

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

VOL. LVIII. NO. 19.

AT REST IN HOLLYWOOD.

FINAL INTERMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS'S REMAINS.

The Last Tribute of the Southern People to the Honored and Beloved Leader of the Lost Cause.

RICHMOND, Va., May 31.—All that is mortal of Jefferson Davis now rests in Hollywood. The special train from New Orleans bearing the remains and the escort arrived here this morning. At the depot the First Regiment of Virginia Infantry and the veterans from Lee and Pickett Camps were drawn up to do honor to the distinguished dead, while thousands of men, women and children, some of whom had been waiting for hours, testified their appreciation of the occasion by the most respectful silence. As the casket containing the body was removed to the hearse, heads were uncovered. The procession then proceeded, with the visiting escort of veterans from various Southern States in the post of honor, to the State Capitol building, where the body was placed in state in the rotunda immediately in front of the Senate chamber. Lee Camp performed the duty of guard of honor. Here it remained until 3 o'clock, and it is estimated that at least 25,000 people viewed the bier. Indeed a stream of humanity poured through the building as long as it was accessible to the public. During the hours set apart for the school children of the public schools, 6,000 of these alone marched past, presenting a touching and beautiful sight, as they dropped their floral offerings at the foot of the casket.

THE PROCESSION TO HOLLYWOOD.

At 3:30 o'clock the body was removed to the caisson, drawn by six white horses caparisoned in black, and the line of march

the route and yards and windows of dwellings were packed with people. Nothing of a tumultuous or noisy character marked the day or progress of the cortege, while the scene was a most imposing one, though the whole city seemed to be in mourning.

The time set for the procession to move was 3 o'clock, but there was a short delay in starting.

COMPOSITION OF THE CORTEGE.

First came Gen. John B. Gordon, the chief marshal, and his staff of some fifty prominent Confederate officers. Then the infantry, under Col. Henry Jones headed the line, followed by the artillery, with three batteries of howitzers, Grimes of Portsmouth and the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, all under command of Major W. E. Simons. Four troops of cavalry followed, commanded by Col. W. E. Wickham. They were the Stuart Horse Guards, Ashley Light Horse, Hendric, Chesterfield and Albemarle troops. These were followed immediately by the catafalque, behind which came carriages, in which were seated Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Governor McKinney, Miss Winnie Davis and Mayor Ellisson, and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. These were followed by the honorary pallbearers in carriages, viz: Governors B. R. Tillman, South Carolina; Elias Carr, North Carolina; Frank Brown, Maryland; P. Turney, Tennessee; W. A. McCorkle, West Virginia; T. C. Jones, Alabama. Generals J. A. Early, D. H. Maury, William H. Payne, L. D. McLaw, L. S. Baker, Stephen D. Lee, Harry Heth and George H. Stuart; Maj. John W. Daniel, Senator E. C. Walthall; Messrs. Moses Millhiser, M. A. Allen, Hugh Blair, John R. Purcell, P. P. Winston, A. S. Buford, Col. John T. Wood, Dr. John B. McCaw, Col. E. P. Reeve, E. T. Glasgow.

THE STREETS STREWN WITH FLOWERS.

As was expected would be the case, flowers were strewn along the route in front of the catafalque, and the sight was indeed a beautiful one. Women and little children performed a large part of this feature of the parade. The bells of the city tolled while the procession was in progress. A number of old Confederate battle flags were borne in the procession, while

a number of carriages were filled with flowers.

THE CEREMONIES AT THE GRAVE.

Arriving at the grave the military formed in the avenue to the right, overlooking the bluff. The veterans assembled in the avenue to the left. The ladies auxiliary camps occupied the section east of the grave. The family of the deceased, pallbearers, escort of honor officers and officiating clergymen took places around the grave. The other organizations in the procession remained in their respective positions until the services were over.

As soon as everything was in readiness, the Stonewall Band of Staunton played a funeral dirge, composed by Professor Jacob Rinehart. Rev. William Munford then read a selection of Scripture. Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, was to have taken part in the services, but he was unable to come. Rev. Dr. W. W. Lendrum then read the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," which was sung by the assemblage. At the close of hymn, Dr. Hoge stepped forward and said, "Let us pray," and nearly every head in the assemblage was bowed. Dr. Hoge said:

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

O God, most high, most holy, most merciful, with lowly reverence of spirit, and with hearts subdued by the hallowed memories of the past and the tender offices of the hour, we invoke Thy gracious presence and benediction.

Beneath these quiet skies, which bend over us like the hollow of Thy sheltering hand, in Thy good providence we gather in this consecrated place. Around us rest all that is mortal of patriot sages and soldiers whose virtue and valor gave lustre to our historic annals, and who at the call of duty, having consecrated their lives to the

empire of principle in the world, and who with honor stainless and conscience inviolate, fulfilled their task.

Now numbered among the immortal dead, they still live, enshrined in the souls of those who love them all the more for what they suffered, and who cherish their memories with undying devotion.

Accept our thanks, gracious Father, that we have accomplished the sacred undertaking of giving to our honored chief his appropriate resting place among those who shared with him the joys of victory and the sadness of defeat, and who followed the banner, now forever furled, with a fortitude which no reverse could shake and which no disaster could extinguish.

Here, on this imperial hill, we have laid him down beside the river whose waters sing their perpetual requiem, and amid the flowers which speak of the resurrection of the just and of the land where death never withers the affections which bloom in beauty and fragrance evermore.

We look up from the open grave to the open heaven where Thou dost live and reign, and where all who have died in the true faith do live and reign with Thee in glory everlasting.

In this hour of their freshly awakened sorrow, O Father most tender and loving, in the plenteousness of Thy compassion remember and comfort Thine handmaidens and all dear to her. Thou Husband of the widow and Father to the fatherless, be Thou their strength, their song and their salvation.

Lord God of Hosts! We beseech Thee to sustain and cheer the veteran survivors of the war, who, with ever diminishing numbers of age and infirmity, await their final discharge and final recompense.

Almighty God, author of peace and lover of concord, now that the sorrows and desolations of war have been for so many years exchanged for blessings of peace, may all animosities be buried in the grave, and may all the inhabitants of this great land, from North to South, from East to West, learn more and more to cherish the relations which unite them as

children of one Father and as citizens of one country.

May mutual regard for each others' interests, happiness and rights become the noble law of national life. May freedom, founded on justice and guarded by constitutional law, with religion pure and undefiled, secure to our whole people a perpetual heritage of unity and prosperity and peace. And to God most high will we give all honor and glory, evermore. Amen.

Rev. Dr. A. S. Barton, of Norfolk, pronounced the benediction.

THE LAST SOLEMN SCENES.

Immediately after the benediction the casket was lowered into the grave. After the bugle signal came "Taps," and the infantry fired salutes, which announced that the services were over.

The column then moved to Gettysburg hill where the annual memorial services of the Ladies' Hollywood Association took place, which consisted of the "decoration of the graves of 16,000 Confederate soldiers, after which prayer was offered and a hymn sung.

STRIKING SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

On arriving at Hollywood Cemetery, the distinguished guests, the Louisiana escort and staff and the Texas, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia delegations which came on with the funeral cortege, descended from their carriages and formed on the circle which contains the grave. This lies on a plateau which sweeps towards the James on one side and towards some gently rising ground on the other. To the left, as one faces the river, a little plain slopes easily towards the woods, through which roads can be seen descending toward Richmond. Towards the right is a bold bluff. On this bluff the cavalry and artillery were drawn up, the view on that side resting on the long line of plumes and guidons of the former and the

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in full view on the top of the caisson, with the sun shining brightly on the polished oak and the glittering brass.

TORN TO PIECES.

An Aged Couple Killed by Flying Nancy Hanks.

Macon News.

The people who went to Atlanta on the Nancy Hanks yesterday morning had a most disagreeable experience and one that will cause shivers of horror to run through them whenever the dreadful horror is recalled to their minds.

The flyer had just left Milner behind and was speeding along towards Atlanta at full fifty miles an hour. A driving rain was falling and Engineer Wagon had closed the window of his cab and through the glass and rain his range of vision was greatly limited. A thrill of horror ran through him when two forms rose up through the mist twenty yards ahead of him directly upon the track. He reversed his big engine, but it was too late. The locomotive struck the two figures and hurled them twenty-five feet into the air and off to the left of the track. Engineer Wagon stopped the train as quickly as possible and he and the fireman and Conductor Barney Cabbage, who had charge of the train, hastened to the spot where the bodies lay.

A horrible sight met their gaze. Outstretched upon the ground lay the bodies of an aged man and woman. Both were horribly torn and mangled. The clothing of the woman had been torn from her poor body. One leg was crushed and the trunk of her body cut all to pieces. The man was not so badly torn. His skull was crushed and his brains oozed out upon the ground.

Notwithstanding the drenching rain, the passengers on the train, as soon as they learned what had

than twenty-eight to thirty inches. But when coming back in the same middle, while doing just as much work and cutting the same width, it was plain that more than three-fourths of the cutting edge of the implement was running in the mellow, freshly plowed soil of the first furrow. We immediately made the following change. Instead of running two furrows in each row, we directed that only one should be run, by "siding" both sides of every other row. By this method, we succeeded in stirring or covering all the surface in the field except a narrow strip of two to four inches on each side of every alternate cotton row. Of course, the first result was that the plows could get along just twice as fast. A field that before required two days to plow could now be plowed in one day. We adopted the plan as part of a permanent system.

Of course, next time the plows are to go over, the rows that were not sided the first time should receive attention this time. We found the plan to work exceedingly well, with occasional modifications. It enabled us, subsequently to plow over a crop twice as often, or to get over in just half the time. It may be applied to any crop that is planted in comparatively narrow rows, and to a less extent in wide rows. It largely obviates the necessity of running astride the rows, as must be done with some of the riding cultivators, which require two horses. In that year—which proved a very wet season of cultivation—the practice of the plan enabled us to cultivate our crop of twenty-five acres of cotton and fifteen acres of corn per plow, besides other crops (and small grain to harvest) without any great difficulty. The plan is equally applicable where an expanding cultivator is used instead of a sweep, or scrape. The essence of the plan is never to run two furrows in a row at the same plowing, when one furrow will almost, if not quite, stir the soil from row to row.

Good Advice to Young Woman.

Philadelphia Times.

There is nothing so certain to make you disliked as to tell your troubles to a friend. Prosperity means friendship, but once you take it into your head to retail

your woes you will soon discover that your company is not wanted, and the people who once bowed to you in pleasant recognition now walk on the other side of the way with a cold and stony glare that looks over your head or through your body, but never meets your eyes as of yore.

The people are not hard-hearted that turn the cold shoulder to you. They are only averse to knowing of any more misery than they already have to bear. We every one of us have our little troubles. In some cases they grow to be very large ones, and it isn't pleasant to have the dark side continually thrust before us just when we begin to feel a bit comfortable in our minds over some unpleasant occurrence that has upset us for a time.

Take a bit of valuable advice, and when you feel like telling some one of your spat with your intended or how low your finances are, just remember our warning and don't do it. Your mother, your father, your husband are the truest sympathizers, and outside of them you are certain to be soon called a bore if you persist in your harrowing confidence.

RAPID CULTIVATION.

How to Make Cotton Grow.

Atlanta Constitution.

The old proverb, "Pick deep, while sluggards sleep, And you'll have corn to sell and to keep."

has no application during the middle and last stages of the growth of a crop of cotton and corn. It should rather be wide—rather than deep. Farmers understand and are pretty well agreed that it will not do to plow corn and cotton deep after June sets in. In our experience, it does not pay to plow deep at any stage of the cultivation, if the ground was properly prepared and well platted.

What we wish to impress now is the importance of wide plowing, and by wide plowing we mean rapid cultivation. We should go over the crops of both corn and cotton at least every two weeks—ten days would be better—during the month of June, and the same method should continue in the cotton field until the middle or last of July. But it is manifestly impracticable to cultivate every ten days or two weeks—where a farmer is fully "cropped"—if he runs two or three times in a three or four and a half foot cotton row; or five or six times in a five or six foot cotton row. The ordinary practice in cultivating cotton during June and July, assuming three feet as the ordinary width of rows, is to go twice in each middle with an eighteen or twenty-inch scrape or sweep, and get "over the crop" about once in three weeks. Now, this is a very great waste of time; and yet it seems necessary to go twice to the row in order to "side" both sides of every row. But it is not necessary, as we will proceed to prove. Many years ago (in 1860) we were watching our plow-gang work. Each had a strong mule, and a twenty-two inch

CIRCUS WRECK.

Tigers and Lions Escape From Their Cages.

TYRONE, PA., May 30.—One of the most horrible railroad accidents that has ever occurred in this State happened this morning. The morning special train on the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad, composed of Walter Mains' circus cars, got beyond control of the trainmen and came down the mountain with fearful rapidity.

The Vail station train was wrecked. Animals, men, and broken cars were piled up together. Several of the circus tigers and

swamp the rows three feet wide

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THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI.

Outcasts From the World.

Catholic Telegraph.

Dr. Leonard Freeman, a prominent physician of Cincinnati, has just returned from a tour of the Sandwich Islands, where after much trouble he secured the privilege of visiting the celebrated leper colony on the island of Molokai. Of the island he says that it contains about 5,000 acres. It is surrounded on three sides by the Pacific Ocean, and guarded on the fourth by a tremendous precipice, which cuts it off from the rest of the world like a gloomy wall. There are about 1,100 lepers in the colony, and it is true of this spot if it is of any other that "He who enters here leaves hope behind." Even the ground itself looks as if it had leprosy, with its volcanic debris sticking through the thin soil.

"We went at once to the little Methodist church, made of boards and painted white, where the Rev. Mr. Emerson, whom I had met on the steamer, was to deliver a sermon. The church was as plain as a church could be, with wooden benches and some pitifully small panes of stained glass inserted above the windows, in order to impart a religious air to at least a portion of the light which entered. Just outside the open door I could see the white surf pounding against the black rocks with a roar that sometimes threatened to drown the voice of the preacher.

"This was one of the strangest congregations in the whole world—some without fingers, some with their stumps of hands and feet done up in rags. * * * There was not one who did not in some way show the stamp of the loathsome malady.

"They were all dark-skinned natives, except one white man, who sat in a front seat, the picture of hopeless dejection. Mr. Emerson spoke earnestly in the Kanaka language, and his audience listened eagerly. After he had finished he requested me to address the congre-

gation, and I preached my first and perhaps last sermon. One of the lepers, with an obvious paucity of fingers, arose and thanked me. Among other things, he said he hoped I would live long and never have leprosy, as though leprosy to him involved every evil in the world and if I escaped it I could not fail to be happy.

"After the sermon we got some horses and rode about the settlements. The lepers live in white frame houses about the size of an ordinary room, and divided into several apartments. They do not require much furniture, because they prefer squatting on a floor to sitting in a chair. They have horses, cats, dogs, and other domestic animals, and some of them cultivate small gardens. When a Kanaka gets leprosy he regards it as a dispensation of Providence, buries his hopes and ambitions, and goes to Molokai to die. To be sure, the disease is only feebly contagious, but contagious it is, and the slovenly, unhealthy lives led by many natives are conducive to its spread. Huddled together in small damp huts, existing on insufficient and improper food, eating with their dirty fingers from a single dish, smoking the same pipe, it is no wonder the Hawaiians have been decimated by leprosy and afflicted with other terrible diseases. One may live with lepers for many years however, without contracting leprosy. It is said that a native woman of Honolulu sent three husbands to Molokai with the disease before she developed it herself. There are several other churches in the colony besides the Methodist, including a Catholic church and a Mormon church; but the Catholics seem to be doing the most of the real work—the others take it out largely in talk. There are nine Sisters of Charity, and they are comfortable,

attending to these poor people with great ulcers on the soles of their feet, and without toes, or even without much of any feet at all, this music box plays waltzes by Strauss—a genuine piece of sarcasm. Mr. Dutton is nobly carrying out the work inaugurated by Father Damien, who lived some sixteen years among the lepers, and finally died a martyr to the disease, the horror of which he had endeavored so long to mitigate.

"I remained in the leper colony two nights and nearly two days, and was just as glad to get away from the place as I was to get into it. I never before realized how dreary a landscape could be in spite of a beautiful scenery and perfect climate if suffering humanity formed the background. Although, strictly speaking, the people do not suffer much a characteristic of the disease is the early destruction of sensation, so that a finger, or even a leg, might be hacked off without much discomfort. They never commit suicide. It would be easy to climb the precipice that guards their prison and jump off, but they do not do it. The truth is, they seem comparatively resigned and happy. There are so many of them that they do not lack society, and the worst cases appear to mingle freely with those in the earlier stages. They have meat, bread, (poi,) plenty of clothes and bedding, churches, a reading room, and good enough homes. They have organized a band of musicians among them, and some are quite good performers. The Catholics have erected several plain pavilions, like hospital wards, with kitchen and dining room attached. The sisters try to induce the leper girls to occupy these quarters, designed for their comfort, and they are comfortable,

various kinds; and I thought to myself, if the people in the outside world knew how much things were needed on Molokai, there would be not only a few pitiful little boxes to open, but whole steamer-loads of them.

"It was with a feeling of relief that I took my mackintosh under my arm, bade farewell to the kind-hearted doctor, and climbed the winding trail up the path. I stood on the top and took a last view of the leper colony. There was the same little tongue of land far below, green with moist grass, and fringed with lines of snowy breakers, rolling against black, volcanic rocks. There was the same multitude of cottages, shining white in the sunlight; the same blue sky and fleecy clouds. But the beauty of the spot, its watering-place appearance, was gone. I knew what a dreary, festering ulcer of a hole it really was; and I felt a deep love and sympathy for the Sisters of Charity and the Fathers, and for Mr. Dutton and the good doctor, who were devoting their lives and energies to the lepers, in order that their living deaths might be a little less hard to bear."

Mr. Billtops Tells Frank a Little Story About a Wonderful Tree.

"Pop," said Franky Billtops, "tell me a story."

"Well, Franky," said Mr. Billtops, "once there was a sailor man who used to go on voyages to Brazil, and sometimes he would bring back from there curious things. He brought back once a rubber tree—I don't mean a great big rubber tree, as high as a house, but a little one that he could carry in his overcoat pocket. He planted this rubber tree in his back yard at home. Of course, it took some little time for it to grow up, but when it had become fully grown they used to pick from it, every spring and fall, rubber 'shoes' enough for the whole family, including all the little children; and they were much better shoes too, than you could buy. Franky, because there wasn't any cloth or anything mixed in with them; they were just nothing but the pure rubber."

"Pop," said Franky, "do you know what I'd do if I had a rubber tree? I'd raise rubber boots on it."

A new "midnight bite" of cheese, toast, etc., answers to the name of "Scotch partridge."

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