

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

AT THE HOME OF THE CONFEDERATE EX-PRESIDENT.

A Correspondent Visits Beauvoir and Is Shown Through the Premises—A Quiet Retreat on the Gulf Shaded By Live Oaks and Gray Moss.

(Special Correspondence.)

New Orleans, April 24. A three hours ride out of New Orleans over the L. & N. R. H. takes us through the swamps back of the city, across the levee and through the marshes...

wooden galleries. One of these is occupied by Mr. Davis in an office, where he does all his writing. The other is devoted to guests, and in the summer is occupied by a daughter, Mrs. Hayes, whose husband was Montgomery at the time of his marriage, but is now a banker in Colorado Springs.

Upon the front gallery are wide seats and benches, and in one corner a hammock, blackened by exposure to the weather, is swung temptingly. The main doorway opening upon the gallery is of plain glass, set in the woodwork in graceful curves and elaborate floral figures in French fashion.

It is not until we have passed the gallery that we see the interior of the house. It is a two story house, and giving full sweep to the breeze from the gulf, which plays through it with delicious coolness. This hall is the living room of the family. It is full of wide, soft lounges and round divans in cool upholstery, with tables covered with books and pictures, and a large, ornate chandelier hangs from the ceiling.

Reference was made to the fact that the New York World was sent to Beauvoir daily by its editor, for whose child Miss Davis took a particular interest. The paper is a pleasant friendship with Mrs. Putnam.

After lunch, which my host by proxy kindly invited me to accompany him to the custom of the place, and a stroll through the grounds, I found my way back to the station. I had to wait two hours and a half for the train to New Orleans, and was left solitary possession of the lonely place, the solitude being rendered all the more impressive by the wind which blew through the trees and the station master disappeared in the woods toward his dinner house.

My conductor proved himself a most intelligent and agreeable guide. He has been in Mr. Davis' service for two years and told me that day I went out to visit him. There is no doubt that I was informed, on inquiring the way to the house, that not a soul was at home. Mr. Davis had left an hour or so before my arrival at the station, in New Orleans of his wife's niece. I had heard on the way. Mrs. Davis was away on the same business, and Miss Varian, the daughter, was visiting friends in Clinton, Miss.

As the hour for the arrival of the train for New Orleans approached some people of the neighborhood gathered at the station, and looking toward the office of his friend, Mr. Davis, who had long ago resulted in a complete estrangement between them. Mr. Davis, the editor of the Star, and Mr. T. De Witt Tamm, the famous Brooklyn divine. The president of the committee for the relief of the colored people of the Morning Journal; the secretary is Mr. John A. Greene, the present managing editor of the Star; and the treasurer is Mr. J. H. Parker, the editor of the Evening Post.

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even on our short interview, I saw his aged face flush, and once he even dropped his head and passed his hand across his forehead in unmistakable evidence of embarrassment, if not pain.

Can it be that this old soldier and statesman, who through manhood was passed in the very forefront of the great events of his time, and upon whose devoted head has fallen the almost single individual obituary of a disastrous war and a great political failure, has grown weary and sick at heart? He has his unparalleled isolation from the business of his country, notwithstanding the comforting and unifying sympathy of his own section and the beneficent influence of his friends.

I felt relieved of the fear I entertained of having given him undue annoyance by my questions, when he across the river had been brought to me far and wide with a cordial shake of the hand and a message to a common friend, which assured me of his friendliness and interest in me.

On the day I saw him he had declined to attend the Calhoun monument ceremonies in Charleston, but he expressed the hope of going to Richmond, though in doubt as to whether his strength would permit the undertaking.

In speaking of his daughter's visit to the north, his single comment—"Young people enjoy a trip among their friends"—illustrates his careful avoidance in this purely personal matter as in all the conversation, of sectional reference.

The portrait which accompanies this has his own commendation. D. M. VANCE.

GOTHAM'S JOURNALISM. Hot Rivalry Between Big and Little Daily Papers. (Special Correspondence.)

New York, May 3. The rivalry between the newspapers of the city just now reminds one of the neck and neck race between the two great daily papers, the Herald and the World.

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THE PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

But the historical interest of the locality has been suggested, in fact, to one spot five miles before Hanoi is reached, where the late General Sherman's headquarters were located.

So we passed through the pine woods, a road which led deep into the woods, around the angle of a swarming vineyard of several acres, the only cultivated spot on the estate of 300 acres of woods and fields.

The road leads straight on to the beach of the gulf between Beauvoir and another house on the right, owned by Mr. Davis' sister, both houses facing the water. The approach is from the rear, and entrance to the large yard of Beauvoir is through a gate at the side. The yard is broad stretch in front of either side of the house, and is densely shaded and tree of shade or other living vegetable carpeting, the white sand of the soil showing up between the drifted withered of dead leaves and decaying twigs scattered upon the stunted trees like black worms.

Live oaks are the prevailing trees, small, to be sure, and unlike their grand brethren of the river Allouez, they are in Louisiana, but shapely, gray boards of moss drooping like long and thick foliage presenting an impenetrable shield against southern sun, the short but clean trunks outlining pleasant vistas through the broad stretch of yard and out to the blue water of the gulf. There is nothing straggly, gnarled or quaint in the shapely little trees, as in the black jack and scrubby abominations so familiar in the landscape of southern Florida. There is a pretty grove, but besides the live oaks, there are cedars, water oaks, with their lighter green leaves, magnolias, and even here a new native, the cypress, which is a scrubby tree. A large number of orange trees were killed in the severe winter of last winter, and some of their denuded stumps are still standing. As the visitor passes through the yard he is more than apt to strike his toe against an insect growth of cactus, which seems to be fighting for existence in the barren sand.

A few meadow sheep are roaming through the yard, keeping themselves for the most part as near the ungrazed fence which separates the grounds from the beach as possible, for, curiously enough, the fresh breeze which is continually blowing from the water hardly stirs the lower limbs of the trees in a little distance above the earth. At the station house, the other side of the pines, no breeze is felt whatsoever, and the heat during the summer is intense.

The house itself, placed in the rear corner of the yard, is elevated some eight feet above the ground on both sides, and is built with brick and flat, with a roof, white painted weather boards and green blinds, a broad veranda, or gallery, as they are called, never extending beyond the width of the house, front and rear, and led up by a wide flight of wooden steps, flanked by two stone vases, one of which has been thrown down from its pedestal, and another, though nearly above the average in size. About thirty paces on either side, a little in advance of the line of the main house, are two outlying cottages, each a picturesque, but both containing in style with each other and the main house, and completely surrounded by

wooden galleries. One of these is occupied by Mr. Davis in an office, where he does all his writing. The other is devoted to guests, and in the summer is occupied by a daughter, Mrs. Hayes, whose husband was Montgomery at the time of his marriage, but is now a banker in Colorado Springs.

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