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THE TOMB OF DAVIS.

The suggestion that has been frequently made since the death of Mr. Davis that his body shall have its final resting place in Richmond is founded in a sentiment eminently just and proper. Distinguished as he was in military and civil life before the war, his fame would only have been of the second rate order if he had died just as the great contest began. The immortality of his name has its origin in the history of his career as chief magistrate of the Confederacy, and this momentous period of his life was passed in this city. His celebrity is eternally identified in its most enduring phases with this locality. It would seem, therefore, most appropriate and most becoming that all that is mortal of him, as long as it shall resist the forces of decay, shall be associated with those scenes that are most intimately connected with the greatest acts of the drama of his life.

In the eyes of the world the chief claim which Richmond has to interest and distinction lies in the fact that it was the capital of the Confederacy, and the foremost social as well as official figure in that capital was the great man who has just breathed his last. There are few spots in the older sections of the city that are not connected with him in some special or general way; there are few elderly persons amongst us who cannot relate some anecdote of him personal to themselves. His relation to the locality was far more intimate than is the connection between the Presidents of the United States and the city of Washington, owing to the stress of the times which isolated Richmond from the rest of the world, but thereby only made it the more conspicuous to all men.

Of all the Southern cities, it is peculiarly incumbent upon Richmond to show the memory of Mr. Davis the most marked respect. On the day of his burial, every fire bell in the city should be made to toll during the progress of the funeral ceremony, and our people should exhibit in every public way in their power, on the same solemn occasion, the profound veneration they entertain for his life and character. If there is any hope that Mississippi will be willing to give up possession of his body, then the proper steps should be taken at the right time looking to its removal to this city and its final interment in our midst.

THE exquisite courtesy and urbanity that distinguished Mr. Davis throughout the whole course of his life and which endeared him to all who were brought into close, personal relations with him, was beautifully illustrated in the last words that fell from his lips. The words "Pray, excuse me," which he whispered almost in the death struggle when pressed to take the medicine which had been prescribed for him by his physicians, reminds us of the politeness of Charles the Second of England, who, when on his death bed, begged the pardon of those who were attending to his wants, for the unconscionable time that he took in dying. The parallel between the two men ends in their perfection of manners, for the one was as pure and upright as the other was corrupt and abandoned.

THE enthusiasm over the game of foot-ball that has recently had a great revival at the North seems to have extended to the South. There will be played in this city on Monday a game between the University and Wake Forest teams, upon the issue of which will turn the championship of this section.

THREE extra daily supplements, a double weekly supplement, issued by THE TIMES last week, are examples of what enterprise can accomplish and will continue to accomplish. This issue of THE SUNDAY TIMES, which, besides giving the news from all over the world, from the State and the city, contains specially prepared articles on the *personnel* of the General Assembly, and on the many happenings in society. The page devoted to religious news and comment is up to the standard which has received such a favorable reception in the past.

GOVERNOR LEE, as will be seen by proclamation elsewhere published, has called upon all the churches to show proper respect for the memory of Hon. Jefferson Davis by holding special services on Wednesday, the 11th instant, during the funeral services of that distinguished statesman and Southern patriot. The suggestion is an excellent one, and will, no doubt, be promptly adopted by the churches throughout the State.

MR. HARRISON AND THE COLORED PEOPLE.

To say the least of it, it is a little remarkable that a President, who, in organizing his domestic household at the White House, promptly discharges the colored servants who had rendered acceptable service to Cleveland, a Democrat, should now bloom out in his first message as a champion of the colored race.

A Southern gentleman, and even an old slaveholder, would hesitate long before subjecting his servants to a precarious search for new homes and the hazard of unknown hardships, and yet Mr. Harrison condemned the servants of the White House without trial for the color of their skin, and replaced them, as it was said, as far as he could, with the white servants discharged by Lord Sackville West when he left Washington. And yet this sanctimonous and self-righteous President, who is not willing to be served at table, or even to have his boots blacked except by a Caucasian, so swells with indignation over the imaginary wrongs of his colored brother, that his championship of his cause must be made known in his message to Congress and at once telegraphed to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Fortunately for the cause of truth, the veil which divides profession from performance is not an impenetrable one, and it is clear that with Mr. Harrison, while the colored man is to be strictly tabooed for his own domestic service, he is to be nursed and coddled as a voter, and is admirable as a postmaster in an office from which he does not receive his daily mail.

He says, in his message, that the negro has already made great progress in education and the acquisition of property. Now, we are somewhat familiar with one of the counties of Southside Virginia, with a negro population double the white, and there is not one instance in which a negro who was not trained to habits of industry under the compulsion of slavery, has acquired property, and, outside the cities, we believe that the same state of things exists throughout the South. So far as our observation goes, the negroes who have grown up since 1865 are more destitute of property than the Bedouins of the Desert, and with their shiftless and nomadic habits, unusual earnings cling to them no more than does moss to a rolling stone.

Their educational advance means simply a capability of reading and writing, which often soon becomes an obscure memory, in the absence of any desire to read books and newspapers.

It is possible that Mr. Harrison can know the savage condition of Liberia and Hayti, and read the report of a former United States colored minister to the former, who compares it to Hades, and yet be so inhuman as to desire to subject his countrymen of the South to such barbarian rule. We hold, however, that all the devices of Republican election machinery will utterly fail of their object, but we would warn that party that it cannot increase the asperities of race rivalry without subjecting the weaker to painful conditions, now unknown and undreamt of.

When the colored man, through intensity of race feeling and political conflict, ceases to be desirable as a laborer, a tenant, or even a domestic servant, as is already the case with Mr. Harrison, will the President be his Joshua, and is there a land of Canaan to which he will lead him, where there will not only be an abundance of milk and honey, but a free ballot and a fair count?

STARVING TO DEATH.

There is hardly a doubt that a great many more rich people starve to death than poor ones. The case is very plain. Good appetites and healthy digestion are what supply the body with life-giving currents and animal spirits. Stuffing and cramming with the choicest and costliest food that the earth affords may please the palate and fill the stomach, but result only in stupidity, torpor, paralysis and death. That is an old story, "Fat paunches make lean pates," and "Surfeit is father to much fast."

It is the activity of the digestive organs and the healthy assimulation of wholesome food that gives vigor, strength, brightness, and life. And here nature asserts her impartiality and just rule in the kingdom of men. Sound discrimination, the separation of the precious from the vile, self-government and subordination of the stomach to its true offices, carry with them a high reward, the joy of physical freedom and life.

The stuffed body may not only die of surfeit, but of absolute inanition and starvation. A man may be very fat, and yet all weakness and sloth. Pampered self-indulgence denies itself the best delights of life, and walls off with pride ten thousand privileges that are the heaven-appointed compensations of poverty and self-denial.

The great Creator has filled the world with dualisms, and set all things over against one another as looking-glasses. The mind and heart of man have their appetites and cravings and necessary food, just like the body. It is not good that the soul be without knowledge. Shut up to mere routine of business, confined to the pursuit of one idea, whether it be to lay a railroad across a continent or accomplish the command of millions, a mind may develop in one direction in one respect and warp and wither in all others. It matters not how or where the service be rendered, whether it be in the plainest work of daily life or the pursuit of excellence in professional life, a sordid soul-serving, a selfish passion is the slave of that one passion. And in that it may have a wonderful development and life, yet in all other respects be dwarfed, withered, and dead.

Nature did not make us for distinguished doctors, lawyers, financiers, or statesmen—but for full and well-developed, large-minded men.

The saddest starvelings, however, are those that most abound: Those that die for the want of sympathy and kindness and appreciation. The body may be sustained by any sort of food. But the soul of man craves, longs for, lives upon respect and kindness. And no amount of wealth, no distinction, no promise of fame, no silver, gold or marble, can keep alive the selfish soul that has made its own world.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

PROMINENT PAPERS COMMENT ON MR. DAVIS' DEATH.

Tribute Paid to His Manhood, Fidelity to Convictions and Model Life—Nearly Every Large City Represented.

[New York Sun.]

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

[Washington Post.]

Of the conduct of Mr. Davis since the war it must at least be said that he consistently retained the courage of his convictions. As if a vicarious sacrifice for the people whom he loved, he seemed to glory in bearing in his own person the burden of obloquy and proscription that ever waits upon a lost cause. There was much in his attitude to admire, but more to deplore. Had he fully accepted the conclusions of the war, and clothed himself anew with the attributes of citizenship, his alert and active mind would have found in the work of reconstruction a field more glorious than that of exile or virtual expatriation. He could have led greater armies than those of Lee to conquests greater than those of Grant, and stood upon the heights of a restored Union, facing the living future instead of sitting in the valley of the shadow facing a dead past.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The death of Jefferson Davis severs the most vital link that connected the aims and actions of the present with the Southern Confederacy that perished with Lee's surrender at Appomattox nearly a quarter of a century ago. During the last score of years Mr. Davis has been the most unique character of American history, and he was more potent during that period to rekindle smouldering fires of sectionalism by his frequent public and always heroic defense of the Lost Cause than all the other surviving champions of the South combined. He was one of the few of the Southern leaders who accepted self-expatriation and lived a stranger to our institutions and died without a country. He did not teach or cherish resentment; he had accepted the highest responsibility and distinction of the rebellion; he had failed in revolution and fallen with his cause, and he never yielded in conviction or bowed to expediency.

[New York Herald.]

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

[Baltimore Sun.]

Although the people of the North cannot be expected to mourn for the death of ex-President Jefferson Davis, they can well afford to join in the tributes that are being paid to a character that was in many ways worthy of the highest respect. Mr. Davis was essentially an American, and even his political errors leaned to the side of freedom. He hated tyranny as fiercely as George Washington hated it, and loved liberty as deeply as the men who a century ago pledged their lives, their fortunes and their secret honors to the defense of the rights of the colonies. Granting that he was wrong in the view that he took of the aggressions of the North, and that he erred in seeking the vindication of the South through secession, it must be remembered that he followed a strictly American precedent in boldly resisting what he considered oppression, and in endeavoring to strike down what he believed to be an invasion of the constitutional rights of the States. It was in the name of liberty that the United States were baptized in revolutionary blood, and it was in that same name, and with a true devotion to the principle which that name embodies, that Mr. Davis became the Chief Magistrate of the Confederacy.

[New York Times.]

Assuredly Jefferson Davis appeared to much greater advantage as the leader of the Confederacy than as its apologist. In the first character he was a capable and energetic man of affairs; in the second he was a pedantic lawyer searching for precedents by which to adjudicate the "irrepressible conflict" between progress and reaction, between civilization and barbarism. The real justification of the Southern leaders, from their own point of view, was not that their revolt had a fair prospect of success, but that they were forced to make it. Slavery was already "in the last ditch" before the first gun had been fired on Sumter. The admission of Kansas and the election of Lincoln had made the extension of slavery forever impossible. The fate of the slave States, if they remained in the Union, was to be hemmed in and finally to be overwhelmed by free States, ever increasing in number, in wealth and in power. Taking the slave States out of the Union was the only chance that remained of saving slavery where it existed, and with it the social and political system that had slavery for its foundation. The chance was taken and it failed.

[Baltimore American.]

In the death of Jefferson Davis there passed away one of the most important factors in the most momentous transaction that ever concerned this nation. As the leader on the Confederate side, much of the shaping, the conduct and the result of the civil war was due to him. He was an uncompromising Southern man for years before that strife began, an ardent advocate of State's rights, and he followed his convictions with a strength of intellect and an energy of purpose that were worthy of a better cause. It was natural, perhaps, considering all the facts that led up to the war and his position as central figure in it, for him to hold to his convictions of what was truth, and when the conflict was over to refuse to swallow his bitterness.

[Phila. Record.]

It is not for other men to know or estimate the inward argument which impelled thousands of soldiers and statesmen as capable as Mr. Davis to rebellion against the flag they had fought for. They shed their blood in proof of the sincerity of their conviction; and only future history, written after all contemporaneous passion and prejudice shall have been obliterated, can do absolute justice both to the North and the South. Mr. Davis may be safely committed to the clement and unbiased judgment of future generations.

OUR LIBRARY.

Literary Table Talk.

Editor of Our Library:

The mere mention in your columns of the choice books in the language carried back the imagination of many a reader, like myself, to those "other days" which come no more forever.

The systematic mutual deception of the present day in the intercourse of people with each other that has tabooed a certain class of books, I would suppose, had operated to prevent your naming the best novel in the English language, if you had not included in your list "*Joseph Andrews*." As you did mention *Joseph Andrews*, I presume that "*Tom Jones*" merely escaped your memory at the moment. Where is its equal? But it's *too strong* for this age.

BELVIDERE HILL.

The above is from a valued correspondent, and may well be made the text of our weekly literary Table Talk.

Some of the most discerning and judicious literary critics in the language have expressed the same opinion as our correspondent—namely, that *Tom Jones* is the most admirable novel in English literature. In the point of skilful arrangement its plot is generally accepted as a model, and as a picture of manners it may possibly have been equalled, but it has certainly never been surpassed. Thackeray could find no words too strong to describe the admiration in which he held it. We referred some weeks ago to the regret which he expresses in the preface of Pendennis, that this age should be so squeamish as to frown upon the robust freedom and directness of the Fielding method of laying bare human nature in its grossest animalism as well as in its heavenly refinement. It is just this feeling that has barred from the general reading they deserve the three great novels of this author, whose name is so illustrious but whose works are only familiar to a certain class of men of literary tastes.

As a literary performance, *Tom Jones* is, as our correspondent very justly intimates, superior in the genius which it displays to *Joseph Andrews*, being on a much more ambitious and extended scale of effort in every way. The books which we mentioned in the list which we recently gave, were not so much those which we considered the most remarkable in the language as those which had been read by us with special interest, pleasure or instruction. As a work of extraordinary greatness, we would give Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* preference over Macaulay's fascinating history. To a certain extent the same principle that led us to name the latter rather than the former, influenced us to select *Joseph Andrews* from among the novels of Fielding. Not improbably, too, a distaste for the prim and maundering Richardson, who was expressly ridiculed in this novel, had something to do with our choice. Furthermore, our admiration for the character of Parson Adams who is, on the whole, the most life-like creation of Fielding, had, we are confident, very important weight in moving us to pass by *Tom Jones* and to express preference for the much less celebrated, and in reality much less meritorious work, *Joseph Andrews*.

ALTHOUGH Fielding has always been considered the coarsest of all the English novelists, and we think justly so, yet this quality in him does not rep l as much as might be supposed. He may be indelicate, but yet he is never vulgar, because he does not love coarseness for itself. It was a part of his nature, and being as much a part of his nature as his humor and pathos, it always expresses itself in a hearty, robust, and healthy way, and therefore is no more offensive than the occasional grossness of Shakespeare and the old writers.

As we read his novels, we say to ourselves in reference to their author: Here is a man so full of the animal spirit, both in its lowest and highest phases, so full of rollicking and unrestrained impulses of every kind, that he pours out the whole wealth of his moral, intellectual, and physical being in the most promiscuous and indiscriminating profusion, with all the unconsciousness of a child of nature untrammeled by rule or conventionality. That taint of vulgarity which we detect in Defoe's novels, more particularly in *Roxana*, is absent. Indulgence in coarseness for mere love of what is offensive to refined tastes is not discovered in the works of Fielding as upon almost every page of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. There are no sly and suggestive allusions, expressed with all the exquisite ingenuity of the highest literary art, to be found in his novels. Nor is there in them the sickening disposition to employ the grossest images or to dwell upon the grossest details that was the peculiarity of Swift. His most indelicate scenes are drawn without the slightest embellishment or distortion as simply a part of the drama of life, which he was presenting as faithfully as his genius allowed. He could have replied with far more consistency to truth than Sterne that he inserted all that was foul in his novels in a spirit of "perfect innocence," but such a reply as that would only come from the lips of a man who knew in his own mind that he was speaking falsely.

It seems strange that so many readers who, so far form setting the seal of condemnation on some of the most prominent contemporary books, have read them with avidity, should draw their skirts away, metaphorically speaking, from Fielding, who was not consciously or intentionally coarse. His works are full of knowledge of human passions and emotions and all the varied springs of existence. These works show the most acute discrimination into the different shades of character, and a boundless observation of the innumerable phases of social and individual life. Furthermore, their style is flexible, masculine, perspicuous and inexhaustible in verbal resources.

Beside the illustrious figure of Fielding, however marred by defects and blemishes, how puny, how odious appear that class of writers of the present age, whose only stock in trade is a morbid and vulgar pruriency, and whose only claim to attention lies in the silly distortion of English words, and in an unmeaning disregard of English ellocation.

IN spite of the popularity of several novels recently published, that might be mentioned, which in our judgment should have been put under the ban of the law as obscene literature, and therefore excluded from all prospect of circulation, there can be no question that the sentiment of our times strongly reprobates in the long run the introduction into fiction of every form of mere animalism. Whoever disregards this sentiment consciously and designedly on the one hand, or unconsciously and unintentionally on the other, may become notorious, but cannot acquire true fame. The reward of any departure from what the growing refinement of the world demands and dictates is degraded kind of celebrity, which no elevated mind or pure nature would desire to possess, if in its power to attain to it.

This species of celebrity which has so many of the elements of infamy in it, is singularly like that which attends the blatant and vulgar infidelity of scoffers, who fulminate from public platforms. The world visits its contempt as unreservedly upon those who violate in a spirit of foolish wantonness the conventional and essential rules of social morality, as it does upon those who proclaim their lack of reverence for the sacred laws and the holy requirements of religion. And it is eminently proper that it should do so, for a disregard of the decent observances of life is a leaning towards anarchy, a crime against order, which men may tolerate for a time, and even in some rare instances, smile at in a cynical or astonished way, but which in the end they always condemn with their merciless disapproval, and punish as severely in a social way as they can possibly do.

The man or woman who, in this age, invites this condemnation and punishment deserves it. Refined readers do not make the allowance for them that they make for a Fielding, the character of whose age, even more than the genius that distinguished him, softens their judgment with respect to the coarseness which is so often displayed in his writings. No author, probably, was ever freer from the intention of giving offense by touching upon forbidden ground than Walt Whitman, and yet he has fallen into a popular disesteem in consequence, that not even the venerable age which he has reached or the general purity of his life can remove, or even modify. The same penalty awaits every poet or novelist who does not recognize that one of the powerful elements of an advancing civilization is a growing regard for purity and refinement; in other words, for sweetness and light.

DECEMBER magazines received: The Home Maker, North American Review, The Cosmopolitan, The Southern Clinic, Belford's Magazine, Scribner's Magazine.

His Fried Chicken.

It is a startling statement, and yet it is said to be true, that an important crisis in the American Revolution was passed in safety by the help of a dish of fried chicken! The tradition is kept in the Walker family in Virginia.

In 1781 the Virginia legislature adjourned from Richmond to Charlottesville. The British Gen. Tarleton started to capture it with a large force of cavalry and infantry. He stopped for breakfast at the plantation of Dr. Joseph Walker, distant twenty miles from Charlottesville. Rations were distributed among the men, and the cook made haste to prepare a real Virginia breakfast for the general and his staff.

Meantime a messenger from the village rode on in hot haste to warn the legislature and Thomas Jefferson, then governor of Virginia, who was at his home at Monticello, outside of Charlottesville.

Twice the cook prepared a delicious dish of fried chicken and cream gravy, and twice, when her back was turned, some of the hungry British soldiers dashed into the kitchen and carried it off. Tarleton was also hungry, and enraged at the delay, which the host explained, and told the general that what there was of the meal could be served at once if he desired it. But if he wished to have chicken he "must set a corporal's guard to protect the cook."

Tarleton was a glutton. He hesitated a moment, and said, "I will wait for the chicken. Adjutant, set a guard over those rascally thieves!"

The guard was set, the chickens were cooked and eaten. But the delay enabled the messenger to reach Charlottesville and give the alarm. Mr. Jefferson and the legislature escaped from the town before Tarleton with his troops entered it. Their capture would have been a stunning blow to the fortunes of the young republic.—Youths' Companion.

Mrs. Langtry's Silver Bath Tub.

A curious story is told as to the origin of Mrs. Langtry's silver bath. Bathmakers believe that there is only one silver bath in the world. This was made some years ago for an Indian prince by a London bathmaker, and he supposes that, the owner having died, the silver bath came into the market and was bought by Mrs. Langtry. A silver bath is a tremendous affair. Some few wealthy people have copper baths plated with silver, but the cost is but a trifle compared with the genuine article. Some wealthy people who go in for luxurious bathing fill their bathrooms with statuary, have painted tile walls, and the bath is fitted into a case of carved oak. Then there are marble baths. They are both cold and costly.

The most novel thing in baths, however, is one fitted with a shower bath overhead, a needle spray bath at the sides and a wave bath that rushes out at the foot. These are in addition to the ordinary hot and cold taps. So that a possessor of one of these ingenious things can have five styles of bathing. They cost about $125.

There are have a dozen or more different sorts of towels for bathing. After the ordinary Turkish and hackaback towels some doctors are fond of recommending a towel of rushes, made appropriately enough by Russian peasants. It is hard and stiff and feels like a coarse dishcloth. Its use is confined to bathroom fanatics who think they are happy in abraiding their skins. Then there is an elastic towel made of net, and another skin raiser called loofah. This is imported from Egypt. The loofah is made of dried grass and it doesn't soften by immersion in water.—Kansas City Times.

The Smallest Book.

The London Pall Mall Gazette thinks that the smallest book in the world is a volume now in the Salford Royal Borough library and museum. It says: "The work in question—which differs from the rest in the essential point that while like them, de jure a book, it is also de facto a manuscript—consists of one hundred leaves of the finest rice paper, octagonal in shape, and measuring from side to side one-half inch, stitched together and covered in silk. Nothing can exceed the lightness, delicacy and softness of the material, or the neatness of the penmanship. This dainty little morsel of caligraphy, which at the first glance precisely resembles, in its glass prison, a very tiny butterfly of some uncommon kind, is very probably unique in the western world. How it escaped imminent destruction is not the least wonderful feature of its history, for it was looted at Ghanzi in India, by a private soldier during the mutiny, but it has been safe in the possession of the Salford library for many years. The work has not been translated, but is officially defined, on the authority of an Indian scholar, to be an example of the 'Kathas, or Sacred Recitations of (the) Mahrattas Brahmans,' and it is written, without blot or alteration, in the Mahrattas character in glossy black ink, with a brilliant margin of vermilion to every page, which is also numbered. Possibly the acme of biblical minuteness is reached in this beautiful little work of art, which, for the present, at any rate, may claim to be 'the smallest book,' as well as 'the least collective manuscript in the world.'"

An Eccentric King.

A correspondent of The London Globe gives a most interesting account of Norodom, king of Cambodia, one of the kingdoms of Indo-China. His majesty, it seems, has adopted a style of dress in vogue in Europe seventy years ago. He wears a blue tail coat with gold buttons, satin knee breeches and pumps. No traveler who has had an audience of his majesty in his palace of Pnon-Peuh has been able to suppress a smile at the sight of the Asiatic potentate in the evening attire worn in the reign of George IV.

The Life of a Lease.

She—And now that we are engaged, John, dear, how long shall the engagement be for?

He (an absent minded lawyer who has just drawn up a railroad lease)—Oh, ninety-nine years, I s'pose.—Epoch.

MR. JOHN M. MORTON, of Burkeville, is improving after a severe illness of several weeks.

ROUND ABOUT GOTHAM.

LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP IN THE METROPOLIS.

A Prominent Resident on the Brazilian Revolution—The Most Recent Thing in Gowns—Mrs. Astor and Her Magnificent Jewels.

NEW YORK, December 6.—[Special Correspondence.]—"If I were asked," said a prominent resident of New York, recently returned from Brazil, "who are the men who brought about the overthrow of the Brazilian Empire, I should unhesitatingly answer, Three editors and a cartoonist—Quintio Bocayuva, of the *Piaz*; Dr. Aranjo, of the *Gazeta da Noticias*, and Jose do Patrocinio, *Gazeta da Larde*, are the editors, and Agelo Agustini, of the *Revista Illustrada*, is the cartoonist.

"Never was the influence of a free press more extraordinarily established. All the talk about General Fonseca being dictator of the United States of Brazil, and the arm holding the keys of the future, is sheer nonsense, and no one would be quicker to admit it than Deodorda Fonseca himself. To call it a military revolution is to confound the end with the means and make the tail wag the dog. The newspaper did it—openly, frankly and above board—and the army took their counsels and followed their straight lead, as the rest of the populace did. The Empire couldn't face such a tremendous 'combine.'

"I was in Petropolis when the big row occurred between General Fonseca and the War Minister. Practically it was with the Emperor's son-in-law, Count d'Eu, for he was in permanent command of all the forces. One of Fonseca's aide-de-camps told me, over a glass of vermouth, that the army would not permit the General to be punished for his alleged insubordination.

"General Fonseca himself, the provisional president of the new republic, owes his nominal leadership to the press, and could not hope to rally the army about him in opposition to the united will of the journals named. He is the nominee of the real authors of the revolution, put forward by them to secure the army for them, and not the leader of an armed revolt who has called them into his councils to represent the civil element. In the first place he is in no sense the idol of the army, as was the great Duke of Caixias, the hero of Paraguay, of glorious memory. Caixias was capable of inspiring even the bloodless rubber-gatherers of the Amazon, whom the necessities of the war had drafted into his ranks, with something of his own dashing courage and vigorous loyalty. General Fonseca cannot infuse his personality into the mixed elements which compose the Brazilian army in any such way, and unless he did he could not bring them to face the people for twenty-four hours, were he to attempt to shape the government to his own ends. The troops for ten years past have had no notion of loyalty to their sovereign, and had become intimately associated with the populace and its aspirations. To have called on the army to further his personal ambitions would have been only to distribute so many rifles among the people. In the second place, General Fonseca obtained the support of the republican press more by good luck than good management. No disparagement of a brave officer and sincere friend of his country is implied in this; but even his newly-fledged admirers cannot deny that he made an accidental hit when he took part in the anti-slavery meetings, whose antimonarchical sentiments led to his reprimand.

"This is the way, in a few words, in which the republican press of Brazil captured the army, and a prettier piece of political management has never been seen. The army of itself could never have sustained a successful revolt in favor of its own candidate, unsupported by the people; but, on the other hand, the press needed the army on its side so as to reduce the opposition to the republic to 'nil.' When the time came, by bringing forward General Fonseca, the army was secured, while, by giving the foreign relations to Bocayuva, and the Exchequer to Ruy Barboza, the more immediately important portfolios are held by leaders, who represent, respectively, the original mothers'-milk republicans and those liberals who wanted a republic, provided the empire could be peacefully disposed of. I do not mean to suggest that General Fonseca was either a dupe or a mere figure-head. He is an excellent selection, since the army was wanted. The republic was bound to come, army or no army, and the press, alone and unaided, had made this a possibility.

"I give the palm of honor in this whole Brazilian movement to Quintino Bocayuva, and the more readily that he is not going to claim it for himself. A republican and a patriot of proven consistency, he has ever refused to hearken to the blandishments of the imperial governments, which have been so often fatal to the principles of the leading republicans of Brazil, and has passed his life in laying bare the weaknesses of the monarchy and urging his countrymen to have done with it.

"There is, but one soldier, and not even a single statesman, in the new government brought about by the direct influence of the press, governed by a provisional government, drawing its majority from the press, and dependent for the time being wholly upon the support and adherence of the press, it is a perversion of history to call the establishment of the Brazilian republic a military revolution.

"The press did it, and to it belongs the credit; not to the bayonet."

LATEST IN GOWNS.

Mrs. Orme Wilson has some new party dresses. One of these is of pale green silk, and has a load bodice cut very low front and back, and edged with pale green gauze, on which butterflies are embroidered in small pearls. The sleeves are of gauze, and fit the arm to the elbow; from there there they fall open to the floor.

Another gown is of black and silver. The skirt is in alternate panels of black velvet and silver brocade, the later edged with silver fringe.

The demi-train is of the velvet, lined with silver brocade. The waist is given a pretty Venetian effect by pointed puffed sleeves of the brocade edged with silver braid open work. A square-cut neck and a pointed V of the velvet set both back and front.

MRS. ASTOR AND HER JEWELS.

Mrs. Astor has probably the largest and most costly collection of jewels in America, the aggregate value of which is over half a million. The principal piece in this glittering pile is a necklace composed of three strands of pure white stones, each measuring half an inch in diameter. Every one of these is absolutely flawless. She has two other necklaces, one of large rose diamonds with a magnificent ruby pendant, and the other of white stones of great value, with a large oval pendant, in the center of which is a single diamond worth $1,500.

A new piece which Mrs. Astor has purchased recently is in the form of a V, and is composed of twelve rows of large diamonds graduated to a point. She wears this piece attached to the front of her corsage, and it makes a glittering breast-plate.

Although so truly an American, Mrs. Astor is the possessor of three diadems: each of them worth almost the purchase of a throne. One is all of diamonds, another is of immense rose diamonds alternated with emeralds, and the other, a veritable crown, contains several hundred gems, and the points are surmounted with pearls as large as filberts.

Besides the crowns there are twelve diamond stars for the hair, a bird of diamonds, two diamond crescents, and a sun with ruby centre and diamond rays. There are bracelets, pins, rings and small ornaments without number. It would be impossible for Mrs. Astor to wear all of her jewels at once.

VIRGINIA ITEMS.

News and Notes From all Over the Dominion.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., December 6. [Correspondence.]—The third day of the Morgan-Coles trial developed no new features, except the testimony of Ananias Nicholas, a sixteen-year-old negro, who swore that before breakfast, on the morning of the homicide, Mr. Morgan, whose horse he was in the habit of grooming, ordered him to have his horse ready so that he could go to Scottsville, saying that he was feeling "d—d mean, and didn't care what he did, and that he was going down to make that d—d scoundrel Coles take back the lie he had told on him." This is the only threat so far introduced in the evidence. The witness stuck to his story under a very rigid cross-examination. Mr. C. H. Anderson, the depot agent at Warren, testified that he had heard Morgan speak sneeringly of Coles, and knew that he had no good feeling for him. Mr. Anderson boarded at Mr. Coles' at the time of the homicide.

Mr. Zach F. Jones was examined in regard to the rust in the barrel of the pistol and the cank r in the empty cartridge cap. He fired some shells on the 25th of November, and another lot on December 3d, with a view to testing the effect on a pistol barrel of the explosion of a shell, and to learn how long a time must elapse before canker would form in an empty cartridge shell. In regard to the latter, his testimony was very positive that it required eight to ten days for canker to form, but he was not so clear as to red rust. He got his cartridges mixed up, and in that way spoiled the effect of his story. He said that he had left the cartridges in his gun for several days, in order to reproduce exactly the same conditions as affected the exploded cartridge in Coles' pistol, but when the defense wanted to know how, if he fired all the four shells on November 25th, he had managed to leave them all in the gun, Mr. Jones could not solve the puzzle gracefully. The jury took great interest in examining the shells. The empty cartridge was taken from Coles' pistol and examined in connection with them.

Alexander, who was the only eye-witness of the shooting, was called back to identify Morgan's pistol, which he did. He added: "It had red rust in the barrel on the morning after the shooting, and I called Mr. Gibbs' attention to it." Gibbs was then sworn and testified that the "red rust" looked more like mud than anything else he could think of. The rust in the pistol occupied more attention to-day than any other point at issue, and it is plain the prosecution will use it for all it is worth.

The prosecution rested its case at 3 o'clock and the defense set about contradicting the Commonwealth's witnesses.

The work proceeded very slowly. Every inch of ground was contested, and evidently nothing will be left undone on either side. The case will not be concluded, in all probability, before Monday.

A colored boy, in the employment of Mr. Lud Payne, living on Water street, this city, stole from Mrs. Payne a pocket-book containing a large sum of money and valuable papers, but was arrested, and nearly all of the money recovered.

NORTH STATE GLEANINGS.

Colonel Julian Allen's Immigration Scheme—General Jottings.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., December 6.—[Correspondence.]—Colonel Julian Allen, of Statesville, N. C., has brought here seventy-five Polish immigrants, who on their arrival quickly scattered, because the committee on immigration did not furnish a Catholic priest to minister to them. They went to Arkansas. Colonel Allen now has fifty more immigrants from Baltimore engaged, representing twenty-seven thousand dollars. This will be a nucleus of a new colony, the loyality of which Colonel Allen will not indicate. He will colonize hereafter with a priest, and to that end was on his way to Raleigh when the writer saw him to make connection with a Catholic priest from the North.

Corn Gathering in Nelson.

MASSIE'S MILL, NELSON COUNTY, VA., December 3.—[Correspondence.]—The farmers are about through gathering corn, the crop is better than usual. Many are ploughing for their next crop of tobacco and corn. I think the crop of tobacco next year will be the largest planted for several years. An unusually large crop of wheat was sown this fall, and is looking finely. Present prices of that grain are not encouraging to those who raise it for the market.

Our public schools are all open. The first month shows a good attendance. Why do white people have to pay so much taxes to support negro schools? is the question asked daily by white tax-payers.

Clipped, Culled and Condensed.

IN Nelson county eighty-seven marriage licenses have been issued this year.

PRESIDENT G. T. BARBEE, of Virginia Farmers' Alliance, will speak at Campbell Court on the 16th inst.

A NUMBER of Western men are settled near Guineas, Caroline county, looking for farms to purchase.

REV. A. B. DUNNAWAY, of Churchland, is conducting an interesting revival meeting at the Baptist Church.

REV. A. B. KINGSOLVING, of St. John's Church, Warsaw, has become rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. F. T. TALIAFERRO has been appointed agent of the Piedmont Air Line Railroad at Orange, in place of Col. P. P. Slaughter. Mr. C. H. Boswell will assist Mr. Taliaferro.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE SHIRLEY, of Houston, Tex., and Mr. Charles Walter Roseborger, of Warrenton, Va., will be married on Wednesday evening, December 11th, in Christ Church, Houston, Tex.

General Jottings.

THE revenue collection for the Winston office for the month of November was $51,719.49.

REV. DR. R. B. ANDERSON, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Morganton for some years, died on Tuesday, at the age of about sixty years.

ASHEVILLE is showing considerable interest in the new railroads projected in that direction. It is said that by the contribution of $400,000 she can secure connection with four roads.

A LITTLE son of Sheriff Wheeler, of Greensboro, aged eleven years, while out hunting, was instantly killed, the gun, which he was carrying behind him as a support in crossing a log, having been discharged, the load taking away the back of his head.

SOCIETY is puzzling her brains over the question of dinner colors, and the struggle with tones and half tones is likely to culminate in a gastro-chromatic war. At Mrs. St. John Greer's a spread the table was a study in violet. Panels of violet tapestry covered the walls of the dining-parlor, and the sconces, lamps, and candelabra burned violet beneath shades of the same tint. The lace table-cover was spread over shimmering satin. Violets were used as decorations and corsage bouquets, and many of the centre dishes were tied with bands and bows of satin ribbon.

LONDON, December 6.—London financial men do not view Secretary Windom's report with favor, but await the details before expressing a decided opinion.

TEAS, COFFEES, &c.

XMAS OFFERING!

BEAUTIFUL PANELS ENTITLED

"CHRISTMAS MORNING"

SIZE 14 BY 29 INCHES, HANDSOMELY MOUNTED AND READY FOR HANGING UP.

We will not attempt to describe it here. See other circulars. But we will say that it is a fine piece of lithographic work, and a subject that appeals to every heart. This is an original subject. It is taken from life, and has only to be seen to be appreciated, and will be given away FREE to all customers making the purchase of 50c. worth of TEA, COFFEE or BAKING POWDERS during Christmas Week. The distribution will commence

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