and Daughters of the Veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, with a good showing of the daughters, drew up in line and saluted the remains on the caisson. But the old soldiers kept on. They scorned to ride when they were bearing the great chief to his home. The military spirit of the younger soldiers vied with that of their preceptors and exemplars in showing honor to the dead. There was not even a halt until the car station was reached. Many of the marchers had not even had a drink of water since breakfast, and it was then 2:30 o'clock. So there was a short intermission
while foraging parties were sent out. Some of the Washington Artillery found refreshments waiting for them at the Chadwick residence, 547 Canal street, and there were other hospitable places in the neighborhood.

The march was then taken up with renewed vigor. The Italian companies had already dropped out at Galvez street. The Louisiana Rifles were also compelled to leave the column in order to make a rapid advance. They jumped into wagons at Claiborne street and went thundering out to Metairie, where they mounted guard in the many avenues in the beautiful city of the dead. At the car station the crowd of lookers on thinned out. The decorations along the line still showed the interest taken. The La Place residence was beautifully decorated. The Metairie Ridge School, almost at the end of the street, was also tastefully draped. So were the Vittell and Shaw cottages.

There was a general feeling of relief when at 3:20 the first of the group of cemeteries was reached. The trains had already thundered by and many of the organizations had reached the ridge. The Lee Benevolent Association, the State Camp of the Patriotic Sons of America, the High School boys and the uniformed ranks of the Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows were formed in double line and waited for the caisson to pass.

It was exactly half-past three o'clock when the head of the column reached Greenwood. There was a brief breathing spell and the advance renewed and crowd and carriages and the marching column charged across the bridge. It was a stirring scene. The houses
grouped about the bridge were all in sable drapery. A constant stream of people was tending towards the arched gateway leading to the lovely graveyard. At the very entrance stands the tomb of the Army of Tennessee, surmounted by the grim figure of Albert Sydney Johnston on horseback. Rider and horse and mount were covered with black gauze, and the great confederate remembered in the metal ideal seemed to be present and looking out upon the funeral cortege of his chieftain from the shadow of the valley of death.

It was not yet four o'clock when the caisson rolled over the shelled avenue leading to the tombs. The day was still as warm and balmy and bright as when the remains were borne from the city hall, and the multitude seemed to have been transferred from the city to the ridge. The flowers had preceded the body to the grave, and the cannon which had fired the salute at the river made a detour by Common Street, and fast time and was in position at the cemetery ready to flash the good-bye of fire from its brazen mouth.

AT THE CEMETERY.

The entry of the pageant into the beautiful cemetery away out on the quiet Metairie ridge, far from the thunder and clatter and turmoil of busy, rushing, work-a-day city life, was made with all the pomp and circumstance of a military and civic procession. Even before noon, when the religious ceremonies were just beginning, people gathered within the hallowed precincts of the romantic burying ground. They came in street cars, in trains, in carriages, in rigs of every
known description and on foot, and took up positions on tombs and broad walks, and on the scrupulously well-kept lawns.

Metairie is the prettiest cemetery in the south. It ranks in beauty with the handsomest burial grounds of the world. It is situated about two miles and a half from the business part of the city, and is rich in its architecture, its verdure and its possessions. Years ago it was the famous race course of the South. Some years back it was transformed into a city of the dead. Since then nature and man have constantly aided in its adornment. Within it lie the remains of thousands of confederate veterans, and here are most of the tombs of the military and veteran associations of New Orleans. It is in this cemetery, in a subterranean vault, that the southern chieftain has been temporarily laid to rest.

The Army of Northern Virginia tomb is beneath the marble monument of the lamented confederate leader, Stonewall Jackson.

It is situated nearly half a mile from the stone entrance, nearly in the centre of the cemetery, and surrounded by imposing tombs of wealthy people of New Orleans. The mound is a gradual ascent prettily laid out in parterres, and richly grown with rare flowers. From a sectional stone base a slender shaft broken with laurel wreaths rises to commanding height. At this apex a heavy slab of marble bears the statue of Jackson. The figure represents the famous general in an attitude of repose, his sword leaning on a broken stone wall, and his left hand resting gracefully on his side. He wears the regular confederate officer's uniform, with his cloak thrown over his arm, and
his field glasses carelessly in his left hand. The familiar kepi is pulled down, as the general was wont to wear it, closely over his forehead. The face looks toward the southeast, and the features are almost perfect in their outline. Beneath the base is an underground chamber with vaults running all around. It was in one of these that the remains of Mr. Davis were placed.

The monument was decorated with extreme simplicity. The mound was covered entirely with green moss, and around the shaft was wound a chain of laurel and oak leaves, the decorations being the work of Mr. J. H. Menard. When the procession left the city hall, big furniture wagons drove up and the mortuary chamber was emptied of its hundreds of floral offerings that came from every city and State in the South, and they were taken out to the cemetery. Here an artistic hand came into play, and they were arranged with studied unostentation and most admirable effect, the mound being almost entirely hidden from view by the wealth of culture flowers.

The pageant got out to the cemetery a little in advance of the time it was expected to. Its vanguard was an incongruous assortment of carriages and vehicles and an irregular army of straggling people who walked all the way to the burial ground to do honor to the memory of the leader cold in death. The crowd was cosmopolitan in its make up. It embraced every station in life in one endless procession. Thousands walked because there was no other means of getting out. The available trains on the street railroads were crushed and packed with several divisions of the funeral pageant and the common multitude was left
to take care of itself. It was 3 o'clock when the first special train arrived, bearing uniformed Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias and civic societies. As each train drew up it was quickly emptied of its human freight, and the tail end of the procession reformed in open order to let the militia and the walking divisions go through. As the soldiers, worn out with the long and dusty march, and the funeral car and the remainder of the pageant moved slowly past in mournful step to woful music of the day, the knights presented arms and the civic bodies uncovered.

Long before the police detail reached the bridge over the canal that runs by the front of the cemetery, the dense throng of the common populace had gathered close around the monument beneath which the body of the ex-president is to-night, as these lines are written, lying in peaceful repose. The crowd sought every available spot that gave the opportunity of a fair view. It climbed trees, mounted tombs, picked out convenient spots on the mounds and lawns, and listened and watched with breathless interest and respectful attention to the solemn ceremonies at the base of the marble shaft. Around the circle of the tomb the crowd was thickly pressed, and from its outskirts throngs extended into the walks intersecting at various points the main thoroughfare.

When the progress of the procession finally, brought the military to the monument the police and soldiers were drawn up all around the circle and as the funeral car with its long line of carriages in the wake came up the line of soldiers facing the monument were given "right about, face!" in order to salute the bier. It was then 4 o'clock. The choristers had preceded
the funeral car and took up position in a group to the left of the tomb. Then the Episcopal clergyman and the assisting clergy of other denominations formed in a line on either side of the walk. The pall-bearers and distinguished guests did the same thing. Bishops Galleher and Hugh Miller Thompson walked slowly to the base and took up their positions beside the bier. General Gordon came up shortly and stood quietly and modestly with bowed head close by.

The caisson stopped at the foot of the walk and Battery B's detail of honor bore the casket up the ascent to the foot of the monument with Captain Beanham, looking every inch a soldier, at its head. As the coffin was carried up the mound the military orders were "rest on arms," and every soldier in the circle executed the order. The veteran associations marched into the cemetery together. When they reached the monument they separated, one going to the left and the other to the right. Meeting, they charged up the mound and formed an inner circle, the Army of Northern Virginia in front and Army of Tennessee in the rear.

Then the ladies and gentlemen of the family trod slowly up the mound. There was not a covered head in the entire multitude of 10,000 people when the bereaved came. The soldiers kept their hats and shakos on because it was military duty to do so. Mrs. Davis, heavily draped, leaned on the arm of the life-long friend of her husband, Mr. J. U. Payne, as she came up beside the bier. Mrs. Hayes came up on the arm of General Joseph R. Davis, a nephew of the dead president. Behind these came the faithful negro body-servant of Mr. Davis, Robert Brown. Mrs,
Stamps was escorted by Mr. Farrar. Then followed other members of the family, stated previously in these lines. Associate Justice Fenner and his family came next, and immediate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Davis gathered around just as Bishop Thompson opened the ceremonies by reading the first portion of the Episcopal funeral service. Then T. H. Sappington of Company B, Nineteenth Infantry, stationed at Mount Vernon barracks, Ala., sounded the bugle call of taps, and Bishop Galleher read the second portion of the ritual consigning the body to the grave. Here are his extempore words:

"In the name of God, Amen. We here consign the body of Jefferson Davis, a servant of his state and country, and a soldier in their armies; sometime member of congress, and senator from Mississippi and secretary of war of the United States; the first and only president of the Confederate States of America; born in Kentucky on the 3d day of June, 1808, died in Louisiana on the 6th day of December, 1889, and buried here by the reverent hands of his people."

An anthem by W. H. Walter, part of the burial service, was sung by the choristers to a cornet accompaniment. Bishop Thompson recited the Lord's prayer in which the choir, the clergy, and the general public joined, and then the beautiful hymn "Rock of Ages" was rendered, and the religious rites were over.

Bishop Galleher waved his hand. It was the signal of the closing. Captain Beanham gave the military command, the casket was raised from its bier and the soldiers bearing it on their shoulders marched around the circular mound to the open doorway at the back.
of the monument leading to the stairway that reaches the subterranean chamber of the dead. The family took up its line in the order of its ascent of the mound, friends followed, the Ladies' Memorial Association fell in, and Governor Nicholls and the other governors joined in with the other pall-bearers. When members of the family had descended the casket was placed in the middle vault of the first perpendicular row immediately on the right as you go down.

The confederate flag in which the coffin had been wrapped was removed, the slab was screwed tight, and the dead soldier had found his temporary resting place in the Army of Northern Virginia tomb. As the family descended, an artillery detachment from the State Guard, Captain Beanham's battery, fired three rounds, and the military funeral was over. There was placed before the vault three floral offering: one, a design of a chair, was from the Lee Memorial Association; another, "Gates Ajar," from Mr. P. J. Alba of Mobile, and the third, a cross of flowers, from the Girls' High School.

As Mr. Payne and Mrs. Davis, both weeping, and the other relatives and close friends came up from the chamber and passed down to their carriages the troops presented arms. Then the governors, the pall-bearers, guests from the states, the Ladies' Memorial Association, and finally the public crowded down into the still, cold, whitewashed room below and gazed for a moment on the narrow chamber with its sweet incense-giving flowers, wherein all that was mortal of the beloved southern chieftain was lying in peace and quiet, removed forever from its sphere in life.
COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.


OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

The funeral of Jefferson Davis should be made the most memorable event in the history of the South since the war. The most conspicuous representative of the Southern cause has run his illustrious course, and, with folded hands and quiet lips, rests in silent peace and dignity. No more the rude alarms of war will disturb his repose; no more the breath of slander, nor the voice of calumny, nor the bitterness of sectional bigotry and hate will move his sword or pen to the defense of the people for whose just cause he spent his honorable life. His work was done, and like a little child he went to sleep. He died for the South while yet he was alive—and though dead he should live forever in the hearts of his countrymen, the great martyr of the Confederate cause, the highest type of man, a very fountain of patriotic inspiration to those who would seek a model in the divine art of suffering for conscience' sake.

This is not the time nor the occasion for defending the life and deeds of Jefferson Davis—indeed, when reason has once more resumed its throne, so rudely usurped by passion nearly thirty years ago, and impartial history makes up its verdict, no defense will be
needed; but it is now the duty of the Southern people, as it should be esteemed a holy privilege, to unite in doing reverence to the immortal dead. The Governors of all the Southern States have been invited to take part in the funeral pageant at New Orleans. The States should also be represented by special commissioners. The surviving generals of the Confederate armies, the regimental, battalion, and company commanders, and the non-commissioned officers and privates who wore the gray, as many of them as it may be possible to summon together, should join the funeral cortège on its way to Metairie Cemetery, where their old-time chieftain and comrade will be laid to rest. The women of the South, from Maryland to Texas, and from Carolina to Kentucky should send floral offerings to cover with sweetness and light the bier of the chivalric soldier and statesman who lived and loved and died for the South.

On Wednesday next the church bells in every Southern city and town and hamlet should be tolled in honor of Jefferson Davis; for the land which he loved should mourn for his death, because he is not. The Stars and Stripes should droop from every staff—his courage and daring on the bloody fields of Mexico added undying lustre to the glory of American arms. The banners of the Southern States should be displayed; for with him has passed away the noblest champion of the sovereignty of the States. The old soldiers who followed the Southern Cross should kindle their camp-fires once more, and, gathered about the burning piles, should recall the memories of the heroic past when they marched with Jackson or charged with Stuart or fought with Lee; and in the ashes, when the fire has died away, read the story of the Cause for which they fought and which was lost.
South Carolina, the first of the Southern States to secede from the Union, and Charleston, "the Cradle of Secession," will do reverence to the dead. The General Assembly adjourned yesterday in respect to Mr. Davis's memory, and the flags upon the State House will be displayed at half-mast until the end of the session. The mayor of Charleston has issued a proclamation announcing, in touching and appropriate terms, "the death of our great fellow-citizen, Jefferson Davis, Ex-president of the Southern Confederacy." The City Hall will be draped in mourning, the municipal flags will tell the sad story to the sweet South wind, and the people of Charleston will join on Wednesday next in paying the homage of their hearts to the memory of him whom we mourn. The Confederate Survivors' Association of Charleston, with the co-operation of its sister societies, will hold a memorial meeting on Wednesday next; the city offices will be closed, there will be a general suspension of business, and for a few brief hours the veterans and citizens, the men and women of Charleston, will testify to the sorrow which they feel, and join in tribute to the memory of the invincible soldier, the illustrious statesman, the incorruptible patriot, the Christian gentleman, whose face is white with the light of eternity, and whose pure soul has passed beyond the veil.

In his recent address before the Confederate survivors in Chicago, General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, said: "Manhood and character must rest in self-respect. Without self-respect there is no character; without it there is no manhood. . . . If you wish to destroy the self-respect of the American youth, and with it sap the very foundation of his character, write no histories of the late war, build no monuments to your dead heroes, cherish no memories of the men and
the deeds that history will make immortal; do this and he will forget that his father was a soldier, and his mother a heroine during the long struggle." Continuing, General Gordon said:

"My fellow-countrymen, it was my fortune to participate in the most splendid pageant of modern times; it was the burial of Ulysses S. Grant, the greatest captain of the Northern armies. Who doubts that that splendid tribute to that dead hero had its effect upon the entire American youth, and built up the manhood of the boys who witnessed it? On the other hand, the celebration of the birthday of Robert E. Lee at the South also had this effect. Who doubts that every cannon shot fired in his memory, every bonfire that blazed along the Southern streets, every rocket that flew on fiery wings through the midnight air, every patriotic sentiment that was uttered by Southern tongue, every teardrop that stole down the cheek of Southern woman or Confederate soldier—who doubts that these were contributions to the self-respect and manhood and character of the Southern youth?"

As it is said of General Grant and General Lee, so may it be said with equal truth of Jefferson Davis. To forget him is to forget our own self-respect; to neglect to do honor to his memory is to discredit our own manhood. Every bell that shall be tolled in the South on Wednesday next, every patriotic speech that shall fall from Southern lips, every tear that shall course down the furrowed cheek of Confederate veteran, or dim the eye of Southern matron or maiden, every flower that shall exhale its incense about the bier of the great Confeder ate leader, will testify to the world that though we have passed through the storms of war and revolution, we have preserved our identity and our honor.

It has become an accepted phrase to speak of Mr.
Davis as "the man without a country." In a realistic sense this description was applicable to the great chieftain who has just passed away, but in the higher ideal sense it is far from accurate.

True, Mr. Davis for the last quarter-century of his life was the citizen of no country, professed allegiance to no government, was not concerned in the duties, or ambitious for the rewards which make the life of an ordinary man. He neither voted, nor was voted for. In the land of his birth he was as much apart from its politics and any share in its government as if he were a foreigner, and yet unlike a foreigner, there was no distant power to which he bore allegiance or which held him under the protecting aegis of its nationality.

Yet Mr. Davis was far from being a man without a country. His country was the Southern Confederacy. Though dead for all others, it lived for him. It was always with him. For him its glories and its sufferings could never die. The flush of its victories, the groans of its defeats renewed themselves perpetually within his mind. Its military leaders, its statesmen, its immortal armies, its patriotic people were with him ever-living realities, and the problems to be solved for their welfare and success, which had exercised his wisdom during the four years of his chieftaincy, furnished him food for study and reflection while life lasted.

The Southern Confederacy was the embodiment of the principles of liberty and the true theory of government, and of that government Mr. Davis was the chief and centre. Why should he step outside of the magic circle of that realm to become as a mere common man, a fighter for daily bread, in constant conflict with new conditions and new problems? Life is not to be measured by years alone, and the man who was the centre of the history of which Sumter, Manassas, Seven Pines,
Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, Shiloh, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Petersburg, and the feats of the Alabama, the Merrimac, the Tennessee, the Shenandoah, were but incidents, and who at the end of that brilliant career had suffered the martyrdom of imprisonment for two years, as the type of a whole people and nation—that man had lived out his life. Had his years been protracted even beyond the full measure that has been meted out to him, yet must they have been swallowed up by the four years of fire which had sublimated his spirit, and made him while in this world, yet not of this world.

No, Mr. Davis was not a man without a country. As he lay on his death-bed, resting peacefully with his head upon his arm like a child in slumber, we may well imagine that Lee and Jackson appeared to him, followed by a noble company of those who wore the gray; and that with such escort—the Starry Cross above—his spirit peacefully crossed the river, conscious that he was ready to give account to his Maker of the cause that had been entrusted to his keeping, and which short-sighted mortals dare to call "the Lost Cause."

Mr. Davis's services to the people of the South did not end with the dissolution of the Government of which he was the head. The closing years of his life were devoted to the defence of their honor, and of the principles for which they had waged unsuccessful war. He was never silent when their character or conduct or the integrity of their motives was publicly assailed. He spoke and wrote courageously in their behalf at all times, and never at any time uttered a word that could compromise them or their cause, or that could be construed into an expression of doubt, even, as to the justice and rightfulness of their contest for independence.

When the war ended, Mr. Davis was already an old
man. The cares and burdens and responsibilities of his position as President of the Confederacy had taxed his physical strength to the utmost. His prolonged confinement in prison seriously impaired his health, and when he was released, his hair had become silvery white, and he was little more than a shadow of his former self, save that his brave spirit was not quenched, and his intellect retained the force which had made him a leader among the greatest men of his country and time.

That spirit and intellect he devoted anew to the defense of his people, notwithstanding his advanced age, and when he had reached and passed the ordinary limit of useful life to most men—the limit of threescore years and ten—he entered upon the preparation of the great work which will stand for all time as the authoritative exposition of the Southern side of the controversy which culminated in the war between the States. Mr. Davis was seventy-three years of age when he published the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," a work comprising 1500 pages of print, and which bears on every page the evidence of the care and industry and ability of its distinguished author, as well as of the absorbing interest, which he felt in the labor that he had imposed on himself. It is the story of the Confederacy written by the President of the Confederacy, and it is of inestimable value to the people in whose behalf and for whose sake it was written. What Mr. Davis's work was intended to accomplish for the people of the Southern States is best stated in his own words at the conclusion of his book. He said:

"My first object in this work was to prove, by historical authority, that each of the States, as sovereign parties to the compact of Union, had the reserved power to secede from it whenever it should be found not to
answer the ends for which it was established. If this has been done, it follows that the war was, on the part of the United States Government, one of aggression and usurpation, and, on the part of the South, was for the defence of an inherent, unalienable right."

"My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people, in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that by their humanity to the wounded and captives, they proved themselves the worthy descendants of chivalric sires, and fit to be free; and that, in every case, as when our army invaded Pennsylvania, by their respect for private rights, their morality and observance of the laws of civilized war, they are entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind.

"In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise: I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong, and, now that it may not be again attempted, and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, 'Esto perpetua.'"

These were worthy purposes, and well were they performed. The last public work of the venerable and beloved Statesmen and Patriot was, if not the greatest of his works, the one which should render his memory especially dear, for all time, to the hearts of the people of the South which he loved so well, and for which he suffered so much and so long. His feeble hand was employed to the last in their defence. His strong, true
voice was lifted in their vindication until it was hushed in the silence of death. The history that he wrote should be in every home in the subjugated States, and should be the pride and study of every son and daughter of the South, to the remotest generation. By it they will be judged by posterity, and in its pages "the truth, the whole truth," will stand forever as their highest title to "the confidence and regard of man-kind." It is indeed at once an everlasting "rock of testimony" to the justice of their cause, to their courage and fortitude in the defence of that cause, and a noble and enduring monument to the memory of their great leader himself.

New Orleans Picayune.

This morning, soon after midnight, there passed out of this life one of the most notable men of the nineteenth century.

Jefferson Davis is dead; let the South mourn.

Let the South mourn for one who represented, more than any other, the cause for which a million of her most chivalrous sons drew their swords and joined battle with the most formidable of adversaries, their own countrymen, for rights and liberties that freemen must ever hold most dear.

Let the South mourn for one around whose name and deeds are crystallized the memory of the holy principles for which a hundred thousand of her sons poured out their blood and gave their lives.

Let the South mourn for one at whose summons her glorious daughters freely sent forth their husbands,
sons and lovers to do battle in the most woful war of modern times.

Far across the time that has grown into a quarter of a century and is hastening on to half a hundred years, we hear the sweet voices of our women tender and low, but brave and firm, as they said the last good-by and lavished kisses on the men they were sending away to war, havoc, disease, mutilation and death. Far across those years come to us the battle shout and the rattle and roar of guns, and the tramping of men in steady columns, and the galloping of horses, and the rushing of squadrons, and the shouting of the great captains, in the confusion and clangor of mighty combats. They carried, did those men, a flag which proclaimed to the world that a new nation had been added to earth's galaxy. O, how gloriously they bore it.

The aged man, feeble of body but strong of heart and vigorous of mind, who has just been numbered with the dead, was its chief, was the ruler of that nation.

Of the mighty captains and the great statesmen who gathered around him when he presided over the destinies of the South, but few survive. They passed away before him, as did the rulers and nearly all the great soldiers of the cause that he confronted so boldly and opposed so stoutly. Lincoln, Grant, McClellan and nearly all the great men who stood in council or in battle against him have gone before. Jefferson Davis, whom no defeat could crush, whom no adversity could overthrow, preserved to the last moment of his life the moral power, the intellectual wealth, and the firm courage that should have characterized the leader of the Southern cause, and through all the years that it was sought to load upon him the whole burden of the sins of his people, he never blenched nor faltered, but with the composure of a philosopher, the courage of a hero
and the faith of a Christian he stood to his principles and braced himself against the storm of persecution and obloquy. He has outlived his great and noble adversaries. He saw them pass away mourned by a nation and worthily wearing its honors. He can now afford to go, asking no honors, secure in the love of the people to whom he was faithful to the end.

We shall not attempt here a review of the character and achievements of one who yielded in devotion to principle and in love for his people, to no man whose name the annals of the century bear. As the leader of a people none knew better how to draw all hearts to him, and as a statesman we must judge him not by failure, but by his achievements under difficulties which beset his career as have befallen no other man in all history who essayed to lead a people to independence. Let some other moment demand his eulogy. To-day we are called to mourn the death of the foremost man of the Old South. Let us make our mourning worthily. Let our sorrow be as profound as were the love and enthusiasm with which we made him the first and only Chief Magistrate of the Southern nation. To-day we mourn for him. To-morrow we lift up our hearts for our country which survives, and for our principles.

During the war Jefferson Davis centered the abhorrence and hostility of the Northern people toward rebellion. Everywhere was heard, most heartily sung of all the stanzas in the "John Brown" hymn:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree
   As we go marching on."

And when the war was ended by the surrender of Lee, it afforded the greatest delight to read that Jeff Davis, the archrebel, had been captured by the cavalry under
Col. Pritchard, attired in a hoopskirt (for hoopskirts were then worn), a waterproof and a bonnet, trying to get away under the guise of a servant going to fetch water from a spring. This was caricatured, rhymed about, laughed at, everywhere. Since then we have learned that his disguise was nothing like so elaborate, —not much more than Mr. Lincoln's when he went to Washington for the first time. The capture occurred May 10, 1865, and Mr. Davis was made a prisoner in Fortress Monroe. In the spring of 1866 he was indicted for treason in the United States court for the district of Virginia sitting at Norfolk, and in May, 1867, he was bailed out, the first name on his bail bond being that of Horace Greeley. This was the best possible disposition of the case, and it did as much to further the restoration of allegiance to the Union as anything that was done or could have been done. There could have been no greater error, as we now see, than to have "made an example" of Mr. Davis, as the Northern people at that time longed to do.

Jefferson Davis was never brought to trial; and the case was ended by a nolle prosequi on the part of the United States government. Since his release he has visited England and France, but privately. He became president of a Memphis life insurance company; but since 1879 he has lived on the plantation of Beauvoir, Miss., bequeathed to him by Mrs. Dorsey, its previous owner. Some of his former slaves have become wealthier than he, but he has enjoyed a modest competence ever since. The action of Congress has contributed to emphasize his attitude of separation from the nation. In 1876, on Mr. Blaine's motion, he was excepted from a bill to remove the political disabilities imposed on those who took part in the rebellion. In 1879, in consequence of a speech by the late Zach
Chandler, he was excepted from a pension bill for Mexican veterans. Against these exceptions Mr. Davis has interposed no protest. It is but recently that Mr. Davis visited many parts of the South, making speeches and experiencing festal receptions, given to the hero of the Lost Cause. He never seized the opportunity to put himself really even with the progress of the age, but his speech was habitually reactionary.

Many lives of Jefferson Davis have been written; he has been the secondary subject of several books and of innumerable pamphlets. He himself has written an important work in two large volumes, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate States," which D. Appleton & Co. have published. It was not a pecuniary success, and he has had a standing quarrel with his publishers about it, but it is indispensable to students of our national history. Naturally it is a partial, biased, special-pleading history, but no other history of the time can have its peculiar merits.

To conclude, Jefferson Davis was an honorable and honest man; he possessed the virtues as well as the faults of his environment; he was courageous, chivalric, and sincere; a scholar, a soldier, and a statesmen, although in the latter sphere, which he moved in, he was below the level of greatness. His pride, arrogance, jealousy, vindictiveness, vainglory, narrowness, and incapacity to recognize the "new heavens and new earth" were as unmistakable as his virtues. We do not know that he has left another member of his family to mourn him except his daughter, Miss Winifred Davis.
In the death of Jefferson Davis there passes away one of the most important factors in the most momentous transaction that ever concerned this nation. As the leader on the Confederate side, much of the shaping, the conduct and the result of the civil war was due to him. He was an uncompromising Southern man for years before that strife began, an ardent advocate of State's rights, and he followed his convictions with a strength of intellect and an energy of purpose that were worthy of a better cause. He was in the wrong, and his cause failed. It was natural, perhaps, considering all the facts that led up to the war and his position as central figure in it, for him to hold to his convictions of what was truth, and when the conflict was over to refuse to swallow his bitterness. It was hard, it would seem, for him, in looking at the progress of this country for the last twenty-four years, not to see that had his ideas of right prevailed, we could never have been what we are now, to say nothing of the splendid promises of future greatness which lie before us under our beneficent laws. But he would not see that. He lived in the past, and dreamed, standing in the ashes of dead hopes, of greatness that could not be, because it had not truth and right for its foundation. It was natural, too, for him to ask no favor of the government. He considered himself outside of it. He lived among his friends in peace, and died mourned by thousands who fought for the principles he espoused, but who, unlike him, have come to believe that what is right must prevail, because God wills it.

Jefferson Davis was a potent example of a man of splendid intellect, strong will, great courage, and other
elements of high manhood, who deliberately went wrong and would not be put right. In estimating him it is unfair to let his whole career be colored by the events of four years of his life. For many years before the civil war he was one of the most commanding figures in the public eye. His services in the Mexican war any honorable man could have been proud of, and his intellect, his oratory, and his ability in handling public questions in the United States Senate, and as secretary of war, under Pierce, were recognized by his foes as well as honored by his friends. His career illustrates how great qualities in a man may be overshadowed and made to work harm, by blind self-will and strong prejudice which cannot brook opposition, but rush on to ruin. With him dies the strongest concentration in one man of that old spirit of bitterness to the government which could not forget failure. Happily, that spirit is fast dying out. Peace to the great misguided central figure of our cruel and bloody rebellion.

Nashville (Tenn.) American.

As we go to press the sad news comes that Jefferson Davis is dead. A man whose life and career was interwoven with the greatest and most stirring period of our national life thus passes to the judgment of history. The stormy and eventful public career closed with the great and bloody drama in which he was so conspicuous an actor, and left him, yet in the vigor of manhood and the fulness of his intellectual powers, stranded with the wreck of the cause for which he perilled his life and hopes. For twenty-five years he has lived in the
land which he had served with such bravery and devotion in field and Senate deprived of the dearest rights of the citizen, the object of love and hatred equally intense, hearing words of honor and loyal affection mingled with curses and calumny. That he carried with him into retirement bitter disappointments and blasted hopes no one can doubt; but that he bore them like a philosopher and a hero we may know by the serene old age to which he has been spared to live. The curses of his enemies will not be spared for the presence of death, but the tears of many thousands will fall hot and fast upon his grave. Neither those who curse nor those who weep will write the chapter which will give him his true place in history—a chapter, perhaps, which will not be written until long after the present generation has passed away.

Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

At an early hour yesterday morning Jefferson Davis, after a life tempestuous indeed, and full of great events, passed serenely to his final rest, while to-day in every princely hall and in every hamlet of the South clamor is hushed in the shadow of a great sorrow. The death scene as depicted in our dispatches was a noble one. He died surrounded by family and friends. During all his illness he never murmured, but, realizing from the first that his end was near, the brave old Christian hero faced Death with an unfaltering trust, just as he had faced him on the battlefield many a time before. It was a peaceful, beautiful death. His frail body was not cloven through and through with the darts which generally seek the golden cord; there was no feeble,
fluttering, painful hold on life as the vital forces relaxed their grasp, but as a snow-white sail far out at sea fades little by little out of sight, his great spirit passed into the upper sky.

Mr. Davis was born June 3, 1808, in southwest Kentucky, a section which gave birth to Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and other actors more or less distinguished in the great tragedy of our civil war. While in his infancy his father removed with him to Mississippi, and in his sixteenth year he was appointed by President Monroe a cadet at large to West Point, graduating in 1828. Seven years he served as an officer in the army on the northwestern frontier in the Black Hawk war, and in various expeditions against the Comanches, Pawnees, and other hostile Indian tribes. He resigned his commission June 30, 1835, having married the daughter of Zachary Taylor, afterwards president of the United States, and settled on his plantation in Mississippi where for eight years he lived in retirement, occupied chiefly with studies which fitted him for the large part he afterwards played in public affairs. He was a presidential elector on the Polk ticket in 1844; was elected to the lower house of congress in 1845, but having been elected colonel of the First Mississippi Rifles, joined his regiment at New Orleans and hastened across the Rio Grande to join General Taylor. He was actively engaged in the storming of Monterey in September, 1846, and greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Buena Vista the following February. He was, indeed, the hero of that historic field. Attacked by a force of Mexicans five times his own numbers, he threw his regiment into the shape of a V, thus presenting a smaller front. As the enemy charged down into this deadly opening, his brave riflemen closed in on them, piling the ground with the wounded and the dying.
Colonel Davis, though himself severely wounded, sat his horse and cheered on his men until victory crowned the unequal struggle.

From 1848 till the election of Franklin Pierce president, Mr. Davis served his state as United States senator, taking such active and leading rank in debate that John C. Calhoun predicted for him the brilliant career he has since followed. Appointed secretary of war by President Pierce, he set about the work of reorganization. His administration reinspired the army, and led up that department to the high standard which to-day makes it so honorable. His first work was to revise the army regulations, to introduce the light infantry tactics, the manufacture of rifled muskets and pistols and the use of the Minié-ball, the addition of new regiments to the army, the augmentation of sea-coast and frontier defences and the system of explorations for military and geographical purposes which finally led to the great Pacific railroad and binding the East to the West in common bonds. On retiring at the end of President Pierce's term he was again sent to the senate, serving until his State in January 1861 notified him officially that it had withdrawn from the Union. Since that eventful day his history has been an open book.

Though mankind may differ in its classifications of Mr. Davis with the great men of the earth, no one can deny that he possessed elements of real greatness. He was a pure, honest, self-sacrificing patriot, true to every obligation of duty and honor. So far from leading the secession movement, from his place in the senate he pleaded to the last for the Union, and the constitution—for peace and reconciliation. "From sire to son," said he, "has descended the love of Union in our hearts, as in our history are mingled the names of Concord and Camden, of Saratoga and Yorktown, of Bunker Hill
and New Orleans . . . the monuments of our common glory, and no Southern man would wish to see that monument reduced by one of the Northern names, that constitute the mass.” When his State seceded, he delivered a touching and tender valedictory to his Northern colleagues in the senate. Elected president of the Confederate States he called heaven to witness his earnest prayer to avert the catastrophe of civil war. “Since we cannot live together in peace, all we ask is that those who never held power over us shall not attempt our subjugation by arms.”

During the war President Davis’s state papers were models of vigorous statesmanship—they read like rifts from the English classics. It cannot be claimed that he committed no errors, but his undying devotion to country and to the cause he had espoused cannot be questioned by his bitterest foes—and no man who ever lived has been at once so loved and hated as Jefferson Davis.

Driven from Richmond to Danville, from Danville into North Carolina, and from North Carolina into Georgia, he was making his way to the trans-Mississippi when captured. He never for one moment wavered in the purpose to fight to the death, rather than submission. With the ruins of empire crumbling about him on every hand, he bore himself as no one of the world’s great heroes has ever done. In North Carolina, after the fall of Richmond, he said: “Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point to strike the enemy in detail, far from his base.” He declared it to be his purpose never to submit, and exhorted his countrymen “to meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts.”

History tells of Marius amid the ruins of Carthage,
of Belisarius in the streets of Constantinople, of Napoleon at St. Helena, but what nobler tribute was ever paid to a fallen chieftain than U. S. Surgeon Craven bestows in his Prison Life of Jefferson Davis?

Released from prison, the ex-President of the Confederacy was offered a lucrative partnership in return for his name alone in a mercantile firm in Liverpool. Though poor in purse and homeless, he yet rejected the proposition, as one which he could not conscientiously accept. "With clean hands and a pure heart he has faithfully executed all public trusts." No suspicion of personal dishonor has ever stained his record as a Christian, a man, a patriot.

"His eighty winters freeze with one rebuke,
All great self-seekers trampling on the right."

Purity of purpose, devotion to duty, a spotless record, sterling integrity, a manly, upright, Christian principle characterized his eventful life. Friend and foe alike are blinded now. The historian of the future will do justice by the name and fame of Jefferson Davis.

From the New York Herald.

The death of Jefferson Davis marks the departure of one who for nearly a generation has had only a historical interest to the American people. And it is as a historical figure, as far removed from the stern judgments of the hour as Bolingbroke or Pitt, that he will be viewed even by those who, under the cruel pressure of terrible events, were wont to regard him as the incarnation of treason and rapine. We have been so long accustomed to regard Mr. Davis as the embodiment of the Southern Confederacy, as the object of
extreme hatred by one class of our people and of extreme adulation by another, that it is difficult to assign him a true place among the rulers of men. A generation must pass and many hidden things become known before the tribunal of history will pass its final judgment upon his character and his career.

We know enough of the inner workings of that extraordinary movement which developed into civil war to know that Mr. Davis was not an original extreme secessionist, that he cherished Union hopes long after Yancey, Rhett, Toombs and their fiery associates had become enemies of the Republic.

His course recalls the reluctance with which Washington and Franklin accepted separation from Great Britain, and how they were driven into revolution by the fiery counsels of Jefferson and the Adamses.

In the Southern Confederacy as in the Revolution, when the time came for action Davis was selected because he represented the conservatism and character of the secession movement. The extreme secessionists supported Robert Toombs, and Confederate leaders have lamented that Toombs, with his passion and fury, his supposed Danton-like energy and animosities, was not at the head of the South rather than the military martinet Davis. They believed in a volcanic, chaotic, anarchical war—the South streaming over the North like the Huns over the Roman provinces. But the conservative counsels prevailed, and the reluctant secessionist Davis became the President of the Confederacy.

We question if the volcanic policy which Toombs favored would have helped the Confederacy. Historical criticism shows the fatuity of that whole secession movement, and the impossibility of ultimate success against the resolution and patience of the North. Mr.
Davis, however, did as much with his Confederacy as was possible. He maintained it as a political force for four years, standing by it with intense, unreasoning, stubborn devotion, never murmuring nor admitting defeat, proud to the end, the last of the Confederates to furl the Confederate flag, awed by no reverse, discouraged by no disaster, obstinate, gloomy, im- placable, taking the sternest responsibilities, offering no compromise, seeking none, never veiling his cause by apologies, nor until the hour of his death showing the least regret. We may give him the praise that history awards to Pitt for that statesman's resistance to Napoleon. Yet this praise brings its condemnation. If Pitt had shown true statesmanship, he would have come to terms with Bonaparte at Amiens and saved England many a day of sorrow and shame. And if Davis had had the highest political courage he would have seen that every soldier killed after Gettysburg and Vicksburg was sacrificed in a hopeless cause, and that then his Confederacy was doomed.

In the essential elements of statesmanship Davis will be judged as the rival and parallel of Lincoln. When the two men came face to face, as leaders of two mighty forces, bitter was Northern sorrow that Providence had given the South so ripe and rare a leader and the North an uncouth advocate from the woods. But it was not long before the North was to realize with gratitude the wisdom of Providence in so ordaining it. Lincoln steadily grew to his work. Flexible, patient, keen, resolute, far-seeing, with pathetic common sense and a strange power over the hearts of men, Lincoln led and fashioned his hosts, never advancing to recede, outmatching Davis at every point by his diplomacy, his knowledge of politics, his power to wait as well as his power to strike crushing blows. It is
painful to contrast this nimble, subtle genius, adapting itself to the mutations of every hour, with the cold mathematics of Davis, who managed politics upon the barren dogmas of Calhoun and conducted war like a tutor at West Point. The man who saw the skies above and the horizon about him was to overmaster the precise metaphysician who saw nothing but his tasks and lived in the traditions of an antecedent generation.

The later years of Mr. Davis have been marked by a spirit which grew impatient with advancing age. His invectives against the North were heard by those against whom they were directed with pity. We felt almost as if he were saying with Lear, "You do me wrong to take me out of the grave." They were truly the words of a foolish, fond old man, who could not outlive the remembrance of the fact that he was once the ruler of a people, the leader of a lost cause. He lived and died in the indulgent recognition of his countrymen. His Confederacy has gone into the limbo of dead political experiments. The knightly genius of Lee, the sombre fury of Jackson, the gallantry of Stuart, the narrow fanaticism of Sydney Johnston, the proud, unpausing valor of the hundreds of thousands who followed them to the supreme fate of war—all will live in song and story as an undying part of our history. And in this history no one will hold a more conspicuous place than the stern, implacable, resolute leader, whose cold, thin lips have closed forever in that beloved South which he served with passion if not with wisdom.
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The death of Jefferson Davis at the age of eighty-one is one of the most memorable events of a memorable year. A veteran in arms and statesmanship, it could not be said of him that he lagged superfluous on the public stage. It was well for him, and well for a re-united country, that the years of the chief organizer of secession should have been prolonged beyond the normal limit of threescore and ten. Had he died twenty, or even ten years ago, the embers of fratricidal passion might have been raked anew into baleful fires over his grave. As it is, there is no one to revile, and there are many to honor, or at all events to respect, his memory. He has outlived sectional enmity and personal detraction. He has lived long enough to see the political atmosphere purged of prejudice and rancor, and to forecast in the candid attitude of Northern contemporaries the sober and unbiassed judgment of posterity.

It was with a fine prescience of what was due to the nation's magnanimity, and to the ingrained honesty of the arch-rebel, that Horace Greeley set his hand to the bail bond that delivered Jefferson Davis from imprisonment, and from the jeopardy of a trial for high treason. Seldom has a gracious act provoked at the moment more reproach and indignation, and seldom has any been more fully sanctioned in the end by the softened heart and enlightened conscience of a people. Not only laws, but rightful estimates of principles and motives, are unasserted or unheeded amid the shock of arms. Many years of peace and of dispassionate retrospective have been required to convince the men who
fought and suffered for the Union, that in his disruptive view of the Constitution and the reserved rights of States, Jefferson Davis was entirely sincere, and powerfully fortified by teaching and example. The air, hot with hatred and dense with the smoke of battlefields, needed to be cooled and clarified before all of us could recognize that the ill-starred President of the Southern Confederacy did but carry to their foreseen conclusion doctrines not only formulated by John C. Calhoun, but avowed and advocated by such steady representatives of New England feeling as Timothy Pickering and Josiah Quincy. Mr. Davis lived long enough, however, to hear thoughtful men acknowledge that truth is verily a gem of many facets, and that he whose gaze is fastened on one of its aspects is not to be judged harshly because, to others, circumstances give another point of view. By no argument, but by the inexorable logic of events, were the upholders of the right of secession dislodged from their position. From the hour that the Louisiana purchase gave to the United States the Mississippi valley, it was written in the book of fate that their Union should be unbroken. Thomas Jefferson himself was blind to the consolidating purport of his great achievement, and for two generations no man at the South or at the North—not even Daniel Webster—deciphered the irrevocable decree of destiny.

In his conviction of the justice of the cause with which his name is inseparably associated Mr. Davis never wavered. In affirming the right of a State to resume its sovereignty he believed himself warranted by indisputable precedents and by sound reasoning, and in living up to the faith that was in him, he believed that he did his duty. To that faith he clung as firmly in his last hour as when, nearly thirty years ago, he went forth from the Senate of the United States
with a full appreciation of the significance of his solemn leave-taking. His powers of intellect were undimmed to the end, and their latest exercise was a vindication of the principles for which he had risked his life. It is only a few weeks since, from what we now know to have been his death-bed, he penned an impressive letter to be read at the commemoration of the tardy adoption of the Federal Constitution by North Carolina. In that letter, to which the date of its composition lends a pathetic interest, the grounds of fact and argument on which the right of secession was asserted are set forth with incomparable clearness and cogency, as if, on the eve of extinction, the writer's mind had summoned all its forces for an outgush of extraordinary fervor. From him came no accent of self-exculpation or self-reproach. Failure had brought sorrow, but no compunction. Amid irreparable disaster, Jefferson Davis was sustained by a serene consciousness that he had done a man's work according to his lights, and that while unable to command success, he had striven to deserve it. Even among those who looked upon him with least sympathy it was felt that this man bore defeat and humiliation in the high Roman fashion, and that of him and his loyalty to a lost cause it might be said, as of another majestic soul at Utica, that

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni,
(By the victor's side the Gods abide, but by the victim's, Cato.)
Mr. Jefferson Davis has been for twenty-four years the most conspicuous monument of a Republic's generosity. Educated at public expense at West Point, he headed a rebellion against the Nation, and yet was magnanimously permitted to retain the life he had forfeited. It cannot be said of him, as of many others, that he merely obeyed his State. On leaving the Senate he avowed that his own will was in full accord with the action of his State, and history must say of him, as that most philosophical historian of the Civil War, Comte de Paris, said in his first volume, "he was the soul of the rebellion" and "had been the soul of secession." Indisputably he had conspired and labored to bring about secession, and when the rebellion had gone down, when he had been captured in ignominious flight, and after brief detention was released without punishment, it was felt throughout the world that no other nation would have been equally magnanimous. But his nature was not capable of appreciating such generosity, and he persisted even to the end in representing himself as the suffering martyr of a lost but righteous cause. By such utterances he has constantly damaged the cause of his political friends, just as his conduct helped the Union to triumph over the rebellion.

There are not many now living who realize how much this reunited Nation actually owes to the incompetence and unfitness of Mr. Davis. In 1866 Henry S. Foote predicted in his history of the war: "Twenty years hence no one will be heard to deny that to the
direct and unwise interference in great military movements on the part of Mr. Davis are to be attributed nearly all the principal disasters of the war,” and he thereupon gave instances of “stupid blundering” by Mr. Davis, from a Confederate point of view. The practical knowledge of war which Mr. Davis possessed to one year’s service as Colonel in the Mexican War, and his conduct as President was such that E. A. Pollard, in his “Second Year of the War,” does not hesitate to ascribe most of its reverses to his “military pragmatism.” His harsh treatment of some efficient generals and gross favoritism for others caused constant weakness. The same writer says that Mr. Davis was a man “of the strongest prejudices, the harshest obstinacy, and the most ungovernable fondness for parasites.” To clothe such a person with the despotic power almost inseparable from the discharge of executive functions in a revolutionary struggle was to invite defeat.

These criticisms of Confederate writers seemed the angry words of partisanship when first published, but have been confirmed as the records on both sides have been uncovered. Yet they do not touch the greatest service of Mr. Davis to the Union. Fatal to the Confederacy, beyond everything else, was the financial incapacity of its Administration. No part of Mr. Davis’s experience had fitted him for financial success, and nobody will dispute the verdict of Mr. Pollard that he was “grossly incompetent on that subject.” He began with foolish predictions that England would recognize the Confederacy within sixty days, or that the Confederates would “carry the war where food for the sword and torch await our armies in the densely populated cities,” and in that state of mind naturally made no far-sighted provision for the future. Then he de-
liberately recommended in August, 1862, an unlimited issue of currency, and forced payment of Government obligations in such paper. No wonder the Confederacy practically became bankrupt within eighteen months, and from that time to the end was forced to fight at the point of starvation. What Mr. Pollard calls the "ignorant and wild financial policy" of Mr. Davis was in itself almost enough to insure defeat.

He had a rare faculty of selecting incompetent men as his subordinates. This was seen, not only in his choice of Mr. Memminger as Secretary of the Treasury, but in selections of other officials who were merely obsequious clerks, but in no way competent to advise or organize. Mr. Foote bears testimony that Mr. Davis was not only "responsible for the appointment of so large a proportion of incompetent public functionaries," but also for obstinately adhering to them when their incapacity had been proved. One of the most brilliant Southerners, Mr. Yancy, who died in 1863, "had long since ceased to entertain respect for Mr. Davis's abilities, either as the manager of difficult civic concerns or as the chief controller and director of military movements," Mr. Foote bears testimony. In no aspect, therefore, can Mr. Davis be considered entitled to the regard of the Southern people, unless it be a title to their gratitude that he did much to plunge them into a terrible struggle, and much to make it disastrous.

His conduct during the last twenty years has shown no higher qualities. Other Southern men have learned to instil loyalty and hearty love of country into the hearts of the people. Mr. Davis let no opportunity pass to fan the dying flames of sectional hatred and disloyalty. Surely it is permitted to hope that he represented only what was worst in the Southern character,
and that, as he departs from the stage, the narrow, dictatorial and vindictive spirit which he so sharply represented may also fade away.

From the New York World.

The death of Jefferson Davis ends a most remarkable chapter of history. It finishes the story of the most strenuous conflict that ever occurred in the world, the conflict which most vitally affected the future of the human race. The closing lines of that chapter could not be written while he lived. He was too predominantly identified with its events for that to be.

He was the intellectual leader of the movement which resulted in a war against the Union, undertaken in the sincere conviction of its necessity as a means of preserving the liberties which the Union represents.

He was the chosen chieftain of the new Republic which strove to establish itself, and whose adherents battled for its existence with a heroism the memory of which is everywhere cherished as one that does honor to the American character and name. Against him alone of all who participated in the war was the charge of treason brought. He alone was imprisoned. He was the only one who refused to renew his allegiance, and he died without accepting proffered amnesty. His attitude was thus made peculiar by circumstances and by his own choice. But it was peculiar also by reason of the exceptional way in which he was regarded by the public.

To the very last he was denied the generous consideration extended to all the other leaders of the Lost Cause. His acts and motives have never had the
charitable interpretation given to those of his associates.

All the other Southern leaders have been judged to be sincere men, though mistaken—men of patriotic purpose, misled by false teachings and erring only through misconception. He has had no such consideration except at the hands of a few original Abolitionists of uncompromisingly just minds. He sacrificed all for the cause he cherished, and he alone of all the South has borne the cross of martyrdom. Upon his shoulders fell the burden of the hate and animosity engendered by the civil war.

The other leaders have been held to have erred; he alone has been condemned as a wilful sinner. Now that he is dead it may perhaps be seen that he was in like case with all the rest, and that his memory is entitled to whatever judgment history may mete out to the others.

He was a man of commanding ability, spotless integrity, controlling conscience, and a temper so resolute that at times it approached obstinacy. In his opinions he was a doctrinaire who held inflexibly to certain fixed premises of thought and followed his logical deductions from them with relentless fidelity, withersoever the logic might lead. He was proud, sensitive and honorable in all his dealings and in every relation of life.

The key to his career is found in the two facts that he formed his convictions by the logical processes of the closet, and that he did what his convictions dictated with the unhesitating obedience of the soldier he was bred to be. The services which he rendered the country as a statesman in both branches of Congress in the ante-bellum days, as Secretary of War, and as a soldier of the Union in Mexico, entitle him to the
kindly remembrance of all who recognize ability and courage. His state papers will live in our archives as models.

He is dead in his eighty-second year. It remains for later generations than this to give the final judgment upon the deeds he did in the body.

_Frow the New York Press._

The man who was more responsible than any other one person for the greatest civil war in modern history has gone to meet his account before his Maker. Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, has entered that eternity into which so many thousands of his fellow-citizens were violently hurled during the rebellion, in which he was the most conspicuous figure.

A son of the old Southern social régime, Jefferson Davis was imbued from infancy with that spirit of aristocracy which the institution of slavery developed in the upper stratum of the white race of the South. Thomas Jefferson's purchase of a vast Southwestern territory from France had the effect of making the Southern planters of the first half of this century feel that there was plenty of room in their latitude for enormous plantations. The cheapness of slave labor encouraged this idea, and the sight of an army of slaves on each plantation caused the Southern white youths to grow up taking the numerousness and inferiority of the colored race as a matter of course. The white man, his wealth and his pleasures, were the end that justified any means, and the negroes were the most convenient means. Sooner or later it was to be
expected that this social spirit, prevailing universally among the intelligent and ruling classes of the South, should have an incarnation among public men. It was inevitable that in the fertile soil of free institutions it should produce a type, a man of force and intellect, fitted by heredity, training and ambition to attempt the task of applying it to government.

Jefferson Davis was this incarnation and type. A man of tremendous force of character, great intellectual acumen and power, and unlimited ambition, he was bred in a State where the schoolboy dreams of the triumphs of statesmanship in his trundle-bed and where the enthusiasm with which the old field school greets his declamation rings in his ears like a prophecy of "the applause of listening Senates."

A West Point cadet, a soldier and a Mississippi planter, controlling numerous slaves, the ideas "command" and "obey" became familiar to him. He absorbed from his cradle two controlling ideas: that he was to have a political career, and that command of the inferior by the superior was the natural order of things, essential to the stability of society. Add to these united forces an irrepressible conflict over a standing national crime, an era that brought to the front the men of intense and narrow convictions for the defense of that crime, the men of intellectual grasp and industry who could go to the very foundations in search of sophistry to help it, and Jefferson Davis' appearance in public life follows as effect follows cause. The men of broader moral sympathies, of unselfish devotion to ideals, were left in the background, while the persevering, pushing, scheming, aristocratic statesman made his way to the front.

It has been said that Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War, was really President of the United States when Franklin Pierce was ostensibly so. Certainly he de-
developed that kind of executive ability that is begotten of self-assertion. He deeply coveted the honor, and he was clear-headed enough to see the rising of the tide of Republicanism that threatened to end his party's dynasty for a generation. As a leader in the Democratic counsels he knew that aristocratic, pro-slavery sentiments controlled them. He knew that the Calhoun doctrine of nullification would appeal strongly to the sentimental side of the Southern people. He knew that there was inside the Union no future for the Democratic leaders of his extreme faith for many years to come. Blind to the moral sin of slavery, he underestimated the moral earnestness with which an attempt to build an independent nation with its foundations set in hell would be resisted by those whom patriotism would call to the preservation of the republic of the fathers. There was no concealment of the anticipations of bloodshed. The whole South looked for that. But slavery, like a reversal of Christianity, had accustomed its beneficiaries to the idea that the many were made to suffer for the honor and glory of the few; and to politicians educated in such a moral school bloodshed had few horrors if its results were favorable to them. As we have seen, this blindness caused its own defeat, since it underestimated the strength of the moral appeal which would be made in behalf of armed resistance to slavery. But the personal stake was light. Slave property would be taken away in a few years at best, and Southern land would be cheap, and the chance of personal glory was too splendid to be resisted by aristocratic ambition.

The time comes at last in the life of the man of commanding intellect who grows old with a conscience hardened to the resistance of original right impulses, when the outraged moral nature turns and curses him with intellectual blindness, until he pursues falsehood
and absurdity as earnestly as if it were truth. Jefferson Davis embodied not merely the aristocracy of slave
land, but the strange, the chimerical paradox expressed in his own words: "A perpetual union of the States, and the secession of the States from the Union so established." No fanaticism can approach that of the man who starts out by devotion to what he wants to believe. He ultimately believes it and all that it involves with a tenacity that only death can interrupt.

In the immediate presence of death the world may leave the question of Jefferson Davis' responsibility for this terrible civil war to be settled between him and his God. How much he was to blame for its duration, and for the sacrifice of so much more blood than need have been spilled, cannot be accurately determined now; perhaps never. Certain it was that he thought himself fitted by nature and education to dictate the movements of the Confederate armies at long range, and that he was constantly interfering with the movements and plans of trained soldiers like Lee and Johnston, discouraging them and aspiring to leadership that only a universal genius could have exercised more wisely than the men who were in the field and who naturally knew more of the situation and could act more promptly than he. The resources of patriotism for the preservation of the Union might have been called out sooner, the rebellion suppressed earlier and peace restored before 1865, at less cost in life and treasure, had Davis been less confident of his own supreme ability and importance. But his attitude toward his generals and toward the rebel Congress was that of self-sufficiency for every possible demand. He knew everything, was perfectly sure he was right, and consequently could and would learn nothing.

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