

Jeff. Davis's Ironing, and Why it was Done.

From The Washington Republican.

Why and how Jeff. Davis was manacled, or whether he was manacled at all, has been enveloped in some uncertainty. It is true that irons were placed on his feet, but they were subsequently removed—when they had answered their purpose.

Not only was he imperious and haughty, as usual, but he became absolutely obstreperous, insulting the guard, abusing the officers and their Government, throwing his food at his attendants, and tearing a secession passion to tatters generally—sometimes threatening others, some times melo-dramatically courting a bayonet puncture of his own breast.

As a necessity (and possibly as a punishment and warning) orders were given to place manacles on his feet.

The Captain in charge, attended by a blacksmith and manacles, approached, saying, "Mr. Davis, I have a very unpleasant duty to perform." "My God!" exclaimed Jeff., "you don't intend to put those things on me." Such were the orders; the Captain could only obey, Jeff. remonstrated. They should never be put on. The Captain must go to Gen. Halleck and have the order countermanded. The Captain replied, "But, Mr. Davis, the order came from Gen. Halleck."

Davis insisted that the order must be countermanded. The Captain said: "You are a military man, Mr. Davis, and know that my only course is—to obey orders." Jeff. then went off in a more towering passion than before, and declared he would never be ironed alive. After becoming a little cool, and mechanically placing one foot on a stool, the Captain told the blacksmith to proceed.

Leaning forward to take to his arms the heels of his Rebel majesty, Jeff. seized him, and with a vigorous push tumbled him backward on the floor, while the blacksmith, justly indignant, hurled his hammer at "the President," but missed him. Davis then attempted to seize a gun, and asked to be bayoneted. The guards presented bayonets, and the Captain feared he might rush upon them, and so ordered the guard to fall back.

The Captain then called in four stout men, and ordered them to lay Jeff. on his bunk, which they did, the prisoner resisting with almost preternatural strength, and writhing in their grasp while the blacksmith hammered on the rivet with a will. When placed in his chair again Jeff. looked in utter despair upon his manacled limbs and burst into tears.

This medicine had the desired effect, and the great Rebel became comparatively docile, far less defiant, but more depressed; and the irons have since been removed.

It was feared that he would starve himself to death, refusing persistently to eat soldiers' rations (which C. C. Clay munches without a murmur), and his physician prescribed a more agreeable diet, which "the President" ate with great avidity—and still enjoys this extra fare.

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