

**JOHN C. REAGAN'S STORY OF JEFF DAVIS'S CAPTURE.**—Reagan, who has just been released with Alex. Stephens, gives his version of the capture of Jeff Davis. It will be interesting as a contribution to the closing history of the rebellion. We quote from the New York World: It will be remembered by all who have not yet forgotten the names of the persons captured with Jefferson Davis, that Mr. Reagan was one of the number. So many and such conflicting accounts of the manner of the capture, and the conduct of Mr. Davis at the time, have been put forth by persons who knew very little, if anything, of what they affirmed, that an account of the occurrence as given by not only an "eye-witness," but one of the captured persons himself—Mr. Reagan—will not fail to prove interesting to all who desire to see truth preferred to fiction. On a certain day, the date of which, even if remembered, could have no importance bearing on the real state of facts as here recited, Mr. Davis and party had, for reasons best known to themselves, separated, each taking a different route, though, as it was mutually agreed beforehand, it was the intention of both parties to meet at a given place at as near a stated period of time as circumstances would allow. From the time of this parting nothing of interest occurred or that served to hinder their progress until the following morning, as we shall see by the facts of the case stated by Mr. Reagan. Night coming on they chose a place for encampment. As they supposed themselves, for the time being, at least, in no danger from the Federal cavalry, and as their horses were in sad want of rest and fodder, they were just on the point of unstrapping their saddles preparatory to remaining encamped for the night, when they learned that the party of which the President's family was a portion were in danger of being plundered and murdered, perhaps, by certain gangs of marauders who had just been disbanded from an Alabama brigade. On the receipt of this alarming intelligence, Mr. Davis said to those around him: "Gentlemen, my wife and family are in danger and I must go and give them what protection I can."

All the other gentlemen immediately made known their intention of accompanying him. They immediately put spurs to their horses and rode off in search of the other party. It being a dark and stormy night, and as the country was a strange one to Davis and his suite, and having no guide with them, great difficulty was experienced in getting on the right track of the other party. However, after a hard ride of over twenty-two miles, they overtook them. The following day the two parties journeyed on together, and, night coming on, they chose an eligible locality for a camp, and prepared to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Mr. Davis and his family occupied a tent on one side of a row of wagons, while Reagan and Wood and two or three others encamped on the other side. During the journey of the day preceding the evening of which we are now speaking, certain circumstances, which seemed to them as showing that the Federal troopers were not in their vicinity, led them to the belief that they were running no risk of capture if they encamped that night. Had they been aware of the real state of affairs, they would not have tarried in the place they did, and would have, in all human probability, eluded the pursuit of the Union troops.

However, they encamped. Just about day-break, Mr. Reagan says he was awakened by loud reports of musketry which seemed to proceed from behind their position, at no great distance from their encampment. The firing was growing louder and louder, when suddenly the Federal cavalry dashed in upon them from the opposite direction whence the noise of the firing seemed to proceed. Some of the troopers dashed in on the side of the wagons where Mr. Davis and his family were, while others galloped to the side occupied by Reagan and his companions. The latter told a Federal Captain who appeared on the scene that although he had, as far as he was personally concerned, no particular interest to serve in putting an end to the firing going on behind them, nevertheless he would do well to stop it, for as they had no troops with them, the Federals must be fighting among themselves. The officer gave no credence to this at first, but in the end he must have followed Reagan's suggestion, as, soon after his departure, the firing ceased. In the meantime, Reagan's companions fled and made good their escape, while, as he had himself resolved never to leave this country, he elected to remain and share the fate of Mr. Davis, were it even death.

Mr. Davis, immediately on hearing the firing, sprang from the place where he had been passing the night, and advanced toward the door of the tent. As he did so, thinking that the firing proceeded from the marauders of the Alabama brigade before mentioned, who probably had come in contact with his own small escort, intent on plunder and carnage, he exclaimed aloud: "These men have attacked us at last; surely I have authority enough left to prevent my own men from killing one another." Saying this he opened the door of the tent, and was just stepping out, when his wife, either beside herself with terror, and not knowing clearly the nature of her acts, or thinking that the marauders might render him unrecognizable to his pursuers, threw a morning-gown over his head. At that moment he was

it will be seen by this unvarnished narrative of actual occurrences that the story of Davis being caught in his wife's petticoats was a sheer fabrication, and that all the stories of his running into the woods from the pursuing soldiers are equally as false, since it appears by the statement of one who was present at the time that the principal cause of Mr. Davis going out of his tent was, first, to obtain possession of his revolver, which, for the first night since his flight, he had left in the hostler on the saddle of his horse, that he might provide against the danger he would incur in carrying out his intention of endeavoring to put an end to what he thought was a deadly strife between his own men. Mr. Reagan further says that had the ladies not been with them, they would never have been taken without firing their last shot, as they had so resolved on commencing their flight. The thought that any resistance on their part would entail an indiscriminate slaughter of the ladies and children alone deterred them from firing on their pursuers. This statement, we should think, should settle all dispute concerning the capture of Jefferson Davis.

The reports that were so industriously circulated throughout the country, after the fall of the rebel capital, to the effect that Mr. Davis was running away to parts unknown, with an immense amount of treasure stolen from the Richmond banks, Mr. Reagan annihilated by relating an incident which occurred during Mr. Davis's flight. They were talking about what money they had, and for some reason it was proposed to investigate the richness of their valises. Mr. Davis counted his money, and found that he had a little over \$175 in Confederate notes! And this was the mighty treasure the radicals have howled themselves hoarse about! The only considerable amount of money in the possession of any one of Mr. Davis's party was held by Mr. Reagan himself, and that was not by any means to be counted by many thousands.

**"THE MUCKLETONIAN RIFLE CLUB."**

On the same train with the scientific party was the "Muckletonian Rifle club," of Winchester, Kentucky, who are now here for the purpose of seeing Colorado, and having a hunt in some of her parks. It is the custom of this club, which has been formed some ten years, to take an excursion and hunt each year, and Colorado was the objective point agreed upon for 1878. They will remain in the state for some forty or sixty days, and we hope to see a match between the Denver Rifle club and the "Mucks" before they return home. The party is composed of the following named gentlemen, representative bankers, merchants and business men of Winchester, Kentucky:

R. N. Winn, president, and J. D. Gay, W. D. Gay, D. A. Gay, M. G. Taylor, G. R. Snyder, Robert Snyder, T. F. Phillips, J. L. Wheeler, Dr. Jas. Sympton, A. H. Sympton, J. D. Simpson, J. J. Eubank, S. G. Jackson, Rodney Haggart, James Winn, L. Hathaway and B. P. Goff.

W. S. McChisney, traveling agent for the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, accompanies the party. The programme is to take the Colorado Central this morning and proceed to Central and view the country around there, and then go to Georgetown in the evening. They will then proceed to the Middle park, where they will enjoy some fine sport for about three weeks, and return to Denver and take the Denver and Rio Grande for Colorado Springs, Manitou, Alamosa and all points of interest along that road. THE NEWS bids them a cordial welcome to our new state.

**JUST THE SAME AS IT USED TO BE.**

The girls keep fussing o'er the beaux,  
They dress themselves each night and go  
To some party, ball, or other spree;  
But it's just the same as it used to be.

The old folks send the boys to bed,  
But out of the window, over the shed,  
They go to the ground for a little spree;  
But it's just the same as it used to be.

The daisies old, they fume and fret;  
They say they never saw such a set  
O' girls as these—"they make so free";  
But they're just like the girls that used to be.

The old men say the boys won't do,  
Who ever raises one of them will rue  
It, and no good of him e'er will see;  
But they're just like the boys that used to be.

It's a new deal in a very old game,  
And I think it will always be the same,  
I have your fun 'fore youth doth die,  
It's just the same as it used to be.

**A HEAVENLY KISS.**

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

The man in the moon has forgotten to frown,  
And is stealing a kiss to-night;  
See, beautiful Venus is bending down  
To his cold lips her brow of light.  
He's hiding himself while he steals a kiss,  
For his weird face can scarce be seen  
As he steers aloft to his goal of bliss  
In a shallop of silver sheen.

He is singing, "Come sail with me afar,  
Through the shoreless blue let us float;"  
And he clasps with rapture the evening star,  
As they glide in his phantom boat.  
The man in the moon has not wooed in vain—  
Lovely Venus is all his own;  
They are sailing together—but look again,  
She has left him, he drifts alone.

Like the earthly lovers who, staid, turn  
From their idols, too lightly won,  
Do his faithless lips already yearn  
For the kiss of some warmer sun;  
Or has she left him and wandered away,  
As maidens on earth sometimes do,  
To seek a more glorious mate? Well-a-day  
Perchance they are both untrue.

As to earthly love, let it come and pass  
If this be a heavenly sample  
Of truth, for the heavenly bodies, alas!  
Are setting a fearful example.  
False man in the future will point up and say,  
"He grew tired of Venus as soon;"  
False maidens will cry to their lovers,  
"Away!  
You are cold as the man in the moon."

**Thinking Better of It.**

Well, let him go, and let him stay,  
"I do not mean to die;"  
I guess he'll find that I can live  
Without him if I try;  
He thought to frighten me with frowns  
So terrible and black;  
He'll stay away a thousand years  
Before I ask him back.

He said that I had acted wrong—  
And foolishly beside;  
I wouldn't forget after that—  
I wouldn't if I died.  
If I was wrong, what right had he  
To be so cross to me?  
I know I'm not an angel quite—  
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once—  
And now when we fell out,  
He always says she was not cross,  
And says she did not pout;  
It is enough to vex a saint—  
It is more than I can bear—  
I wish that girl of his was—  
Well, I don't care where.

He thinks she is pretty, too,  
Is beautiful as good;  
I wonder if she'd get him back  
Again, now, if she could;  
I know she would, and there she is—  
She lives almost in sight;  
And how it's after nine o'clock,  
Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come—  
But then I've said I won't—  
I do not care so much, but she  
Shan't have him if I don't;  
I guess I'll tell him so, then—  
I wish he'd come to-night.

UNCLE IKE was one day riding a mule, and had a little negro boy behind him. "Tell you what, Ung Ike, 'possum mighty good thing," said the boy. "Yes, 'tis," said Uncle Ike, as the mule struck a brisk trot. "Specially when you got lots o' gravy wid him." Uncle Ike was silent, but seemed restless. "An' when you got some roasted 'taters to sop in de gravy," said the boy. Uncle Ike used his switch with nervous energy, and the mule increased to a gallop. "Yes, Ung Ike, when de 'possum's right brown an' de gravy drenin' out an'—" "You shet your mouf, you little fool! You'll make dis mule run off an' kill us boaf."—Little Rock Gazette