

Bad luck then, he cried, all my plans are o'ertossed,
I never looked for him so soon :
The rebellion is done, now its leader is lost,
And worse than all slavery is done.

Then he thought to himself and conjured a plan
By which he could manage his host :
Says he, I'll do with him the best that I can,
And give him some niggers to roast.

JEFF DAVIS'S DREAM.

One night as Jeff was sleeping sound,
In Richmond, in his bed,
He dream'd he saw old Satan come
To him, in his wife's stead ;
He had in his old rusty hand,
A paper or a scroll,
On which Jeff thought he saw wrote plain,
That Vicksburgh was to fall.

At first Nick went to lay by him,
But Jeff raised quite a roar,
And gave a kick with all his might,
Which threw him on the floor ;
And as he fell like a huge bat,
He clawed to still keep in,
Which caught Jeff by his crooked nose,
And pulled him after him.