The Fairfield News and Herald.

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JEFF DAVIS AT MACON.

HE MAKES A TRIUMPHAL MARCH TO THE GEORGIA FAIR.

A Continued Ovation Along His Entire Journey--How He Was Received by the Staunch People of the Empire State--A Splendid Reception Throughout.

MACON, October 24.—Ex-President Davis, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, Miss Winnie Davis and Mrs. Hays, of Memphis, reached here this evening at 5 o'clock under the escort of the special committee that left here Sunday. From the time the car left Biloxi until it reached Macon the pathway was one streak of flowers. All along the line crowds of men, women and children flocked to the train to catch a glimpse of Mr. Davis, but he was too feeble to respond. Only at Americus did he appear on the platform and that was for a few minutes. A committee from there met the train at Smithville and prevailed on him to do this. The party was joined at Montgomery by the mayor and a large delegation of citizens when the party came on through to Macon. Long before the train arrived here the depot and area around it was packed with a dense crowd estimated at forty thousand. When the car rolled under the shed a yell went up that could be heard for miles. It was a long time before Mr. Davis and his party could be gotten off. The assistance of the police had to be called in. Then the difficulty was not lessened much. The presence of Mr. Davis in the carriage was the signal for a discharge of fire works all over the city. It was simultaneous and illuminated the whole town. The enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Along the lines blazed illuminated signs, such as "Welcome, Honored Chief!" and the like. Mr. Davis gave way to his sensations and wept. Frequently the march was interrupted on account of the crowd blockading the street, and it was fully an hour after the train stopped before he reached the home of Col. J. M. Johnson, where he will remain during his visit. In the large crowd that thronged the line of the march were many one-armed and one-legged veterans, gathered from various sections.

Mr. Davis is feeble, but from weakness caused by an unclosed wound received in the Mexican war. He makes his last journey to meet old Confederates, upon the understanding that nothing will be required of him to tax his strength. He will not be allowed to make speeches, however urgent the demand on him, nor can the people even shake his hand. All must be content to see him and have him among them. His spirit is willing, but his failing strength restrains him.

MACON, GA., October 25.—Rain began about noon to-day, and while it particularly effect what might be the Davis part of the programme kept a good many people from going to the park. Yet there was quite a large attendance and the result was the typical fair scenes. The streets of the city presented quite a lively appearance.

The Johnston mansion is, of course, the centre of attraction, as being the temporary home of the city's distinguished guests. All the members of the Davis party were pretty well fatigued by their long journey, and as a result there were no very early risers about Captain Johnston's home this morning. Mr. Davis remained quietly at the house all day, resting upon his bed or upon a lounge during most of the time.

Shortly before 11 o'clock the gentlemen who were to escort Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hays and Miss Winnie Davis to the park called at the Johnston house. The drive to the grounds was without particular event. The streets were quite full of people and at different places along the route there was considerable enthusiasm manifested. The band played "Dixie" as the carriages drove into the grounds, and there was a good deal of cheering by the crowds.

The carriages drove to the band stand, a short distance from the fair headquarters, and directly in front of the little cottage which has been furnished and appropriately decorated for a temporary home for Mr. Davis and the members of his party while on the grounds.

THE PRESENTATION TO MRS. DAVIS.

After more music from the band, President Northen introduced Colonel Tom Hardeman, who, with the eloquence for which he is so justly noted, introduced the ladies to the vast crowd, and then, on the part of Macon citizens, presented to Mrs. Davis a beautiful silver bowl.

MRS. DAVIS REPLIES.

At the conclusion of Colonel Hardeman's remarks, Mrs. Davis rose, and, in a few words, expressed her thanks for the remembrance and her gratification at the hearty reception.

President Northen then said that the State Fair association would feel bad if left out in these rejoicings, and introduced Vice-President Waddell, who turned to Mrs. Hays, and, on behalf of the association, presented her with a handsome diamond brooch. This concluded the exercises on the stand, and the various persons who had occupied seats there were introduced to Mrs. Davis and her daughters. The ladies were then taken to the little cottage, which has been placed at their disposal, where an informal reception was held. There was a great crush, everybody making an effort to be the first to greet the distinguished ladies. It took three policemen to keep the people from crowding in and completely filling the house. There was no red tape about the reception. As the people filed in they were introduced by President Northen, or some other of the prominent gentlemen, upon whom fell the pleasant duty of acting as escort to the guests of the day. For more than an hour the people crowded in the little house. Mrs. Davis and her daughters had a pleasant word for each, and the affair was a most delightful one. Miss Winnie was considerably fatigued by the season, and at its conclusion was carried back to Captain Johnston's. The other members of the party took lunch in the cottage. The lunch was an elaborate one. Among those present were Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hays, President Northern, Governor and Miss Gordon, Colonel R. C. Park, Superintendent Nisbett, Mrs. E. C. Greer and Miss Fannie Greer, Mrs. Wm. H. Ross, Mrs. Miller, of Columbus, Judge T. Nisbett, Mr. Hape, of Hapeville, and Mr. Bacon, of southwest Georgia, who was a classmate of Mr. Davis at West Point. It was about three o'clock when Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Hays left the grounds and returned to Crest Hill.

THE SOCIAL FEATURE.

After a quiet dinner, the lady members of the Davis family began to make ready for the Thalian Club German and reception, given in honor of Miss Winnie. This was the social event of the week, and a most delightful affair it was. The Volunteers' armory, at which the german was given, was elaborately decorated, and the scene was a beautiful one. Here were gathered the leading society people of Macon, and their guests from all parts of the South. Beautiful women, handsomely dressed, made the assemblage a brilliant one, one which was an honor to the occasion. Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie, were escorted to the armory by Captain Johnston. Mrs. Hays did not attend. The german was led by Mr. W. H. Felton, Jr. A pleasant incident was the presentation to Miss Winnie of a beautiful brooch, as a souvenir of the occasion. It was the gift of the Thalian Club, and the presentation was made by Major William Henry Ross, president of the club, in a few remarks. The dancing was kept up until after midnight.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

The fruit bowl presented to Mrs. Davis is one of the handsomest pieces of silverware ever manufactured. When the Macon committee first went to Beauvoir, some of the members were struck with the fact that while many beautiful gifts had been presented to Mr. Davis and Miss Winnie at different times, Mrs. Davis had not been the recipient of quite so much attention of this nature. They at once determined that Macon should be heard from, and the result was the order for this beautiful souvenir. The bowl, which is probably eight inches in diamter, rests upon a silver tray, upon which is inscribed the words:

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, from the citizens of Macon, October 15th, 1887.

The diamond brooch presented to Mrs. Hays is in the shape of a crescent, and contains thirteen diamonds. It is an exquisite specimen of the jeweler's art. It is the gift of the State Fair association through its directors, and Mr. Pearce Horn has been largely instrumental in its purchase. It cost about $200.

The Thalian Club's favor was a combination hair pin and brooch. It is a star and crescent, consisting of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, set in gold. It must have cost nearly $200.

MACON, GA., October 26.—At 2 o'clock to-day the old veterans drew up in line in front of the Lanier House, and marched to the Johnston mansion, where Jeff Davis is stopping during his stay in Macon, and from there he was escorted to the Fair grounds, where he made a brief speech and reviewed the remnant soldiers. In the course of his address, he said: "Friends and Brethren: I am like that flag, torn and tattered by storms and years. I love it for its own sake; I love it for yours; I love it as a memento of what your fathers did, and hoped that you would do. There are a great many things that I would like to say, but my physical condition will not admit of it. I wish my arms were large and long enough to embrace you all at once. God bless you."

At this juncture Governor Gordon arose amidst wildest enthusiasm and welcomed the ex-President to the State, and in behalf of the people of Macon.

Brief speeches were made by Senator Colquitt and others.

MACON, GA., October 27.—To-day was wet and sloppy. The city has been well filled, and every train brings in new arrivals. Mr. Davis and party were prevented from going to the park to-day and participating in the scenes and incidents of the day, on account of the weather. This was a great disappointment to the crowd, although every veteran saw him yesterday "at home." All wanted to see him again to-day, but it was not deemed prudent for him to leave the house.

Mr. Davis cannot attend the Athens fair; his physicians think it would seriously endanger his lif. Mrs. Hays and Miss Winnie have accepted the invitation tendered them by the Athenaeum of that city to attend a complimentary reception in their honor, and will leave Saturday morning for Athens. They will be the guests of Mrs. Howell Cobb. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will return home on that day.

The management of the Academy of Music tendered a complimentary performance to Mr. Davis and party, including Governor Gordon, Senator Colquit and other distinguished gentlemen. Mrs. Bowers in "Lady Audley's Secret" was the programme.

A Leaf from the Book of the Past.

BELMONT, May 27, 1871.—The long deferred wish has been accomplished. I have seen and conversed with President Davis. At last! Tears dim my eyes as I realize that a great desire has been attained. I am writing history for you, my children, and your mother tells you now of her interview with the man "whom she most delights to honor;" tells you of one President, Jefferson Davis, dearer, far dearer now, in the hour of defeat, than he was when Chief Magistrate of the Southern Confederacy.

How I sympathized with our fallen chieftain in his degradation when he was taken through the streets of Augusta guarded, no woman in that hour of peril daring to wave her handkerchief to him, or make sign of sympathy—an hour when men were so crushed by defeat that the close carriage passed by crowds who, with uplifted hats, dared not cheer for fear of sharing his fate. I could do nothing else for you, my President, and we did all we could. We named our boy for you—our black-eyed, curly-haired little boy whom we never dreamed of calling for our successful President. In his change of fortune we felt honored in thus connecting ourselves with him.

I read of his incarceration in Fortress Monroe; sighed, hoped and prayed for his release—taught my children never to omit the prayer of "I pray God for the release of President Davis," and I echoed Mrs. Downing's touching appeal when she begged that Johnson "would give to us Jeff Davis back again; release him for a Christmas present and thus accomplish what he never had done—the subjugation of the Southern women." When at length "hope deferred had made the heart sick," the glad tidings were flashed through the country, "Jeff Davis has been released." I thanked God and wept for joy, and Horace Greeley is one Yankee for whom I retain a warm place in my heart. Whatever the motive, I thank and honor him for that one action, which ennobled his life. I hope I may live to see and thank him for giving security for "our President."

A select committee of the New York Union League called a meeting to take action upon Mr. Greely's conduct. Replying to their letter he "dared them to expel him." He began his letter: "Gentlemen, I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging, or even fully apprehending me. You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I arraign you as narrow-minded blockheads. That was a bold letter.

I attended a club meeting at——on Thursday night. While conversing with Mr. Carter he quietly remarked that Mr. Davis was in Augusta. "What, President Davis?" I said, in tones of glad surprise. He told me "yes." "I will certainly go the city in the morning and take Jeff with me," I remarked. Later in the evening a group consisting of Mr. Carter and others were conversing. Others joined us, to whom I told the good news, and there was a ring of exultation and pride in my voice as I told them "Jeff Davis was in Augusta." Looking up I saw that one of our Northern guests was seated near me; but what cared I, as I remarked: "I am so anxious to see him—I do so honor and reverence his name." "Mr. Davis owes the estimation which the Southern people hold him in to his long imprisonment," remarked Mr. Carter. This piqued me. "You must admit that he paid a high price to gain this admiration," I replied. "Yes," he admitted, "but Jeff Davis ought to thank God for his being a prisoner. Had this not been the case he would have gone to his grave unhonored and unsung." "Why, Mr. Carter, I am astonished," I replied, "but I confess, I cannot argue coolly with you, I only know that his long imprisonment has endeared him to all true Southern women. Mr. Davis has faults, as who has not?"

Just then some one called Mr. Bruce to form a quadrille, and then I expostulated with Mr. Carter, who is a minister, for speaking in disparaging terms of Mr. Davis before a Yankee, and, in tones of bitterness I could not prevent, I remarked, "One might possibly imagine Mr. Davis as going to his grave unhonored and unsung by Southern people, when we see Confederate officers ignore the title which is their highest honor. Why, were I a man who had been in service, I should claim my rank, from a corporal to a major general, as the badge of distinction by which I should wish to be known by all men."

Alluding to my remark, "that Mr. Davis called the Southern women "the dear daughters of his people,'" Mr. Carter said, "That was so much like Mr. Davis."

"Why do you object to it?" said I, for by this time all the enthusiasm of my nature was aroused; "you are a minister; you speak of your congregation as your people, they are more yours than mine; just so, Mr. Davis alluded to the Southern people as his people; they are more his than yours, and I delight to love, to honor and reverence him. Mr. Davis is the only man living whom I should feel willing to kiss the hand of and feel honored in so doing."

I smiled as I realized how far my woman's love of hero worship, combined with my indignation, had carried me, and our conversation was changed by mutual consent, not until Mr. Carter had expressed a sufficiently high opinion of Mr. Davis to satisfy even my wish to do him homage.

Yesterday morning Turner rode into the city and Jeff and I drove in the buggy. We hoped to see Mr. Davis. The morning was beautiful, and as memories of the past—the Confederate past—thronged my mind, they were softened by the presence of beautiful nature. Jeff and I talked, and he sang snatches of little songs, and as we drove through the "Double Branches" we watched the fish as they glided by, and my heart had a singularly uplifted feeling and an ever present sense of the goodness of God.

Arriving in the city I read that President Davis would have a reception from twelve until two o'clock. Accompanied by Turner, Jeff and Mary Vason, we called at the Planters' Hotel. Colonel Snead met us at the door, and we waited a few moments until a party who had been introduced finished their conversation. "Is that President Davis?" I enquired, as I saw a gentleman bow to an introduction. "Yes, wouldn't you have known him by his picture?" "No," I replied, "he is much better looking—younger looking." Just then the President turned, and Colonel Snead introduced us. I shook hands with him, and for the moment forgot all else in the great content of an accomplished hope. Drawing my little boy to me I introduced him as "Jeff Davis Thomas." He took Jeff's hand in his, drew him closely to him and held there, with his arm around him, "I cannot tell you, madame, how highly I appreciate this compliment," said he. My heart warmed at his reception of Jeff, and I added, "You will understand how dear you are to the 'dear daughters of your people,' as you so gracefully term us, when I explain to you that our little boy was named for you the afternoon you passed through Augusta a prisoner. We could do nothing else to show our sympathy, and we honored ourselves in calling him for you." "My dear madame," he replied, "I appreciate the compliment so much the more." We continued the conversation a few moments longer, but during that time soul had met with soul and I think I understand his character better than I did before.

We withdrew to permit other introductions, and as I stood and contrasted his erect figure and graceful bearing with those who were presented to him, I was proud of "our President." He is so quietly elegant, so perfectly self-possessed; not handsome, but bearing about him that unmistakable air of a gentleman, without which, for me, the handsomest face would have no attraction. During our conversation Mr. Davis remarked to me that "he had great faith in the Southern women—that they would train their boys right," adding as he placed his hand upon Jeff's head, "it will all come out right. I may not live to see it, but it is not in the nature of God to allow the best people he ever made to remain permanently under the rule of the meanest." That remark gave me the key to understand why it has not for one moment occurred to me to render the homage of kissing his hand as I had the night before said I would be willing to do. President Davis was the courtly, elegant gentleman, but not perfect, as that remark indicated. I do not wonder after his treatment that he should talk so; but he is mistaken, we are not the best, nor are the Yankees the worst people God ever made.

As we bade him good bye, numbers continuing to call, he again expressed his appreciation of the compliment I had paid him, and alluded to the circumstance under which Jeff had been named, increasing the value of the compliment. Mr. Davis drew Jeff to him and kissed him, and also kissed Mary, who was elegantly dressed and looking beautifully. I shook hands with him and left hoping that this would not be the last opportunity I should have of seeing "our President." I have had no President since then, and until a Southern man, not a Radical, presides in the White House I will acknowledge none. The bone of contention, negro slavery, has been removed, and all may yet be well. Not long since the Pennsylvania Legislature donated a large sum of money for removing the Confederate dead in that State, and from my heart I thank them.

Among the distinguished men who called on Mr. Davis I observed Governor Jenkins who has just returned from Europe, General Lafayette McLaws, General Stovall, and General Harris with Dr. Dugas.

Editors Chronicle:

AUGUSTA, October 21, 1887.—The above was written sixteen years ago. My little boy is a man now. He does not know that I publish this, my interview with "our President," but he generally thinks "mamma knows best." Mr. Davis is an old gentleman now. I have never seen him since. Now, as then, I would render him homage. As in the long ago "I did all I could," so now I send this leaf from my journal, and with it invoke God's blessing upon the ex-President of the Confederate States.

MRS. J. J. THOMAS.

A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

The Annual Proclamation by the President--Thursday, the 24th Day of November Appointed.

WASHINGTON, October 25.—The following proclamation was issued late this afternoon:

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States: The goodness and mercy of God which have followed the American people during all the days of the past year claim their grateful recognition and humble acknowledgment. By His omnipotent power He has protected us from war and pestilence and from every national calamity. By His gracious favor the earth has yielded generous return to the labor of the husbandman, and every path of honest toil has led to comfort and contentment. By His loving-kindness the hearts of our people have been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor, and by His unerring guidance we have been directed in the way of national prosperity.

To the end th we may with one accord testify our gratitude for all these blessings, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land. On that day let all secular work and employment be suspended, and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all that he has done for us; while we humbly implore forgiveness of our sins and the continuance of His mercy.

Let families and kindred be reunited on that day, and let their hearts, filled with kindly cheer and affectionate reminiscence, be turned in thankfulness to the Source of all their pleasures and the Giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous, and in the midst of our worship and our happiness let us remember the poor, the needy and the unfortunate; and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence let us increase the number of those who, with grateful hearts, shall join in our thanksgiving.

In witness whereof I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto fixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1887, and of the Independence of the United States the 112th.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President: Thos. F. Bayard, Secretary of State.

The Origin of the Word "Boodle."

The word "boodle" has gone into the United States language. Eastern newspapers, even those of Boston, use it without quotation marks. We believe the word originally appeared in the Commercial Gazette in a report of the great American Express robbery in Cincinnati several years ago. One Sunday afternoon a one-horse wagon was driven up the office on Race street, a small iron traveling safe loaded on and taken across the river into Kentucky and rifled. Larry Hazen, the famous old detective, employed by the Express Company to work up the case, and he succeeded in recovering most of the money. When met by a reporter at the police station after the lucky capture Hazen threw up his hands in happy mood and exclaimed. "We've got the "boodle!" The word was afterwards used to denote money used for dishonest purposes in local politics, and disreputable politicians in the city and State came to be known as "boodlers" and their party as the "boodle party." The word spread in usage and is now common throughout the country.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Ready to Knife Each Other.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 25.—The jealousies which have existed between Governor Foraker and Senator Sherman, growing out of the aspirations of each to a place on the National Republican ticket, bid fair now to break out in open hostility. Nothing but policy on the part of each will prevent it. Each is conscious of the other's power to crush the hopes of both, if he so desires, and each knows how desperate the other is. The adoption of the resolution endorsing Mr. Sherman as Ohio's choice for the Presidency, which was done by the Republican State Convention at Toledo, and to which the Foraker men gracefully submitted, instead of ending a quarrel between party leaders, was really the entering wedge which threatens to badly split the Republican forces in this campaign.

The election of Foraker and the loss to the Republicans of the State Legislature would rid Mr. Foraker of Mr. Sherman as a rival for a place on the national ticket. That is easy to see. It would give the young Governor special prominence and deprive the Senator of that lever he relies so much upon to raise himself into notice—a legislative resolution from his own State. The State Committee is a Foraker committee decidedly. Its chairman is the Governor's appointee as Railroad Commissioner, and its chief secretary his appointee as State Librarian. It is natural, therefore, that this committee should manage things in the interest of Mr. Foraker.

In his speech at Delfontaine last week Senator Sherman laid special emphasis on the statement that the main object in this campaign was the election of a Republican General Assembly. This ignoring of Mr. Foraker resulted in a conclave here of leading Foraker and Sherman men, the result of which seems to be that the State Republican Committee is paying a little more attention to the General Assembly elections and devoting its time less exclusively to the election of Mr. Foraker.

A Sad Case of Poisoning

Is that of any man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver, resulting in poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, sick-headaches, and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart. These troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this result speedily and effectually nothing has proved itself so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has never failed to do the work claimed for it, and never will.

J. E. PHYSIOC's Merchant Tailor Establishment, Columbia, S. C., is in full blast. Only a look will convince any one. All that want a first-class fitting suit try him. A full line of the best goods on hand.

IN HOMAGE OF THE HERO LEE.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MONUMENT AT RICHMOND.

A Pageant and a Celebration Worthy of the Great Chieftain in Whose Honor they were Made--Wade Hampton Marshal of the Day.

RICHMOND, VA., October 27.—In spite of the rainy weather the city this morning soon showed sign of interest in the coming ceremonies, the crowd being the largest seen here in a great many years. At a very early hour the sound of drum and bugle noted the preparations for the grand parade. Before 10 o'clock the rain had temporarily ceased, but the clouds remained unbroken and threatening. People, however, seemed not to notice this, but had apparently made up their minds to carry out the programme of the day in all its details, "rain or shine."

The visiting military force consists of two corps of cadets, one from the Virginia Military Institute and the other from the Blacksburg Agricultural and Mechanical College, two regiments of Virginia infantry, three companies of cavalry, four companies of artillery, two companies of infantry from North Carolina and one from Maryland. Besides these there are several camps of Confederate veterans from different parts of the State and six hundred veterans of the Maryland Line. The latter arrived here this morning and their appearance on the street, with the Marine Band of Washington at the head of the line, created considerable interest, and they were everywhere greeted with enthusiasm.

Four professors and fifty-five students arrived this morning from the Washington and Lee University. General R. E. Lee was at the time of his death president of the institution and was succeeded by his son, General G. W. Custis Lee, who is now president. Owing to the recent illness of the latter he was unable to participate in to-day's ceremonies, but his brothers, General W. H. F. Lee (popularly known as Roony Lee) and Captain Robert E. Lee, are here. The only other immediate members of the family are two daughters, who are at present in Europe.

At a few minutes before 11 o'clock, everything being in readiness, the procession began to move.

At the head of the line, after detachments of mounted police, came the chief marshal of the day, General Wade Hampton, riding side by side with Governor Fitzhugh Lee, both superbly mounted. Then followed the Governor's staff, in brilliant uniform, and the assistant marshals. Next in successive order came the Virginia Confederate veteran camps, the veterans of the Maryland Line, the volunteer infantry of Virginia and North Carolina, the artillery and then all the various civic organizations, embracing the Grand Lodge of Virginia Masons, two commanderies of Knights Templars, Blue Lodge Masons, Druids, Elks, Junior Order of American Mechanics, Odd Fellows and other societies in regalia.

The whole made such a display as has never been seen in Richmond. Dense crowds packed the sidewalks along the whole route of march, and the populace gave vent to their enthusiasm in almost incessant cheers to be but increased as some favorite or famed organization passed by.

The procession was nearly an hour passing a given point, the Richmond fire department, with all its apparatus, bringing up the rear. Windows and every other available elevated place along the line of march were filled with people, mainly ladies, who cheered the wet processionists by waving hats and handkerchiefs, and expressed their pleasure in various other ways. The scene as the head of the column marched into the monument grounds was (despite the drizzle) very inspiring.

General Wade Hampton and Governor Lee rode in front, side by side, as lovingly as when in other days they commanded the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The statue of Fame crowning Lee at the entrance of the grounds was surrounded by about one hundred veteran inmates of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and as the head of the line approached they unveiled the statue and fired a salute. This statue is a plaster cast of colossal size, an imitation granite base, designed and constructed by John A. Elden and W. L. Sheppard, two of Richmond's best known artists, and is a decided feature of the many designs and decorations to be seen throughout the city. The enthusiasm of the veterans of the Lee Camp Home was touching to witness, as they recognized so many of their old leaders and comrades in line and greeted them with an old-time Confederate yell, which, if not as strong as in former days, was at least as hearty and sincere.

The grand stand, to which admission was had only by tickets of invitation, was soon filled, while many thousands stood in the mud and rain in as close proximity as possible.

The Marine Band of Washington played "Dixie," "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other popular airs, while the veterans, the Grand Lodge of Masons and other organizations took the places assigned them.

Despite the constant drizzle, which soon increased to a hard rain, people held their places with amazing patience. A veteran voiced the sentiments of all when he said: "We used to follow Marse Bob in much worse weather than this, and surely we can cheerfully stand this to do him honor."

Governor Lee called the vast assemblage to order, and introduced the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, who offered a fervent and appropriate prayer, in which he thanked God for the life and example of R. E. Lee, and prayed that his old soldiers and the rising generations might imitate his many virtues.

The Grand Lodge of Virginia Masons, the Most Worshipful Grand Master, W. F. Drinkard, presiding, took charge of the corner-stone and, in "due and ancient form" and with the imposing rites of the Order, proceeded to lay it.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies Governor Lee, in the name of the Lee Monument Association, received the work from the hands of the Grand Master, and expressed the hope that the monument might "be as enduring as the reputation of the soldier whose memory it commemorates."

At this juncture the rain became so heavy that the Governor, after consultation with others, announced that further exercises would be suspended, and that the poem and oration would be delivered to-night in the hall of the House of Delegates.

The crowd even then seemed reluctant to disperse, but finally sought shelter in the best of humor, many proceeding to the State Fair grounds to spend the remainder of the day.

Among the many ex-Confederates present, who were frequently greeted with cheers and applause as they were recognized by the crowd, were: General W. H. F. Lee and Captain Henry Lee, sons of the dead chieftain, Generals Wade Hampton, Joseph E. Johnston, Jubal A. Early, Daniel Ruggles, J. D. Imboden, Bradley T. Johnson, Wm. McComb, R. L. Page, George S. Stuart, L. S. Lomax, Robert Ransom, Mat Ransom, Egbert Hunton, C. M. Wilcox, W. D. Taliaferro, ex-Governor William Cameron, United States Senator John W. Daniels, also Colonel Charles Marshall, of General R. E. Lee's staff, and many others of lesser rank, but equally well known and revered by the people of the South.

THE EVENING CELEBRATION.

The evening ceremonies were held in the hall of the House of Delegates, the spacious room being filled to its utmost capacity.

Governor Lee introduced General Jubal A. Early, to preside over the meeting. General Early was received with great enthusiasm. After a brief acknowledgment, he introduced Captain Wm. Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, who paid a glowing tribute to the late Captain James Barron Hope, the gifted author of the poem which he was about to read. He then proceeded with the reading.

Captain McCabe's recitation of the poem was masterly in its manner and was frequently interrupted with rapturous applause.

General Early next introduced Colonel Charles Marshall, military secretary of General R. E. Lee, who delivered the oration of the day, which was an able and eloquent review of the character and career of the beloved Southern chieftain.

At the conclusion of Colonel Marshall's oration, the reading of which occupied over an hour and a half, Wade Hampton was called upon and responded in a few remarks, in the course of which he said that he regarded Lee as even a greater man than Washington, and spoke of the great veneration which the people of South Carolina had for the dead Confederate chieftain.

General Early then closed the proceedings with appropriate remarks, and the gathering dispersed, and thus ended a day which will ever be memorable in the history of Richmond.

THE GREATEST EXHIBIT.

Mr. Grady's Blushes Called Out--How He Was Once Dumfounded.

(From the Athens Banner.)

We have frequently been asked what is the greatest exhibit on the grounds? The answer unhesitatingly is "Henry Grady." It is Grady who planned the Piedmont Exposition; Grady who advertised it; Grady, seconded by Senator Colquitt, who secured the attendance of the President, and Grady who got the whole State wild on the subject.

A prominent Athens gentleman said to Grady on the grounds, just as we were finishing dinner, "Grady, I have often heard of a man being worth his weight in gold, but you are worth your weight in diamonds to Atlanta." Grady smiled and blushed, and started to retreat, but returned and related a funny experience at the grounds the night before.

"I was sitting with my family," said he, "watching the display of fire works, and to my astonishment the flames threw out pictures of Governor Gordon and myself. The compliment was appreciated by my friends, and even after Governor Gordon's picture burned out mine remained. Finally, my left eye dropped out, my nose fizzed away, and my chin melted. I watched my own dissolution with curious feelings, and, mortifying to relate, when the whole face and head had been extinguished, my mouth remained a flaming brand of fire. The crowd cheered, and for once in my life I was silent."

The Crops of the Year.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture has been handed to the printer, and we are permitted to take the following extracts from the report regarding the yield of the principal crops of the State:

The yield of cotton is estimated at 605,114 bales, an increase over last year's crop of 75,114 bales. The yield of corn is estimated at 17,490,690 bushels, an increase of 3,565,522 bushels. The yield of rice is 67,782,926 pounds, a decrease of 1,843,092 pounds. The yield of wheat is 1,121,442 bushels, a decrease of 39,655 bushels. The yield of oats is 4,001,075 bushels, an increase of 300,313 bushels. The yield of sugar cane is 299,706 gallons, a decrease of 59,901 gallons. The yield of sorghum is 648,685 gallons, a decrease of 6,670 gallons. The yield of tobacco is 333,623 pounds, a decrease of 131,686 pounds. The yield of peas is 795,310 bushels, an increase of 13,424 bushels. The yield of sweet potatoes is 3,197,791 bushels, a decrease of 752,548 bushels. The yield of Irish potatoes is 571,329 bushels, a decrease of 100,203 bushels. It is estimated that the yield of hay, pearing hay and corn fodder is 306,240 tons, or 12,258 tons in excess of last year. The value of farm supplies purchased during the year is estimated at the same as the amount purchased last year—$5,000,000.

The aggregate value of the principal crops produced the present year is estimated at $46,988,000, which exceeds the value of agricultural productions as returned at the tenth census by about $5,000,000, and that of last year by about $3,000,000.

What American Grain Crops Do.

It is a curious illustration of the growing community of interest between the peoples of the world and of the far-reaching influence that may follow an act done in one part of the earth that the competition of Western grain and provisions with English grain and provisions in English markets has, in the last twelve years, impaired the value of English farms 30 per cent. This is the estimate made by Lord Derby at the recent annual dinner of the Manchester, Liverpool and North Lancashire Agricultural Society. "It is impossible," he said, "to speak too strongly of the losses which have been incurred in connection with land. I believe a depreciation of 30 per cent. would fairly represent the change that has taken place." This is the average for the whole country—a loss of nearly one-third in the value of the farm property of England. In many cases values have been so nearly destroyed that farms are unsalable and unrentable; no one will pay a rent for the privilege of raising crops on them which must be sold at a positive loss. Farming is reduced to an exact art in England. It costs $1 a bushel to raise wheat and if, after it is raised, it has to be put on the nearest market side by side with Minnesota or Missouri wheat, which is sold for $1 a bushel, the English farmer has had his year's work for nothing. The civilized countries are suffering from the very agencies of civilization—for the peasant cultivators of France and Italy are worse off than the English farmers. —New York Times.

Everybody can detect an error, but not a lie.

TALMAGE ON ANIMOSITY.

He Tells His Hearers to Exercise Unlimited Forgiveness—Man, Whose Last Plea is for Mercy for Himself, Should Grant it to His Neighbors.

"Harness your forgiveness to the sunset! If you don't forgive your enemies you won't come near enough to the harbor of Heaven to see the lightship," said Dr. Talmage, addressing some 5,000 people in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday morning.

"Oh, let not the sun go down on your wrath," he continued. "Don't wait till 6.05 this evening, when the sun sets to forgive, but do it at the meridian. Very many people are troubled with insomnia. Few can sleep peacefully from 10 at night till 6 the next morning. I'll give you an unfailing recipe for wakefulness. Think over all the wrongs that have been done you by people, then write a long letter about it; take out of their pigeon holes all the mean things you know about your enemies, then go to sleep if you can; lie on your back and you'll have a nightmare.

"My friends, it is best to put a bound on your animosities. Will you let the man who robbed you come and bend over your pillow? Why not fence him off with the golden bars of sunset? Why let these thoughts disturb your slumbers? The fact is there are thousands of men and women who let their thoughts destroy their physical health. Many a man carries beneath his vest a gnawing animosity. There are hundreds of thousands of families where there is the greatest need of a spirit of forgiveness. By the memory of your father's and mother's grave be reconciled."

Dr. Talmage related a case of faith cure that he witnessed in England, where the use of a woman's arm, that had been useless for years, was restored to her in presence of a number of people. "Since then," said he, "I believe God can do anything. If a man is ever so crooked with hate for a fellow being, God can straighten him out. Lay hold of Almighty God and he'll help you. History tells of a man who hated his father so much that he burned his body after he died, then took the ashes and put them in sacks and tied half the sacks to eagles that flew east, and half to others that flew west,

"Another reason why we should forgive," said the preacher, "is that we may not live to see another day. Most people die between 11 at night and 3 in the morning. Something in the atmosphere seems to relax the body from the soul at that time. They are apt to go out during the darkest hours of the night, and Heaven, always bright, is brighter then when they enter it. Oh, in that dark night, when we leave this world, our great plea will be mercy. What a plight our souls will be in if we come unforgiving!

"I know of nothing more thrilling than the discovery at Pompeii of that soldier who had been on guard 1,700 years, standing with hand on sword, helmet on head, at the post of duty, when others in the doomed city were flying for their lives. We want to be on guard for God, true here and true there. I don't suppose I'm much more of a coward than other people, but I tell you plainly I could not sleep to-night unless I could shake hands with any one on earth."

"If a man won't be reconciled you give in to him. 'Oh,' says some woman, 'I can't forgive her; she's done too much; she's too hateful; it's no use; I can't forgive her and I won't.' My sister, you can if you try. A man says: 'That fellow started those stories in the newspapers about me; he's too mean for anything; I'll get even with him; I'll make him squirm.' Better resign that feeling, my friend. 'But,' says some one in the gallery, 'you don't know what I've got to bear or you wouldn't talk that way.'

"Then you make me think of the little girl who was helping her father on moving day. The father put a large package in her arms, then piled on article after article till a stranger, who was passing, said: 'Hold on! you are putting too much of a load on that little girl.' The child, looking up askance at the stranger, said: 'Father knows how much I can carry;' and our Father in Heaven knows how much we can carry.

"Another reason why we ought to ally the sublimest action with the sublimest scene in nature. It's delightful to have some old place, old tree, old room or old gate associated with some action. Now, O man, associate the sunset with unlimited forgiveness of all enemies. If you fail at first, go right on. Shakespeare wrote seven plays before he wrote 'Hamlet' and twenty-eight before he wrote 'Macbeth.' The man or woman least to blame is generally the one to take the first step toward reconciliation. Oh, man, take that step, it will make you measure three inches more around the chest, your respiration will be better, aye, it will make you more like God himself.

"Harness your forgiveness to the sunset. You've heard about the sunset of the Cordilleras, in the Apennines and Italy; but there is a finer one to be seen when you throw all your animosities in and let the horses of fire trample them out, the chariots of fire roll over them, the billows of fire o'erwhelm them. God's greatest achievement is this sunset; your greatest, forgiveness.

"You never saw two sunsets alike, and I think that if God can afford to hang over the wall of Heaven more masterpieces of natural art than all the Italian and Venetian galleries contain he can take good care of us. If God be for us who can be against us? So the sunset of earth is the sunrise of Heaven."

Scene at a Funeral.

TIFFIN, OHIO, October 27.—At a funeral near Sycamore today, the team attached to the hearse ran away and the vehicle was reduced almost to kindling wood. The coffin was dashed to the ground, the lid torn off and the corpse rolled into the ditch by the roadside. Other teams took fright and a general panic ensued. Women fainted, men jumped from the carriages, wagons were overturned, horses became entangled in a general wreck, and several persons were more or less seriously injured, Rev. Mr. Howells, who was to have conducted the funeral exercises, was perhaps fatally injured.

Perished in the Gale.

A bottle was picked up on Sandy Neck Beach, near Barnstable, Mass., containing a scrap on which was written the following information:

SEPTEMBER 19, 1880.

On board steamer Sidney Wright, to whoever may chance to pick this up. We are about fifty miles off Key West with broken crank pin and sea running heavy. Am afraid we will never reach home. Trust that some passing vessel may pick us up, if not the tale is told.

DENNIS MURPHY, Boston.

The Sidney Wright was a small iron propeller. She left Philadelphia on Sept. 14, 1880, for Florida ports. Her crew consisted of six men. Neither vessel nor crew were ever heard of until the bottle was picked up.

What is the difference between a successful lover and his rival? The one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.

TUCKER AND HIS BUTTERMILK.

The ex-Congressman's Drink While Making Public Speeches--A Brilliant Career.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

WASHINGTON, October 28.—When I went to Colonel Alderney's dairy opposite the Treasury to get my daily sandwich this afternoon I saw the Hon. John