

comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's bin a tremendous Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a daggerretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people."

JEFF. DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideration when we refock what his conduct has been. Her captur in female apparel confuses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lec is regarded as a noble feller. He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't hav' draw'd his sword at all, only he had a large stoek of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open Sabbath School for negro ministrals.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others, leaves the Confederit Army in a rather shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules and a Bass drum, and it is movin rapidly to'rds Taxis.

A PROUD AND HAUGHTY SUTHERNER.

Feelin' a little peekish, I went into a eatin' house to-day, and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as

he did wear looked onhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, Sir— you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I eum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he said sneeringly, "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of glothin' over a fallen people. Others may basely suceumb, but as for me, I will never yield—never, never!"

"Hav' suithin' to eat?" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed fureely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee?"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'l you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenus. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin' crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little to-ards me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum people at the North who air not wholly loathsum beasts?"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav' now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-blud-ded seoundril. Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crooil war is over, and you're liekt! It's rather necessary for sun-body to liek in a good square, lively fite, and in this 'ere case it happens to the United States of America. You fit splended, but we was too many for you. Then make tho best of it, & let us all give in and put tho Republic on a firmer basis nor over.

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren'. Fur from it. I'm an old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my speetales is misten'd with suthin' very like tears. I'm thinkin' of the sea of good rich Blud that has been split on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin' of our widders and orfans North, and of your'n in the South. I kin ery for both. B'leeve me, my young fren', I kin place my old