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REST AT LAST.

JEFFERSON DAVIS ENTOMBED AT NEW ORLEANS.

PARTICULARS OF THE SERVICES.

The eleventh day of December, 1889, will henceforth be a red letter day in the South, for it will hereafter be in history known as the day in which the body of Jefferson Davis, the eminent statesman, patriot and soldier was consigned to the tomb. Let the North attempt to ignore him as it may. "The one fact will always stand pre-eminent in the future annals of the American republic, the master and mistress of all republics, that Lee, Jackson and Davis all fought for, and, in truth, died for the fundamental principle of the republic—local self-government and States' rights; and that principle failed in the recent late war between the States because, unfortunately, slavery was the prime cause of its being asserted, and it will rise again in the future in some other guise and be triumphant; and when that day comes the name and fame of Jefferson Davis will be more than indicated.

The sun had hardly grown strong in the skies before the busy scenes of preparation for the obsequies of the great Southern leader began to be made. Military, civic, religious, and secular organizations from home and abroad commenced forming early, so that when the hour arrived for the moving of the funeral procession there would be no jar or friction.

Long before the hour set for the ceremonies, Lafayette Square and the vicinity of the City Hall, where the remains had lain in state since the day after his decease, were crowded with masses of people, all desirous of gazing once more upon the features of the beloved dead. Out of respect to this universal desire to see the very last possible of the Southern hero, the casket was allowed to remain unclosed until the latest possible moment.

It was only a few minutes before the hour for the burial service to begin, therefore, when all that was mortal of Jefferson Davis, was shut out for ever from human vision. The excessive warmth of the past few days had made to impress upon the decaying shell of that soul which had been created by the Maker he so much revered, to be a leader among his fellow creatures, yet the features and expressions remained very natural, and those who took a last look just before the casket closed will have only the memory with them through life of a great man, who after the fitful fever of a long and remarkable life, at last sleeps well.

As the time appointed for the funeral drew near the casket was conveyed from the large room in the city hall to a catafalque in the portico. Over the casket the folds of a Confederate battle flag were gracefully interwoven with handsome flowers—the beautiful emblems of the resurrection—and above them all was the sword which the warrior had worn in the Black Hawk and Mexican wars, where he gained fame and honor as a soldier, and a synonym of true American manhood. Around the coffin, ready to assist Bishop Gallaher, who conducted the funeral services, were a great number of the clergy of the church of which ex-President Davis was a member, immediately followed by a number of those of the various denominations.

The funeral procession at the hall was led by ten or twelve clergy, all wearing white surplices. Then came Bishop Gallaher, of Louisiana, and Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, each with their prayer books opened at the solemn and beautiful burial services of the Church, and immediately behind them came a detachment of the Louisiana Field Artillery bearing on their shoulders the casket.

At the moment that the casket was raised upon the shoulders of the artillery the signal was given that the services were about to begin, and the tolling of the bells all over the city announced the fact to the mourning public. The ser-

vices were conducted by Bishop Gallaher, according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church, and he was assisted by five clergymen of other denominations. Father Hubert, of the Roman Catholic Church, a devoted personal friend of Mr. Davis; Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, and about twenty others. A supplied choir of thirty-six voices grandly sang the anthem, "Though I Walk Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

The march to the grave began according to the following previously arranged order:

General John G. Lynn, Jr., grand marshal, and General John B. Gordon honorary grand marshal.

Detachments of city police; military escort, consisting of the troops of the First military district and visiting military; clergy attending physician and pallbearers in carriages; bier; guard of honor.

Family of deceased in carriages; Confederate veteran associations, local and visiting; Ladies' Confederate Monument Association and distinguished lady guests in carriages; Governor of Louisiana; members of the General Assembly and visiting Governors, Judges of the Supreme, District and Circuit Courts of Louisiana; State officials; foreign Consuls; officers of other States; Judges of the United States and District Courts; United States officials; officers of the army and navy of the United States; Mayor and city government of New Orleans; officials of other cities; Masonic bodies; Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Knights of Pythias; Knights of Honor and kindred organizations; faculty and students of Tulane University; Catholic Knights of America; British shipmasters and officers of vessels in the port of New Orleans civil, religious and benevolent associations and fire department of the city of New Orleans.

Mrs. Davis, her daughter (Mrs. Hayes) and about thirty relatives and connections of the distinguished deceased rode in carriages from the house of Mr. J. U. Payne, where Mr. Davis died, to the cemetery, but they did not leave their carriages, as both the bereaved wife and daughter, while inexpressibly gratified at the manifestation of love for the honored dead, were too completely overcome with grief to be able to face the gaze of the assembled multitude. The procession was an hour and a half passing a given point, and at least 50,000 must have participated. It was one of the grandest pageants ever seen in this country.

Among the pall bearers were eight Southern Governors, and many others of the most prominent men in the South, including Capt. Jacob Grey, commander of the Grand army of the Republic, Department of the Gulf.

The most impressive ceremonies of the entire day were at the cemetery. The military had paid their honors to the distinguished soldier, and had shown all the respect they could to his memory. The citizens had laid their tribute of admiration as a patriot and statesman at his feet, and they, too, had done what they could add to the impressiveness of the memorable occasion. All that was now to be done was in the name of the Holy Church to commit the mortal remains of the dead to his mother earth, in the hope of a blissful immortality. This was done in the most solemn manner by Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, who being from Mr. Davis' own State, concluded the service by St. Gallaher.

When the body reached the cemetery the troops were drawn up in proper order to receive it, and as the casket was lifted from the caisson they came promptly to "present arms." Then followed what was really the most beautiful incident of the entire day. After Bishop Thompson had read the ritual for the dead, the supplied choir of St. Paul's Church, about forty voices, sang "Rock of Ages," which was joined by all the Confederate veterans present, to the number of hundreds. Such a grand choir is seldom heard on earth, and it brought tears to thousands of eyes.

When this was over the final prayers of the funeral service were read and the assemblage was dismissed, but the closing scene of all was yet to come. The family of the distinguished deceased were to take a last farewell of their beloved dead. They alone descended into the section of the Army of Northern Virginia Association in Metarie Cemetery, where the coffin was borne on the shoulders of eight artillerymen.

There surrounded by those nearest and dearest to him the mortal remains of Jefferson Davis were laid to rest until it shall be determined where they shall at length be laid away until the judgment trumpet shall sound and the dead be raised.

HIS CHARITY.

How different Mr. Davis thought and spoke of the Northern soldiers from the manner in which they have, with few exceptions, treated him. When General Grant was dying the Boston *Globe* requested Mr. Davis to write a criticism of him for its columns. Here is Mr. Davis' letter in reply. It shows the kindly feeling with which he regard the Northern people:

"DEAR SIR:—Your request on behalf of the Boston *Globe* for me to prepare a criticism on General Grant's military career cannot be complied with, for the following reasons: First, General Grant is dying; second, though he invaded our country with a ruthless hand it was with open hand, and as far as I know he abetted neither arson nor pillage and has, since the war, I believe, shown no malignity to Confederates, either of the military or civil service. Therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and comfort of his body.

THE NEGRO IN KANSAS.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The American Citizen, the organ of the colored Republicans at Kansas City, is doing a good work in calling attention to "the duplicity and treachery of the great mass of white Republicans toward the negro, regardless of section or locality." A striking illustration is found in the scratching of Mr. Brown, the negro nominated by the Republicans at Topeka for county clerk. His nomination was conceded to the colored element of the party, which furnished 1,700 of the 4,280 Republican votes in the county. But at the election Brown received only 2,006 votes, which was but 40 per cent. of the Republican vote cast. He got the 1,700 negro votes and 306 of the 2,580 white Republican votes. Seven out of every eight white Republicans scratched Mr. Brown, saying "they would not vote for a nigger under any circumstances." And this occurred at the capital of the "banner Republican State."

OPPOSED TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A telegram from Jacksonville, Fla., says: "The Presbyterian synod of West Florida and Alabama has been in session at Pensacola for the past three days. A profound sensation was created by Dr. Shearer, President of Davidson College, N. C., in his address last night. The reverend gentleman proceeded to denounce the common school system of the country whose non-sectarianism prevented the education of the youth in the religion of their fathers. He advocated strongly the advisability of having children of Presbyterians educated in schools fostered by the church so that therein they might have religious training in consonance with the faith of their parents and moral training now denied to an appreciable extent in the government of educational institutions.

Clarke's Extract of Flax Cough Cure.

It is a sure cure for Whooping Cough. It stops the whoop, and permits the child to catch its breath. It is entirely harmless. Good for any cough of childhood or old age. It heals the bronchi and lungs, and stops the cough. For winter or bronchial cough, this syrup is the best ever discovered. Only one size, large bottle. Price \$1.00 at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

Clarke's Flax Soap makes the Skin smooth, soft and white. Price 25 cents.

CONDITION IN WARREN.

The condition of the people in many sections of North Carolina is deplorable. It has been produced by bad crops caused by the unusually wet year, and unless relief comes, and that speedily, many of the counties will be depopulated of their best labor, and there will be left on hand a parcel of women and children to starve, steal or become a tax upon the county. What is to be done? It is a condition and not a theory, that confronts us; take our county for an example, and it is not near so bad we learn as those farther east; many of the tenants, nearly all of them, have not made enough to pay their rent, even, not including guano and other advances. They will be stripped of every mouthful to go upon for another year. It is also true that many, very many, land owners will be in the same condition.

Now what does this portend? It means that hundreds and hundreds of people will starve, steal, go to the poorhouse or leave the county next year. If they go to the poorhouse their support falls upon the few—if they live by stealing, it means ruin to them as well as to those from whom they steal; if they leave the county it means wasted fields, deserted farms and less, far less, cotton, corn and tobacco than we now have. Worse still, the able bodied men are going off and leaving for us to support helpless women and children. There is now far too much idle land in Warren and we need a great many more good laborers than we now have. The thoughtless may abuse the negro and say "go!" but when they do go there will be not half as much produced in the county as there is now. To suddenly destroy or export your labor, it matters not what kind, means temporary ruin, at least. If there were not a negro in the county, we could not supply his place, for years at least. Where is it to come from? The trend of migration is westward and to the far South. It would be beneficial for our floating, idle labor to leave, but the labor of the county must be held here; we cannot do without it. If it leaves, the land owners, the professional men, the merchants and those who rent other people's land and work it with hired labor will be greatly injured, because the production will be reduced three-fourths. If the merchants who hold mortgages foreclose peremptorily, they destroy the man's ability to make a crop next year, and thus hurt themselves so much—it is ripping open the goose that laid the golden egg.

Never have we seen such a willingness on the part of the people to surrender their all—as a rule, they are willing to give up everything—but to do so ruins many of them. Who ever heard of a farmer assigning? They pick their flints and try as they can. If the business men of this country were in the same fix as most of the farmers and laborers, they would assign in twenty minutes and start again. Now, for humanity's sake, let the farmers and laborers have one more start; they are the bone and sinew of the land, its main stay. What would the merchants and lawyers and mechanics do, if it were not for the farmers, and what would these, in turn, do it were not for the laborer? Dreadful diseases may need heroic treatment. Our county is in a bad condition and many of the best tenants and laborers will be forced to leave here unless relief comes in some way. If they cannot leave they will be forced to steal a living, because they will have no other way of making it. As to the remedy for past failures there is none, but cannot all classes come together and devise some remedy for next year, by which our farming operations can be carried on and the people kept at home.—Warrenton Gazette.

THE SAME IN NORTHAMPTON.

We notice in the ROANOKE NEWS the mass meeting of the citizens of Halifax county, Dec. 3rd, in the interest of the distress and destitution which prevails among the citizens of that county, owing to the fearfully short crops. Over

1,000 present—resolutions were passed urging the Governor to call the Legislature together to authorize the county commissioners of the distressed counties to issue bonds to raise money to extend relief under such regulations and safeguards as would be deemed proper and prudent.

This is, as we said in a previous issue, wise and considerate, and we think the people of our county should take a similar step. There is great and fearful distress among our people, and something ought to be done—and something must be done.—Roanoke Patron.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

Portland (N. H.) Times.

The so-called prohibitory law originated in the State of Maine and that State first engrained prohibition upon its constitution. Immediately blackmailers, spies, spotters, private detectives and paid informers began to prey upon the people, and for more than 20 years they have swarmed all over that State. These infamous creatures with the hordes of cranks, tramps, sneaks and cheap professional politicians with which that State is cursed constitute the majority of its voters today.

The result is that more murders are committed in Maine each year than in any State in the Union having no greater population, and its newspapers and court reports are daily filled with the details of other crimes; while there are more than 1,500 liquor sellers doing business within its borders.

Hypocrisy is there cultivated as an accomplishment and taught as a profession necessary for success in life, and its great apostle and exemplar is this Nelson Dingley, Jr. While he loudly preaches temperance and morality in public, no man in that State knows better than he that the Republican party carries the elections there and elects him to Congress by means of blackmail levied through Republican State officials upon liquor sellers and criminals, by the votes of malefactors purchased by promise of official protection from punishment, by the proceeds of woman's virtue bought and sold, and by the wages of sin and debauchery in his own crime cursed city.

Everybody knows, what only hypocrites like Mr. Dingley deny, that all over the State of Maine, the hirelings of the Republican party go about collecting funds from liquor sellers to carry elections and purchase votes. Nobody knows better than Mr. Dingley that he who pays the assessment is protected in the business while he who does not pay goes to jail.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

New Orleans Cor. New York World.

A touching incident occurred in the death chamber upon the arrival of Milo Cooper, an aged and decrepit colored man who had been Mr. Davis' 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 at the kindly face before its disappearance in the grave. Upon his arrival this morning he was admitted to the death chamber, where he fell upon his knees and bursting into tears prayed fervently for his old master and for the welfare of those he had left behind him.

Extraordinary Bone Scratching.

Herbert Sperry, Tremont, Ill., had Erysipelas in both legs. Confined to the house six weeks. He says: "When I was able to get on my legs, I had an itching sensation that nearly ran me crazy. I scratched them raw to the bones. Tried everything without relief. I was tormented in this way for two years. I then found Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Skin Cure at the Drug Store, used it, and it has cured me sound and well."

Clarke's Flax Soap has no equal for Bath and Toilet. Skin Cure \$1.00. Soap 25 cents. For sale at W. M. Cohen's drugstore.

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM

MR. GRADY SPEAKS PLAIN WORDS TO A NORTHERN AUDIENCE.

On the 11th inst. a banquet was given in Boston at which Mr. Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, was a speaker. He spoke upon the race question in the South. We give some extracts:

I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from American soil. But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal political and civil rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility; each pledged against fusion; one for a century in servitude to the other and freed at last by a desolating war—the experiment sought by neither but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry two races in peace and honor to the end."

Describing the difficulty of the problem Mr. Grady declared that the people of the South wear it "in their hearts and brains by day and by night." He asked that it be conceded that the people of the South are as honest, as sensible and just as the people of the North, seeking earnestly to rightly solve the problem that touches them at every vital point.

"Now, Mr. President, can it be seriously maintained that we are terrorizing the people from whose willing hands comes every year \$1,000,000,000 of farm crops? Or have robbed a people who, twenty-five years from unwarred slavery, have amassed in one State \$20,000,000 of property? Or that we intend to oppress the people we are arming every day? Or deceive them, when we are educating them to the utmost limit of our ability? Or outlaw them when we work side by side with them? Or re-enslave them under legal forms, when for their benefit we have even imprudently narrowed the limit of felonies and mitigated the severity of law? My fellow countrymen, as you yourselves may sometimes have to appeal at the bar of human judgment for justice and for right, give to my people to night the fair and unanswerable conclusion of these incontestable facts."

"When will the black cast a free ballot?" Mr. Grady asked, quoting from the President's message, and he answered the question by saying that it will only be when the laborer anywhere casts a vote unbiassed by his boss. He declared that the white people of the South are banded not in race or sectional prejudice, but in a deep and abiding necessity. There is a vast ignorant and purchasable vote, the possible prey of the cunning and unscrupulous of both parties. Its credulity is imposed on, its passions inflamed, its cupidity tempted, its impulses misdirected, and even its superstition made to play its part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot box debauched. It is against such campaigns as this—the folly and the bitterness and the danger of which every Southern community has drunk deeply—that the white people of the South are banded together.

As to the freedom of suffrage in the South Mr. Grady said:—"Admitting the right of the whites to unite against this tremendous menace, we are challenged with the smallness of our vote. This has long been flippantly charged to be evidence and has now been solemnly and officially declared to be proof of political turpitude and baseness on our part. Let us see. Virginia—a State now under fierce assault for this alleged crime—cast in 1888 seventy five per cent of her vote. Massachusetts—the State in which I speak—sixty per cent of her vote. Was it suppression in Virginia and natural causes in Massachusetts? Last month Virginia cast sixty-nine per cent of her vote, and Massachusetts, fighting in every district, cast only forty-nine per cent. of hers. If Virginia is condemned because thirty-one per cent of her vote was silent, how shall this State escape in which fifty-one per cent was dumb?"