

LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
JEFF. DAVIS.



By **McARONE.**

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FRONTISPIECE.



JEFFERSON DAVIS MAKING HER TOILET.

PROLOGUE.



COMING OUT OF THE REBELLION.



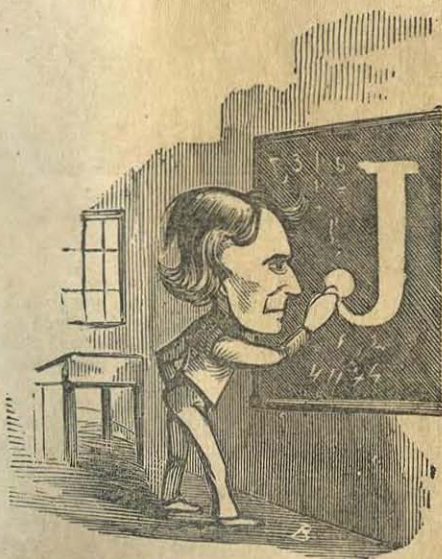
GOING INTO THE REBELLION.

BURLESQUE LIFE

OF

JEFF. DAVIS.

BY M'ARONE.



JEFFERSON DAVIS had the signal misfortune to be born . . . a misfortune alike for him and for society at large . . . on the 3d day of June, eighteen hundred and eight.

He committed this unpardonable sin in Christian county, Kentucky, a district that has produced, probably, as many horse-thieves as any other part of the terraqueous globe.

By the time he was old enough to swear correctly, his father removed to Wood-

ville, in Mississippi. It is understood that circumstances not totally unconnected with his rent had their influence upon this change of residence.

Fortune, however, favors the bold, and Old Davis was a bold man. By laboring industriously at cottonplanting and draw poker, he succeeded in accumulating the property of several wealthy neighbors in a high-toned and chivalrous manner, and concluded to give his son the education of a Southern gentleman.

Accordingly, little Jeffrey was sent to Transylvania College, where he learned reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, syntax, botany, secession, hydrography, nullification, trigonometry, mendacity, and a variety of other useful knowledge.

After licking his tutor, he graduated with all the honors, and was considered ready for a term of study at West Point.

Here he earned the warm regards of his fellow students by the skill with which he compounded gin cocktails, and the able-bodied manner in which he consumed them. In this labor of love he was generally assisted by several who have since largely distinguished themselves in the confederate army and navy.



HIS GENIUS.

CHAPTER II.

N 1828, Jeff graduated for the second time, and West Point was obliged to yield him up. It is to be observed that that region of country has never done well, since.

At this period, Jeff held a commission as brevet second lieutenant; not the highest rank in the service, perhaps, but just see how much better than being fourth corporal!

Our hero was now, for the first time in his life, a gentleman,—that is, an officer in the regular army; and it is well known that all regular army officers are gentlemen, without exception.

The chivalrous and noble savage got his beautifully-painted back up, at about this period, and began scalping the frontier settlers under the leadership of the wild untutored chief, Black Hawk.

An almost interminable ruction ensued, in which the Indians were accus-



tomed to behave a good deal as the soldiers of the Confederate army have since conducted themselves.



THE CHIVALROUS SAVAGE.



HOW JEFF WAS PROMOTED.

Our proud young lieutenant assumed his most martial expression, put on a new pair of epaulettes, unsheathed his virgin sword, and rushed to the frontier of Florida in a mule-cart. The spectacle was said to be sublime; probably sublimer than blazes.

On his arrival, he constructed a gin cocktail for the commanding officer, who was so delighted with its delicacy and subtleness of flavor, that he at once appointed Lieutenant Davis aid-de-camp on his staff, remarking at the same time, that "a devilish fine bar-keeper was sp'iled when that young man entered the army."

CHAPTER III.



HE cocktails that Jeff. now mixed in his official capacity so fired his Southern heart that he performed prodigies of valor.

He withstood a terrific assault from an old half-breed squaw, armed with a broom, and contested the ground with her for half a mile, finally retreating in good order after the object of his reconnaissance had been attained.

The difficulty with which this great strategic movement was accomplished, suggested to him the propriety of having a horse to bear him away from his enemies with greater celerity than his somewhat large feet could encompass.

He accordingly applied for a position as First Lieutenant of dragoons, and received his commission soon after.

Mounted, he presented an awful and gloomy appearance. He was even at this immature age, a cadaverous-looking Southern gentleman, habitually wearing a full uniform, a sparse goatee and numerous pimples. In weight and complexion, he was inclined to be light; in drinking, heavy; in politics, Democratic; in war, bloodthirsty but harmless. In other respects, nothing of any consequence.

When Black Hawk and Tomahawk were played out, after several years of desultory fighting . . . much prolonged by the general antipathy for a vigorous prosecution of the war which the noble Southern army-gentlemen customarily displayed . . . Lieutenant Jeff, pursued the bubble reputation further into the cannon's mouth . . . where it unhappily burst . . . in other Indian troubles.

He not only slew, but got slewed. He devoured his enemies; at least those of a liquid nature; and earned the name of hard drinker, a hard rider, a hard drill-master, and a hard case generally.

In June, 1835, after seven years of aboriginal skirmishing on an original plan, the Indian wars became serious, and Jeff. resigned his lieutenantcy with becoming resignation.

It is quite needless to say that it was instantly accepted.

CHAPTER IV.



AFTER eight tranquil years of cotton planting and negro raising . . . in which last pursuit he was extremely skillful . . . Jefferson Davis left off being a Southern gentleman and began to be a Southern politician.

In 1843, when Polk was running the gauntlet of abuse usually endured by candidates for the Chief-Magistracy of the nation, Jeff. was chosen elector for the State of Mississippi. The intelli-

gent reader is undoubtedly aware that Polk was elected and in consequence of this fact some glory accrued to elector Davis.

This glory bore him safely, if not triumphantly, into Congress in the year 1845. He had not been in the military service so long that he could not be civil at times, and it is said that he behaved with very marked decency to the gentlemen who announced his election to him.

They all fell under the table in his dining-room a few hours after communicating the good news.

But within one short year of this political splendor, a shudder swept across the country. The swarthy and monte-loving descendant of the Montezumas uplifted his flashing blade against our Texan border, and invited us in wrathful accents, to knock the chips of discord from his athletic shoulder.

The nation flew to arms. So did the First Mississippi Volunteers. J. Davis harangued them with burning eloquence and gin cocktails, to such supernatural extent that they unanimously elected him Colo-

nel of the regiment. The then Governor of Mississippi drank a single cocktail, and instantly ratified the commission, stating that it was the proudest moment of his life . . . which it probably was.



JEFF AS A PLANTER.

It is not within the biographer's province to detail the entire history of the Mexican war, nor to relate the conduct of Colonel J. Davis with reference to his regimental pay-roll.

It is, however, to be mentioned that our hero reinforced General Zachary Taylor on the Rio Grande, and accompanied him throughout his campaign.

At Monterey, he led his command into the thick of safety, but at Buena Vista he made a slight mistake, and got into a place where there were some Mexicans. He immediately formed his men in the shape of a V, with the point toward the enemy.

The Mexican officers, not realizing that any body could be fool enough to receive an attack in this position, feared some new and hidden mystery in military science, and made but a timid and doubtful onslaught, so that Colonel Davis believed . . . and will, to his last day . . . that he had discovered an impregnable position.

It has since been largely tried in Virginia, by various Confederate heroes, with different results.

There was some little fighting after this, and Jeff. received several

severe wounds, but was, fortunately, sober enough to keep his saddle, notwithstanding, until the end of the battle; when he was highly complimented by General Taylor, who assured him that he was not such a fool as he looked.



THE HARANGUE.

A little dog with a new brass collar could not be more justly proud than Jeff. was on this occasion.

He subsequently evinced his gratitude to the General, by marrying his daughter, in direct opposition to her father's wishes.

CHAPTER V.



IN July, 1847, the term of service for which the first Mississippi was enlisted, expired, and their noble colonel led them from the field of conflict in his accustomed dashing manner. On his arrival at home, the great and good Polk offered him a brigadier-generalship of State Militia.

Now mark the instincts of the Southern gentleman.

J. Davis declined this offer, on the ground that the State alone can commission its officers, and that their appointment by the Executive

would be an infraction of state rights. That is to say, that the Governor of all the states, can not commission a militia-officer for one of them.

The principle of state rights is a very beautiful one, and adapted to the meanest capacity.

That is the reason of its popularity in the South.

At about this period, a gentleman who had filled a senatorial chair in the Mississippi legislature, had the misfortune to die, and Jeff. was appointed to take his place.

"Now," said his chivalrous and high-toned companions, "now, we have indeed a man among us who knows how to make cock-tails!"

Whereupon, they elected him for the balance of the term.

Of course he did nobly. He argued that the greatness of the nation depended on the number of niggers owned in Mississippi, and



FOOTE, RUNNING FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP.

that if the Government was to be permanent and powerful, it must be subject to the whim of the sundry and various state rulers.

The continuancy of this sapient course were as delighted with his efforts that when he ran for the Governorship, shortly after, they elected his antagonist, Mr. Foote, by a majority of nine hundred and ninety-nine.

This Mr. Foote, who vanquished Jeff. on that occasion, is the same gentleman who recently visited this city and was locked up in Eldridge-street jail.

Having had his nose thus put out of joint, our hero retired to his farm, licked his niggers, drank his cocktails, and otherwise indulged in the pleasing pastoral pursuits of the high-toned Southern planter;

varying his amusements occasionally with the more exciting exercise of a bowie-knife fight or a gouging match.

Thus he lived, beloved by his neighbors and himself, until 1852, when Poor Pierce was selected as a candidate for the presidency.

J. Davis then arose, like the lion from his lair, shook the dewdrops



REWARD OF POLITICAL VIRTUE.

from his mane, put on his tailed coat and satin stock, and entered the political arena with courage in his heart, fire in his eye, a quid in his cheek and a dirk down his back.

His stumping was remarkably successful. He used convincing arguments, and undoubtedly advanced some of them in the form of a V, or may be an X, so Poor Pierce was sent to Washington to smile, and talk pretty to the foreign ambassadors, and get very tight, and have bad portraits painted by Mr. Carpenter, and so on for four years.

Virtue is its own reward, but in politics, not its only. "To the victors belong the spoils." The pretty President recognized the influence that J. Davis's labors had had, in electing him, and evinced his gratitude by making Davis Secretary of War, a very nice little berth in time of peace.

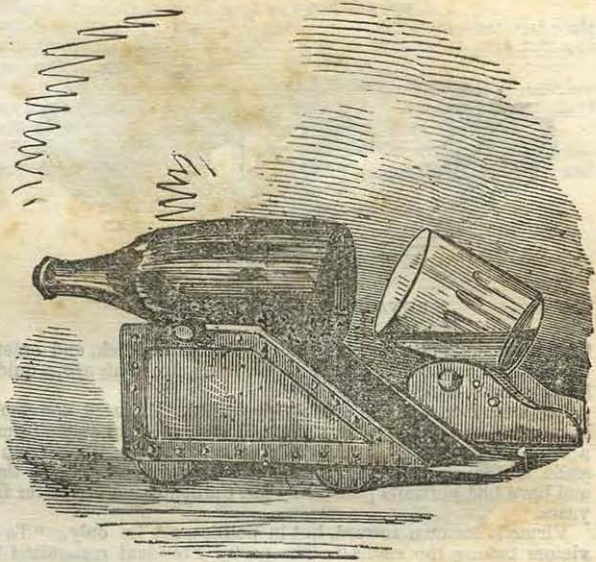
Not quite so nice, however, as the presidency, and I am pained to say that the new secretary grew envious of the new president. So much so, indeed, that he determined to be president himself, at all hazards . . . if not of the whole country, of a portion, at least.

While yet filling his post, he saw that the North was getting stronger than the South, and that his pet schemes of nullification and state rights would soon be obsolete unless something were done to give the South an advantage.

Then it was that the great Rebellion was hatched, and the little Confederacy planned.

The army was at that time officered chiefly . . . almost entirely . . . by high-toned Southern gentlemen, whose chivalrous hearts were ripe for treason. These were pleased with Jeff's action in increasing the army by four new regiments, introducing light tactics and rifled

arms, and above all, by greatly improving and strengthening the fortifications of the Southern frontiers and seacoast.



Up to this time Mr. Jefferson Davis attracted but little attention from the public in general. He was looked on simply as one of the many public functionaries, which it is necessary for the credit of a free and enlightened people, should be supported at public expense, and devote their time principally to their own private concerns.

The fascinations of the capitol, did not however cause our hero to leave the path of duty, he still mixed his cocktails as faithfully as ever, and drew his salary with exemplary promptitude. But events were on the tapis that were to make the name of J. Davis, Esq., shine, like the decaying fish in the Randolphian metaphor, which shines and stinks, shines and stinks, sir. Still, Davis neglected not his spiritual welfare, and Jeff. put many cocktails where they would cease to be a temptation to the weak.

CHAPTER VI.



HEN Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin were nominated to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, the high-toned skallywags of the sunny South saw a fair excuse for developing their natural loveliness of character.

Accordingly they nominated three sets of candidates from their own party, and swore that if Lincoln were elected they would disrupt the United States.

Knowing very well, all the time, that if they ran three men for the Presidency, it would be sure

to elect the one who ran against them; the one party being divided, and the other united.

Naturally enough, Mr. Lincoln was elected in November, 1860, and in the following month a secession convention assembled in Charleston, S. C., and passed an ordinance, taking South Carolina out of the Union.

Hereupon, Major Anderson, loyal commander of the Charleston harbor-defences, went from Fort Moultrie, a weak place, to Fort Sumter, a strong place. His sagacity was very highly applauded. Then Jno. B. Floyd, whose portrait subsequently disfigured the Rogues' Gallery in our New York police headquarters, resigned his position as Secretary of War, to which he had succeeded Jeff. Davis, and in which he had faithfully carried out all the designs of that eminent bummer.



HOW FLOYD LEFT THE TREASURY.

CHAPTER VII.



IGHTEEN sixty-one was ushered in by a general crumble of all our solid institutions. It has taken four years to stop that crumble, and it will take ten more to re-build it. Confidence was not a public commodity at that time, though confidence-men were plenty and sat in high places. Arsenals and vessels and forts were seized everywhere in the South, by State troops, and the initiatory gun of rebellion was fired from the Morris Island forts at the steamer *Star of the West*, which was sent to Fort Sumter with reinforcements for Major Anderson.

Howell Cobb, thitherto Secretary of the Treasury, had sent nearly all the income of the Government to the South, and then, stealing the final six millions himself, magnanimously resigned. This action, and that of Floyd and Davis previously, gave the chivalry decidedly the inside track, so when South Carolina struck the first blow, the other high-toned States followed in quick succession.

On the 9th of January, Mississippi seconded South Carolina's example, and Jeff. Davis, after maundering treason and fustion in the Senate about it, resigned, and left also. On his return to his adopted State, two influential white citizens wished him to assume command of his ancient regiment—the 1st Mississippi—but as that organization could not be discovered, and as he had loftier views, he declined, and employed his energies in the noble task of firing the Southern heart.

Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana all made fools of themselves within this same month of January, by seceding; and early in the next, while a Peace Congress was assembling at Washington, a Confederate convention gathered at Montgomery, Alabama, and elected Jeff. "President of the Provisional Government of the Southern Confederacy."

The whereabouts of the said Southern Confederacy are at present unknown.



THE INFLUENTIAL CITIZENS.

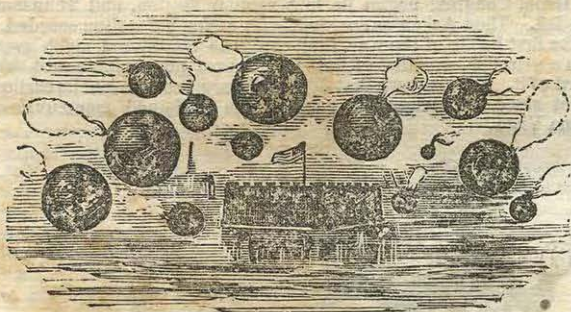
On the 18th of February, '61, Jeff. was formally inaugurated to his new position, with Aleck Stephens as his Vice-President. It was said at the time that a president, with so few virtues, could hardly need a vice.

Both of these gentlemen are reported to have been very much tickled.

On the 4th of March ensuing, Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, and took the place of the poor, paltry, pattering, puny old public functionary, Buchanan, who had earned some reputation by being caricatured in the funny papers, but had no other claims to be considered otherwise than in the light of a poor shoat.

Hereupon Texas seceded.

The Southern heart, meanwhile, did not seem to take fire with that degree of rapidity which Jeff. desired; so, in order to give the ball a fair start, Fort Sumter was bombarded and captured by the valiant and bloodthirsty Carolinians.



FIRST BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.

(From a Southern Point of View.)

With this brilliant achievement, the ball opened. President Lincoln, abandoning the policy—or want of policy—of Buchanan, issued invitations for seventy-five thousand young men to pay a three months visit to the “sacred soil.” This promising to be a rather pleasant excursion, the chances of “going down to Washington to fight for Abraham’s daughter,” who turned out a mythical personage after all, were at a premium, and were jumped at with even greater alacrity than the bounty jumping of after days.

Unable to say Nay, Virginia was carried out of the Union by a set of rascals imported for the purpose, and the Virgin State found herself in the hands of a Letcher.

CHAPTER VIII.



ASHINGTON was soon filled with camps, and Jeff. discovered that he had undertaken a remarkably big job. He got quite sick thinking about it, and issued a proclamation for the equipment of privateers and the granting of letters of marque, while on his sick bed.

The fight had now assumed really serious proportions.

Two new levies of loyal troops were shortly called out, the Rebel Congress began its first regular session, and Tennessee seceded. Then Arkansas seceded. Then North Carolina seceded.

The first battle of the war, that could be considered much more than a skirmish, was that of Bull Run. Most people have probably heard of it. It was there that Jeff's military prowess had its earliest outlet since the memorable days of his V-shaped manœuvre at Buena Vista.



He was on the ground in person, and modified Peter Beauregard's plans just enough to spoil them entirely. The result was that at the outset the chivalry got beautifully whipped; so beautifully and easily, in fact, that the raw troops of the Union didn't imagine it was possible, and mistook the last ineffectual rally of the Rebels for an additional onslaught, fell into confusion, which soon became a panic, and ran all the way to Washington in disorder.

This was considered very rusty, especially by the newspapers. Every editor in the North thought that if he had only been there

the Rebels would all have been killed, skinned and eaten, and the star-spangled banner in triumph should wave, etcetera, etcetera.

When the Rebels found that there was no enemy in their front, they contented themselves with blowing about their overwhelming and decisive victory, and sat down behind their works, very glad that the Union army was running northward instead of southward, and very much afraid to follow it in any direction.

After the battle, Jeff. drove triumphantly into Richmond in an open barouche, and accepted the entire credit of the victory, in a most gracious manner. The newspapers of that city at once asserted, editorially, that Jeff. was a greater military genius than Alexander, Hannibal, or H. J. Raymond; and that, compared with his talent, offensive and defensive, N. Buonaparte and his marshals, not to speak of Charles XII. of Sweden, and others, were a set of poor-white trash whose armies couldn't have withstood the high-toned legions of the sunny South ten minutes!

Meanwhile, Peter Beauregard's gentlemanly and scholarly heroes were disemboweling the wounded for bowie-knife practice, and making whiskey-goblets for their sweethearts out of the skulls of the dead. Jeff., having now some foundation for popularity, became the idol of a large party. They proclaimed the Confederacy a fixed fact, and demanded its recognition by foreign powers. They extolled Jeff. as the Saviour of the South, and the most admirable descendant of the cavaliers that ever licked a nigger or propagated half-breeds. In a word, things flourished in the Confederacy, and Jeff.'s darling dreams seemed in a pretty fair way to come to something. These were his palmy days. He dwelt at the Spottswood House, ate the fat of the land and the fullness thereof, drank blockade-running champagne, and squandered his ingeniously-contrived currency, based upon the old but ever popular financial principle of "heads, I win; tails, you lose." (The foregoing passage is intended to be in the style of Baron Macaulay, only better.)

CHAPTER IX.



IN the February of the following year—1862—Jeff. was re-elected to the Presidency such as it was, by a large—rather a suspiciously large—majority, for the full Confederate term of six years. It is not known that he is likely to repeat that term.

No sooner was he fairly settled in the chair of the Executive, than a brisk opposition began to assail him. Some of the newspapers that had praised him loudest-mouthed, now declared him a thief, and, what was still more impolite, proved it.

This might not have had any great effect in the face of high successes on the part of the Southern army and

navy; but, unhappily for Jeff., the little affairs at Forts Henry, Pulaski and Donelson, and Roanoke Island, Columbus, Pea-Ridge, Hamptoa Roads, Newbern, Island No. 10., Winchester, Pittsburg Landing, and others, quite too numerous to mention, rather shook the faith of the poor-whites, just undergoing the first pleasures of



AMUSEMENTS OF THE CHIVALRY.

conscription, in the soundness of judgment displayed by the high-toned Southern gentleman who was spending their money in Richmond.

It is notable that Jeff.'s nobility of soul led him to desire a gentle and bloodless prosecution of the war—especially on our side. He constantly declared it barbarous and inhuman for us to hang poor fellows out West, who, out of mere playfulness and exuberance of animal spirits, persisted in farming by day, and throwing railroad cars off the track, murdering and scalping families picking off videttes, etc, by night.

All such, he claimed, were "good Confederates"—meaning bad Christians—and if we went on hanging them, he would retaliate.

In fact, he got retaliation on the brain, at last. When General Butler (peace to his reputation!) issued his famous "woman order" in New Orleans, Jeff. proposed to retaliate. When we first hanged a spy, duly and according to the laws of civilized warfare, Jeff. put forth a retaliation proclamation at once. When President Lincoln proclaimed the slaves of armed Rebels free, Jeff. spawned an order for retaliation.

Thus, for several years, this good Confederate President performed but two great public services: the signing of bills for raising new loans on cotton that belonged to somebody else, and orders for retaliation that could not be executed.

In time, the mass of the Rebel armies becoming composed of unwilling conscripts, and these not greatly fancying the idea of

being soundly whipped in every battle, desertions grew exceedingly frequent. Indeed, the chivalrous sons of the cavaliers got so used to running away that they took every opportunity to do so, whether in an engagement or in camp.

CHAPTER X.



HE mighty chieftain, whose history I am detailing, soon found his forces so weakened thus, that in August, 1863, he offered an amnesty to all deserters, promising them a free pardon if they would return to his and their arms within sixty days. They didn't do it.

Shortly after this, Mr. John B. Floyd rendered his country a signal service for the first time since he became a politician. None other of all his acts ever gave such real pleasure to the patriotic portion of the nation.

This he accomplished by dying, on the 26th of August, 1863.

Jeff. Davis would have done well, both for himself and the rest of mankind, had he followed his fellow-traitor's example. Unhappily, good taste was never numbered among his prominent qualities.

In the ensuing Congress, held at Richmond, Jeff.'s time-honored and ancient enemy and rival, Mr. Henry S. Foote—who beat him in the contest for the Mississippi governorship some fourteen years before—got up and spoke out, among other things, some very wholesome truths, in very plain language.

He averred that the Confederacy was going to the d—l at a lively pace; which was true. That it might easily be made a great success; which was false. That its navy of pirates had almost entirely gone to Davy Jones's Locker; which was true. That its sails should by that time have whitened every sea; which was false. That its armies were getting soundly thrashed on every hand;



EFFECT OF HIS DEATH, UPON A DISTINGUISHED CHARACTER.

which was true. That the heroism and nobility of their cause deserved better; which was false. That all Confederate misfortunes



THE REBEL GENERAL LYON.

were due to the dishonesty, rapacity, incompetence and debauchery of the rulers, especially Jeff. Davis; which was emphatically true.

So true, indeed, that it made Jeff. wince perceptibly in spite of his famously hard cheek.

Simultaneously with the attack of this senator, the opposition newspapers poured additional and increased volleys of hot shot into the Presidential hulk, until the people began to see how they had been duped, the army began to be disaffected, and things in general looked decidedly mixed. Peace resolutions were offered in the Rebel Congress, and every body clamored for a speedy end of the war.

To these clamors, Jeff. responded by sending commissioners armed with plenary power to do nothing but vapor about recognition, armistice, etc., to which he knew no Union statesman would listen for a moment.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln having been triumphantly re-elected President, the cause of the high-toned Southern gentlemen grew more and more shaky. It appeared, in fact, to be actually upon its last

legs; and Jeff., despairing of any other success, determined to steal all he could carry, and run when he found he could stay no longer.



JEFF. AS AN ORATOR.

His Secretaries of State and of War, unable to stand the racket, resigned January 20, '65, and he found it necessary to get up some sort of reaction. Accordingly, he and his few remaining partisan tools exerted themselves to the utmost, his own task being a speechifying tour about the country.

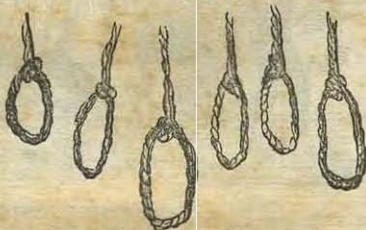
These movements were not devoid of result. Foote, the implacable, was expelled from the Rebel Congress, and went off to Europe on a blockade runner. The armies were likewise inspirited by a new consolidation, a little whiskey, and the appointment of General Lee General-in-Chief—a sort of military dictator, which, however, was not proved so efficient as our naval *Dictator*.

The enthusiasm thus made to flicker up was but brief and ephemeral. It was the last flash of a guttering candle, with a winding-sheet in the wick, soon to expire in a bad-smelling smoke.

The whole Confederacy now consisted of about as much area as a smart horse could trot around in three days; and there were a good many smart horses trotting around it. Its lines were getting drawn uncommonly tight, and any surveyor who wanted to make a map of it would have had a pretty easy time.

The invaluable Confederate money sold, at this epoch, at about two cents on the dollar, and buyers were not very anxious to get it even at that apparently moderate price.

In order, then, to have something sure, Jeff. caused all the specie that could be found in his rapidly diminishing dominions to be brought to the Richmond banking houses, and



CONFEDERATE LINES.

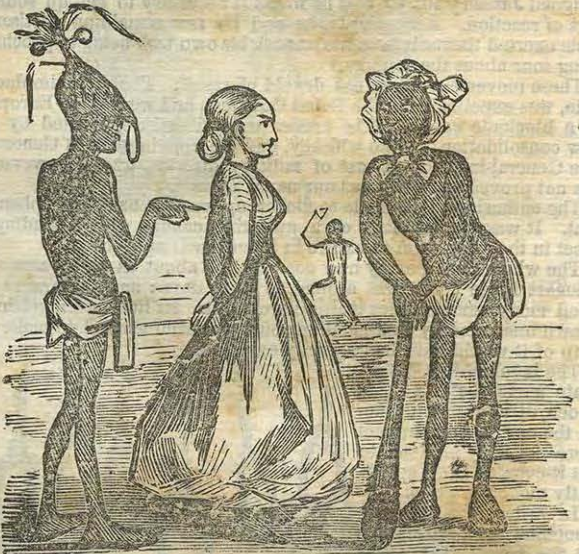
placed on deposit. He retained the keys to their specie vaults under his own care—merely as a measure of safety.

The taking of Charleston, S. C., and Wilmington, N. C., following in quick succession, made still farther trouble in the Confederate camp, and it is melancholy to record that the once mighty Jeff. could think of no better way to restore confidence among his subjects, than by ordering a general day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. And this for a people who had been compelled to endure fasting and humiliation for many months already!

Under all these circumstances, it cannot be considered a remarkable phenomenon that the Rebel Congress should declare it impossible to issue any more governmental currency. That issued hitherto could not be given away; it was therefore judged inexpedient to continue printing it.

Two days afterward this memorable Congress adjourned, *sine die*, and without appointing a future place of assembly. Indeed, some of them seemed a little incredulous about holding any more sessions at all!

Dreary, indeed, were these last days of the Confederacy. Mrs.



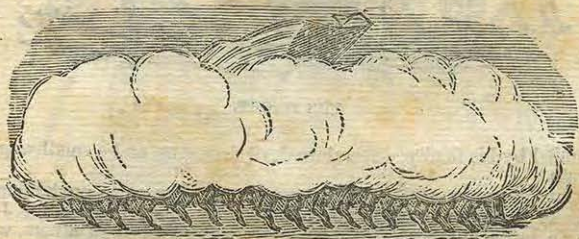
A DREADFUL POSSIBILITY.

Davis saw with pain that the joyous spring-time was coming, and yet she knew not what sort of bonnet to get, for she could not say

in what quarter of the world her season might be passed. Possibly in some remote and unfriendly region where bonnets are unknown.

[Let me here state that this lady, whose gentle mind was thus exercised, is not the daughter of General Taylor, whom Jeff. first espoused. She was fortunate enough to pass from the turmoil and turpitude of this world before she had to blush for the ignominy of her husband. After her demise he wedded a second time, and his partner then chosen—said to be a grand-daughter of General Howell, of New Jersey—joined her fortunes to those of the desperate arch-traitor, even unto the bitter end.]

General Grant, learning the condition of things in Dixie at this time, at once began a lively little movement along the entire line in front of Petersburg, and within twenty-four hours that city and



THE MOVEMENT.

Richmond were evacuated. They were occupied on the 3rd of April, and poor Jeff. fled to Danville with his family and specie, inaugurating a wild goose chase, which only terminated in a scene which I shall treasure up for the close of this work.

It is a fine instance of poetic justice that President Lincoln should have lived to visit Richmond, and to hold a levee in Jeff.'s deserted mansion. Read by the light of this fact, how funny it is to remember the boasts of the high-toned Southern editors, that Mrs. Davis had issued cards for a dinner in the White house at Washington for July 4, 1862.

[A historian should not be a moralist; but there is so little that is moral about me, I may be pardoned the above reflection.]

While Jeff. went lightsomely skedaddling across loss toward an unknown destination, General Grant was suggesting to General Lee that he should surrender.

"I could hold my ground," replied Lee, "and fight you forever. But not without loss of life, and a good general never loses life. Therefore, I surrender!"

With the news of this surrender, came that of the capture of Mobile.

Confederate stocks experienced a perceptible decline.

Through swamps and fens, where the miasma and hopoad had it all their own way; over corduroy roads and slopes of timber where

no white man had ever traveled or ever will travel without feeling hurt when he sits down, went Jeff., the fugitive President, accom-



THE FLIGHT.

panied by his family, a few dare-devil dragoons, and a small wagon train.

His ill-gotten specie soon disappeared. The carts containing it broke down, and the lucre was instantly taken in trust for Jeff. by a large number of soldiers, negroes, citizens and others, who doubtless intended remitting it to him in a letter as soon as he got settled.

It was on a fine Oriental morning in the month of May, while the little hopscoots were singing their songs of praise, and the dew drops were shining celestially among the leaves of the odorous jimson-weed, that the gallant Fourth Michigan cavalry, under command of Colonel Pritchard, went slashing around the swamps that lie adjacent to the highly Confederate village of Irwinsville, Irwin county, Georgia.

There they surprised a rustic camp, guarded by a stalwart but timid company of high-toned dragoons, who partly fled, incontinent and speedy, and partly surrendered on sight.

A marquee-tent, more closely guarded than the rest, attracted the especial notice of the inquisitive Michiganders. They approached its opening, and demanded information on the subject of its occupants.

"I hope," responded an undeniably feminine voice from within, "that you will allow us ladies time to dress before you take us prisoners!"

Colonel Pritchard being a tender-hearted hero, consented to this arrangement, and gave the ladies some minutes in which to complete their toilette.

At the expiration of their armistice, Mrs. Jefferson Davis issued from the marquee, accompanied by a venerable but awkward woman, who wore a wooden water pail upon her arm.

"I hope," said Mrs. Davis, "that you will allow myself and mother to go to the spring for some water before you take us prisoners?"

The soldiers debated, inwardly, whether or not this could be per-



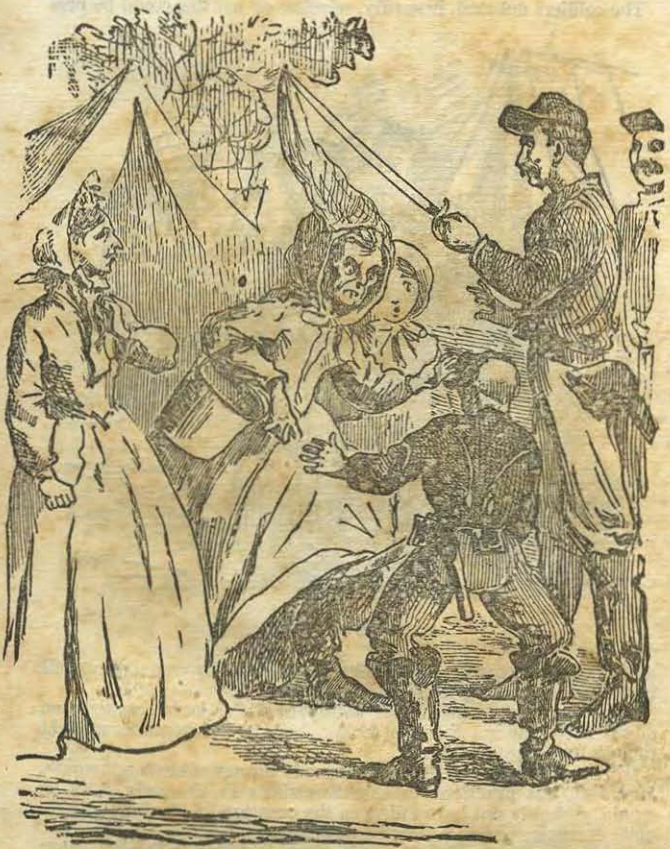
THE COMING FORTH.

mitted; but meanwhile the mother and daughter were doing well in the way of making tracks for the swamp.

They ran with considerable ability, and the jovial cavalrymen might have suffered them to escape, had it not been for a slight though important accident.

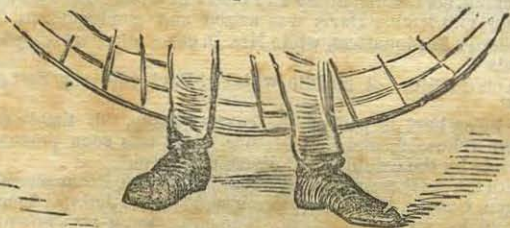
This should teach us the importance of proper education in youth. Had Jeff. but practiced private theatricals in his early days he would probably not have failed on the occasion of his debut in female character before a Georgia audience.

In clearing the trunk of a fallen tree, Old Mother Davis's skirts yielded their folds to the wanton will of the morning breeze, and an observant trooper saw, beneath the swaying plenitude of crinolin and faded flannel, an unmistakable pair of top-boots!



CAPTURE OF OLD MOTHER DAVIS.

"Boots! boots!—stop him!" cried the astonished soldier.
His comrades took up the cry, and in a moment a score of yellow-trimmed cavaliers were in hot pursuit.



There was but one way in which the chase could terminate. Mother Davis was speedily surrounded. The deep hood which had concealed the fugitive's features fell back, and revealed the high-toned but scraggy face and grey goatee of the President of the Confederate States of America!

THE LAST SHIFT MADE USE
OF BY JEFF TO GET AWAY



"I thought," he cried, in accents wild, "your government were too magnanimous to make war on women and children!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" cried the cavalrymen.

Kicking, scratching, biting and behaving in an otherwise feminine manner, Old Mother Davis was seized and conducted to Colonel Pritchard's headquarters, while Mrs. D. came after, averring in shrill accents—

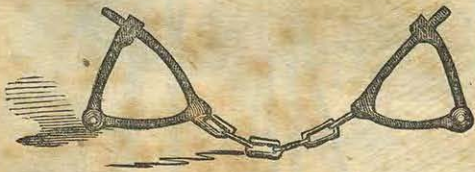
"You'd better not meddle with Mr. Davis; he may hurt some of you!"

As being hurt is part of the cavalry trade, this timely warning passed unheeded, and Old Mother Davis was soon persuaded to quietude by the exhibition of divers revolvers.

With the party were also captured Confederate Postmaster-General Reagan, Colonel Harrison (private secretary to Jeff.), Colonel Johnson (aid-de-camp), and others. The entire gang was forwarded at once to Fortress Monroe, arriving at that pleasant watering place in irons, on the steamer William P. Clyde.

Here he manifested some discontent with his rations, intimating that it was not "the kind of thing to which he was accustomed," &c., &c. This was indeed probable, for since Jeff. has been eighteen years of age he has been fed at the expense of Uncle Sam—with the interval between 1861 and 1865 (when Jeff. left his old boarding-house)—and that old gentleman keeps a tolerably good table. It is quite natural, however, that the cooks should be a little rougher than they used to be in old times, some of them having *learned* at Andersonville, Millen and Libby, where the aim of the cook was rather to satisfy hunger than to tickle the palate. The doctor now sends Jeff. all his meals from his own table, and Jeff. feels more comfortable, which must make his friends in the South feel better, for they still love him very much there, where they regard him as the author of all the many blessings which they now enjoy.

Jeff.'s family were sent to Richmond, and thence South, in a few days. He did not feel able to accompany them for obvious reasons.



OBVIOUS REASONS.

Indeed, after arriving at Monroe, he kept his room quite scrupulously, receiving hardly any company, and leading a decidedly re-tired life

What the close of his seclusion may be, I know not at this present writing, but I can express what it should be, according to the verdict of the American people, in this simple illustration that follows, and which alone can fitly end the Life of Jefferson Davis.



THE END.

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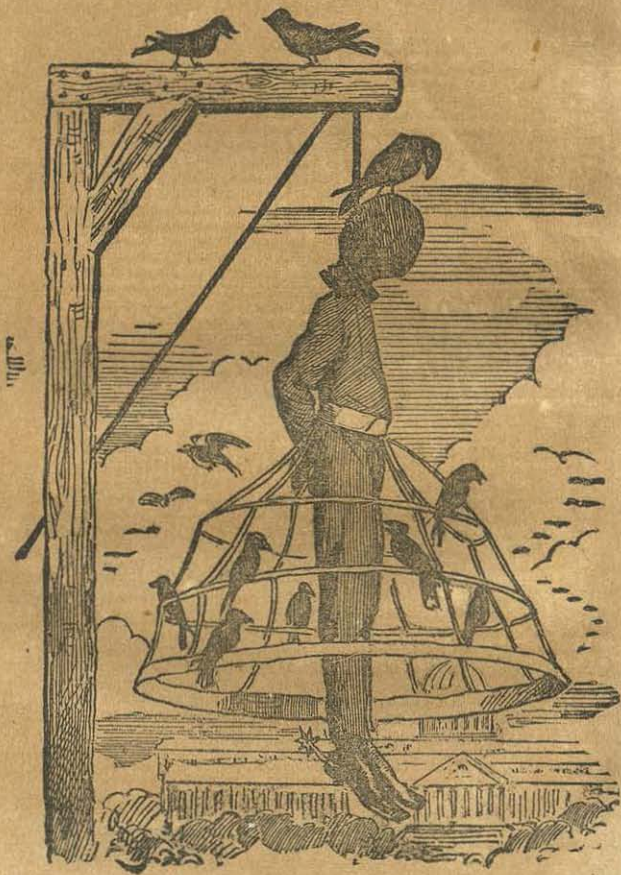
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END OF THE BOOK AND END OF JEFF. DAVIS.

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Life and Adventure of Jeff. Davis, by McArone.
New York, 1865. (Pamphlet)

Burlesque biography, bitterly hostile, illustrated with derisive cartoons, with a drawing of a gibbet at the end of the text, which closes: "This simple illustration that follows...alone can fitly end the Life of Jefferson Davis."