

THE DEAD PATRIOT.

LIVING IN STATE IN CITY HALL, NEW ORLEANS.

Crowds of Loving Friends Flock to Take a Last Look at the Dead Statesman—Numbers of Colored People Among the Throng.

NEW ORLEANS, December 7.—Three weeks ago, in the midst of a cold rain-storm on one of the dreariest mornings of the year, Jefferson Davis was carried on the steamer Leathers to the Payne mansion. Last night about 1.15 that was mortal of Jefferson Davis was carried on the Payne mansion to the city hall in a hearse. It was a weird and solemn scene.

At 10.55, hearing a low rumbling of wheels in the street, the afflicted widow of the great statesman took a last farewell of his ashes—once kiss was imprinted on the pale, cold lips, and then she turned sorrowfully away to the solitude of her own apartments. The door had scarcely closed behind her when the undertaker entered the main hall. The hearse and two carriages were waiting at the door. First, the magnificent floral offerings were transferred to the carriages, and then the casket was carried to the hearse by the following friends of the ex-president: E. H. Farrar, Judge C. E. Fenner, E. B. Krutzschmitt, J. E. Payne, R. W. Foster and James Richards. Officers John Ten and L. S. Zebesa served as police escort. The gentlemen named entered carriage, and the hearse moved slowly out of First street. The carriages dropping in wake, the full cortege, standing almost directly to the zenith, shed a soft yellowish light through the veil of misty clouds that were sweeping up the river, and drenching the foliage of the spreading magnolias on either side of the street. Great drops of the morning dew, and from points of the drooping leaves, and now and then dropped upon the clamped pavement as though tears, "grieving, it might inanimate e'er grieve," were dropping tears of sympathy as the sad little cortege passed.

The route taken was out First street to St. Charles, and down that street to the city hall, where the remains of Mr. Davis will lie in state until next Wednesday.

By the time the hearse reached the city hall, the council chamber and lobbies and corridors of the building were crowded with citizens. The council chamber was quickly cleared, and the way opened for the admission of the body.

The hall was heavily draped in black, which was relieved with red, white and blue of the Stars and Stripes. There were also rich floral decorations every where, beside crossed swords and other military devices. At the head of the hall hung a portrait of the dead chieftain, richly festooned with crape, through which sparkled incandescent sparks like tiny stars.

The catafalque was draped in plain black. The coffin was covered with black plush, edged with broad black braid. The handles alongsides consisted of a single square bar of silver on either side, and across each was a ball of gold. The top of the casket is covered with one sheet of heavy French plate glass which extends its entire length and rests on a thick copper lining. The interior of the casket is lined with white satin, and beneath it, upon the catafalque, is spread a thick Turkish rug of black hair.

The body was carried to the catafalque by the same gentlemen who placed it in the hearse.

The remains are now lying in state in the council chamber at the city hall. The coffin rests upon a catafalque and is devoid of much ornamentation. The casket has a silver plate upon which is the simple inscription, "Jefferson Davis at rest," with the date of death added.

Badges of the Confederate associations, the flag of the United States, and a bunch of wheat and a pair of crossed Spanish daggers as the plant is termed, fastened together with purple ribbon, are the only other ornaments.

The desks of the mayor and clerks had been covered over and turned into a platform which is the receptacle for the floral offerings.

The room is darkened and lit up by a cluster of electric lights, their brilliancy being dimmed by the sable drapery.

Soldiers in uniform stand guard, stacks of arms and cartridges fill the corners of the chamber, and all around the walls are rows of plants and shrubbery, forming a beautiful contrast.

Since early morning people have been pouring in to obtain a last look at the dead. No crowding is allowed, and visitors are fled through the room in regular column. All classes are represented in the procession by the bier. The number of colored people is marked.

The mourning is general, and every place of prominence in the city has put on black.

A noteworthy event this morning was a telegram sent by Mayor Shakespear to secretary of war Proctor officially notifying him of the death of ex-Secretary Davis and the date of the funeral.

Preferred Death to Disclosure.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., December 7.—August Schattnerberg, secretary of the school board, shot himself this morning at his residence on Reservoir avenue because of the discovery of crookedness in his accounts. Schattnerberg raised a bill of \$808.34 and drew the money. When the discovery was made last evening he refunded the money, but an investigation of his books was ordered, and he killed himself rather than face other crooked developments. Schattnerberg was a reckless poker player, and it is believed he has lost thousands of dollars of school money in bucking the tiger. Schattnerberg's death was instantaneous. He leaves a wife and several children.

A WOMAN'S LOYALTY.

Mourning in the Shadow of the Lincoln School Building.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 7.—There is at least one woman in this city, who worships the memory of the late Jefferson Davis, and who has the courage of her convictions. She lives at 235 Second street, Southeast, and her name is Mrs. Frederick Fairfax. The shutters are closed to-day, and if the bell-pull was only obscured by crape, it would be easy for an observant passer-by to imagine that death had visited some one whose residence had been within.

Draped from three windows of the upper story is a wide strip of black stuff, evidence of mourning of a high order. In the center of each of the window-sills just where the black is fastened, is a rosette. If the rosettes were also black, they would have excited less comment, but they are not black. Two of them, one at each end, are red-white, the one in the middle is white.

The lines and the manner of their arrangement, combine to form the colors of the dead Confederacy, and their display at this time, made it evident that some one was sorry because Jefferson Davis was no more.

To a Star reporter, who called upon the lady, she described herself as Washington born, and said she put mourning on her house because of the death of Jefferson Davis, whom she admired and loved.

The Star says: Mrs. Fairfax is the wife of Frederick Fairfax, said to be a gentleman of wealth. The city directory gives him no occupation. Mrs. Fairfax is the daughter of the late Lieutenant Cook of the United States Army, who died a great many years ago, leaving to his daughter the house in which she and her husband reside. Fairfax was not actively engaged in the Confederacy, but Mrs. Fairfax's relatives were all Confederates, so she said, this morning. It was suggested to her by one of the newspaper men who called on her this morning, that some one might try to tear the mourning emblem down, if any one entertains any such idea, she only needs to call on her.

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A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

Extract From Ex-Minister Jackson's Oration.

SAVANNAH, Ga., December 7.—Savannah is in mourning for the dead President. The Confederate monuments in the park and in the cemetery have been draped, and the military armories are being hung in black. The Confederate Veterans Association met to-day and arranged to send a tribute to New Orleans, Gen. Henry R. Jackson, ex-minister to Mexico, and who was a brother officer of Mr. Davis in the Mexican war, as vice-president of the association, delivered a brief address, in which he said:

"The occasion is not of an ordinary sorrow. In its own pathos it transcends all other historic sorrows. Even as the closing scene in the life of the illustrious dead it transcended in moral sublimity all preceding acts of the vicarious suffering for others for the dead as well as the living. It may have been natural for some to assimilate his position to be upon the bald rock, while hungry vultures perched upon his vitals, and yet how vast in reality the dissimilitude! No adamant chain encircles his limbs. He declined to wear fetters. No vultures preyed upon his vitals. He kept his conscience clean. Upon a rock indeed he stood, but it was that rock eternally fixed by God himself in the moral universe. No earthquake could shake him from it. As surely as the word of God is true, so surely and miraculously will Jefferson Davis be borne to come again to make them brighter by its own peculiar lustre."

FATAL FIRE IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, December 7.—A fire broke out at the river end of the national steamship Pier No. 39 north river about two o'clock this afternoon. The steamship Holland, which arrived this morning, was docked and the gang men were busy with the cargo. While they were thus working the foreman, Jno. Dunn, discovered fire among a number of bales of cotton near the end of the pier. About twenty-five men were at work near the spot. Some of them were engaged in putting out the flames, others fleeing to the street. Those who stayed behind were caught by the flames. The pier is practically destroyed, as it was on fire from end to end. Four dead bodies have been taken out of the ruins, and it is feared more are still there.

Dom Pedro Reaches Portugal.

LONDON, December 7.—The steamer Alagoas with ex-Empress Dom Pedro, of Brazil and party on board, and flying the old Brazilian flag, arrived in the Tagus at 10.15 o'clock this morning. She anchored off the Belem suburb of Lisbon, opposite the Lazareto, but was not compelled to undergo quarantine. Dom Pedro, the ex-Empress, Count and Countess D'Eu, son-in-law and daughter, respectively of the ex-Emperor, three sons of the Count and Countess, and Prince August, of State-Coburg, the other sons of Dom Pedro came ashore immediately.

Let the Ladies Speak.

Mr. Editor.—It is not seemly that women should hold public meetings to testify the sorrow that must to-day fill the heart and bring tears to the eyes of every true daughter of the South. I therefore call on my sisters of Asheville who yet cherish tender memories of the dark, but glorious days of the Southern Confederacy, to wear for thirty days, a badge of mourning consisting of a knot of white and black ribbon. White as emblematic of the stainless purity and unswerving integrity of our great chieftains, Jefferson Davis, Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Scott's Forgeries.

WASHINGTON, December 7.—[Special.]—Among other members whose notes for November salaries were forged by Scott were Cheatham, Ewart and Brower.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

Or, How the Clerk was Seen by the Proprietor.

A hotel clerk in this city had an experience which was very amusing to others. It seems that a tramp had made his headquarters in the office without the permission and knowledge of the powers that be. He would come in late at night when the clerk had gone to bed, take a comfortable arm chair, and doze and dream before the bright fire until daylight and the steps of the servants in the corridors roused him from his slumbers, and warned him that it was time for him to leave.

But he ran this little snap of his into the ground, and was caught by the clerk and ordered out of the house. He meekly went away, but returned the next night, went boldly into the office, marched up to the desk, and asked the clerk if he could sit by the fire a little while and warm himself. The claim that he had been a gentleman, had spent his money lavishly in prosperous times at that host, and had been unfortunate and lost his money, did not recommend itself as plausible to this obdurate clerk. The scene was closed with a base hit by the clerk, although the tramp made the home run, and slid into the home plate at the bottom of the steps.

It was midnight. The weary clerk had told the last man how late the train had been, and was sighing and sobbing in the extreme agonies of sleep. All was still, and the tramp, he too was still—there. He approached the door, tried the latch, then shook it so violently that the nodding porter woke suddenly for the first time in his life.

"What do you want?" queried he. "Let me in," replied our friend, the tramp. "No, sah! De boss dun tole yo' once dat yo' needn' come heah no mo'."

But the tramp continued to shake the door violently, so that the porter, having become as white in the face as he could, rushed to the room of the clerk and woke him up. Without stopping to dress, the latter rushed to the door. The man stared fixedly at him as if he had seen a ghost, then slowly backed away from the white object, which stood there with arm extended in threatening gesture. The clerk then rushed to the front door to see if the tramp was really gone. To his horror he saw the proprietor and his wife standing on the front steps. Overcome with shame and mortification, he flew into the office and crouched shivering behind the door. The late arrival on the scene of action stopped in the hall to listen to the porter's tale, and as they now and then stepped nearer to the door, the clerk huddled himself into a still smaller space and sent up fervent petitions. They had stayed in the hall about half an hour. The clerk could stand it no longer. With wild leaps he scudded across the floor, while the air was filled with the swish of drapery, as it flapped in its rapid motion, horrified shrieks, and peal upon peal of merry laughter.

TRAINS COLLIDE.

A Misplaced Switch Does the Mischief.

CHESTERTON, Ind., December 7.—The New York limited express, westbound over the Lake Shore and Michigan Railroad, was wrecked at Dane Park, a sand shipping station thirty-five miles east of Chicago, last evening at eight o'clock. The accident was caused by a misplaced switch, which threw the passenger train into an empty sand train standing on a side track.

The engineer reversed his engine and put on brakes, but as the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and the cars were but a few rods from the switch, he was unable to avoid a crash. The train consisted of one baggage car, two coaches, two sleepers and a chair car.

The locomotive was thrown across the main track and is totally wrecked. The three front cars were crushed to pieces. It is little less than a miracle that passengers escaped serious injury.

One railroad employe was fatally hurt, two others sustaining serious injury. Several passengers suffered bruises, but all escaped serious injury. The eastbound passenger train broke the switch, but passed over it safely, and on other train passed over the track until the west bound train came along.

Union Items.

UNION, S. C., December 6.—[Special.]—The grading of the Georgia, Carolina and Northern railroad is being pushed rapidly. Two sets of hands are being worked day and night. This road crosses the Spartanburg and Union near Fish Dam, in this county, a splendid location for a town. Several new stores have been opened and new buildings are going up.

The Cotton Seed Oil Company's buildings are being pushed rapidly, and in a few weeks will be in running order. Nearly all the machinery has been placed. The electric lights are now being placed in position.

Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Rawls, of Asheville, are visiting their old home again. C. M. G.

A New Copartnership.

We are pleased to learn that the very skillful photographic artists Mr. E. E. Brown and Mr. T. H. Lindsey have determined to unite their forces and combine in a firm as strong as artistic alliance can make it. Both of them are very superior artists, and their many excellent likenesses fully attest; and to them a very large public are indebted for those exquisite bits of Western North Carolina landscapes, of river side, water fall, mountain scenes, and whatever they have done to make vivid and lasting impressions upon the lovers of nature.

Mr. Lindsey will be found hereafter with Mr. Brown, and Mr. W. W. Smith will take charge of Mr. Lindsey's present rooms. A subsequent advertisement will more fully explain plans and relations.

VIRGINIA'S TRIBUTE.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE LEGISLATURE.

General Rosser Heads a Monument Fund With a Thousand Dollars—Hon. John W. Daniel to Deliver an Oration.

RICHMOND, Va., December 7.—The following was presented in the legislature to-day: "Resolved first, the house of delegates concurring. That the people of this Commonwealth having heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States of America, would respectfully submit the following: "Resolved first, the house of delegates concurring. That the people of this Commonwealth having heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States of America, would respectfully submit the following:

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ODDS AND ENDS.

Mr. Charles T. Rawls has been made the agent of the West Chester Fire Insurance Company. The words, "fire, room 80," "fire, room 102," etc., which appears on the register of a hotel so constantly, must call up very pleasant thoughts at the Swannanoa.

Capt. Troy obtained two and a half bushels of potatoes from the city's sidewalk garden on South Main street. Since "a public office is a public trust," the public must trust that the Captain will turn over these potatoes to the city treasury.

Shooting expeditions have returned from a shooting expedition. He said he shot 180 birds altogether and never quailed before the suspicious eye of his listener, when he mentioned the fact that he obtained one hundred of these birds in two hours.

Two doctors of this city were chatting together in a drug store, when one bewailed the fact that business was very dull. "Yes," said the other, "I warned the people of Asheville and stated what would be the result of having water works and a good sewerage system. It is too bad!" And the two companions strolled away to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowls, and wonder why the citizens of Asheville didn't protect their home industries.

He was a very small man, a wee, tiny man, and as he sailed up the street, one darkey gave vent to a chuckle that threatened to cause him pain. "Ha! ha! Say, boss, yo' dun know lots er owls. Dar's de swamp owl, an' de screech owl. He ar'n't neither dem. He's dat upland screech owl. A right smart puff ob wind would blow him off his perch. See him a gwine up de road. Whew! I'll dun hurt myself a laffin." "Deed I will. Dat er coat tail ob his dun go flippity flop and stick out behind him like a pair ob wings."

Officer Worsley was in THE CITIZEN office yesterday morning to get a copy of the paper. He says he intends to preserve that paper, and the letter of Jefferson Davis to the Fayetteville centennial, until his son, who is now a year old, is able to read, so that he too will reverence and honor, as his father does, the memory of the great and illustrious man whom the South has always been proud of, and whose death has shown that the North also honors and respects him, and in the universal mourning for his loss one more link has been added to the chain, which makes us one people and one nation.

"The old oaken bucket that hung in the well," where is it? Well! It isn't there. The sentimental have shed tears over it, sung of it in tender pathetic strains, and then gone home and berated their wives because there was one day's accumulation of dust on their glass. Yet what would that "old oaken bucket" be without the moss that grew on many years gradual deposit of soil, with its rusty hoops and green ooze? Alas! No one can drink from it any more. Its hoops (a spade must be called a spade) were found on North Main street yesterday morning, and like some other things one hears of, they will not hold water.

Residents were awakened on Friday night by several shots fired in quick succession. Windows were raised, and neighbor called to neighbor, asking what was the matter. It was about 1 o'clock and the trouble was a dog fight. Five bull dogs had been brought together about a half mile from the court house, and the colored population were out in force to see the fun. But our police are always on the alert, and officers Hunter, Collins and McDowell, started for the fracas with pistols loaded and belts well strapped. What a race it was! Now Hunter was leading, now Collins, and then McDowell would forge ahead. Over the ploughed fields and stubble they raced. Fences were vaulted, and their hats were left where they fell, such was their hurry. But when they got there the audience had fled, and the dogs were snarling and tearing each other in the greatest fury. A halt was made. The word was given and three shots rang out on the night air, and away scampered the dogs in search of the bullets, which almost hit the cat that was perched on the fence refereeing the fight. With what emotion each policeman turned to the other and said, "It would have been a pity to kill such fine dogs. I wouldn't have hurt them for anything." Which was the larger tale, that policeman's or the cat's? At any rate it might be labeled a dog gone tale, for that was the end of it.

Important Meeting.

We would direct special attention to the call in another column, signed by Mayor Blanton and President Powell of the Board of Trade, for a meeting on Monday night in the court house to consider two of the very important questions; first, that of the proposed new railroads; second, to invite the shoe manufacturers of Lynn, Massachusetts, who recently had their plants in that city destroyed by fire, to rebuild them in Asheville. These are certainly questions of sufficient importance to induce a large crowd, and we trust the court house will be filled.

Valuable Property Sale.

On the third page of our paper this morning will be found a large advertisement, showing plans of house, of very valuable property to be sold by W. B. Gwyn, trustee, on Tuesday next. A glance at the advertisement will suffice to show that you should attend the sale.

Storm in London.

LONDON, December 7.—A storm prevails here to-day.

ASHEVILLE'S SADNESS.

The Habitations of Mourning and the Comments Thereon.

Much feeling is manifested, especially by the old Confederate soldiers, at the death of their President. This is somewhat inexplicable to some of our friends who have immigrated to our hospitable sunny clime from the rigors of a Northern winter. "Why air," said one of these good gentlemen, "would you believe it, I saw an old gray headed countryman take that flag which floats from THE CITIZEN office, and hug and kiss it most fervently, and when I looked in his rough face, his eyes were filled with tears."

Yes indeed we believe it and understand the feeling, and we love you Northern men all the more because of your gentleness and sympathy with us in our distress which you respect even though you do not feel it yourselves. We do not expect you to look back upon the days of the lost cause with the sad hearts that we have, but we do expect you to stand silent and let us grieve, and this expectation has not been disappointed. Not an unkind word was heard from any Northern man as we mingled with the many who crowded our streets. One Southern man, who strange to say was a soldier, declined to put on a simple rosette, saying "none of you grieved for Garfield," which was a great mistake in the first place, and displayed a sad lack of Southern chivalry in the second.

Another Southern man, heaven forgive him, asked what means that crape on THE CITIZEN building. Jeff. Davis is dead, we replied. "Thank God," said he, and seemed disappointed that his beauteous words were received with contempt, and his name goes to the oblivion it deserves. Such men either Southern or Northern happily are few, and thank God they are becoming rapidly more scarce; may their names soon disappear from the earth.

Several of our business houses have followed the example which a kind providence allowed THE CITIZEN to set, and have indicated their respect for the great statesman and soldier by suitable streamers of mourning. Our next door neighbors and brethren, the Evening Journal and the Democrat promptly showed their colors; the First National bank had its door covered in most excellent taste with draperies of black and white, and its brethren, the Western Carolina and the National Bank of Asheville, hesitated not to express their sorrow. The Asheville club was festooned with black, with white rosettes, and the Athletic club of young men showed that their hearts were tender as the young should ever be. Of our merchants, the mourners are Messrs. Whitlock, Pelham, N. Labarre, Ristic Bros. & Wright and the Rocket Store, and we hope in our next we may add the names of many more. The city offices are tastefully and elaborately draped, and we wish we could say the same of the court house; perhaps the commissioners on Monday may order it done. The old Confederates are conspicuous by the modest rosettes, which in obedience to the suggestions of the meeting of last evening, they wear on the left lapel of their coat. Altogether we may safely assert that a feeling of genuine sadness pervades our community.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. Scruggs, of Bryson city, came up yesterday on a visit to Asheville.

Mr. D. S. Hilderbrand left yesterday for Philadelphia where he will attend the National Brick Manufacturers Convention.

Mr. Lucius Weaver, of Mayfield, Mo., is in the city, the guest of E. J. Aston. Mr. Weaver is a half brother of Mrs. Aston, and has not been in Buncombe for over thirty years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lyman returned last night. They have been abroad for the past summer and since their return to this country have been in New York and Baltimore. They will occupy their residence on Chestnut street.

Mr. Curtis, the editor of the Franklin Press was in the city yesterday, and favored us with a visit. Mr. C., though coming from Georgia to Franklin to take charge of the Press, is a native of Clay county; but along there, Georgia is a next door neighbor, and the people all as one. You can look over the line anywhere, so that "going to Georgia," means only a short horseback ride or a good morning's walk.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

Board of Commissioners of Transylvania Order an Election.

We were shown yesterday a letter received from Mr. Gash, the attorney for Transylvania county, from which we learn the following interesting information: The board of county commissioners for Transylvania county, at their meeting last Tuesday, voted to call an election for an appropriation to the French Broad Valley railroad. This call was conditional, the commissioners reserving the right to revoke the call at any time prior to the election should a better proposition be offered. Mr. Gash is of the opinion that if Buncombe county will vote a subscription to any road leading in their direction; that the county will join in a contribution of \$50,000 towards the same project. A good many of the citizens of the county are not favorable to the present call, and if Buncombe county decides to call an election for the A., A. & B. road, the commissioners will revoke the present order, and submit a proposition to join Buncombe.

Catholic Bishop Dead.

ALTOONA, Pa., December 7.—Bishop Twigg of this (Catholic) diocese, died this afternoon after a long illness.

SANTA CLAUS.

OUR REPORTER GIVES HIS FIRST BATCH OF ADVICE.

The Christmas holidays are almost upon us, and the Citizen would tell its readers where they can buy.

"Asheville is really putting on city airs," remarked a most observant and intelligent gentleman, in hearing of our reporter yesterday, and at the moment the speaker was standing in front of the handsome block of buildings, just now completed, of Messrs. Harkins and Starnes, on the south side of Patton avenue.

The scribe at once pricked up his ears, and entered in conversation, because it is only with "observant and intelligent gentleman" that he is ever willing to talk. This is a peculiarity now so well known, that no other kind of people ever approach him, but this variety is so numerous here that he finds his time quite freely occupied by improving himself through their most agreeable and beneficial communications.

As we began to say prior to this digression, the scene of the above remark was the handsome pavement of Moody's Artificial Stone, which affords delightful rest to weary soles, and tempts their owners to linger, and glance upward at the handsome buildings to which we have referred.

The time so occupied is most profitably spent, especially to one who can remember a few months back, and reflect upon the wonderful change, which energy, skill and public spirit combined, have produced; six months ago this was a vacant lot, of the most unattractive kind, and a receptacle for all sorts of rubbish. Now it is occupied by a solid block of three story buildings, the upper floors affording most handsome and comfortable quarters to the Young Men's Christian Association, and charming offices for some of our very best real estate and legal friends, while the lower city may be justly proud of.

"Why is it, oh! scribe that you do not tell the people of these beautiful things? quoth our friend, and forthwith the conscience smitten writer resolved to make some slight amends for past neglect, and to begin at once on his rounds like a good Samaritan, to advise Santa Claus, who is ever busy at this season, where he had best go, to find the endless variety of lovely things, that the dear old saint always requires at Christmas.

"KOPP AND LICHTENBERGER," was the first words that caught our eye, displayed on a handsome sign,