

Jeff Davis in Canada. A Montreal correspondent of the Chicago Republican has the following in regard to Jeff Davis: Jeff Davis and his family live here on Mountain street, with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Howell. They formerly lived in a plain, unpretentious house on the same street, but they recently rented the fine mansion of Rev. Dr. Wilkes. Last winter, before the release of Jeff Davis, the Howells were considered "hard up," except when Mrs. Jeff came there, when they were supposed to have plenty. It is said that they used to be reduced to such straits that they had to borrow wood and other fuel, weeks at a time, from their next door neighbor, who, while he detested Jeff Davis and all his crew, could not see his children suffer, and therefore he lent them all they wanted. But this neighbor had his patience rather severely tried one day when he was informed that the junior members of Jeff's family had been chastised for associating with his children. They were ordered not again to be seen playing with any such "low trash" of children. This was rather a family indeed, and whose children are fit to be the associates of those of the best families in the country; but it demonstrates the spirit which actuates the Southern chivalry—borrow from you, and then spit in your face.

AN INTERESTING COLLOQUY BETWEEN JEFF DAVIS AND A SCOTCH LADY. But, as I stated, Jeff Davis and his family, with the Howells, now reside in an elegant house on the same street; and the other evening at the Ottawa House I heard a good story with regard to him. It appears that his next door neighbor is a worthy Canadian merchant, who has a Scotch wife of considerable pluck and spirit, and both take a great deal of pride in a beautiful garden which is attached to their house. Since Jeff and his family came to reside next door to them, the young members of Jeff's family have partially destroyed this garden, by tearing down beautiful trees, trampling over flower beds, &c., much to the grief and annoyance of the family. About two weeks ago, however, Mrs. Howell took the law into her own hands. The circumstances are as follows: Jefferson Davis Jr., was seen to climb the fence and get into the garden, and was quietly engaged in picking strawberries and stuffing himself with them, when our Scotch lady immediately proceeded to him, and gave him a sound thrashing—letting him go with the admonition that the dose would be repeated every time he was found there uninvited. Of course the youth went home believing from the application of birch to his hips, and the whole family of the "President" was up in arms, and an intimation of the matter was made by the female member of the family that Jeff Davis himself proceed to the neighbor's house and demand satisfaction. He accordingly proceeded, rang the door-bell, which was opened by the lady herself, after which the following colloquy took place: Jeff Davis—I desire to see the lady of the house. Scotch Lady—I'm the lady of this house. What may I say you, if you'll excuse me for speaking? Jeff Davis—(Hesitatingly)—I am President Davis. Scotch Lady—Ouh! so you're Jeff Davis, are you? You're a neighbor of ours, aren't you? Jeff Davis—(Rather snappishly)—And what may be your business with me? Scotch Lady—I came to inform you that one of your servants abused my son Jeff, in a most shameful manner. Scotch Lady—(Rising to the dignity which attaches to a true matron)—Dine yourself, Mr. Jeff Davis; it was none of my servants that gave the callant a lickin', I did myself, and what's more, if ever I find him in our garden again, I'll give him a double dose. Jeff Davis—This is outrageous conduct to both my family and myself. I will appeal to the law and have you arrested. Scotch Lady—(Getting her mad up)—Arrested? Jist try that. I suppose you think you're in the Confederacy and still President of it? You'd put me in prison, would you? Hood die like it yersel'—it's no sae lang since ye got out? Weel, you're a pretty man to talk of arresting anybody—jist after ye escaped the halter wif 'o' the Confederacy. At this juncture Jeff Davis had a hasty retreat, leaving our Scotch lady still talking, and when the latter saw he was leaving, she slammed the door after him.

JEFF DAVIS'S STANDING AND POSITION. Notwithstanding Jefferson Davis has a large number of admirers among the English and some of the Irish Canadians here, he is not generally liked by the people. He very seldom walks out, and when he does, it is in the cool of the evening. His lean, leonine face, prominent mouth, the grin which constantly envelopes his countenance, his sunken eyes, and hawk-like expression, are not calculated to make the people reverence or respect him. But above and beyond all this, the memory of "Andersonville" still adheres to him, to blast and wither his reputation wherever he goes. Go where he likes, he is a doomed man—infinitely more so than Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold. Educated at the very best of his country, he embraced the first opportunity to head a rebellion to destroy it. It is not strange, therefore, that the report should be correct that he will shortly leave here to take up his residence somewhere in the State of Georgia.

A Funny Escapade. The village of Somonauk, Ill., has, during the past few weeks, fomented, and come near overflowing the bounds of law and order, and the disgrace to the name of the residents who helped the row. The trouble, as near as can be gathered from rumors, was this: A couple were united in marriage sometime in May, and after short bridal tour went to reside with the parents of the husband. How happy the honeymoon passed, and how the bride and groom were loved, it appears, was jealous of the young sister of her husband, thinking all the love bestowed on her by the otherwise devoted husband was so much robbed from herself, commenced to use words of bitter reproach. At last, during a "Candle lecture," the unhappy man retaliated, using rough, ungentlemanly words. Thereupon the high-spirited bride arose, saying that she wished to get some water, left the house, and hid in the tall grass growing near. The husband fearing that some ill had befallen her, soon commenced searching for his wife, then aroused the neighbors, and finally started for her friends. It seems that after the coast was clear she walked a mile in her night-dress, without bonnet or shoes, but gleefully musing over the fright and punishment she was giving her "worse half." Soon after daylight she appeared at the home of a sister, who afterwards sent for her clothes. To cover the disgrace and ridicule of the midnight escapade, her friends reported all manner of improbable stories of abuse to which she had been subjected. With the help of these rumors, they succeeded in stirring up the mob part of the population to such an extent that for a time the life of the deserted husband was in danger.

The Colorado Register says there are few persons in that Territory whose incomes are less than one thousand dollars a year.

CITY NOTICES.

THE EX-Secretary OF WAR TO COME NORTH.—Mr. Stanton leaves Washington to-day for the purpose of making some investigation as to the truth of reports that have gained credence in the different departments at Washington, in reference to the value and cheapness of the Ready-made Clothing sold at Chase, Stokes & Co.'s establishment, under the Continental.

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