

GENERAL ROBERT SMALLS.

The Colored Congressman From South Carolina in Militia Uniform.

[Correspondence of the Inter Ocean.]

Ex-Congressman Robert Smalls had his company drawn up in line at the depot when General Grant's train arrived at Beaufort. Smalls is every inch an African. He measures about five feet three one way and three feet five the other. With a broad belt, a bright sword that flourished in the sun, gorgeous epanleta and flowing plumes, the honorable Robert looked the monarch of all he surveyed. He is a shrewd fellow withal, and his mansion is one of the most elegant in Beaufort. After the visitors had driven around the little city and returned to the depot, amidst salvos of artillery and the huzzas of the sable population, Mr. Smalls suddenly remembered something. A large cake had been made, in the hope that their beloved ex-President would visit their place, and intrusted to the care of their whilom Congressman for presentation in due and stately form. Now, in the excitement of the hour, Mr. Smalls had forgotten this offering at his residence and was greatly exercised in consequence; for, had that simple gift been slighted, his people's sensitive hearts would have been wounded to the quick. Nothing could be done but to dispatch a messenger for it in all haste. The driver of Mr. Smalls' equipage was told to go for it. "They're mine; let them go," commanded the Congressman, with the air of the Emperor of the Indies, as the pair of splendid bays started. It was a magnificent team, and their owner assured the correspondent that it wouldn't take five minutes. The trouble was the train had to be off at a certain time to have the right of way. The sable Solon knew, however, that it would not leave without one of the party, and so engaged the correspondent in conversation on the rear platform to kill time. Was ever a man so much at the mercy of the interviewer? Doubtful. But no time was to be lost. The cake might arrive at any moment, and a change of venue would be in order.