

Before, and after the War.



1861 - "Support, Arms!" .... 1865 - Support, yourself.

[FRONTISPIECE, See page 14.]

BILL ARP'S *pseud.*  
Smith, Charles Henry.  
PEACE PAPERS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY MATT O'BRIAN,

OF AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.



NEW YORK:  
G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers.

LONDON: S. LOW, SON & CO.

M.DCCC.LXXIII.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by  
G. W. CARLETON & CO.,  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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Stereotyped at the  
WOMEN'S PRINTING HOUSE,  
56, 58 and 60 Park Street,  
New York.

## DEDIKASHUN.

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To the unarm'd, unleg'd, uney'd, unpenshun'd, unwept, unhon-  
or'd and unsung soljiers of the Confedrit States, so called,  
I dedicate this book. Their unaffekted, uncom-  
plainin patience in peace, so called, is  
equaled only by their untar-  
nish'd and untaryfide  
valor in war.

When the patriotism and honor of our brave boys is rekognized  
by their northern brethren, so called; when they draw the same  
penshuns and reseeve the same bounty land; when evry dollar of  
back pay is voted in the bill, when the widders and orfins of our  
Confedrit dead are lifted up on the same platform of a Nashun's  
jestice; and when the peepul of these United States, so called,  
shake hands and make frends over the green graves of their heroes,  
then, and not till then, will there be shore enuf lasting and unpre-  
tended peace.

That blessed time is cuming. Take courage and wait for it ye  
maimed, neglekted and pennyless boys; cheer up and hope for it ye  
widders and orfins of a noble band. May you all live till it hap-  
pens if it takes a thousan years.

BILL ARP.

P. S.—If it dont cum soon the compound interest on the back  
pay will brake the Guverment, and they know it. It's bound to  
cum.

B. A.

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## PREFASE.



GENTEL READUR:—

One day as I was goin  
along I heard a man  
gritin his teeth, and I saw  
his eyes flash fire, and he  
slapd his fist in his hand  
like poppin wagin whips,  
and he was a tellin an-

[The Author, writing "Peace Papers."] other man about a fite  
he had had. His upper lip was all in a trimble,  
and the big vaines on his forrerd was swelled up  
like mackarony. He was powerful mad. Feelin  
an intrust in the like of that, I stopd and listend,  
and I looked all over him to see if there wasent

blood or dirt, or hair on his cloathes. Well, as I dident see eny, ses I, "Mister, when did all that happen?" He pawsd—and shuttin one eye like he was a thinkin, ses he, "Well-its-now-been-nigh-onto-27 years ago."

We aint that man. We hope nobody will pre-soom to think we carry our war heat that long. The fakt is, it aint the war that our peepul is mad about no how. Its this' confounded, everlastin, abominabal peace—this tail to the comet—this rubbin the skab off before the sore gets well.

The other day I seed a piece in a big radicul paper from Saint Louis, about Genrul Longstreet; sum feller had sed that the Genrul turnd trator at Gettysburg, (which was a lie), and the Saint Louis paper tuck it up, and sed that the time had cum when the honor and the patriotism of the Suthern soljiers should be defended with as much pride as if they had fout for the North. Now thats the tawk we like—thats a sine of shore enuf peace; that man's head is level—only I think he's a little premature in the fax. It dont look like the time had cum, the way our northern

brethren are doin us. They've *sorter* let us slip back into the Union, but they've put task-masters over us, and sent carpet-baggers down to plunder us. They wont let us throw flowers on the graves of our poor boys who fell on their side of the fence. They wont give our invalid soljiers, or our widders and orfins any pensions. They taxd our cotton fifty millions of dollars, and their courts sed it was illegal, but they wont pay it back. If they haint got laws strong enuf to keep what they stole, they'l go to Washinton and set and set and set till they hatch em.

Now, if our soljiers' honor is as sakred as theirs, why dont they honor our dead? Why dont they penshun our cripples? Why dont they wipe the stain of treason from off our orfins? There's Gim Wilkins who stood up like a man in '1861, with a heart in him as big as a meetin-house, and when in his new soljier cloase he cum to a "support arms," I thought he was as fine a pikter of an Amerikan patriot as I ever seed. But he lost a leg and an eye at Frederiksburg, and now here he is goin about hackd, and poor, and ragged,

and the great Amerikan guverment sees him and skorns him, and ses "support yerself," you dirty booger. [See *Frontispiece* illustration.]

Now, its useless and hipocritikal to cry pease, when there aint no pease. We may all mix and mingle, and trade, and joak, and carry on together, but away down in our bowels there is a burnin goin on, and if our northern brethrin dont do sumthin to put the fire out, it will break loose sum of these days, and play the devil generully. I'm tawkin "futures" now, and my advice is for evry body to keep their "bonus" good.

Now, it stands to reason that if this big family hav got to liv together, they cant liv in harmony while the strong men keep imposin on the weak ones. It stands to reesun that a guverment ort to sekure the love of all her subjeks. It stands to reesun that if a big furrin war cums along sum of these days, an enemy in the rear will be more dangerous than an enemy in the front. That's what we say, and the sooner foaks believe it the better.

But there's no use tawkin. Nobody keers any-

thing about us, exseppin ourselves. Nobody aint got time. The peepul would be all right if they wasent in such an everlastin hurry, and so they leave everything to the politishuns, and the politishuns is the devils agents, and that's what's the matter. To keep an offis, they must hav votes for the party, and so they manage to mix up the skum and filth of our sosiety with the niggers, and back em up with carpet-baggers and sustain em with bayernets, and all we can do is to stand off and look on. They dont keer no more for our rights or our feelins, than a Sinsinnatty butcher does about killin a hog. Never mind. These chickens will cum home to roost sum of these days. I'll bet Grant a thousan dollars agin the best bull terryer dog he's got, that if he lives 25 years, he'l be set down in history as a reglar aksidental bust. I'll bet there was ten thousan soljiers in the Yankee army who would have made a better fite, and a hundred thousan who would hav made a better president. Darn a genrul, who, in time of war, trades off three men for one. Hang a president who gives his guverment no carakter,

who wont run the masheen, who smoaks around, a frolikin with hosses and dogs, and retailin old army joaks in exchange for sickofantic smiles. A man told me he heard another man say that General Grant axd old Butler to tell him when Queen Viktoria's term of offis would be out. He sed he didnt know whether he had an idee of runnin agin her, or was only seekin informashun.

But I dont know that its any of our business who is president. I suppoas its none of our funeral, only we do sorter feel, sumtimes, a lingrin pride in the respektability of the American guverment. When furriners cums over here and is a lookin around for our King, we would like to show em sumthin better than a figger-head. But I wont rite any more prefase. It aint harmonius. I wouldnt hav writ any, but I thought it was fair to giv evrybody warnin of what follers in the seaquell. If they was afeerd the dog might bite, it was fair to let em hear the tune of his bark first. The letters in this book wasent got up with any masheenry. They all jes cum along spontanyous, without malis aforethought, and extends from the

beginin of the war down to the present time. Spontanyous combustions are sed to be always exskusable, and if the sentiments which bubble up in this volume dont soot sum foaks, they will be gratyfide to see what a fool a man can make of himself without tryin. If a man dont like another man, its a cumfort to see him do that, and I've always thought it was a luvly trait in my carakter that I was disposed to gratify the wishes of all my Amerikan brethren—exsep sum.

With these random remarks I

Subscribe myself,

Yours hopin,

BILL ARP.

FIRST PAPER.

BILL ARP TO ABE LINKHORN.

ROME, GA., Aprile, 1861.

MR. LINKHORN—SUR: These are to inform you that we are all well, and hope these lines may find you in *statue ko*. We received your proklamation, and as you have put us on very short notis, a few of us boys have conkluded to write you, and ax for a little more time. The fact is, we are most obleeged to have a few more days, for the way things are happening, it is utterly onpossible for us to disperse in twenty days. Old Virginy, and Tennessee, and North Callina, are continually aggravatin us into tumults and carousements, and a body can't disperse until you put a stop to sich onruly kondukt on their part. I tried my darndest yisterday to disperse and retire, but it was no go; and besides, your marshal here ain't doing a darned thing—he don't read the riot act, nor remonstrate, nor nothing, and ought to be

turned out. If you conklude to do so, I am or-  
thorized to rekumend to you Col. Gibbons or  
Mr. McLung, who would attend to the bizness as  
well as most anyboby.

The fact is, the boys round here want watchin,  
or they'll take sumthin. A few days ago I heard  
they surrounded two of our best citizens, because  
they was named Fort and Sumter. Most of em  
are so hot that they fairly siz when you pour water  
on em, and thats the way they make up their mili-  
tary companies here now—when a man applies to  
jine the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he  
sizzes they take him, and if he don't they don't.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur; privately speakin, I'm afeerd  
I'll git in a tite place here among these bloods,  
and have to slope out of it, and I would like to  
have your Skotch cap and kloak that you travelled  
in to Washington. I suppose you wouldn't be  
likely to use the same disgize agin, when you left,  
and therefore I would propose to swap. I am five  
feet five, and could git my plow breeches and coat  
to you in eight or ten days if you can wait that  
long. I want you to write to me immegitly about  
things generally, and let us know wherebouts you  
intend to do your fitin. Your proklamation says  
somethin about takin possession of all the private  
property at "All Hazards." We can't find no  
such place on the map. I thot it must be about  
Charleston, or Savannah, or Harper's Ferry, but  
they say it aint anywhere down South. One man

said it was a little Faktory on an iland in Lake  
Champlain, where they make sand bags. My



[Testing the Volunteers.]

opinion is, that sand bag bisness won't pay, and it  
is a great waste of money. Our boys here carry



there sand in there gizzards, where it keeps better, and is always handy. I'm afeered your Government is givin you and your kangaroo a great deal of onnecessary trubbul, and my humble advice is, if things don't work better soon, you'd better grease it, or trade the darned old thing off. I'd show you a slite-of-hand trick that would change the whole concern into buttons quick. If you don't trade or do sumthin else with it soon, it will spile or die on your hands, sertain.

Give my respekts to Bill Seward and the other members of the kangaroo. What's Hannibal doin? I don't hear anything from him nowadays.

Yours, with care,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—If you can possibly xtend that order to thirty days, do so. We have sent you a CHECK at Harper's Ferry (who keeps that darnd old ferry now? its giving us a heap of trubble), but if you positively won't xtend, we'll send you a chek drawn by Jeff Davis, Borygard endorser, payable on sight anywhere.

Yours,

B. A.

## SECOND PAPER.

TO MR. ABE LINKHORN.

SENTERVILLE, Ginnerwerry 12, 1862.

MR. LINKHORN,

SUR: In the spring of the year I writ you a letter from my native sile, axin for a little more time to disperse. I told you then that twenty days was not enuf—that the thing could not be did in that brief interval. You can look back and see I was right. We tried our durndest to komply with your skedule, but as you kept callin for volunteers, our Cherokee Georgia Democrats kept comin out from under their clay roots. They shuk themselves and spit fire, and wouldn't go back as long as the Whigs would read em the news about all this fuss.

Mr. Abe Linkhorn, sur, the spring hav shed its fragrance, the summer is over and gone, the yaller leaves of autum hav kivered the ground, old winter is slobberin his froth on the yearth, but we hav not been able to disperse as yet. Me and the boys

started last May to see you pussonally, and ax fer an xtension of your brief furlo, but we got on a bust in old Virginny, about the 21st of Jewly, and like to hav got run over by a passel of fellers runnin from Bull Run to your city. Arter that we tried to git to you by the Potomak River, but Mr. Whiting said you were not runnin that Masheen *at these presents*. We next went to Mr. Harper's Ferry, to take the Baltimore Railrode, but we couldn't find the konduktor, and kars seemed skase, and foaks sed you were not runnin that masheen *much*. We thought, however, to take a deck passage on the kanal, but a dam broke, and General Jackson sed you were not runnin that masheen *skeersly any*. After that we cum back, and thought we would get captain Wilkes to ship us over, but Mr. Bennet sent us word that the captain had quit a seafarin life. Mr. Seward made him quit to pacify an old English Bull that was bellerin about and pawin dirt in the air. Mr. Linkhorn, sur, if that Bull is of the same stock as the one your foaks seed here in Jewly, he is a dangerous shore, and will have a bad effek on your populashun. You had better surcumscribe him before he hurts somebody.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, what are your faktories doin nowadays? I hearn you had quit runnin their masheens, owing to a thin crop of kotton. If you would put sweet ile on your faktories, they wouldn't rust while standin idle. I was glad to

hear that you had got enuff kotton to do yours and Seward's families. The boys say you got enuff to make as many shirts as Fallstaff had in his kompany.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, how do you come on with your stone fleet—do it pay xpenses—are it a safe investment—could I git any stok in it at any price? Don't you think it's most too fur to hawl rocks, and won't it impoverish New England sile to take the rocks off it?

Mr. Abe Linkhorn, sur, the 8teenth is the annyversary of the day when Georgy tore herself frantically loose from the aberlition dienasty—when she ripped her star from offen the striped rag, and spred a new piece of shirtin to the breeze. We kalkerlate to celebrate that day, and I am authorized to invite you and Bill Seward over to purtake of our hospitalities. Where is Hamlin? I allow that he's ded, or I would ax him too. Let me know if you and Seward are kummin, so we can fix up and swap a lie or two with you; couldn't you all kum along with Mack when he makes that advance he has been talkin about so long? Bring your knittin when you kum, and a clean shirt or two. Do you chaw tobakker? We have got some that is good. Ely chawed, and Mr. Davis give him a whole warehouse at Richmond.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, I wish you would ax Banks to send me a kodfish. Polekats are bad aroun here, and we want somethin to drive em away.



If you bring Banks and Butler with you, you  
needn't bring the kod.

Yours till deth,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—Where is Freemount? I hearn he has  
gone up a spout.



### THIRD PAPER.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM BILL ARP TO MR.  
LINKHORN.

DECEMBER 2, 1862.

MR. LINKHORN,

SUR: A poet hav sed that "Time ontied wait-  
eth for no man." To my opinyun it are ontied  
now and hastenen on to that eventful period which  
you have fixed, when Africa is to be unshakled,  
when Niggerdom ar to feel the power of your  
proklamation, when Uncle Tom are to change his  
base and evakuete his kabin, when all the emblems  
of darkness are to rush frantikally forth into the  
arms of their deliverers, and with perfumed and  
sented gratitude embrace your exsellency and  
Madam Harriet Beechers toe! What a galorious  
day that ar to be! What a sublime ery in history!  
What a proud kulmination and konsumation and  
koruskation of your politikul hoaps! After a few  
thousand hav clasped you in their ebony arms, it

will be a fitten time, Mr. Linkhorn, for you to lay yourself down and die. Human ambition can hav no hier monument to klimb. After such a work you might komplete the immortal heroizm of your karakter by leapin from the topmost pinnacle of your glory upon the yearth below.

But alas for human folly—alas for all subloony things—our peepul will not believe, these krazy Rebels will not konsider! Christmas is already cum—only one more breef weak to slide away before we must part, forever part, with all our nigger heritige, and yet our stubborn peepul continue to buy em and sell em, and the shorter the lease, the hier the price they are payin. What infatyashun! I verily believe they will keep up their old ways until next Wednesday night, just as tho they didnt have to giv em all up the next mornin afore breakfast. Some say the stay law affecks the niggers and will operate to make em stay at home—some say you havent transportashun nor rashuns for four millions of darkeys—some say your call is premyture! but the majority are of the opinyun that a little diffikulty you met at Frederiksborg hav interfeered with your rangements, and xtended the time like a siny die.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, I forewarned you about krossin them sikly rivers. The Lee side of any shore are onhelthy to your populashun! Keep away from them Virginy water kourses. Go round em or under em, but for the sake of ekonomy

don't try to kross em. It is too hard on your burryal squads and ambylance hosses.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, when are this war to klose? How much longer kan you renew your note of ninety days which you said was time enuf to settle this difficulty—do you pay the intrust? How much terrytory hav you subjugated—what makes kotton sell at 67 sents a poun in your diggins—is it not orful skase—what do your boney wimin do for stuffin and paddin? I hearn they had to use hay and saw dust and sich like, and I thot it must be very painful to there tender buzums to hav to resort to sich a coars commodety! I would like to send you a bale, but Guvnor Brown would seeze it. It is sed by sum that the war are about to klose bekause of the Guvnor's late rade on lether. They say the war begun with a John Brown rade in Virginy, and will end with a Joe Brown rade in Georgia. I allow not, for I think the Guvnor only tuk that way of gittin the State rid of its serplus, for he wanted to drive it into the jinin States where things was more skaser. I would like to see you passonally, Mr. Linkhorn, and hear you talk and tell sum of your funny antydotes, like you told Guvnor Morehead. I laffed when I read em tell the teers fairly rained from my eyelids. I know I could make my fortune, Mr. Linkhorn, compilin your wit. Mayn't I be your Boswell, and follow you about?

But fair thee well, my friend, and before you

kross another Rubikon, I advize you, in the elo-  
kent langwage of Mr. Burke, "Konsider, old cow,  
konsider."

Yours till deth,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—Give my respeks to Jonny Van Buren!  
I hearn you and him were mity thik and affekshun-  
ate. B. A.



#### FOURTH PAPER.

##### ANOTHER LETTER FROM BILL ARP TO MR. LINK- HORN.

MR. LINKHORN,

SUR: Are it not possible that you are usin too  
much proklamation. More than 8teen months ago  
you published an edik, orderin the boys to retire  
and be peasable, but they disretired and went to  
fightin. The effek war bad, very bad. Now you  
have proklimated the niggers free after Ginerwary,  
and I am afeerd it will prove a fee simple for all  
time.

Every free nigger will git in the kotton patch  
now, shore; for the tarnal rebels do everything by  
kontrarys. Niggers hav ris twenty per cent, and  
are growin more darker and blacker every day.  
A big plantation now looks like the sun wer in  
eklips. Your proklamation hav entailed Afrika  
upon us so strong that you can aktually smell it.  
Tippio says (we call Tip for short,) that he is pus-

sonally interested, and he thinks you had better make em free fust and ishoo your proklamation afterwards. Genrul Hunter tried it yore way, and overcropped hisself. Tip got no free papers at all.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, I am afeered you are takin in more ground than you can tend. You are tryin to do too much at onst. Genrul Hunter tried your plan and couldn't work it over three States, so you had better practise on homypathik doses. If you'll begin on Dade county you can tell what your masheen will do, as there is but one nigger there, and they keep him in a kage as a curiosity. If they won't aksept your freedom, why, let em alone. Its useless to call em if they won't cum. I onst heern a feller in a theater say he could call sperits from the nasty deep, but the sperits never cum, and he got nary drink—so go it gently, Mr. Linkhorn, but go it shore. The world, the flesh, and the devil are looking to you to xtend the egis of freedom over all creashun—over things animate and inanimate—over bull bats and skreech owls, grub worms and grindstones, niggers and alligators, and everything that don't spill as the yearth turns up side down.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, it are amazin to think what a big job you have undertook. It's a big job, shore. Matthy Mattiks nor his daddy couldn't figger out how long it will take you to get through accordin to your feebul progress. The double

rule of three won't tech it, nor tare and tret. Great Bethel! What a power of work! Hadn't you better sublet the kontrak to sum Uropean nations? Shore as you are born you'll need a heap of *undertakers* before you finish your overland march. If you could march like Jackson it would do, but you cant. Jackson's troops take the gout if they rest twenty-four hours.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, our peepul git more stubborn every day. They go mighty nigh naked, and say they are savin their Sunday klothos to wear after we have whipped you. They just glory in livin on half rashuns and stewin salt out of their smoke house dirt. They say they had rather fight you than feed you, and swear by the ghost of Calhoun they will eat roots and drink branch water the balance of the time before they will kernowly to your abolition dyenasty. Chickahominy! what a job you hav undertook! Do Hannibal help you any? I hear tell that he just set in the corner of your offis all day long, and never said a word but *nigger, nigger, nigger*, and that since your proklamashun his face hav turned more darker and his hair more kinkier.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, hav you any late news from Mr. Harper's Ferry? I heern that Stone W. Jackson kept the payrole for a few days, and that about fourteen thousin crossed over in twenty-four hours. He is a smart ferryman, shore. Do your foaks know how to make it pay? Its a bad crossin,

but I spose its a heap safer than Ball's Bluff or Shepperdstown. Them are dangerous fords, Mr. Linkhorn, shore, and I am afeerd if your foaks keep crossin such sikly rivers as the Potomak and Chickahominy, you will hav all the skum of your populashun killed up, and will hav to enkroach on your good society.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, your Genruls don't travel the right road to Richmond, nohow. The way they hav been tryin to cum is through a mity Longstreet, over two powerful Hills, and across a tremendous Stonewall. It would be safer and cheaper for em to go round by the Rocky Mountings, if spendin time in military xcursions is their chief objek.

But I must klose this breef epistle. I feel very gloomy, Mr. Linkhorn, about this destruktive war, and hav no heart to write much. As Genrul Byron sed, at the battle of Waterloo, "I ain't now what I used to was, and my sperits are flutterin, faint and low."

Yours, till deth,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—How are Bill Seward? I heerd that a mad dog bit him the other day, and the dog died immegitly. Are it a fak? B. A.

## FIFTH PAPER.

### BATTLE OF ROME—OFFICIAL.

ROME, GA., May, 1863.

GENRUL JOHNSIN—SUR: So many onreliable pussons will be circulatin spurious akcounts of the "Grand Rounds" tuk by the infernal Yankees in these ROME-antic regions, that I think it highly proper you should git the strait of it from one who seed it with his eyes, and heerd it with his years, and a piece of it fell on his tail.

More than two hundred years ago, Genrul D. Soto had a big fight with the Injins on or about these konsekrated grounds. Since that time a uninterrupted peace hav rained round these klassick hills and hollers. Flowers hav blossomed sweetly, lams hav skipped about, dog fennel hav yellered the ground, and the Coosa River, which was then but a little spring branch, hav grown both wide and deep, until now the magestick steemboat can float upon its buzzum, and the big mud cat gobble

up the yearth worms what chanse to fall into its waters.

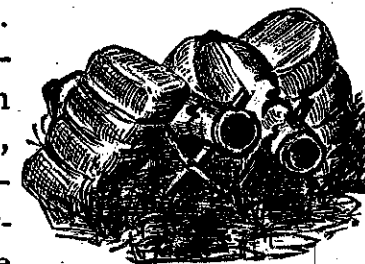
But rollin years will change a program! Anno domini will tell! Just afore the broke of day on Sunday, the third of May, 1863, the sitizens of the Eternal Sity were roused from their slumbers by the korus of the Marsales him. "To arms, to arms, ye brave; Abe Linkhorn are peggin away; the Yankees are ridin to Rome on a raid." Ah! then were the time to try men's soles; but there were no panic, no skedaddlin, no shaken of kneeze; but one unyversal determinashun to *do sumthin*. The berryal squad organized fust and foremost, and begun to inter their money, and spoons, and four pronged forks, and such like in small graves about the premises. Babys were sent to the rear. Hosses hid in the kane brake. Cows milked onkommonly dry. Kasheers and bank agents carried oph their funs in a pair of saddle bags, which very much xposed their fasilities and the small kompass of their resources. It were, however, a satisfaktory solution of their refusin to discount for the last 3 months. Skouts wer sent out on evry road to snuff the tainted breze. Kotton bags were piled up akross evry highway and low way. Shot guns and kannon, powder and ball, were brought to the front. The yomanry and millishy jined a squad of confederate troops, and formed in line of battle. They were marched akross the Oustanauly Bridge, and then the plank

of the bridge tore up so they couldn't retreat. This were done, however, at their own valyant request bekaus of the natral weakness of the flesh. They determined, jointly and sevrally, by these presents, to *do sumthin*.



[Resolved to do Sumthin.]

Two kracked kannon, that had holes in the ends and 2 or three in the sides, wer propped up atween the kotton bags and pinted strate down the road to Alabam. They wer fust loaded with Buckshot and tax, and then a round ball rammed on top. The ball were to take the rade in the front and the bullets and tax to rake em in the phlank. These latter it were supposed would go through the kracks in the sides, and shute round genrully. Everybody and everything determined to die in their tracks or *do sumthin*. The steemboats dropped quietly down the river to git out of the thick of the fite. The sharpshuters got on top of semeterry hill with their repeeters and pocket pis-





tuls. The videts dashed with their spi-glasses to the top of the kourt house to see afur off. Dashin



komanchy kouriers rode onruly steeds to and fro like a fiddler's elbo. Some went forward to rekonnoiter as skouts—first in the road and then outen the road—some mounted, and some on foot. All were resolved to *do sumthin*.



At this kritikal juncture, and previous and afterwards, reports wer brought into these head-quarters, and other quarters, to the effek that 10,000 Yankees were comin, and 5,000 and 2,000, and any other number—that they were ten miles from town, and six miles, and enny other number of miles; that

they were on the Alabam road, and the Cave Spring road, and the river road, and eny other road; that they wer krossin the river at Quinn's ferry, and WmSon's ferry, and Bell's ferry, and eny other ferry; that they hadt aken the steamboat "Laura Moore," and "Cherokee," and "Alfaratty," and eny other steamboat; that they had shot a Kamanchy kourier and had hit him in his koat tale, or his horse tale, or any other tail; that they had seezed Cis Morris, Bill Morris, or Jep Morris, or eny other Morris. In fact, a man kould hear enything by gwine about, and more too.

Shore enuff, however, the important krisis which was to hev arriv did acktually arriv about ten o'clock in the mornin, a. m., on May the 3rd, 1863. I am thusly partikular, Mr. Editur, bekaus it are to be entered on next year's almanax as a remarkable event. The head of the rade did acktually arriv at the suberben viller of Mr. Myers, and ther it stopped to rekonnoiter. There they larned that we had six hundred hed of artillery, and six thousin kotton bags, and a permiskuous number of infantry taktix, and wer only waitin to see the whites of ther eyse. Also that the history of Gen-rul Jackson at New Orleans wer read in publik, and that everybody were inspired to *do sumthin*; whereupon the hed of the rade turned pail, and sent forward a piket. At this orspishus moment a foot skout on our side let fly a whistlin bullit,

which tuk effek somewher in them rejun. It were resunably suposed that one Yankee were killed and perhaps two, for even to this time sumthin ded kan be smelt in them parts, though the berryal squad had not been able to find it up to a late hour yistiddy. After rite smart skum-mishin the hed of the rade fell bak down the road to Alabam, and wer pursude by our mounted yomanry at a respektabul distance.

Now, Mistur Editur, while all these valyant feets wer goin on hereabouts, Genrul Forrest had been fitin the boddy and tale of the rade away down at the Alabam line. Finally he proposed to the rade to stop fitin, and play a game or two of poker, under a seder tree, which they acksepted. But the Genrul wer not in luck, and had a pore hand, and had bet his last dollar. The Yankees had a *Strait*, which wood hav taken Forrest and raked down the pile, but he looked em rite in the eyes and sed "*he would see em and 4,000 better.*" The Rade looked at him, and he looked at the Rade and *never blinked*. The Rade trimbled all over in his boots and giv it up. *The Genrul bluffed em*, and ever sence that game were plade, the little town klose by have been kalled "*Cedar Bluff.*" It were *flush* times in Alabam, that day, shore.

Well, Mr. Editur, you kno the sekwel. The Genrul bagged em and brot em on. The planks were put back on the bridge. The river bank infantry kountermarched and fired a permiskuous

volly in token of jubilee. One of the side wipin kannon went off on its own hook, and the ball went ded throu a house and tore a buro all to flinders. Sum sed it wer a *Niter Buro*, but a potash man who xamined it sed he rekoned not.

By and by the Kamanchy skouts and pikets all cum in, shuk their ambrosial loks and reseved the kongratulashuns of there friends. Then begun the ovashun of fare wimmen and brave men. Bokays and teers were mixed up permiskuous. Big hunks of cake and gratitude were distributed genrully and frekwent, strawberries and kream, eggs and inguns, pise and pan cakes, all flu round amazingly, for every body were determined to *do sumthin*. Genrul Forrest subsided, and Genrul Jubilee tuk kommand, and Rome were herself again. The 4 pronged forks and silver spunes rose from the ded, and even the old hen that one of our sity aldermen had berried with her *head out*, wer disenterd and sakrifised immegitly for the good of the country.

Thusly have ended the rade, and no loss on our side. Howsomever, I spose that Mr. Linkhorn will keep peggin away.

Yours truly and immensely.

BILL ARP.

*Adjectiv Genrul of Yomanry.*



## SIXTH PAPER.

THE MELISHY OFFISERS REJUCED TO RANKS AND  
ORDERED TO SAVANNAH BY JOE BROWN.

*Potash.*—What's the matter, John?

*Big John.*—Why, nothin' pertikler, only its darnd kurius. How in the dikens can Joe Brown rejuce a Major to a privit, when he haint done eny thing? What sort of an army regulashun do you call that? Joe Brown's new taktiks, I rekon. Double barrel shot gun, blankit, haversak, Borygard, and all that sort of nonsense. Sumbody's a fool—and I reckon its me. I wasn't subjec nohow. It's now the rise of 42 years sinse I cum into this kussed old world, but I thought the Confederasy would be callin em up to 45 afore long, so I took roundence and fudged on em and maniged to git on one of their dinged old staffs. Fat and stick! I reckon I was about the last one to git on—no chance to holler "fat and go last."

Durn the staff and Joe Brown too. He played

smash amazingly, writin pages against conskripshun. I thought from the way he pitched into Jeff Davis about tryin to enroll his melishy ofisers, that we wouldn't have to fite nothin for the next 500 years. Now you see, he's conskripted the hole konsern hisself, all at onst, in a pile, and rejuced em all to ranks. He's a devil of a G u v n o r — commander-in-chief of all the armies and navies of the



State of Georgy. Blame his old hide of him! I'll bet he don't appear at Savannah—not him. Durned if I don't go anywhere he'll risk 'his kar-kuss.

He turns us all over to old Bory, and old Bory will fite, dog'd if he don't. He'll put just sich

fellers as me in the front ranks, whar David put Golier, and sum of them whistlin bullits or singin bumbs, will take my old gizzard, kerchuck.

*Potash.*—Well, but John, he ain't to keep you but a little while!

*Rejuiced.*—"Little while! Little while!" you say. Bet my ears if old Bory onst gits his French paws on a melishy offiser, he'll hold him durin the war, and fite him some atterwards just for the fun of it. When this fuss is over he'll take em to Arkinsaw to fite the injuns. Better beleve he hasn't any love for Joe Brown's pets. No, sur! he'll fite em hard enuf to make up for lost time. Farewell, vane world—when they ain't fitin they'll be diggin, and when they ain't diggin they'll be fitin. *Little while! One day* mout be while enuf for my daylites to be shelled out. I tell you what, when them Yanks git to throwin their blasted hot shot at Savannah, they'll throw em thicker and faster than hail ever fell in a kotton patch. Sumbody's goin to git hurt, shore. Durn old Brown. He is as big a fool on a proklamashun as old Abe Linkhorn.

Why I thought at fust it wer a joak, and I looked at the dait of the paper to see if it wasn't the first day of Aprile! then I thought there was sum way or other to git out of this bisness, but blame my old shoes if I see eny. I went to see the Genrul: thought maybe he would resist it, or sumthin, but ding it all, I found him in a store,

byin a haversak, fixin to go. Well, I tried to laff it off, but it wouldn't laff. Blamed if evry giggle I tried to make didn't fizzle out into a reglar groan. Blast Joe Brown! I could enjoy the thing splendidly if I wasn't one of em. It's good enuf fer fellers who wer under 40, and who insted of goin to fite, slipped under Brown's waggin sheet. Served em right. But you see, my time hadn't cum. I got skeered too soon—thought onst I would put in a substitoot, but durn the luck, I didn't see enything about substitoots in this two hundred and forty order. It don't giv a man time to know what to do. It just says cum along—cum quick—be in a hurry—right away—immegitly—kars waitin on you—last whissle blow'd—bring shot gun and blankit—don't look back—old Borygard's callin you—enrollin offiser after you—court marshal git you—run, run, run' like the devil to Savannah. Who ever heard the like of that? It's a snap judgmint—blamed if it ain't.

*Potash.*—Well, John, we must all do our sheer. You know I've been workin for six munths as hard as I could, makin potash for the konfederacy, and that's to make powder for you boys to fite with.

*Rejuiced.*—Potash! yes, potash! Niter buro! I'm told that there is about twelve hundred of you fellers, skulkin behind a passel of ash hoppers, pretendin you are stewin down patriotism into powder. Blamed if I can't smell the *lie* on you.

You git a guverment kontrak for a few thousand pounds, and you fool along with it, selling what you make to these drug men at a bigger price, and you hav twenty-five or thirty on your *pussional* staff as partners or workers, and you all go when you plese, and cum when you plese, and stay as long as you plese, and you carry your papurs wherever you go, just like one of the shipwrekd furriners that used to travil over the kuntry with a sertifikit that a volcano had busted and run all over him, and his family was shipwrekd on the Island of Madagasker. Don't you thro your potash in my face! Blamed if I am in a humor to put myself on a level with that everlastin niter buro. If the men engaged in that bisness worked haf their time, they would make niter enuf in six munths to keep forty volcanoes burnin two thousan years. "*Everybody do their sheer,*" you say. Blamed if I can't do your sheer, and nobody ever miss me frum this town. I can find all such as you eny day, without havin to travil a hundred yards. Confound your niter buro, and your potash! Confound old Joe Brown and his durned old staff—blankit, shot gun, Savannah, Borygard, the devil. \* \* \* Well, I'll be hanged if I don't go. Fakt is, I've felt like suckin eggs ever sinse I got on the durned staff, and maybe a little fitin will make me feel better.

## SEVENTH PAPER.

## THE MELISHY OFFICER RETURNED.

*Potash.*—Why, hallo, John, have you got back from Savannah a redy?

*Big John.*—Of course I hav—don't you see me—what do you ax such a fool question fur?

*Potash.*—I didn't mean no insult, John; I jist thot that you got back mity quik.

*Big John.*—Jes so. Did you spose it was goin to take a year to whip a passel of blue-bellied Yankees? They knowd who was comin after their codfish, and they retired—yes, sur, they evaku-ated. We've now fell back to rekrute. You see, Jim, we are the reserve. We okkupi the post of



honor, which you know is the post of danger. We are the "reliable gentlemen," as the Editurs say. The melishy of Gorgy now stand conspikuous as the Old Gard of Napolyon Bonypart, and Joe Brown is old Bony hisself cum to life—regenerated, resurrektid, rekonstrukted—and I'm one of the melishy myself, I am. I've been to Savannah, and stood on the ramparts. Talk about your *fortyfikations*, why, there's a *hundred* and forty at Savannah, and more kannon, and bigger ones, than ever was blasted. Blame my eyes, if sum of em ain't big enuf to drive a teem in and not tech a hub. I didn't see it tride, Jim, but I'll be dad-swampd if the kommissery didn't keep his flour in em—nine barrels to the gun! that's so, sertain and shore. Potash ain't nowher now, nor overseers, nor shoe-shops, nor travellin preechers, nor details, nor all sich. The fakt is, we've fout enuf to bal-lance off nine squair miles of your potash woods. Jim, you ought to jine the melish.

*Potash.*—Look a here, John, your talk don't suit me. I ain't no fool if I am makin *potash*. I've did as much fitin as you, and I ain't done *eny*. "*Fout enuff*," you say! Well, John, you ain't the fust *staff* offiser that bragged about his fitin. I onst heerd a big fat feller in a theater, by the name of *Fal-staff*, do the same thing, and he got cotched at it. Now let me advise you to sing lo about this fitin bisness. Me and you is about even on the goose questyun. I don't consider you

ahead by eny means, for old Brown will git you in a klose place yit.

*Big John.*—Look a here, Jim, hush; I kno I can't fool you; blame my skin if I wasn't joakin. The boys all talked that way, and I follered suit. Durn the luck, I ain't no fool myself, and I kno we ain't out of the woods. Joe Brown jist kalled us to Savannah to see how dosile we wer. Well, we got to Atlantyl, and he said "*halt!*" and we halted. Then he said "counter-march—go home," and we got ready for the cars in double-quik. Then he hollered out, "*counter-march to Savannah*," and to Savannah we went *strait forthwith*. Now here we are agin, but where we will be day after to-morrow, no mortal fool knows xcept Joe Brown. Blame the melish. Dad burn old Brown. What sekurity has a man got for his liberty? What satisfakshun is there in livin betwixt hawk and buzzard? Who keers about travellin on the rale rode when every impertinant dog on the way can stan off and pint and say, "Thar go the melish; yonder cum the melish; do you see that melish?" when I knew the kontemptible cuss had a substitoot in the army hisself, or was overseein twenty niggers, or karryin on a little shoe-shop, or stewin down potash, or—

*Potash.*—Look a here, John, your sed enuf about potash; just dry that up!

*Big John.*—Jim, I will cuss the potash; blamed if I ain't got a right to cuss evrybody and evry-

thing that ain't fitin. I git off in Billy Smith's woods and cuss myself reguler. I can whip enything that stays at home. We will have a race of peepel atter a while that ain't worth a cuss. The good ones are gittin killed up, but these *skulkers* and *shirkers* and *dodgers* don't die. There ain't one died sinse the war broke out. Konfound em, dod' rot em; I begin to beleeve our old devil is dead; if he ain't, he's no akkout, or he'd hav had sum of those fellers afore now. Wonder if Brown would let me go and fite awhile under the confedersy? But then I would be in fur the war, and I don't like that. Durned if I know what to do—I'm still on the durnd old staff. Hanged if I kno whether I've got my commishun or my commishun has got me. Jim, I'm jist in old Scoggins'es fix.

*Potash.*—How's that, John?

*Big John.*—Well, you see, old Scoggins got so drunk in town he couldn't navigate his steers; so he driv out in the ege of the woods and got out of the waggin and laid down by a tree to sleap his drunk off. He woke up about midnite, and his steers was gone, but the waggin was there. His brane was so fuddled that he didn't kno who he was, nor how he cum there; so he thout over as well as he could, and finally says he: "Am I John Scoggins, or am I not John Scoggins? If I'm John Scoggins, I've lost a yoke of steers; but if I ain't John Scoggins, I'll be darnd if I ain't

found a wagin." Now, Jim, that's my fix. I don't know my *sityation*, as the editurs hed there war talk. Sometimes I think I've lost a yoke of steers, and then again I conklude that I've found a waggin.

*Potash.*—Well, John, let me ax you how long does a commishun run before it runs out?

*Big John.*—Why, it runs forever and ever and a few days over, unless you run yourself, and that's the only way you can run out of your commishun; and you can git court-marshalled for that and shot. This here court-marshall bisness is a powerful strane on a man. It is like *tare* and *tret* in the old Federal kalkulator. I tried to look as big as Genrul Jackson, and went up to a lawyer, and says I, "I'll be hanged if I am goin to Savannah. What can Joe Brown do with me? What's the law?" Says he, "Guvenor Brown will court-marshall you, and maybe will kondem you to be shot." "Well," said I, "but I will appeal, and then I'll git you to karry the case to the shoopreme court, and keep it in law till the fuss is over." Said he, "We can't karry it there; lawyers is not allowed to praktis in militerry courts. Gov. Brown is the head of the court. He is the shoopreme court hisself." So you see, Jim, I kol-lapsed. Blame such a court. Joe Brown orders me to jail; I appeal to a speshul jewry, and Joe Brown is the jewry. I carry it to the shoopreme court, and Joe Brown is the court. Blame my

neck if a man didn't git hung *twiste* goin thro that program. Hang the thing! Its all on one side, just like a Atlanta hotel. Brown's got us, and I reken its the best plan to humor the joak. "*Hurra for the melish!*" that's the way to talk it. "*Three cheers for Joe Brown!*" that's the way to say it. Pat him on the bak and tell him the melish are-for him; that's the way to do it! Blamd if I don't write him a love-letter to-nite on the success of the melish at Savannah!

Jim, give me a chaw of tobakker.



## EIGHTH PAPER.

### A MESSIG TO ALL FOAKS.

STANDIN on the seat of a split bottom cheer, I xklaim, in the language of Dan Rice, "F-e-l-l-e-r-sitizens."

Bein much gratified for your distinguished kon-siderashun which hav bin showerd down upon me like an avylanch in times past, and heretofo, and befo now, and prevyous, I desire to atrakt your attenshun on this posthumous okkashun.

In the fust place and fustly, I deem it my jewty to inform you that the Devil are to pay, and he wont reseve confederit money. It is therefo hily nesessary for the peepul to git together and take sum akshun on the

### KURRENSY BILL.

My opinyon havin been solisited by all mankind



and sum few others, and axd for with tremengious anxiety, I have made it out with great kare and done it up in a Gorgy rag. Out of kuroosity I hav weighd it, and I find it are hevvy—very hevvy—weighin sum thirteen pound, more or less, and bein an opinyon as is an opinyon.

To releve the publik distress, I therefore proceed to state that the late Kurrensy Bill are beleeved to be that great and most monstrus maulst-room which the gographers deskribe as aboundin on the koast of Norway, but which by sum jugglery or hokus pokus or sekret session hav resently bin brought and moved into the konfedersy, to swaller up all the money in sirkulashun. With a kind of whurly gig loko moshun it hav drawn the kurrensy into its orful and greedy vortex, leavin a man nuthin to remind him of it but a sikly skrap of yaller paper, which hav bin dogtyped from a hospittul flag. This Bill is the kill devil of all trade, and ort to xasperate all those patriotik sitizens who hold their truck for hier prices, as they will lose by it, perhaps, maybe.

My opinyon is, that sum other Bill mite hav bin found that would hav done better or worse. One mite hav bin diskovered on the koast of Afrika, or in the lake of Good Hope, or somwhar in the Medytterranean mountings, but Kongress was, I spoze, afeerd to run the blokade atter it. If they had applide to your distinguished and umble feller-sitzen, I would hav undertook the

job. But, alas! they didn't. On the kontrary, they barred the doors, and shot the winder blinds, and let down the kurtins, and stopped up the key holes, and went into a place kalled

#### SEKRET SESSION,

which are perhaps a little the kloseth communion ever established in a well-waterd country. A Grand Jewry or a Masonik Lodge, or a kno-nothin konvention, ain't a sirkumstance to it. It are a thing that plots, and plans, and skemes for a few weeks and then suddinly poaks its head out like a katawampus, and says, *Booh!* Then all the cokeyed foaks run about, and says, *Booh! Booh!!* and the peasable *anti-bullit* sitizens begin to trimbul in the neeze, and say, *Booh! Booh!!! Booh!!!* And it keeps travellin faster and faster, and growin bigger and more bigger, until it reaches the Guvernor, and he is konstrained to git on a fodder stak pole and say in a loud voice, *Booh! Booh!! Booh!!! Booh!!!! B-o-o-o-o-o-h!!!!*

It wer in this dark and benited hole that a plan wer sot on foot to prokure a feerse and rambunkshus animil from the mountings of Hepsidam, and havin starved him for several days, they suspendid him to a swingin limb in the President's yard, and locked his chain with Mr. Hobbs's lock, and giv Mr. Davis the key. Some ten thousan years ago,

more or less, this animil was diskivered by King Charles the sekond, and named with the name of

### HABEUS KORPUS.

It is, perhaps, *when suspended*, the mast savage-rous beest that ever got after tories and trators. To all honest and patriotik foaks it is said to be perfekly harmless, but still, nevertheless, notwithstanding, howsumever, *it mout git loose*, and way lay our liberties, and tear the hind sites offen a man befo he could beller for help. Its nose is said to be a perfekt olfaktory, and for miles and miles, akrost rivers, and swamps, and prarys, and piney woods, it smells out all sich as would ferment diskord, and spred disaffekshun amongst the peepul. When a man or set of men do make themselves into a gridiron, and begin to brile the pease and harmony of the kountry, this animil does snuff the tanted atmosfeer, and try to brake his chain.

F-E-L-L-E-R-SITIZENS! The war, and the Yankees, and old Linkhorn, and his threats of subgugation, xterminashun, amalgamashun, desolashun, and Mister Toombs's fowl dominashun, is a big thing, turrible and horrible. Bnt old Habeus Korpus *hung up*, and sekret sessions, and the Kurrensy Bill, and konshripshun, are far more bigger and orfuller in the xtreme. Our soljers ort to let the Yankees alone, and cum home, and

fite these savage beesteses, and you, my feller-sitizens, ort to arm yourselves with stiks, and roks, and thrashpoles, and hot water, and pikes, and make a vierlent assalt upon these "most monstrous paradoxes."

I must xpress my asstonishment that you are all so quiet and unkonshus—that you are so blind as not to see the danger that hangs like a bo-konstrikter over you.

I feel like you will always, and evermore, and a good while afterwards, be under everlastin obligashuns to me for standin guard over your sleepin liberties, like a krane upon a sand hill, or a sentinel upon the Lamp-post of Freedom. Overkum by my emoshuns on this orgust okkashun, allow me to intersperse befo you a paragraph of

### POERTRY.

"I wish I was the President of these Confederit States,  
I'd eat shoogar and kandy, and swing upon the gates."

And this brings me to konsider for your edify-kashun, the

### KONSKRIPSHUN BILL,

which has so long deprived you of the right to volunteer, and like a vampire gnawd away at your burnin and glowin patriotizm.

Lookin through the horn of my imaginashun, methinks I see this Bill repeeled, and all the pee-



pul of Gorgy (that are not in the war) both old and yung, and big and little, rushin to the front in one galorious falanx, to offer up their lives on the halter of liberty.

Methinks I see em, as in a horn, crowdin the road, and swimmin the rivers, and climbin the mountings, xklamin with majestik fury—

“ We cum, we cum—ye have kalled us long—  
We cum over the mountings,—in a horn.”

But I forbear, feller sitizens, to rankle your feelinks by rekountin all the outrages which the grand katawampus at Richmond have puppytrated upon you.

Awaitin your thanks and adulashuns, I would now subside into my seet, if I was thru my messig. But I aint. I must xpashiate sumwhat on the

#### KAUSE OF THE WAR.

Sum foaks say it was the Abolishonists that got up thiss fuss. *Sum say they didn't.* Sum say it was the politishuns, and sum it wer a supernatral thing called *manifest destiny*. Sum are of the opinyun that the *nigger* was at the bottom of it, and that ever since the Romans karried the war into Afriky, Afriky hav karried it everywhere else. But, my feller sitizens, it wur kaused xklusively by Gen. States Rights goin to sleep one day, and old

Kolonel Federlist cum along and tride to kut his ham-string. I'm for the Genrul as long as I am on his staff, and I am goin to pitch into the Kolonel on every possibul okashun. So now you understand what brought about the war.

Feller sitizens, do you want pease? Are you tired of this struggle? Then let me tell you my plan of makin

#### PROBERSISHUNS FOR PEASE.

Atter every viktory over our enemies, let us holler at the top of our voises, pease! pease!! pease!!! In the langwage of Patrik Henry, let us cry, “Pease when there is no pease.” What we shall holler attter evry *defeat*, this deponent sayeth not, and would like for you to say yourself, if you kno.

I am aware that Mr. Davis in his mesig, and kongress in their addresses, and our Genruls in their offishal kommunikashuns, hav all the time entreated our enemise to let us alone, and let us hav pease; and I am allso aware that the konstitution says that kongress *alone* should hav the right to declare war and make pease, but *nevertheless notwithstanding*, I hav got a right to holler *enuf!* if I want to, and I am a gwine to do it.

I am now about to bring this important messig to a klose. My ostensible objek in addressin you was the “Kurrensy Bill,” which gives the great

State of Gorgy til Khristmus to fund her munny in six per cent bonds.

Fearin that the Legislater mite git kille up befor their regler sesshun, I hav thought proper to agitate the subjek *now*, and bring before you all the other "Monsterous Paradoxes," as side shows to the Sircus.

Callin your attenshun to the appendicks which follers, I now desend from my cheer, and havin taken a chaw of tobakker, subskribe myself your feller sitizen.

BILL ARP.

#### APPENDICKS TO HABEUS KORPUS.

Sinse the diskovery of Ameriky by Pokahontas, the *Habeus Korpus* hav never been suspended over enebody, xcept about three hunderd thousin soljers in the Konfederit army. For nearly three years Genrul Lee and Genrul Johnston hav had it suspended over all the fitin boys in their kommands. With most astonishin pashens they bear up under this oppreshun, and kontinue to live on haf rashuns, and fite, and march, and toil, and struggle, and *never komplain about nothin*. I axed sum of em how they got along with the *Habeus Korpus* a hangin over em, and they said "I was a fool."

BILL ARP.

#### NINTH PAPER.

##### THE SKOUTIN HOSS CAVILRY.

WITH sum few xseptions too tejus to mention, the Konfed hoss cavilry, whitch ever and anon and sumtimes more oftner migrates and varygates and preambulates thru and thru a poor, bleedin kountry, are perhaps the most majestik site in the animil kingdom. Sich are the profound impresshun whitch their august presense do make upon a klose observer, that one week's view will satisfi his curiosity for the next fifty years to cum. Their brilliant appearanse is too powerful for weak eyes to stand more than about seven days in a year. The Infantry and the Artillry are kalled the two arms of the servis, and do very well in their plases, but the hoss cavilry are the two legs—they are the ingine of lokomoshun, the wheels of progress, and hense they can travil more better and retire more quiker, and okkupy a heap more ubikwity. If a filosofer wishes to see the perfekshun and buty of

animil moshun, let him git on a mounting and observe the hoss cavilry as they wind about the fields, and the farms, and the gardings, the orchurds, the corn-patches, and the tater-patches, the bee-gums, and chicken-koops, and he will be filled with admirashun and astonishment at the way they do go dodgin aroun. The slite and rapidity with whitch they purform their evolushuns are sed to be akkomplished by their pekuliar drill, which is kalled *damin*—they dam their eyes, and they dam their ears, and they dam their guns, and their boots, and their mill saw spurs, and they dam their hosses to make em go faster, and they dam the fenses to make cum down, and they dam the poor farmer to make him dry up. Hense I am told that Major Mike Mackin always speeks of em as the “DAM CAVALRY.” What kurious idees of rekrutit they’ve got! They wer sent here to rekrutit their hosses and to rest em, and strengthen em, and you can see em at it by day and by night, in an everlastin gallup, goin whippity-whoppity, flippity-floppity, just dodgin aroun all over the land. If a man can travil any big road, or little road, new road, or old road, publik road, or privit road, eny mill path, or still-house path, eny cow trail, or hog trail, and not meet frum two to ten of the d-a-m cavilry, then their camp had been moved sum three days befor. It takes em at least that long to quit a good kuntry after they’ve left it, for they are at it, and on it, and in it, and aroun it,

and over it, and under it, till it seems like they hav to sluff off, like a skab on a sore back mule. Grand, gloomy and pekulyer, as Bonypart said, they go dodgin around gloomy to them who’ve got sumthin they want, and very pekulyer as they carry it off. Swappin hosses is a weakness to which they are subjek, but, they give a man very little trubble that way, for they can swap with him when he ain’t at home, or when he’s asleep, just as well as if he was awake and was there.

Hurra for the cavilry! When a big battle has been fout by the infantry, and the inimy is runnin, how majestik and sublime the cavilry appear, as, they foller up the skedaddlers and holler “go it bob tail, we’re gainin on you.” When they are persuin a panik struk enemy, or layin wait for a train of kars, or assaltin a karavan of waggins, the skoutin hoss cavilry are invinsible. On such ok-kashuns they load themselves down with dry goods, and wet goods, and blankits, and hats, and boots, and tiklers, and kanteens with kontents notised. I onst heerd a poor infantry say, as he were huntin over the ground he fout, “Let’s go home, Jim, the cavilry has done bin here and licked up evry d-a-m thing—atter we whip the fite, they cum jist a rippin and a snortin, and a dodgin aroun.

Old Solomon saw one in his day, and remarked, “he snuffeth the battle frum afar,” but snuffin is all he does til the skedaddle begins. The last end

of the fite is his, if its whipped; but if it ain't, they'll run acrost two States in the rear afore mornin, and swar the whole army were kut all to peases. But Jo Brown's "dubble and twisted life insurance home gard" never run frum the enemy—no, sur, nary time! They never got in a hundred miles of a battle. They was too bizzy a steelin hosses at home, and prowlin poor wimmin and children whose husbands and daddys was away off in the war. From all such may the good lord deliver us in the next war.

BILL ARP.



## TENTH PAPER.

BILL ARP, THE ROMAN RUNAGEE.

MR. EDITUR: "Remote, onfrended, melan-  
kolly, slo," as sumbody said, I am seekin a log in  
sum vast wilderness, a loanly roost in sum Okee-  
feenokee swamp, where the fowl invaders can't  
travel, nor their pontoon bridges floate. If Mr.  
Shakspeer wer correkt when he writ that "sweet  
are the juices of adversity," then it are reasunable  
to suppose that me and my foaks must hav sum  
sweetnin to spar. When a man is arowed in the  
ded of night, and smells the approach of the fowl  
invader, when he feels konstraned to change his  
base and becum a runagee frum his home, leavin  
behind him all those usussery things whitch hold  
body and sole together; when he looks, perhaps  
for the last time, upon his luvly home wher he has  
been for many delightful years raisin children and  
chickens, strawberries and pease, li soap and in-  
guns, and all sich luksuries of this sublunerry life;

when he imagins evry onusual sound to be the crack of his earthly doom; when frum such influences he begins a dignifide retreat, but soon is konstraned to leave the dignity behind, and git away without regard to the order of his goin,—if ther are eny sweet juice in the like of that, I have not bin able to see it. No, Mr. Editur, sich senes never happened in Bill Shakspear's day, or he would not hav writ that line.

I don't kno that the luvly inhabitants of your butiful sitty need any fourwarnins to makè em avoid the breakers upon which our vessel wer wrecked; but for feer they should sum day shake their gory loks at me, I will make public a breef allusion to sum of the painful sirkumstances whitch lately okkurred in the eturnal sitty.

Not many days ago the everlastin Yankees (may they live always when the devil gets em) made a valyunt assault upon the sitty of the hills—the eternal sitty, where for a hundred years the Injun rivers have been blendin their waters peesfully together—where the Choktaw children built their flutter mills and toyd with frogs and tadpoals whilst these magestik streems wer but litle branches a babblin along their sandy beds. For three days and nites our valyunt troops had beat back the fowl invader, and saved our pullits frum their devourin jaws. For three days and nites we bid farewell to evry feer, luksuriatin upon the triumf of our arms, and the sweet juices of straw-

berries and cream. For three days and nites fresh troops frum the South poured into our streets with showts that made the welkin ring, and the turky bumps rise all over the flesh of our peepel. We felt that Rome wer safe—sekure against the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil, which last indivijual are supposed to be that hord of fowl invaders who are seekin to flank us outen both bred and xistence.

But alas for human hoaps! Man that is born of woman (and there is no other sort that I know of,) has but few days that is not full of trubble. Altho the troops did showt, altho their brass band music swelled upon the gale, altho the turky bumps ris as the welkin rung, altho the commandin Gen-rul asshoored us that Rome wer to be held at every hazerd, and that on to-morrer the big battle wer to be fout, and the fowl invaders hurled all howlin and bleedin to the shores of the Ohio, yet it transpired sumhow that on choosdy night the military evakuashun of our sitty was preemptorly ordered. No noat of warnin—no whisper of alarm, no hint of the morrer cum frum the muzzled lips of him who had lifted our hoaps so high. Kalmly and koolly we smoked our killykinik, and surveyed the embarkation of tròops, konstruin it to be sum grand menuver of military strategy. About ten o'clock we retired to rest, to dream of to-morrer's viktory. Sleep soon overpowered us like the fog that kivered the earth, but nary brite dreem had

cum, nary vishun of freedum and glory. On the kontrary, our rest was oneasy. Strawberries and cream seemed to be holdin seseshun meetins within our korporate limits, when suddently, in the twinklin of an eye, a frend aroused us frum our slumber, and put a new fase on the "sityashun." Genrul Johnson was retreatin, and the blue nosed Yankees wer to pollute our sakred sile next mornin. Then cum the tug of war. With hot and feverish haist we started out in serch of transportashun, but nary transport kould be had. Time honerd frendship, past favors shown, everlastin gratytood, numerous small and luvly childern, konfederit kurrensy, new isshoos, bank bills, blak bottels, and all influenses wer urged and used to sekure a corner in a kar—but nary kórner—too late—too late—the pressure for time was feerful and tremengious—the steddý klok moved on—no Joshuy about to lengthen out the nite—no rollin stok, no steer, no mule. With reluctant and hasty steps we prepared to make our exit by that overland line which rale rodes do not kontról, nor A. Q. M's impres.

With our families and a little clothin we crossed the Etowah bridg in a dump cart about the broke of day on Wensday, the 17th of May 1864—exaktly a year and two weeks from the time when Genrul Forrest marched in triumf thro our streets. By and by the brite rays of the mornin sun dispersed the hevvy fog which like a pall of deth had over spred all natur. Then wer xhibited to our

affliked gaze a hiway krowded with waggins and teems, kattle and hogs, niggers and dogs, wimmen and childern, all movin in disheveld haist to parts unknown. Mules were brayin, kattle wer lowin, hogs wer squeelin, sheap wer



blatin, childern wer kryin, wagginers wer kussin, whips wer poppin, and hosses stallin, but still the grand karavan moved on. Everybody was kon-tinuály lookin behind and drivin befo—everybody wanted to kno everything, and nobody knu nothin. Ten thousan wild rumers filled the sirkumambyent air. The everlastin cavilry was thar, and as they dashd to and fro, giv false alarms of the enemy bein in hot pursuit.

About this most kritikal junkture of affairs, some philanthropik frend passed by with the welkom news that the bridg wer burnt, and the danger all over. Then ceased the panik, then cum the peesful calm of heroas atter the strife of war is over—then xclaimed Frank Ralls, my demoralized friend, "Thank the good Lord for that. Bill, lets return thanks and stop and rest—boys, let me git out and



lie down—I'm as umble as a ded nigger—I tell you the truth—I sung the long meeter doxology



as I krossed the bridg, and I xpected to be a ded man in fifteen minutes. Be thankful, fellers, lets all be thankful—the bridg is burnt, and the river are three miles deep. Good sakes, do you rekon them Yankees can swim? Git up, boys—lets drive ahed and keep movin—I tell you there's no akountin for anything with blu

close on these days—dinged if I aint afeerd of a blu taled fly."

With a most distressin flo of language, he kon-tinued his rapsody of random remarks.

Then there was that trump of good fellers *Big John*—with indefatigable dilygence he had sekured, as a last resort, a one hoss steer spring waggin, with a low flat boddy, a settin on two riketty springs. Bein mounted thereon, he was urgin a more speedy lokomoshun by layin on to the karkass of the poor old steer with a thrash poal ten feet long. Havin stopped at a house, he prokured a two inch orger, and borin a hole thru the dashboard, pulled the steers tale thru and tide up the end in a knot. "My geer is weak," he said, "but

I don't intend to be stuk in the mud. If the boddy holds good, and the steer don't pull off his tale, why, Bill, I'm safe." "My frend," sed I, "will you please to inform me what port you are bound for, and when you xpect to reach it?" "No port at all, Bill," sed he, "I'm goin ded strate to the big Stone Mounting. I am goin to git on the top and roll roks down upon all mankind. I now fourwarn evry livin thing not to cum there till this everlastin foolishness is over." He wer then but three miles from town, and had bin travellin the livelong nite. Ah, my big frend, thot I, when wilt thou arrive at thy journeys end? In the language of Patrik Henry, will it be the next week, or the next year? Oh that I kould write a pome, I would embam thy onest face in epik vers. I can only drop to thy plessant memry a passin random rime.

Farwell, Big John, Farwell !  
'Twas paneful to my hart,  
To see thy chanches of eskape  
Was that old steer and kart.

Methinks I see thee now,  
With axel trees all broak,  
And wheels with nary hub at all,  
And hubs with nary spoak.

But tho the mud is deep  
Thy wits will never fale ;  
That faithful steer will pull thee out,  
If thou wilt hold his tale.

Mr. Editur, under sich varygated senes we re-

ported progress, and in kourse of time arrived under the shadder of a safe retrell, aboundin in gratitood and joy.

With sweet and pashent sadness, the tender harts of our wives and dorters beat mournfully as we moved along. Often, alas, how often, was the teer seen swimmin in the eye, and the lip quiver with emoshun, as memry lingurd aroun deserted hoams, and thoughts dwelt upon past enjoymints and future desolashun. We plucked the wild flowers as we passed, sung songs of merrymment, xchanged our wit with children, smotherin by evry meens the sorer of our fate. These things, together with the komik events that okkurred by the way, wer the safety valves that saved the poor hart from bustin. But for these, our heads would have bin fountins, and our harts a river of tears. Oh if sum kin frend would set our retreet musik, it would be gratly appreshiated indeed. It should be a plantiv tune interspersed with akkasional komik noats, and frekwent fuges skattered promiskuously along.

But I must klose this melonkolly narrativ, and hasten to subskribe myself,

Your Runagee,

BILL ARP.

P.S. Tip are still faithful onto the end. He says the old turkey we left behine hav bin settin

for fourteen weeks, and the fowl invaders are welkum to her. Furthermore, that he throwd a ded kat in the well, and they are welkum to that.

B. A.





## ELEVENTH PAPER.

### NO REST FOR THE RUNAGEE.

ATLANTY, they said, was the Richmond of the South—the world, nor the flesh, nor the devil couldn't tak it nor shake it. Old Sherman was to be gobbled up before he got there, jist like a suck-hoal in the impassabal Chattyhoochy, and so we smild all luvly and sreen in the gay sitty, and waited pashently and hoapfully for sum big thing to happen. But by and by the Cornfed army begun to fall bak, and they kep backin, and backin, and backin till they backd clean thru the Gate Sitty and left us all hopeless and forlorn. About this time the fust big shells kkommensed skatterin their unfeelin kontents among the sububs of that devoted sitty. Then cum the big paniks; then shreekd the man eater; then howld the wild hyener among the hills of Babylon. All sorts of peepul seemed movin in all sorts of ways, with an akselerated moshun. They ganed ground on their

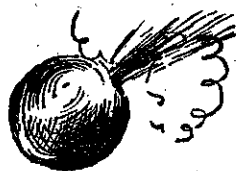
### NO REST FOR THE RUNAGEE.

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shadders as they leened forwerd on the run, and their legs grew longer at evry step. With me it was the sekond ringin of the fust bell. I had sorter got used to the thing, and set myself down to take observashuns. "How many miles to Mily Bright?" sed I. But no respons cum, for their legs was as long as lite, and evry bustin shell was an old witch on the road. Kars was the all-in-all. Depoas was the senter of spase—convergin lines from evry pint of the cumpass made traks to the offises of rale road superintendants. These funkshunaries very prudently vamoosed the ranch to avoid their too numerous friends, leevin positiv orders to their subordinates. The passenger depo was throngd with ankshus seekers of transportashun. "Wont you let these boxes go as bagidge?" "No, madam, its onpossible." Just then sumbodys famly trunk as big as a niter buro was shoved in, and the poor woman got desprite.

"All I've got ain't as hevvy as that," sed she, "and I am a poor widder, and my husband was killed in the army. I've got five little children, and my things hav got to go." We took up her boxes and shoved em in. Another good woman axed very anxshusly for the Makon trane. "There it is, madam," sed I. She shuke her hed mournfully and remarked, "You are mistakin, sur, don't you see the injine is hedded rite up the State Road towards the Yankees? I shant take any trane with the injine at that end of it. No, sur, that

ain't the Makon trane." Evry where was hurryin to and fro at a lively tune. "Whats to-day, nig-



ger?" sed a female darky with a hoopskirt on

her arm. "Taint no day, honey, that eber I seed. Yistiddy was Sunday, and I reken to-day is Run-day, from de way de white foaks is movin aroun. Yah, yah! ain't afeerd of Yankees myself, but dem sizzin bumshells kill a nigger quicker dan you can lik your tung out. Gwine to git away from here—I is."

I went into a doktors shop, and found my friend packin up vials and pisen, and copavy, and sich like. Varyous xsited indivijuals cum in, looked at a big map on the wall, and pointed out the roads to McDoner and Etonton, and soon their propoased lines of travil wer esily and gresily visible from the impreshun of perspirin fingers. An old skeleton with one leg was swingin from the selin, lookin like a mournful emblem of the fate of the trubbled sitty. "You are goin to leave him to stan gard, Doktor?" sed I. "I suppose I will," sed he; "got no transportashun for him." "Take the screw out of his scull," sed I, "and give him a krutch, and he'll travel; all flesh is a movin, and I think the boans will katch the kon-tagion soon."

A few dors further, and a venerable aukshuneer was survayin the rushin, runnin krowd, and evry now and then he would rase his arm with a see-saw moshin and xklaim, "Goin—goin—gone! Who's the bidder?" "Old Daddy Time," sed I, "he'll git em all afore long." The dore of an old frend's residence swung open to my gaze, and I

walked in. Varyous gentlemen were diskussin their evidenses of propriety over a jug of departin sperits. "I bleeve I'll unpack," sed one, "dingd if I'm afeerd of a blu taled fly; I'm goin to set down and be esy." "In a horn," sed I. Jest then a sizzin, singin, crazy shell sung a short meter hime rite over the house. "Jake, has the dray cum?" he sed, bouncin to his feet: "Konfound that dray—blame my skin if I'll ever git a dray to move these things—boys, lets take another drink." After which, another frend remarked, "Boys, lets all stay; durnd if it don't look kowardly to run! Boys, here's to—who shall we drink to?" "Here's to Cassabianca," sed I. "Good, good," they all shouted. "Here's to Cabysianka. Let me speak it for you, boys," sed our host, "I've spoke it a thousan times." He mounted the seet of a broken sofy, and spreddin hissself, declaimed:

"The boy stood on the burnin deck,  
When all had fled but him."

"That's me," sed one, "Its me exaktly," sed another, "I'm Bassy Kianka myself—dog my cat if I don't be the last one to leeve this ship." Another shell sizzed, and busted a few yards off. "Boys, lets take another drink and leeve the durn town—dod rot them Yankees." "Here's to—here's to—the—the 'Last of the Mohikans.' I'm him myself. I'm the mast of the Lohikans; durnd if I'll leeve these diggins as long as—as long as---"---"as the State Road, which is now about

four inches and a half." "Here's to the State Rode and Dr. Brown and Joe Phillips, (hic) as long as four inches and a half."

By and by the shells fell as thick as Guvener Brown's proklamashuns, causin a more speedy lokomoshun in the xsiled throng who hurrid by the dore, but my frends inside hed passed the Rubykon, and one by one retired to dreem of Bozaris and his Sulyote band. Vakant rooms and long korridors ekode with their snores, and they appeerd like sleepin herose in the halls of the Montezumas.

In the blessed days gon by, I hav seed the shakin Quakers goin thru pious moshuns and pekulyer attitoods. I hav kuriously watched and waited to diskiver the fust shake of the speritual leg. Then another and another would katch the delishus trimbles, until the intire assembly of breethren and sisters was shufflin their xtrimitys in solemn and hysterik buty. Jes so the big paniks seemed to inspire the good peepul of Atlanty. The fust good shake that okkurrd on Peachtree was a fowl kontagin that soon spred its orful trimbles from the barraks to the fair grounds, sweepin in its all-gatherin kourse the xsited populashun who peepled its bizzzy streets.

All day and all nite long the iron hosses wer snortin to the ekoin breeze. Trane atter trane of goods and chattels moved down the rode, leavin hunderds of ankshus fases waitin their return.

There was no method in this madness. All kinds of plunder was tumbuld in promiskuously. A huge parler mirrer, sum 6 foot by 8, all bound in ilegant gold, with a brass buzzard a spreddin his wings on the top, was sot up at the end of the kar, and reflekted a butiful assortment of parler furnichure to match, sich as pots and kittles, baskets and bags, barrels and kegs, bacon and bed-steds, all piled up together. Guvernment offishals had the prefference, and guvernment offishals all hav frends. Any clever man with a charmin wife or a purty sister could sekure a korner in more kars than one, and I will privitly mention to you, Mr. Editur, that I have found a heap of sivilty on this akkount myself. Indeed, I hav allways thot that no man is xkusable who hasent either the one or the other. Sumhow or sumhow else we got away from those onhelthy rejuns, and havin heerd of Yankees every where xseptin in the piny woods, we never halted ontill we reechd the long leaf timber of the Alabam.

I klose with feelins of xalted gratitood for these presents.

Yours truly,

BILL ARP.

## TWELFTH PAPER.

### MORE TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

SUM frog-eatin Frenchman hav writ a book and kalled it "Lee's Miserbels," or sum other sich name, which I spose kontain the misfortunes of poor refugees in the wake of the Virginny army. Genrul Hood hav also got a few miserbels in the suberbs of his fitin ground, and if any man gived to romans would like a fit subjeck for a weepin narativ, we are now reddy to furnish the mournful materiel.

As the Yankees remarkd at Bull Run, "these are the times that try men's soles," and I spose my interestin family is now prepared to sho stone bruze and blisters with anybody. It are a long story, Mr. Editur, but I will kondense it as breefly as possibul, smoothin over the most affektin parts so as not to okkashun too great a diffushun of sympathetik tears.

Atter our hasty flite from the Eternal Sitty, we

bekum konverted over to the doktrin of squatter suvrinty, and pitched our tents in the piny woods. Afur off in them fields of illimitable spase, we romed thru the abstroos rejuns of the filosofik world. There no onfrendly soljer wer a perusin a roun and axin for papers. There the melonkolly mind wer soothd. There the loanly runagee coud kontemplate the sandy roads, the wire grass woods, and the millyun of majestik pines that stood like ten pins in an ally, a waitin sum huge kanon ball to cum along and knok em down. The mounting seenry in this romantik kountry was grand, glumy, and pekulyer, konsistin of numberless gofer hills, spewd up in promiskuous konfussion and buty as fur as the eye could reach. All aroun us the swamp frogs wer warblin their musikul noats. All abov us, the pines wer sighin and singin their mournful tunes. Dame Nature hav spred herself there in showin her lavish hand, and wastin timber along them endless glaid. Trooly, we were treadin on klassik ground, for we pitched our tents in a blackberry patch, and mornin, noon and nite, luxurated in peese upon the delishus frute which everywhere adordnd the sandy yearth.

But those piny woods to which we fled did not by any means agree with our idees of futur komfort. Atter it had rained sum forty days and nites without a resess, the corn krop had putty well dide out, and Genral Starvation seemed about to assoom kommand. Our neerest naber cropd it over sum

hundred akers of skatterin land, situated from six to ten inches under water. Takin a wade with him one day over his farm, we konkluded that if it didn't rane any more and the intire krop wer proodently gatherd, he might probeebly make a peck to the aker of mouldy nubbins. The hoaps of the family seemed to fix upon the prospekt of a pee krop that was yit to cum, and it wer sorrerfully amusin to see the old gentleman lookin everywhere for on erly blossom. He found one at last, and litin from his mule, sot on a stump klose by for an hour, and would hav stayd longer, no doubt, if I hadn't induced him away. "Did you see any sine of pees?" sed the good lady. "Yes, madum," sed I. "How many do you think we will make?" sed she. "I think, mam," sed I, "if it stops ranin, you may make sum twenty-five or thirty."

"Alas, poor Yorik," as Sam Patch sed. In a week more the army worm had cum along and devoured every pee vine on the plantashun. We felt konstraned to depart these koasts, and seak an Egipt sumwhere in a rounder and more rollin kountry. Akkordingly, we soon landed our interestin famly at a depo on the Mobeel and Gerard Rale Rode, all bound for Columbus. This little rode is, in my opinyun, the only respektabel raleway in the Confederate States. Its a small consern of its kind, it are troo, for it don't run anywhere in partiklar, and only konneckts with a little

spring branch in the piny woods, sum forty-five miles from Columbus. When the branch goes dry, I suppoas the trane don't run quite so fur, but stops at any pine tree on the way atter the last pasenger gits off. The flore of the nice new pasenger kar is sprinkeld all over evry mornin with clean white sand and you can mix yourself up with the ladies like onto the older time, afore the war, and the mumps, and the meesels broak loos. No gray-eyd soljier stans on the platform to keep you out. No rusty baynet is a pintin about to make a man feel meen. No passport agent cums a slidin along axin for papers. On the kontrary, all is quiet and peesful, and the kind harted kondukter is only ankshus to kollekt your fare, and make you cumfortable.

All along the line, at evry station, purty wimmen git on and git off. When they leeve us, an affekshunate man like myself unconshusly whispers, "Depart in peese, ye tresures of delite." As the trane moves off we cast a longin, lingrin look behind, xclaimin in the butiful language of Mr. Shakspeer, "I hav thee not, but yet I see thee still." Farewell, sweet darlins, till I cum agin. But woman is sumtimes very varygated and pekulyer in the way she do. I am just reminded how, on a late okkashun, I found but one vakant seet in the kar atter I lokated my numerus and interestin famly. A luxuryous lady with aggravin curls had okkupide neerly all of a seet,

spredin herself like a settin hen, all over the velvet kusshun. "Madam," sed I, "can I sheer this seat with you?" "Sertinly, sur," and she closed in her petticoats sevrul inches. In a short space of time she becum affekted with drowzyness. Her neck bekum as limber as a greesy rag. Leanin on my sholder, she seemed wunderfully affekshunate as her hed kept a bobbin aroun, and I felt



very pekulyer at sich times as she would subside into my palpitatin bozom. About this kritikal junktur I venturd to turn my astonishd gaze towards Mrs. Arp, and seein that she wer waitin fur sum remark, I observd "Hadn't I better remoov my seet? Do you think I can enjure the like of this?"

"I do not, Willyum," sed she. "You had better stan up awhile, and when you git tired sum of the childern will releeve you." The glanse of her eye and the manner in which she spoak brought me up a standin and giv me a korrekt view of the situashun. Imegitly I assoomed a



perpendikler attitood, and the kurly hed was left without a prop.—I asshure you, Mr. Editur, a man's wife is the best judge of sich pekulyur things; and as for me, I am always guvernd by it.

Frum Columbus we jurneyd northward, for Mrs. Arp had got her head set on the home of her childhood, away up on the banks of the Chattyhoochy. We ondertook a most diffikult job, for ther was no roundance to that everlastin army. The rale rodes quit a runnin, and while I was out a huntin for a waggin the blue devils capturd my family and skeerd my poor wife so she couldn't talk for two hours. I think she are now entirely rekoverd frum this trubble—I think so. Finally we got to Covington and Madison and Athens and frum there we started overland to the Chattyhoochy, away behine the line of the enemy's march. Our phaton was an old farm waggin with a passell of pine straw in the bottom, and we jogged and jolted along a singin

Oh where is the cottage our babies was born in?

Kinfoaks and frends did ye weep for its fall?

Oh where is the home we left that dark morning,

And where is the roses and poses and all?

Ah! never again, in the shade of the evenin

Shall we sircle aroun the old family room;

The hart it is sad and the bozom is heavin,

For our home is deserted and the torch is its doom.

Rale rodes don't suit a runagee like an old fashend dirt rode. They are so liable to be raded,

invaded, and blokaded, and ambuskaded, and the great trubble is, they don't fork enuf. Ever sinse this everlastin war, I hav been parshul to a forked dirt road, for it gives a poor runagee choise of direkshun evry few miles. It's so esy to stop or go on, or dodge in the woods, and change latitood and longitood.

It was refreshin to stop by the waside and anser the inquiryys about the great war, and hear em tell over the hosses and mules that our cavilry had cum along and stole in their naborhood.

At last we found a end to our trials and tribulashuns for a time. We run the gantlet of Yankee rades and rebel hoss skouts, lookin upon the latter as did Ali Baba upon the forty theeves, and dred-din the former as the devil let loos for a thousan years. Betwixt the one and the other a poor runagee had as well be amongst the wild Arabs of the Afrikin desert.

We hav now tride Mr. Sherman's front and his flanks, and found no pease; for the future we shall rest in the reer of his army, until dislodged by kauses unknown and unfourseen. We can't run agin, for the reesin urged by the Texin, who, when he got into trubble, took advise of a lawyer as to what he orter do. His kase was so bad that the fathful atturny advised him to run away. "The devil," says he, "where shall I run to? I'm in Texas now." Yours trooly,

BILL ARP.

### THIRTEENTH PAPER.

#### BILL ARP RETURNS TO THE ETERNUL CITY.

MR. EDITUR,

SUR: I hav not up to this time made any remarks in publik about the trials and tribulashuns, the losses and crosses, the buzzards and ded hosses seen on our jurny to the eternul sitty. I shall not alood to it now, only to remark that our comin bak wer not so hasty as our leavin. It wer in the ded of winter, thru snow and thru sleet, over kreeks without bridges and bridges without floors, thru a deserted and deserlate land wher no rooster was left to krow, no pig to squeel, no dog to bark, wher the rooins of happy hoams adorned the way, and ghostly chimniz stood up like Sherman's sentinels a gardin the rooins he had made. A little one hoss consern containd the hith of my wurldly posseshuns, consistin of my numerus and luvly wife and childern, and a shuk baskit full of sekon class vittels. Countin our offspring, ther was ten of us in

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and about and aroun that waggin, thusly illustratin what the poit hav sed, "one galorious hour of crowded life is worth an age without a name." Mrs. Arp are of opinyun that her posterity was



never as hungry before in their life, as on that distressin jurny, and she onst remarked that ther wasn't nary rod of that road that didn't heer sum of em hollerin for vittels. My wife's husban is

trubbled bekause they ain't broke of it yet, and it does seem the porer I git, the more devourin they bekum, all of which will end in sumthin or other, if sumthin don't happen.

We finally arriv in the presinkts of our luvly hoam. The doors creeked welkum on their hinges, the hoppin bug chirrupd on the herth, and the whistlin wind was a singin the same old tune aroun the bedroom korner. We wer about as happy as we had been miserble, and when I remarkd that Genrul Vandiver, who okkupide our hous, must be a gentleman for not burnin it, Mrs. Arp replide—

"I wonder what he done with my sewin machine?"

"He didn't cut down our shade trees," sed I.

"My buro and karpet and crokery is all gone," sed she.

"It may be possibul," sed I, "that the Genrul—"

"And my barrel of soap," sed she.

"It may be possibul," sed I, "that the Genrul moved off our things to take kare of em for us. I rekon we'll git em all back atter while."

"Atter while," sed Mrs. Arp like an echo, and ever sinse then when I alood to our Northern brethrin, she only replies, "Atter while."

By and by the skatterd wanderers begun to drop in one by one under the welkum shades of our sorrerful sitty. It was a delightful enjoyment to greet em home, and listen to the history of their suffer-

ins and misfortins. Missery luvs kompany, and atter the misery is past there's a power of kumfort in talkin it over and fixin up as big a tale as anybody. I was a standin one day on the banks of the Injun river a wonderin in my mind who would cum next, when I saw the shadder of a objekt a darkenin the sunlit bank. It warn't a load of hay nor a elefant, but it was my friend Big John a movin slowly down to the dugout landin on the other side. His big roun fase assoomed more lattytood when he saw me, and without waitin for remarks he sung out in a voise as deep as a well,

"There cum to the beech a poor xile of Erin."

"Call him *fat*," sed I, "and you'll fill the bill." Prouder to see him than a monky show, I paddled the dugout over in double quick, and bid him welkum in the name of the Eternul sitty and its umble inhabitans. I sune got him aflote in the little cano, and afor I wer aware of it the water was a sloshing over the gunnels at evry wabble. "Lay down, my frend," sed I, and he laid, which was all that saved us frum a watry grave, and the naborin farms frum inundashun. As his foot teched the sakred sile,



he separated his countenance, and sung with feelin melerdy—

“Home agin—home agin—frum a furrin shore,  
The Yanks may cum, and the devil too, but I’ll not run eny more.”

Rekollectin sum skrap of blank verse myself I said with much aksent, “Tell me thou swift of foot—thou modern Asahel—O tell me where is thy chariot and steer? Where didst thou go when I did see the a drivin like Jehu as we did flee for life?”

“I’ll tell you all,” said he. “I want my frends to kno it. I’m a man of war, and I am glad of it. I’ve dun the State sum servis, and she kno it. I’ve handled guns—yes guns—weepins of deth. I’ve slept on my arms sinse I seed you—nite after nite hav I slept on my arms with hundreds of dedly weepins all around me. Ah, Bill, patriotism are a big thing. When you onst break the ise, great slooces of glory as big as your arm will jest spring up like mushrooms in your bozom, and will make you feel like throwin yourself clean away for your kountry. Let me set down and I’ll tell you all I know, Bill.”

“Proseed, my hero,” sed I.

“Well, you see, the nite atter you passd me, my steer got away. Hang the deseevin beest! I hunted for him next mornin, but I hunted more forreds than bakwards. Leevin my waggin with a widder woman, I took it afoot akrost the kountry by a settlement rode they called the ‘cut off.’

Devil of a cut off it was to me. I broke down in site of a little log cabin, and never moved a foot further that day. The ole man had a chunk of a nag that worked in a slide. I persuaded him to hall me to the end of the cut off, and I kno he



done it for feer I’d eat up his smoke house. That slidin bizness wer the most orfullest travelin that I ever hav had. Evry time the pony’d look back he’d stop, and when he’d start agin he’d giv sich a jerk that my kontents wos in danger. My holt

broak on one okkashun, a goin down a hill full of gullys. I roled sum twenty feet into the edge of the woods, and kotch up agin a old pine stump that wer full of yaller jackets. Three of the dinged things stung me afore I could rise, but I got thru the cut off and fell in with sum emty waggins that was a stampedin my way.

"Gittin on to Atlanty, a fule Irishman stopped me rite at the edge of the town and demanded my papers. I didn't hav no papers. Nobody had ever axed me for my papers, but he wouldn't heer any argument. As Quarles would say, he wouldn't *jine ishoo*, but marched me to an offis, and I didn't stay there ten minutes. I was sent off to Dekater with sum fifty konskripts, who wer all in



mournin, xceptin their close. I never seed sich a pityful set in my life. I talked with em all, and there was nary one but what had the dispepsy, or swinny, or rumatiks, or the blind staggers, or the humps, or sumthin. Well, there warn't none of us discharged, for there was bran new or-

ders calling for everybody for thirty days to go to the ditches. As I couldn't walk that fur, I wer ordered to Anderson-

ville to gard prisoners. At Macon I met Genrul Cobb who had me transferred to his department, and put me in charge of his ordnanse. There's whar I handled guns, Bill, and slept on my arms. Whoal boxes of muskits was around me, and I didn't no more mind takin a snooze on a gun-box than if it had been a kouch of fethery down. It's all in gettin use to it, Bill—all in the use."



"Jes so," sed I, "exactly so, my frend—pro-seed."

"It's blamed luky, Bill, that I didn't go to Andersonville. They would hav had me along side of Wirtz, eyther as principal or witness or sumthin, and sum lyun Yank would hav had a swar or two at me about shuting him on the ded line. Befor this my karkase would have been eat up by wurms or kut up by doktors, and my piktur spred all over a whoal side of 'Harpers weekly' as a monster of deth.

"Well, I kept a handlin guns and bayonets and dangerus weepuns, till one day I got a furlo to go to Rome. Sherman was playin base roun about Atlanty, and so I had to sirkumferense aroun by the way of Selma, and the very day I got there, everlastinly blast em, the Wilson raders got there



too. I warn't no more lookin for them Yankees in Selma than I wer for old Belzybub, and both wer all the same to me. Blamd if they wasn't a shootin at me afore I knowd they was in the State. How in the dikens they missed me I don't kno, for their minny balls sung Yanky doodle all around me, and over me, and under me, and betwixt me.

"I tell you, Bill, I run like a mud turkel, lookin ahed of me at evry step to find a easy plase to fall



in when I waz plugged. An old oman overtook me, and I axed her to take my watch and muny. She took em in a hurry and put em in her buzum. Well, I found a gully at last, and I rold in ker-splash, for it wer about two feet deep in mud and water. The infernals found me there just at nite, and got me out at the pint of the baynet. They

marched me to the wolf pen and there I stayed till the fuss was over.

"Rite here, Bill, I want to make a observashun. There was a feller with me when I was kotched, and I seed him make a sorter of a sine to the Captain, and they turned him loose in two minets, and he jest went anywhere as natral as a king, while I had a kross-eyed Duchman a standin over me with a baynet, a grinnin frum mornin till nite. There were sum Free Masonry about that, Bill, and if another of these fool wars ever cums along, I'll jine em, if they'll let me.

"But I am at home now for good. I'm agwine to stay here like a sine die. I'm agin all wars and fitins. I'm posed to all rows, and rumpusses, and riots. I don't keer as much about a dog fite as I used to. Now, if one could always see the end of a thing in advance, *and the end wer all rite*, I wouldn't mind a big fuss, but then you kno a man's foresite ain't as good as his hindsite. If they was, then this war wouldn't have broke out, and I wouldn't have lost my steer and my watch. I never seed that oman before nor sinse, and I wouldn't kno her from eny other oman that walks on yearth—blamed if I'm sertin whether she was white or blak. Bill, how is your offspring?"

"Hungry, as usual," said I.

"How's Mrs. Arp?"

"Rebellyus, John; I think she'll be harmunised—*atter while*." But I will not relate further of



these tryin adventures. Big John is now entirely harmonius, and I spose his future kareer will be all sereen.

Yours as ever,  
BILL ARP.

P.S.—Mrs. Arp wants you to git her 'bak the letters I writ her when she wer "sweet sixteen." Them offisers hav got em, and I spose hav laffed all the funny part away by this time. They kon-tained sum fool things that boys will write when they fall in luv, and my wife sometimes used em on me as reminders of broken promises. B. A.



## FOURTEENTH PAPER.

### POETIC MEDETASHUNS AMONG THE TOOMBS.

THE immortal trio have at last combined. The mighty disturber of the public peace, the hero of kards and kotton bags, has at last absorbed and sucked in to his pisened whirlpool them twin pair of stars once luminus with patriotik fire, but now pale and dim as they float around Joseph's decoyin, deseevin, disruptin Jack-o-lantern. Bobuel and Alek are now holdin up nobody's hands but Joseph's. The great heart of the Confederacy has been waitin for em, hopin for em, longin for em, but it seems they have combined with Joseph the im-makulate to play see-saw upon the tremblin pivot of their country's peril. While General Johnston and his gallant boys are fitin Sherman at the front, Joseph and his friends are kikin up a dust in the rear, and exhibitin on a pole the awful pikter of a Bear named *Habeus Corpus*. Bobuel hev just writ its history and pedigree in the Cronikle and Sen-

tinell, and is skeerin the peepul to deth for fear Mr. Davis will break the chain and let him devour the peepul alive.

Trooly the tragedy in the "front" seems likely to be absorbed by the farce in the "rear," and I feel konstraned to set forth in immortal verse the sublime view which sich things have inspired within my poetik boosum. Joseph are supposed to be still ahead, and like Saul among the prophets, kalled up the spirit of Bobuel in the followin jinglin style:

Tote me, Bobuel, tote me soon,  
Oh fly to your paper and ink,  
Blow me some gas in my old balloon,  
Oh puff me as high as the man in the moon,  
Help, Bobuel, or I sink.

I got little Alek to tote me awhile,  
But he didnt tote fair at all.  
"Time about," he said, was his only style,  
And so before he had traveled a mile,  
We both got a terrible fall.

And now he has gone, I know not where,  
In vain and in vain I have sought him;  
I fear that invincible grizzly bear,  
Called "Habeus Corpus," has come from his lair,  
And put out his paws and caught him.

Some say that he took the Richmond route,  
But halted at Danville station,  
And getting alarmed he faced right about,  
And being so heavy he went—up a spout,  
For the want of transportation.

So write me a letter, my dear "old fel,"  
A letter from you will be read.  
'Twill be Jeff Davis' funeral knell,  
For a voice from the Toombs will answer as well,  
As if it had come from the dead.

You've heard how the Yankees have come by the score,  
And captured my road to Big Shanty,  
I shouted "Peace" till my throat was sore,  
And my satelites shouted and hollerd "encore."  
But the more we holler the more, the more,  
They are pressin' on to Atlanty.

So I've ordered my "Pets," every one to a man,  
To that city at once to repair,  
I will find me a General able to plan,  
And save Atlanta, if save it we can,  
For one of my organs is there.

And, Bobby, I'll put you at head of my staff,  
To help me to murder the Bear,  
We'll divide the emoluments half and half,  
And when it's all over, ah then I can laugh,  
(No tellin the luck of a lousy calf),  
At ease in the Governor's chair.

But, Bobby, I'm afeered of the terrible kind  
With stars and wreaths on their collars,  
Tige Anderson's cuttin' before and behind,  
And Gordon is slashin' just like he was blind,  
And won't hear a man when he hollers.

And, Bobby, you've witness a practical test,  
Of a General's domination;  
A little experience has put in your breast  
A moral disgust of a martial arrest,  
For a slight insubordination.

And now I assure you it is painful to think  
 How they stole nearly all my meelish;  
 I had trained em to notice a nod or a blink,  
 And they needed only a delicate wink  
 To know and accomplish my wish.

But, alas, they are gone and the few that are left  
 Are too old to be caught with rewards,  
 I feel that it was a most merciless theft—  
 To steel my meelish and leave me bereft  
 Of all *but* my muny and *kards*..

Then tote me, Bobuel, tote me quick,  
 And take little Aleck behind;  
 Let's all keep together for fear we get sick,  
 For I am bettin high on my *only* trick,  
 In fact I am going it blind.

## A DREADFUL KONSEQUENCE.

So Bobby pitched in, with might and with main,  
 To slaughter this terrible Bruin;  
 And he cut him and gashed him, again and again,  
 And he foamed at the mouth like a man insane,  
 And it seemed like a bull fight away off in Spain,  
 For his motto was "Rule or Ruin."

But while they are fightin, 'tis easy to see  
 The struggle will all be in vain.  
 At least that's the way it seems to me,  
 And a soldier remarked he would wager a V  
 That Aleck, and Bobby, and Joseph, all three,  
 And Rip Van Winkle, with whom they agree,  
 Would fall in the fight and the verdict would be,  
 "They died of a bear on the brain."

## A POSTROFEE TO GEN. JOHNSTON.

Hail, General, hail! the deuce is to pay,  
 The devil has got in your rear,  
 Just stack up your musket and listen, I pray,  
 To the newspaper bullets a poppin away  
 And fillin the people with fear.

Send forward your flags and your banners of truce,  
 Tell Sherman to hold on a while,  
 Just tell him to wait, for the devil is loose,  
 In the language of boys, cry "kings excuse,"  
 Your spurs lay aside and your sabre unloose,  
 Till Bobby discharges his bile.

## MORAL.

Ah, Bobby, I thought you too strong and too stout  
 To be skeered at a grizzly bear,  
 But squirmin Aleck has changed you about,  
 And charmed you to go with him *up in his spout*,  
 And the soldiers are cryin "come out, come out,  
 For Bobby I know you are there."

When the fate of the country is all in suspense,  
 And the bosom is heavin with care,  
 When hope and anxiety are all intense  
 On issues so great, so dear, so immense,  
 Oh, aint it surprisin that a man of sense  
 Will pick up a fight with a bear.

## FIFTEENTH PAPER.

BILL ARP FILOSOFIZES ON THE WAR, ETC.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

MR. EDITUR,

SUR : If I could dizzern anything gloomy in the politikal horizun, I would keep it to myself and not go to puttin my long fase in the papers ; but seein things as I see em, things ain't more distressin than usual.

My doktrin hav always bin that if we was to fite and fite and fite till our army was played out, the biggest part of the Yanky job would be just begun. Atter they hav whipped us, then they hav to subjugate us. They hav got to hold us down, and they can't do it. I used to hav a nabor, who was one of these meen, little, snarlin, fice dog sort of men, and I had to whip him about onst a week for three months, but I didn't make a thing offen him. He would rase a new fuss in a hour attter I had made him holler, and finally I sold him my

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land and moved away just to git rid of him. Now the idee of the Yanks takin possesshun of so many towns and syttys, and so much terrytory, and holdin it and keepin so many people down, is nonsense, and it can't be did. Besides, we ain't whipped yet—not by three or four jug fulls. Spose Sherman did walk rite thru the State. Spose he did. Was eny body whipped? Didn't the rebellyun just klose rite up behind him, like shettin a pair of waful irons? He parted the atmosphere as he went along, and it kollapsed agin in his reer immegetly. He'll have to go over that old ground sevrul times yet, and then sell out and move away.

Well, they say that old Abe's Kongress hav finaly and forever set all the niggers free, by mendin the Konstitution. How did that free em, or how did freein em mend the Konstitution? The darned old thing hav been broak for forty years, and it is broak yet; but spose they hav freed em, it's no more than old Abe done three or four times by his proklamashuns. What does it all amount to? I want to by a nigger, and I had jist as lief by a chunk of a *free* nigger as eny other. I don't keer a darn about his bein free, if I can subjergate him; and if he gits above his natur, I'll put 39 whelks rite under his shirt, and make him wish that old Linkhorn stood in his shoes.

But, Mr. Editur, sur, if we are to be whipped at all, then the infantry, which are to say the web

feet, are to be whipped fust. Atter that, then cums the tug of war. Whippin the cavilry will be the devilishest ondertakin of this or eny preseedin konflikt. I tell you, sur, they can't be whipped till they are kaut, and that event will never transpire. The truth is, that the Konfederit cavilry can fite on, and dog em, and dodge em, and bush-whack em, and bedevil em for a thousan years, and that is as long as the most sangwinery hav kalkulatted this war to last. The Konfederit cavilry is ubikuitous and everlastin. I hav traveld a heep of late, and had okkashun to retire into sum very sequestered rejuns, but nary hill nor holler, nary vale or vally, nary mounting gorge or inaksessibel raveen hav I found, but what the cavilry had bin there, and *jest left*. And that is the reeson they can't be whipped, for they hav always *jest left*, and took a odd hoss or two with em. For four years the konfederit hoss-stealin cavilry hav bin pirootin aroun, preparin themselves for the friteful struggel that are to cum. By dodgin aroun they have kompleted their inspekshun of stock, and tride all its bottum, and now it are reesunable to spose they are reddy to fite. The fakt is, Mr. Editur, steelin from our side is most playd out, and I feel ashoored our enemies will suffer very soon. Sich a krisis is, I rekon, a blessin to the kountry, for when we hav lost all our property, there wont be nuthin to rekonstrukt, and we will all go to fitin. Property in sich a time

are the bane of libberty. Old Blivins remarkd, that if we all had bin as poor as him when the war begun, and had held our own, the viktory would have bin won long ago, "How poor are you, Blevins?" sed I. "Jest 4 years ago," sed he, "I was even with the world, which are to say that I owed about as many as I didn't owe, and had nuthin to boot, and that is the fix I want the Konfederisy to git in."

We are that way in these parts, Mr. Editur, shore. What the Yanks didn't git in six months kontinuous plunderin, was brot out to enjoy when they left. Suddinly sum frendly skouts appeerd upon the arena, and made a genrul grab. Everything visibul was appropriated without pay or sere-mony. Our indignant sitizens appeeled for protekshun, and his xcellency the Guvnur sent up a kumpny as the avenger of our wrongs, and the protektur of our lives and property. The Majer and his gallant boys apprehiated our kause, and in order to prevent a rekurrense of sich robbery by the wanderin skouts, stole all the ballance themselves and then run away. Sich is war, Mr. Editur, but nevertheless, notwithstanding, I am for it as long as possibul, and longer if necessary.

We are now tryin the melish—the Georgy melish—luxuriatin under their benine and peesible rule. Slandered as they hav bin from the mountings to the sea, they are now the gardeens of our sleepin libberties. Like a wall of fire they environ

the outposts of Cherokee Georgy, and we will stan by em as long as—they stan by us. Let their slanderers beware, and rekollek the fate of Ike Johnsing, that old vetran from the Virginny army. Ike was at home on a bustin furlo, and he rode up to the melish and pulling out his repeeter, xklaimed, "*lay down, melish, I'm gwine to bust*

*this cap.*" Mr. Editur, Ike Johnsing had to leeve these parts pre-matootorly.



And now, sur, will you allow us Romans to ax a favor of your wide spreddin paper. We desire you to interspers in your colums sum news of the Georgy Legislatur. Hav they rallied yet, and did the Guvnur loose many of

the publik arkives? I saw a member frum Franklin the other day, and he had two pare of kotton kards in his hand. I axd him about the arkives, and he sed he understood the Guvnur got off about ten thousan pare of em, and that all the members got two pare apeece besides.

Do you spose this are so?

Yours politley,

BILL ARP.

## SIXTEENTH PAPER.

BILL ARP ADDRESSES ARTEMUS WARD.

ROME, GA., September 1, 1865.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD, *Showman*,

SUR: The reesun I write to you in pertikler, is bekaus you are about the only man I know in all "God's kountry," *so called*. For sum sevrul weeks I have been wantin to say sumthin. For sum sevrul years we Rebs, *so called*, but now late of said kountry deceased, hav been a tryin mity hard to do sumthin. We didn't quite do it, and now it is very paneful, I ashoor you, to dry up all of a sudden, and make out like we wasn't there.

My frend, I want to say sumthin. I spose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. It don't let down my thermomyter. I must xplode myself genrully so as to feel better. You see I am tryin to harmonise. I'm tryin to soften down my feelins. I'm endeverin to subjergate myself to



the level of surroundin sirkumstances, *so called*. But I can't do it till I am allowed to say sumthin. I want to quarrel with sumboddy and then make frends. I ain't no giant killer. I ain't no Norwe-gun bar. I ain't no Bo Konstriker, but I'll be hornswoggled if the talkin, and the writin, and the slanderin hav got to be all done on one side eny longer. Sum of your foaks hav got to dry up or turn our foaks loose. It's a blamed outrage, *so called*. Ain't your editors got nuthin else to do but to peck at us, skwib at us, and krow over us? Is evry man what can write a paragraf to konsider us as bars in a kage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my frend, that's what's disharmoniyus, and do you jest tell em, one and all, E Pluribus Unum, *so called*, that if they don't stop it at onst, or turn us loose to say what we please, why we Rebs, *so called*, hav unanimously, and jintly, and sevrully resolved to—to—to—think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I ain't a gwine to kommit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I ain't a gwine to say *all* I think. Nary time. No, sur. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show! If we ain't allowed to xpress our sentiments, we can take it out in *hatin*; and hatin runs hevvy in my family, shore. I hated a man so bad onst that all the hare cum off my hed, and the man drowned himself in a hog waller that nite. I could do it agin, but you

see I am tryin to harmonise, to acquies, to becum cam and sereen.

"In Dixie's fall,  
We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, *so called*, got into a fite, and they fout, and fout, and fout a long time, and evry boddy all around a hollerin hands off, but kep a helpin the big feller, till finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite, I tell you, selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the han and help him up, and bresh the dirt offen his close? Nary time! No, sur? But he kiked him atter he was down, and throwd mud on him, and drug him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's a gwine about a huntin up his poor little property. Wants to konfiskate it, *so called*. Blame my jacket if it ain't enuf to make your hed swim.

But *I'm* a good Union man, *so called*. I ain't a gwine to fite any more. I shan't vote for the next war. I ain't no gurilla. I've dun tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humilyated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mr. Chase says, it ain't so—nary time. I ain't ashamed of nuthin, neather—ain't repentin—ain't axin for no one hoss, short-winded pardin. Nobody needn't be a playin preest about me. I ain't got no twenty thousan dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widders and

orfans. I'd fatten my own numerus and interestin offspring in about two minits and a haf. They shouldn't eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor unfortunat things? To cum into this subloonery world at sich a time. There's Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahominy Arp, that never seed the pikturs in a spellin book. I tell you, my frend, we are the poorest peepul on the face of the yearth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, selah, and the whole Amerikan nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikans can do when they think they are imposed on—"so called." Didn't our four fathers fite, bleed, and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousan drunk it? Becaus they sukseeded, wasn't it glory? But if they hadn't, I spose it would hav been treeson, and they would have been a bowin and scrapin around King George for pardin. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down it would make about a haf pint of humbug. We had good men, grate men, kristyun men, who thot we was right, and many of them hav gone to the undiskivered kountry, and hav got a pardin as is a pardin. When I die I am mighty willin to risk myself under the shadder of their wings, whether the klimate is hot or cold. So mote it be. Selah!

Well, maybe I've sed enuf. But I don't feel esy yet. I'm a good Union man, sertin and shore.

I've had my britches dide *blue*, and I've bot a *blue* blankit, and I very often feel *blue*, and about twist in a while I go to the doggery and get *blue*, and then I look up at the *blue* serulyun hevins and sing the melonkolly korus of the *Blue*-tailed fly. I'm doin my durndest to harmonise, and I think I could sukseed if it wasn't for sum things. When I see a blakgard a goin roun the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why rite then, for a few minits, I hate the whole Yanky nashun. Jerusalum! how my blood biles! The institushun which wer handed down to us by the hevinly kingdum of Massychu- setts, now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonise the devil! Ain't we human beins? Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky have cum to town, wim- min and childern, and boys and baboons, and all. A man can tell how far it ar to the sitty better by the smell than the mile-post. They wont work for us, and they wont work for themselves, and they'll perish to deth this winter, as shore as the devil is a hog, *so called*. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, a livin on roastin ears and free- dum, with nary idee that winter will cum agin, or that Caster Ile and Salts cost munny. Sum of em, a hundred years old, are a whinin aroun about goin to kawllidge. The truth is, my frend, sum- boddy's badly fooled about this bizness. Sum- boddy have drawd the elefant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest a

throwin his snout aroun loose, and by and by he'll hurt sumboddy. These niggers will have to go back to the plantashuns and wurk. I ain't a goin to support nary one of em, and when you heer anybody say so, you tell em it's a lie, *so called*. I golly, I ain't got nuthin to support myself on. We fout ourselves out of evrything, xceptin children and land, and I spose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for graveyards.

Well, my frend, I don't want mutch. I ain't ambishus, as I used to was. You all have got your shose, and monkys, and sirkusses, and brass bans, and orgins, and can play on the petrolyum and the harp of a thousan strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yaller stumptale dog that



prowls aroun my premysys at nite. Pon honer I won't shoot at enything blue, black or mullatter. Will you send it? Are you, and your foaks so skeered of me, and my foaks, that you won't let us hav any amunishun? Are the squirrells and krows,

and blak rakkoons to eat up our poor littel korn paches? Are the wild turkys to gobbel all aroun us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hyder-

foby, is the hole kommunity to run itself to deth to git out of the way? I golly! It looks like foaks had all took the rebelfoby for good, and was never a gwine to git over it. See here, my frend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonise sertin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I hain't made nobody fitin mad, for I am not on that line at this time.

I am truly your frend, all present, or akkounted for,

BILL ARP, *so called*.

P. S.—Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Konfedrit money. He said it would be good agin. *He* says that Jim Funderburk told him that Warren's Jack seed a man what had jest cum from Virginny, and *he* sed a man had told his cousin Mandy that Lee had whipped em *agin*. Old Harris says that a man by the name of Mack C. Million is a comin over with a million o' men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, sumhow else, I'm dubus about the muny. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

## SEVENTEENTH PAPER.

### BILL ARP ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

"Sweet land of Libberty, of thee I sing."

NOT mutch I wont, not at this time. If there's anything sweet about libberty in this part of the vinyard, I can't see it. The land's good enuf, and I wouldn't mind hearin a ryme or two about the dirt I live on, but as for findin sugar and libberty in Georgy soil, it's all a mistake. Howsumever, I'm hoapful. I'm much cammer and .sereener than I was a few months ago. I begin to feel kindly towerds all peepul, except sum. I'm now endev-erin to be a great nashunal man. I've taken up a motto of no North, no South, no East, no West; but let me tell you, my frend, I'll bet on Dixie as long as I've got a doller. It's no harm to run both skedules. In fakt, it are hily harmonius, to do so. I'm a good Union Reb, and my battle cry is Dixie and the Union.

But you see, my frend, we are gittin restless

about sum things. The war had bekum mity hevy on us, and atter the big kollapse, we thought it was over for good. We had killed foaks and killed foaks until the novilty of the thing had wore off, and we were mity nigh played out all over. Childern was increasin and vitels diminishin. By a close kalkulashun it was perseaved that we didn't kill our enèmies as fast as they was imported, and about those times I thought it wer a pitty that sum mirakel of grace hadn't cut off the breed of furriners sum eighteen or twenty years ago. Then you would have seen a fare fite. Genrul Sherman wouldn't hav walked over the trak, and Ulyses would hav killed more men than he did—*of his own side*. I hav always thought that a Genrul ought to be perticler which side he was sacrificsin.

Well, if the war is over, what's the use of fillin up our towns and sittys with soljers any longer? Where's the libberty and freedom? The fakt is, Genrul Sherman and his katterpillers made such a clean sweep of evrything, that I don't see much to rekonstruk. They took so many libbertys aroun here that there's nary libberty left. I could hav rekonstrukted a thousan sich States before this. Any body could. There wasn't nothin to do but jest to go off and let us alone. We've plenty of Statesmen—plenty of men for Guvnor. Joe Brown ain't ded—he's a waitin—standin at the door with his hat off. Then what's the soljers

here for—what good are they doin—who wants to see em eny longer? Everybody's tired of the war, and we don't want to see any more signs of it. The niggers don't want em, and the white men don't want em, and as for the wimmen—whoopee! I golly! Well, there's jest no use talkin—when the stars fall again, maybe the wimmun will be harmonised. That mail bisness—that oath about gittin letters! They always was jelous about the males anyhow, and that order jest broak the camil's back. Well, I must confess that it was a powerful small consern. I would try to sorter smooth it over if I knowed what to say, but I don't. If they was afeerd of the wimmin why didn't they say so? If they wasn't, what do they make em swear for? Jest to aggravate em? Didn't they know that the best way to harmonise a man was to harmonise his wife fust? What harm can the women do by reseevin their letters oath free? They can't vote, nor they can't preech, nor hold offis, nor play soldier, nor muster, nor wear britches, nor ride straddle, nor cus, nor chaw tobakker, nor do nuthin hardly but talk and rite letters. I heern that a valyunt Colonel made a woman put up her fan bekaus it had a pikter of Borygard on it. Well, she's harmonised, I rekun. Now the trubble of all sich is, that after these baynets leave here and go home, these petticoate tirants can't cum back eny more. Sum Georgy fool will mash the juse out of em, shore, and that wouldn't be neether har-

monyus nor helthy. Better let the wimmen alone.

Then there's another thing I'm a waitin for. Why don't they rekonstruct the niggers if they are ever goin to? They've giv em a powerful site of freedum and devilish little else. Here's the big freedmen's buro, and the little buros all over the country, and the papers are full of grand orders and speshal orders, and paragrafs, but I'll bet a possum that sum of em steals my wood this winter or freezes to deth. Freedmen's buro! Freedmen's humbug, I say. Jest when the corn needed plowin the wurst, the buro rung the bell and told all the niggers to town, and the farmers lost their crops, and now the freedman is a gittin cold and hungry, and wants to go back, and there ain't nuthin for em to go to. But freedum is a big thing. Hurra for freedum's buro! Sweet land of libberty, of thee I sing. But it's all rite. I'm for freedum myself. Noboddy wants any more slavery. If the abolitionists had let us alone we would have fixed it up rite a long time ago, and we can fix it up now. The buro ain't fixed it, and it ain't a goin to. It don't know anything about it. Our peepul hav got a heep more feelin for the poor nigger than any abolishunist. We are as poor as Job, but I'll bet a dollar we can rase more money in Rome to build a nigger church than they did in Bosting. The papers say that atter goin aroun for three weeks, the Bosting

Chrystyuns rased 37 dollars to bild a nigger church in Savannah. They are powerful on theory, but devilish skace in practice.

But it's no use talkin. Everybody will know by waitin who's been fooled. Mr. Johnson says he's gwine to xperiment—that's all he can do now—its all enyboddy can do. Mr. Johnson's hed's level. I'm for him, and everybody ought to be for him. He never made me. I heer foaks a hollerin hurraw for And Johnson, and the papers say, oh! he's for us, he's all right, he's our frend. Well, spose he is—hadn't he ought to be? Did you xpect him to be a dog? Bekauss he ain't a hangin of us, is it necessary to be a playin hipocrit aroun the footstool of power, and makin out like he was the greatest man in the world, and we was the greatest sinners? Who's sorry? Who's repentin? Who ain't proud of our peepul? Who luvs their enemies? Noboddy but a durned sneak. I say let em hang, and be hanged to em, before I'd beg em for grace. Whar's Sokrates? Whar's Kato? But if Andy holds his own, the kountry is safe, provided these genrul assemblys, and sinods, and bishop's konventions will keep the devil and Brownlow tide. Here's a pasel of slick harted fellers who playd tory just to dodge bullits or save property, now a howlin about for offis—want everything bekauss they was for Union. They was for themselves, that's all they was for, and they ain't a goin to git the offises neether. Mr. Johnson ain't got no

more respekt for em than I hav. We want to trade em off. By hoky, we'll giv two of em for one copperhead, and ax nothin to boot. Let em shinny on their own side, and git over among the foaks who don't want us rekonstrukted. Here's them newspaper skribblers who slip down to the edge of Dixey evry twenty-four hours and peep over at us on tipto. Then they run back a puffin and blowin, with a strate coat tale, and holler out, "He ain't ded—he ain't ded—look out everybody! I'm jest from thar—seen his toe move—heern him grunt—he's a gwine to rise agin. Don't withdraw the sol-jers, but send down more troops immegeately." And here's your "Harper's Weakly" a headin all sich—a gassin lies and slanders in evry isshoo—makin insultin pikturs in evry sheet—breedin everlastin diskord, and krowin bigger than ever since we got licked. Wish old Stonewall had cotched these Harpers at their ferry, and we boys had knowed they was a goin to keep up this devilment so long. We'd a made baptists of em, sertin, payroll or no payroll.





Hurraw for a brave soljer, I say, Reb or no Reb, Yank or no Yank. Hurraw for a manly foe, and a genrus viktor. Hurraw for our side, too, I golly. Xcuse me, but sich xpreshuns will work their way out sumtimes, brakes or no brakes.

But I'm for Mr. Johnson. I like the name. Here's Joe, my bully Joe—wouldn't I walk ten miles of a rainy day to see them hazel eyse, and feel the grip of his soljer hand? Didn't my rooster always flop his wings and crow whenever he passed our quarters? "Instinkt told him that he was the true prince," and it would make ennybody brave to be nigh him: I like all the Johnsons—even to Sam, L. C. He never levid on me if he could git roun it. For twenty years me and Sam have been a workin together in the Jestice court. I was an everlastin defendent, and Sam the Constable, but he never sold my property, nor skeerd Mrs. Arp. Hurraw for the Johnsons!

Well, on the whole, there's a heap of things to be thankful for. I'm thankful the war is over—that's the big thing. Then I'm thankful that I ain't a black republican pup. I'm thankful that Thad Stevens and Sumner, and Phillips, nor none of their kin, aint no kin to *me*. I'm thankful for the high privilege of hatin all sich. I'm thankful I live in Dixey, in the State of Georgy, and our Guvner's name ain't Brownlow. Poor Tennessee! I golly, didn't she ketch it? Andy Johnson's pardins wouldn't do Rebs much good there. They better git one from

the devil if they xpect it to pass. Wonder what made Providense afflikt em with sich a cuss.

But I can't dwell on such a subjekt. It is highly demoralisin and onprofitable.

"Sweet land of libberty, of thee  
I could not sing in Tennessee.

But, then, we've had a sirkus onst more, and seed the clown play aroun, and that makes up for a heep of trubble. In fakt it's the best sign of rekonstruktion I hav yet observed.

Yours, hopin,  
BILL ARP.

P.S.—And they hauled Grant's Cabin a thousand miles. Well, Sherman's war hoss stayed in my stable one night. I wan't to sell the stall to sum Yankee Fair. As our peepul ain't the sort that runs attter big foaks' things, the stall ain't no more than eny other stall to me. State Fairs, it's for sale! I spose that "Harper's Weakly" will paint a pikter of it soon by drawin on his imaginashun.

B. A.

## EIGHTEENTH PAPER.

TO THE CHATTANOOGY GAZET.

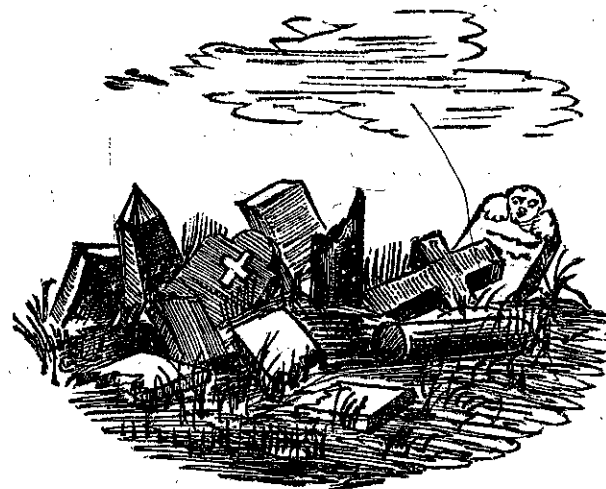
GENTEL SUR: I don't think you tote fair. I havent expressed my laserated feelins in public but twice since the war. I didn't live in Chattanooga, and I didn't hav no Gazet. For about three munths you bullid us in your paper to your entire satisfakshun. Until Mr. Johnson sorter took up for us, you never sent a sheet to Rome that didn't hurt our feelins and bore into our harts like a kotton gimlet. You coppid from Yankee papers the meanest of their slander, and it seemed to be perfekly kongenyal with your sentiments.

Well, sur, we bore it like a Injun. We bore it silently and proud. We looked at our desolatid land, our loansum chimniz, our grave yards, where you unburrid our ded, and sunk your rifel pits; where you broak to fragments the iron ralin, and took our tombstones to put in your fortifications. You pitched your tents right over the ground

TO THE CHATTANOOGY GAZET.

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wher our lovd ones were restin in hallowd peese, and beat your tatoo and revella, and sung your rude songs with devilish merrymment right over the hoams of our ded, where we had planted the fairest flowers to sweeten their sad graves. Sum 700 of your own soljer boys are buried there now, and our foaks hav never disturbd a single clod. We read your xaltashuns of Northern bravry and



Southern treeson, and we skornd you from the bottom of our harts. Now, when of late a umble indivijual makes bold to bust his biler, and xpress his sentiments in two breef letters, you git up like a sanktifide preecher and read him a publik lektur about *harmonizin*. Gentul sur, it don't becum you. When I hav insulted you about 2000 times we will be even. But I don't intend to insult you at all. If you are an onest man and a

genrus conkerer, I ain't atter you. When you make an effort to konvince old Harper's Weakly and the Black Republikans that our peepul, from Genrul Lee and Mr. Davis down to the high privates, are jest as good, and brave, and honerable, as they are, I'll harmonize with you.

But gentul sur, havent you spred yourself too fur from home? What hav you bin doin about harmonizin your own peepul? Our little burnt sitty is fast a fillin up with your best sitizens. Durin the war you let em stay, but atter the war they wer forsed to leeve. Like xiles, they are seekin refuge in Cherokee Georgy, and there stands your paper like a *lampless, liteless* beacon on the shore, and sustanes the men and mesures that made em leeve. You are seein em day atter day desertin your State, and you look away off and employ your pen in lekturin a poor stranger about *harmonizin*.

Gentul sur, shorten your sites. Begin the work on your hoam concerns, or you'll lose all your best sosiety. They are welcum here; and we'll all stand by em; but then, I hav always thought that evry State ought to hav sum good men left in it. Don't you?

Not yours,

BILL ARP.

## NINETEENTH PAPER.

BILL ARP ADDRESSES HIS FELLER CITIZENS.

### RESPECTABLE PEEPUL:

I address you on this okashun with a profound admiration for the great konsideration which kaused you to honor me by your votes, with a seet in the Senit of Georgy. For two momentus and inspirin weeks, the Legislater have been in solem sesshun, one of whom I am' proud to be which. For sevrul days we were engaged as skouts, makin a sorter of reconysance to see whether Gorgy were a State or a Ingin terrytory; whether we were in the old Union or out of it; whether me and my foaks, and you and your foaks wer sumbody or nobody; and lastly, but by no means leastly, whether our poor innersent childern, born durin the war, wer all illegal, and had to be born over agin or not. This last pint are much unsettled, but our wimmen are advised to be cam and serene.

My friends, our aim has onestly been to git you all back into the Union. Like the prodigal son we had nuthin to liv on, and feelin loansum and hongry, have bin bowin and skrapin, and a makin

apologys for five or six months. We have been seen standin afar off for weeks and weeks, but durn the caf do they kill for us. They know we've got nuthin, for they eat up our substance, and as for puttin rings on our fingers, we couldn't xpect it til they bring back the jewelry they karried away. I can't say in the language of the poit, that our laber has been a laber of luv, for we've had monstrus poor enkouragement, to be shore; but we had all set our heds towerds the stars and stripes, and we jointly determined that, cum wool or wo, sink or swim, survive or perish, thunder or litenin, we'd slip back, or sneak back, or git back sumhow, or we'd stay out for ever and ever, and be hanged to em, so called, until there was a new deal of the cards.

Up to this time it have been an uphill bisness. The teem was a good one, and the gear all sound, and the waggin greasd,



but the rode is perhaps the ruffest in the world. It's pull up and skotch, and ever and anony-mus, the skotch slips out, the tung cuts roun, and away we go into the gully. Andy Johnson is the driver, and he says "go slow," and he hollers "wo, wo," and loses the rode, and then we have to go back to the

fork and wait till he blazes the way. He seems to be doin his best, but then thar is Sumner, and Satan, and Stevens, and Davis, and other like gentlemen, who keep a hollerin at him, and crackin his whip, and konfusin his idees, so that sometimes we don't know whether he's geein or hawin.

My frends, about them fellers I don't know what I ort to say. If you do, or anybody do, I wish they would say it. I don't enkourage kussin in nobody; not at all; but if you know of a man that cant be broak of it durin his natral life, it mout be well to hire him by the year. If there is in all histry a good xkuse, and a proper subjekt, it is upon them hartless, soleless, bowelless, gizzardless, fratisidal, suisidal, parisidal, sistercidal, abomina-bul, contemptibul, disgustabul indivijuals. I sum times think of em till my brane gits sorter addled and I feel like becumin a volunteer convikt of the lunatik asylorum. Charity inklines me to the opin-yon that old Sumner is a fool. I think he has been a gittin worse ever sinse he took Brooks on the brane, and it do seem like the disease have proved contagus. If they are for peace, we can't fathom it in these reguns. The Yankees fout us to free the poor nigger, but didn't care for the Union. Them Western boys fout us for the Union, but didn't care for the nigger. By double teamin they lickd us, and we gin it up, but now the one don't want our niggers and the other don't want our Union, and its the hardest skedule to pleas em both that

ever a poor vankwisht peepul undertook. It's the hardest war to wind up that histry rekords. Sumner, Satan and company are still a fussin and fumin about the everlastin nigger—want him to vote, and make laws, and set on a jury, and wants to prohibit us rebels from doin the same thing for thirty years to cum! Jerusalum! Where is the cussin man? They say it's all right for a nigger not to vote in Konneticut, bekaus there ain't but a few of em thar; and it's all rong for em not to vote in Georgy, bekaus there's a heap of em here, and they talk logik and retorik amazin to show how it is. Well, I hain't got a whole pasul of sense like sum; but as shore as I am two foot high, a nigger is a nigger, I don't care where you smell him, and a vote is a vote I don't care where you vote it. I golly, they can't git over that.

The truth is, my feller sitizens, I sumtimes feel like we didn't have no Guverment. I felt that way sorter when Mr. Gibson appinted me a committee on the state of the Republik. When the Sekretary red out my name all mixed up with the republik, I felt that I was obleeged to resine. Risin majestically to my feet, says I, "Mr. President, I beg to be respekfully xcused, sur, if you pleas. If there's any Republik on this side of Jordan I can't perseeve it at this time with these speks. There was a place in Old Virginny, called Port Republik, but Stonewall Jackson wiped out its kontents genrully in 1863, and I hav not sinse

heerd of it in Northern literature. I hav heerd of a skrub konsern over about Washinton they call a Republik, but, sur, it is likely to prove the grandest impostur that ever xisted on a kontinent of freedom. I spose, sur, it is to be mooved to Bosting or the infernal rejuns in a few days, and I don't want nothin to do with it. Xkuse me, sur, but I must insist on being respekably discharged." I took my seat amidst the most profoundest and tumultuous silence, and Mr. Gibson remarked that he wouldn't impose the Republik on no respectabul man agin his wishes. He then transferd me to the finanse kommitti, and said he hoped we would take immediate action, for the State had no munny, as well as himself, and board was high, and et seteras frekwent. This may not have bin his xactual langwage, but is anglin towerds it. I bowd my hed and sed "ditto, xcept that I don't eat seteras." Fourthwith I telegraft varyus gentlemen for a temporary lone, but they wouldn't lend a dollar until Mr. Jenkins wer inorgorated, for they wanted his name to the note. Think, says I to myself, there's a tap lost about this waggin. If we are a State we can borry munny in Augusty. If we ain't a State, it's none of our bisness to borry any at all. If Andy wants to run the masheen his own way, let him pay his own xpenses. What in the dickens is a provisional guverment for if it ain't to git up provisions and provide for a feller genrully? I made up my mind that perhaps we had bin a

humorin Andy about long enuf. He wants us back about as bad as we want to git back, and a little badder, *perhaps*, and he needn't put on so many unnessary airs about the Senator bisness. If he fools with us much, we won't elect nobody. I fourthwith returned to the capital, and stretchin



fourth one of my arms, says I, "Mr. Gibson—sur—I'm your frend—I'm the frend of your wife and childern, but if Mr. Jenkins ain't inorgurated soon the State will kollapse. A brite and glorious star will be obbliterated from off the striped rag, and the President

will lose about nine suporters in the Fedrul Kon-gress. I move, sur that if we can't git our Guvnur at onst, like a sine die, we brake up in a row and depart for Mexico." It took like the small pox, and was karried tumultusly. These prosedins was telegraft to Washington before the ink was dry, and we reseved orders fourthwith to inorgorate our Guvner and roll on our kart. Then the munny cum, and we voted ourselfs a pocket full apese, and took a furlo. My frends, that was a proud and glorious day, when that great and good man was a makin his affektin speech. We all felt

happy, and Captin Dodd remarkd that he would like to die then, for he never xpected to feel so hevinly agin. The teers run down his left eye like rain. His tother eye was beat out by a Yanky soljer while the Captin was in prison. Of coorse the villan was tride for it and hung, though I ain't seen no mention of it in the papers. Alas, poor Wirz!

My feller peepul, let me in konclusion kongratulate you on havin a Guvner onst more, as is a Guvner. Oh there's life in the old land yet, and by and by we'll transport them Black Republikans into the Afrikan desert, and put em to teechin Hottentotts the right of sufferage. Winter Davis could then find a feeld of labor suffisient fur the miserbul remnent of his deklinin years. He is the winter of our discontent, and we want to get rid of him.

More anonymus,

BILL ARP.

P. S. Cuzin John Thrasher says he studid law for a week, and will be a kandidate for sum high offis. when we meet agin, provided we giv him time to sell his cotton seed. I'll say this for him—art hav dun as much for him as for sum of the kandidates, and nature more, and his cotton seed are as good seed as I ever seed. I hope he will suck-seed.

B. A.



## TWENTIETH PAPER.

### BILL ARP TO HIS OLD FRIEND.

MR. JOHN HAPPY,

SUR: I want to write to you pussonally about sum things that's a weighin on me. I look on you as a frend, and I feel like droppin you a few lines by way of unburthenin my sorrowful reflekshuns. For the last few years you have traveld roun rite smart, and must hav made a heap of loominus observashuns. I hear you are now a livin in Nashville, where you can see all sides of everything, and read all the papers, where you can studdy Paradise Lost without a book, and see the devil and his angels, without drawin on the imaginashun, and I thought maybe you mite assist me in my trubbled feelins. I have always endevord to see the brite side of evry pikter, if it had eny, but there is one or two subjeks about which I have mighty nigh giv up.

I want you to tell me if you can, about what

### BILL ARP TO HIS OLD FRIEND.

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time are the black republicans a goin to quit persekutin our peepul? What are they so everlastin mad with us about? Old skewball says its for treason, and that I am the slowest persevin man he ever seed not to hav found it out.

Now tresun is a mighty bad thing, and eny man found guilty of treason ort to be talked to by a preecher right under a gallers, and then be allowed to stand on nuthin for few hours by the clock. Shore enuf treson I mean. Treson where a man slips aroun on the sly in time of war, and takes sides agin his kountry. Jest as though, for instanse, I should hav worked agin my suvrin State atter she'd seseded, and had stole her powder or had deserted her in her time of perril, while she was a defendin herself against the kombined assalts of the world, the flesh and the devil. I wouldn't hav blamed nobody for hangin me for the like, would you? But skewball says we ain't got no suvrin States—that the war hav settled the question agin us on that pint. I don't think so, my frend. I admit that we ain't nuthin in pertikler now, but we did hav suvrin States afore the war, and the sword ain't settled nor unsettled no great principles. There ain't no trial of right or wrong by wager of battel now-a-days. For mighty nigh a hundred years this kountry hav bin a big debatin sosiety on these questions. From the time of Hamilton and Jefferson down to 1861, the right of a State to dissolv her own partnership hav bin

argud by powerful minded men, and there hav bin more for it than agin it. More Presidents, more Senators, more statesmen, more judges, more peepul.

Massachusetts and Conneticut was for it at one time, and bellerd aroun and pawd dirt amazin to git out, but they found out that Barcus was willun and they didn't go. I believe, however, that old Nutmeg did stay out about two hours and a half.

Well, the South went out mity unwillinly, Mr. Happy, as you know. She had bin mity nigh kicked out for a long time, and there was a big party that wanted us to git out and stay out. Evrybody knows we didn't git along in pese, so we konkluded to do like Abraham and Lot—to seperate our households. What they wanted to keep us for I never could see, and can't see yet. I wouldn't hav a nigger or a dog to stay about me that didn't want to. Sum say they wanted us to strengthen em agin their enemies in case of a furrin war. Does eny man in his senses xpect us to help the Black Republicans whip enybody? Hav we got eny wurse enemies than they are? They can't make us fite, I rekon, if we don't want to. We've fout enuf, and made nuthin by it but glory, and we ain't a goin to jine in another war to gratify other peepul. Dodd says before he would pull a trigger for Thad Stevens, he'd hav his soul transmigrated to a bench-leggd fice, and bark at his daddy's mules 2000 years. I wunder if the xpe-

ryence of the last four years ain't satisfide them fellers that our boys are a dangerus set to be turned luse in time of war. Wouldn't you think that as a matter of polisy they would soft sodder us a little and quit their slanderin?

But I want you to tell me, John, if I am right about the histry of this bisness. It ain't a long story, and I'll tell it the way I see it. Old Pewrytan went off one day with sum ships and took a few beeds and juse harps and bought up a lot of kaptured niggers from the Hottentotts, or sum other totts, and stole a few more on the kost of Afriky and brought em over, and edykated em to wurk in the field, and cut wood, and skeer bars, and so forth, but not inkluding votin, nor musterin, nor jury bisness, nor so forth.

Well, atter while they found that the cold winds and kodfish airs of New England didn't agree with nigger, and so they begun to slide em down South as fast as possible. Atter they had sold em and got the munny, they jind the church and bekum sanktifide about slavery, sorter like the woman that got konverted and then giv all her novels away to her onkonverted sister. Well, the Old Dominion, and sich of her sons as Washinton, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Randolph bought em and workd em to satisfakshun; whereupon Old Pew got jelus and begun to preech agin it to break it down. Atter while they went into the striped almanak bisness, makin bloody pikters of poor las-

serated niggers a gittin a hundred lashes for nuthin, and mournin for their fust born bekaus they was not. Then they started the stealin program, and while we was a tryin all the big courts and little courts to git back one sikly melatter, by the name of Dred Skott, they was a stealin from five to fifty a day, and kuverin their karkasses over with nigger larseny, and a smuglin the konstitution into an abolishun mush. They bilt a fense aroun the institution as high as Haman's gallus, and hemd it in, and layd sege to it jest like a army would besege a sitty to starve out the inhabitants. They kep a peggin away at us ontill we got mad—shore enuf mad—and we resolved to cut loose from em and paddle our own kanoo.

Now at this time we had sum good frends among em—sum who swore we was imposed on, and sed we had good caus to dissolv partnership. They sed that if we did seseed, and the abolishunists made war on us, they would stand by us and throw their lives, and fortins, and sacred oners right into the breech, and the fuss would be over their dead boddies, and so on. My memry is bad, but I rememder that sum of em was named James Buchanan, and Dan Dickinson, and John Cochran, and Logan, and Cushin, and Butler, surnamed the Beest, and McLernard, and Stephen A. Douglas who got his commishun about the time he died, and karrid it with him to parts onknown; and lastly, a man by the name of Andy Johnson, who

I spose are sum distant relashun to the President of the United States of Ameriky. But a man ain't responsibul for the bad kondukt of his relashuns, and I dont throw it up to nobody. I spose that our President are a doin the best he can, and Mr. Ethridge oughtent to be a takin up his rekord.

Well, the war cum on, and shore enuf, Logan, and Cushin, and McLernard, and Butler, and kompany, buzzed about awhile like bumble bees, till they was bought up and then they lit over on tother side. They got their reward and they are welkum to it as far as I am konserned.

How is it now, Mr. Happy? They conkered us by the sword, but they havent konvinced us of nuthin much that I know of. All is lost save onor, and that they can't steal from us nor tarnish.

If they had held out the hand of fellership, we would hav made frends and burid the hatchit. But the very minit they whipped us, they begun to holler *treson*, from one end of the country to the other, jest like they had made a bran new diskov-ery. It seemed to strike em all of a sudden like xpost fakto law, and they wanted to go into a genrul hangin bisness, and keep it up as long as they could find rope and timber.

Now, the idee of sevral millyuns of Amerikan freemen bein guilty of *treson* at onst! The idee of applyin *treson* to the Old Dominion, the mother of States, and of Washinton, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Marshal, and Patrick Henry, and

all the Lees, and who giv away all the terrytory in the Northwest for nuthin! Is she to be skandalised by these new lite christyuns who is compounded from the skum of all creation, and think that Paul and Peter and Revelashuns hav bin for two hunred years a makin speshul arrangements for reseevin their sanktifide souls in Paradise? Treson the dickens! Whars your dikshunary? Whars Dan Webster? Whars the histry of the Amerikan Revolushun?

No, it aint treson or reson—but its devellish, infernal, inhuman hate. What do they keep Mr. Davis in jail for? I hear sum say it ain't Mr. Johnsons voluntery doins, but the tremengius pressure of surroundin sirkumstances. Durn the sirkumstances. Ain't Mr. Davis a great and good man? If Andy Johnson ain't a infidel, wouldn't he swap chances for heaven with him, and give all his earthly estate to boot? If Mr. Davis' oner, and integrity and patriotism was weighd in a balanse agin Sumner's and Stevens', and all his enemies, wouldn't he out-weigh em all? Wont his konduct in Mexiko, and in the late war, and his nobility of karakter live long and grow bright in histry, while the memry of them houns that's a bayin him in his dungen will sink into oblivion? I think so—that's what I say, and I'll bet on it, and Charles O'Connor and all the wimmen in the kountry will go my halvs.

But there ain't no partikler pint in all this, Mr.

Happy. It's only my opinyun, that's all. I may be a tarnal fool, and I sumtimes feel like I am a fool about evrything, and dont know nuthin. I'm a tryin my best, however, to take things jest as I find em, and my prinsipal bisness for the last two months hav bin weanin niggers to make em feel free. I put em all out to take care of themselves, and I dont know what Thad Stevens is a fussin about unless he are jest mad bekaus our boys burnt his iron works. If that's all, we can plead the rooins of varyus similar stablshments in these regens, and git a judgment agin him.

But I'm about thru, Mr. Happy, with what I had to say. Only this, if there ever were an afflicted peepul that needed frends, its us. If we've got any frends anywhere, I want em to show their hands and stand by us in our trubble. I feel lik reechin out to the five pints of the compass in serch of simpathy, and if there is a honest statesman or a brave soljer north of the line, who loves his fellermen, let him open his hart and meet us on half way ground. We ain't afeerd of beests or varmints—of devils or demons—of Stevens or Sumner—but we are a warm hearted and forgivin peepul, and love our frends. Ain't we and dont we?

Yours everlastinly,

BILL ARP.

P. S. Is Brownlow ded yet? I'm writin his obituary, and thot I would like for the sad event to cum off as soon as possibul.

B. A.

## TWENTY-FIRST PAPER.

BILL ARP TO SUN SET COX, ESQ.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

DEAR SUR: You are a galorious feller. You've got a hart—a great big hart—and if you was here, I would xklaim, in the langwage of my unkle Billy, "Put your hand in mine, honey, and kiss me." We are whipt at last, my frend. We rebs are conkerd, subjued, and subjugated, not by baynets or bullitts, but by your friendly overtures—your manly speeches. You hav kaptured us, taken us prisners, and we are now as docile as we hav bin hostile. Didn't I tell you that we would meet you on half-way ground? Didn't we stretch fourth our arms for sympathy, and wasn't we about to turn away in defianse and despere for the want of it?

"We spread the mantel of oblivyun over the past. If you of the South hav the spirit to aksept, we of the North hav the hart to tender you the

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offises of kindness. We will help you plant agin the seed whose leeves, flowers, and froot shall be yourn and ourn to enjoy.

"We are to-day arrayed against the contenshun konsernin the black race, and are lookin forward to the white race for the welfare and greatness of our kountry."

And didn't you say that, old sunny, and didn't all hands jewbilee and xklaim, "that's it; them's em, that's the doktrin, the nigger may be a big fish, but the white man's a whale." And didn't you all take a drink on that, Mr. Cox? Wish sum of us rebs had bin there, old fel, jest to hav teched tumblers with you. Thank the Lord that there are good men North of Dixey. There's a heap of em here, my friend, and their harts are a jumpin and a thumpin as big as yourn. Their harts were kastles, and their bosoms sitadells, but you hav taken em. Don't be alarmd, don't take back nuthin: be cam and sereen, and we of the South will wipe out the last spark of hatred to sich as you. We are now a wipin away the cusses that was upon our lips. We are a risin up from our humilyation, and like strong men are a shakin the dust from our garmints. What a galorious sight to see a brave peepul lifted up—a whoal nation of white foaks rekonsiled! What spirit, what ghost, what inspiration told you how to reech us? How did you know that we was weak where we was strong in the same sekret korner of our bozums?



We've sed sum hard things, Mr. Cox; we've tried to skorch and blister and xkoryate, but you see we was goded, gored by bulls. They bellerd and we pawd dirt. They punched us in the cage, and we growld. They put taks under our saddels, and we kicked. What else could we do? Jest think of it, Sunny. Rooind and deserlate, the peepul in mournin, and their homes in ashes—no luxurys, no kumforts, no crismus wurth a cuss, no santa



claws, no nuthin. Could we lik the hand that laid us low? Nary time—no, never. While we was a strugglin to rise from out the reck, to breathe the air above us, to take a invoice, and see if there was enuf left to liv for, our enemis was a shoutin, "Hit him, kick him, mash him, smash him agin."

We was then at the bottom, Sunny. We didn't know there was eny lower deep, but our enemis was a huntin, and they is still a huntin sum deeper pit to put us in. Well, we ain't heathens, we've bin to meetin, we've seen misshunarys, we've got pius old men and wimmen, and brav boys, and madens who are finishd all the way up like the

korners of a temple. We've all got harts, and there's many a good Samritan among us who wouldn't pass you by and go over on tother side. We've got charity, too, and long sufferin and pashens, and hope in abundanse, tho we can't beleeve them Radikals will walk rite strate into heaven without knockin at the door. That doktrin of elekshun is a powerful thing, Mr. Cox, but as shore as you are born it looks sorter onkonstitutional to *us* for them fellers to enter the selestial sitty. They may pass amendments enuf to do it, and I rekon that's why they are a tinkerin at the old dokymment so long: but sumhow or other, when I hear of one of em a dyin, my thoughts naterally have a downward tendensy. I can't help it, Mr. Cox.

But maybe we will git over sich feelins. My wife says we will *atter while, maybe*. We are all right towerds you, old fel, and our Legislater hav been a tryin for about two months to harmonise things genrully, and eny resunabul man ort to be satisfide with the efforts they hav made. But, we can't satisfy them Radikals, I don't keer what we do. We elektet Mr. Stevens and Hershel Jonsin to the Senit, and they are mad about that. They wanted Josh Hill and Jeems Jonsin bekaus they was *Union*. Well, now, Mr. Cox, its better always to tak sum men who hav done sumthin than men who hav done nuthin. Mr. Hill deliverd his farewell address befor he was beat, and he sed he



would like to know why we sing hosanna to Andy Johnsin, who fout agin us, and yet we won't elekt him who didn't. That's what's the matter, Joshua! if I may be allowed to postrofise you; you didn't take no side at all. You say you can take the oath and git in. Well, I don't see how xactly. You run for Guvner in sixty three, and you writ a letter agin rekonstrukshun, and kompard the old Union to a *porcelane vase that was broak*, and couldn't never be mended agin—no, never.

Well, we didn't elekt him, Mr. Cox, and the devil may cum. In the langwage of Pat Henry, "Let him cum"—I repeat it, sur, "let him cum." There was another kandydate, Mr. Cox, whose name was Jeems Johnson. Well, I like Jeems purty well. He didn't run nobody down, nor put on airs. I mite have voted for him, if he had lived in the State, and I hadn't liked Hershel better. The Truth is, I was parshal to Jeems for his "old lang syne." He was a powerful war hoss in sixty one. How galorious he figured at the Columbus war meetin. He enkouraged the boys amazin, and he beet enybody gittin volunteers. How proud we was of him that nite, when he and Col. Sims made frends on the stand, and the Col. pinned a sesesshun cockade on Jeems' coat koller. He then got inspired, and spoak for two hours in words that breethed of ditches and deth, and was ful of the sperit of '76. His watch words was "Benning and sesesshun," and he voted for

em both. Oh, he's a whale in gittin up a war. Alas! he wer *sik semper* then, but he are *sik transit* now. So mote it be, Mr. Cox; I couldn't help it. Howsumever, it don't matter much, I rekon, for we've got another Johnsin, and they are a high roostin family, shore.

Now you understand the trubble about this elekshun. We was a huntin for the two *full blooded* Union men, who could find their way to Washinton and bak without a way-bill, and we couldn't find em. They ain't in the State, I tell you. So we fell bak upon the old land marks. We are a ridin the old waggin hosses, and our opinyun is, that Andy won't raise any row in partikler about it. *If he does, we don't care a darn.*

Yours truly,

BILL ARP.

P. S. I'm a gittin to be hily loil, Mr. Cox; I know I am, for a feller tride to sell me a little nigger to-day *and I wouldn't buy him.* I heerd of a bill that's a cummin up to bind out the niggers for 99 years, and I'm agin it. Darnd if I'll vote for more than 50. You can tell Thad Stevens of these hopeful sines.

B. A.

## TWENTY-SECOND PAPER.

### BILL ARP BEFORE THE REKONSTRUKTION COMMITTEE—(SUPPREST TESTIMONY.)

MR. EDITUR, Sur: Murder will out, and so will evidense. Havin seen Dan Rice's testimony before the Destruktion Committee, I have felt sorter slited bekaus no mention ain't bin made of mine. I spose it hav bin suppressd, but I am not to be hid out in obskurity. Our kountry is the speshal jewry; and by and by this bisness will go up before it on appeal. The rekord must go up fair and komplette, and therefore I'll take okkasion to make publik what I swore to. I said a good deal more than I can put down, Mr. Editor, and at times my language was konsidered imperdent; but they thought that was all the better for their side, for it illustrated the rebellyus sperit. I heerd one of em say, "Let him go on—he's good State's evidense."

When I was put on the stan old Boutwell swore

me most feersly to speak the truth, and nothin but the truth, and I observd that he wer entertainin about a quart of dubble rectified under his shirt. and it lookd like it had sourd on his stumack. Old Blow was a settin off to one side with a memorandum book, a gittin reddy to note down sum "garbled xtracts."

Old Iron Wurks was chareman, and when he nodded his Republikan head, old Boutwell says: "Your name is Arp, I believe, sur?"

"So called," says I.

"You reside in the State of Georgy?"

"I can't say xactly," says I. "I liv in Rome, rite in the fork of the two Injun rivers."

"In the State of Georgy?" says he, feersly.

"I'm in a state of oncertainty about that," says I. "We don't know whether Georgy is a State or not. I would like for you to state yourself, if you know. The state of the kountry requires that this matter be settled, and I will proseed to state—"

"Never mind, sur," says he. "How old are you, Mr. Arp?"

"That depends on sirkumstances," says I. "I don't know whether to count the last five years or not. Durin the war you foaks sed that a State couldn't seseed, but that while she were in a state of rebellyun she were ded. Now you say we got out and we shant git back agin in 1870. A man's age has got sumthin to do with his rights, and if

we are not to wote, I don't think we ort to kount the time. That's about as near as I cum to my age, sur."

"Well, sur," says he, "are you famillyer with the politikal sentiments of the sitisens of your State?"

"Got no sitisens yet, sur, that we know of. I will thank you to speak of us as 'peepul.'"

"Well, sur," says he, "I'll humer your obstnasy. Are the peepul of your State—"

"Don't speak of it as a State, sur, if you please. I'm on oath now, and you must xcuse me for bein partikler. Call it 'sekshun.'"

"Mr. Arp, are the peepul of your sekshun suf-fishently umbled and repentant to cum back into the Union on sich terms as we may think proper to impose?"

"Not much they aint," says I. "I don't think they is prepared for it yet. They wouldn't voluntarily go it blind against your hand. They say the deel wasn't fair, and you hav markd the kards and stole the trumps, but at the same time they don't care a darn what you do. They hav bekum indif-ferent and don't care nuthin about your Guy Fawkes bisness. I meen no respekt to you, gentlemen, but I was swore to tell the truth. Our peepul ain't a notisin you, only out of kuroosity. They don't xpekt anything direkt, or onerable, from you, and they've gone to work, a diggin and plowin, and plantin, and raisin boy childern."

Right here the man with a memrandum skratchd

down a garbled xtract, and old Boutwell says he, "What do you mean by that, sur? What infer-ense do you intend?"

"I'm a statin faxes," says I. "You must draw your own inferenses. *They are a rasin boy childern.* Any harm about that? Any treeson? Can't a man raise boy childern? Perhaps you would like to mend the Konstitushun and stop it. Old Pharo tried to stop it among the Isrelites, but it didn't pay. He finaly kaut the dropsy in the Red Sea. We're raisin boy childern for the fun of it. They are a good thing to hav in the house, as Mrs. Toodles would say."

"Mr. Arp, are not the feelins of your peepul very bitter towerds the North?"

"I beg your pardin, sur, but you'll hav to split the question, or I'll have to split the anser. Our peepul hav a very high regard for onerable men, brave men, and there's a heap of em North, sur, and there's a heap of widders and orfins there we are sorry for; but as for this here Radikal party, we look upon em like they was hyeners a skratchin up the ded for a livin. It's as natral to hate em as it is to kill a snake. It's utterly onpossibul for me to tell the hight and depth and bredth of their contempt for that party. They look upon a Radikal as—as—as—well, as a beggar on hossback—a buzzerd sailin aroun a ded eegle—a suk-egg dog a creepin up to the tail of a ded lion. They talk about hirin Brownlow to abuse em, to use language

on. If they do he'll spatter em, and slime em, and slobber on em about right, and it will stick, for the poars are open and their morals spungy. I'd like to stan off about ten rods and hear him spread hissself. It would be wurse than a squirt gun full of kow slop, and I have no doubt would give genrul satisfakshun."

"That's suffishent, sur," says old Boutwell. "Ef it was in their power to do so, would your peepul renew the fite?"

"Not onless they could fite the Radikals all alone, and all the world agree 'hands off.' Even then there wouldn't be no fite, for we couldn't ketch you."

"What do all your peepul say upon the subjek of nigger ekwality?"

"They say its a lie, sur—it don't xist by natur, and never can in practise. Foaks were not created free and equal. That may be a theoretikal truth, but it's always been a praktikal lie. There's grades of sosiety evrywhere. There is men I give the sidewalk to, and there's men that gives it to me. There's men that I vote, and there's men that votes me; and the grades go up, step by step, from my sort to Mr. Davis and Genrul Johnston, and Genrul Lee, and Howell Cobb, and Ben Hill, and that sort; for they are the hiest in the nation; and then again it goes from me down to the niggers, and the Republikans, and the Radikals, and that's as low as they run. We'll vote the niggers,

sertin. I'll vote Tip, and Tip's a 'hed senter.' He'll vote about forty, and the first thing you know we'll vote about seven big, black, greasy niggers to Kongress. We'll do it, sertin—seven of em, 18 karats strong with Afrikan musk. The other rebel States will do the same thing, and you'll hav about fifty of em to draw seets with, and you can all stick your legs upon your desks together, and swap lies and vermin, and be shampoood at the same shop, and the fare sexes can set together in the gallerys and mix odors, and fan their sent about promiskuously. We'll give you a full benefit of the Civil Rights Bill—see if we don't. You go on—play your hands. We are bidin our time. We are a payin your taxes, and your duties, and back rashuns for 1864, and lisenses, and your infernal revenue, and obayin your laws without havin any hand in makin em, and we are cut off from penshuns, and publik lands; and you sold a poor man's still in my kounty the other day bekaus he culdn't pay tax on sum peach brandy he stild for his nabors two years ago. But you'll ketch it in the long run. See if you don't. Talk about Finians. When the good men of the North and South all git together, they'll walk over the track so fast that you won't have time to git out of the way. You'll subside into obskurity, and your children will deny that their daddies ever belonged to sich a party. Xcuse me, gentlemen, but I'm a little xsited. Five cents a pound on kotton will

excite enybody that makes it. Tax on industry—on swet and toil. Protekshun tariffs for Pennsylvania and five cents a pound tax on Southern kotton. My advise to you is to quit this foolishness and begin to travel the only road to pease.”

Old Blow couldn't keep up with the garbled xtrakts.

“What makes President Johnson so poplar in the South?”

“Contrast, sur, contrast. The more he ain't like your party, the more popular he is. He would treat us about right, I rekon, if you would let him alone, but you bedevil him so that sum-times he don't onderstand himself. I don't think he knew for a while whether his Pease Proklamashun restored the writ of habeaskorpus or not.”

“Mr. Arp, sposin we should hav a war with England or France, what would the Rebels do?”

“They'd follow Genrul Lee, and Genrul Johnston, and Bragg, and old Bory. Where they'd go we would go, and there would we be buried. We would pick up McLellan and Buell and take em along with us. They are gentlemen if they did fite on the other side.”

“What would you do with Genrul Sherman?”

“Sorry you mentioned him. We'd hav to hire him, I rekon, as a camp fiddler, and make him sing ‘Hail Columbia’ by fire-light, as a warnin to the boys how mean it is to burn sittys and towns and make war on defenseless wimmin and childern.”

At this time the man with the memrandum put down some more garbled xtracts.

“Do you think, Mr. Arp, that if the South should ever hold the ballance of power, they would demand pay for their niggers?”

“I can't say, sur, but I don't think the South has lost anything that way. We got their laber before the war for their vittles and close and doktors bills, and we git it now for about the same. It's all settled down that way, and your Buro couldn't help it. The only differense is in the distribushun. Sum of us don't own as many as we used to, but evrybody has got a nigger or two now, and they'll all vote em or turn em off. A nigger that wouldn't vote as I told him, shouldn't black my boots.”

At this time the committee looked at one another, seemin to be bothered and astonished. Garbled xtracts was put down with a vim.

Mr. Boutwell, says he, “Mr. Chairman, I think, sur, we are about thru with this witness. His testimony, I think, sur, settles the kwestion as to what we ort to do with Southern traitors.”

The chairman giv me a Republican nod, and remarked: “Yes, sur, I think we do. The scoundrels burnt my iron works.”

Whereupon I retired, havin given genrul satisfacshun.

Your truly,

BILL ARP.

## TWENTY-THIRD PAPER.

### BILL ARP ON THE SITUATION.

ROME, BIG SHANTY TERRITORY, No. 3, }  
March 8th, 1867. }

Mr. EDITUR:—My intenshun was to hav remained in dignified obskurity the small remnant of my miserbul days, but my frends, Bob Hide, Sam McCrakin, Tip, and other respektabul gentlemen, of all sexes and both cullers, seem to be disheveled about the times, and insist on my views about the momentus state of our sufferin kountry. The good peepul in Atlanta hav got shaky in the nees, and its the duty of every good sitizen to keep the disese from spreddin if he can. I hav not been to Washinton, nor been playing sentinel on a watch tower, but my observashun konvinces me that there is a power of fuss on hand about sumthin. Politikis look squally and alarmin. Bill Sherman overrun the kountry, and destroyed and karried away our property, and now his brother

### BILL ARP ON THE SITUATION.

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John is finishin up the job by robbin us of the rights and libberties our four fathers won.

Genrul Thomas is a playin vantoon with his 21 orders—puttin harmless boys in the barraks for tabloin with an old rebel flag—accusin us of all the krimes in the dekalog, sich as murder, larseny, rape, arson, buglary, perjury, and suicide, throwin up in our teeth the *magnanimity of our konkerers*, as bein our safety valve from deth and Beelsebub. Good Grashus! What an awful peepul we are. And now cums Joseph, the sentinel, with his long winded messige of konsolation, tellin us how we may flea from the rath to cum,—skeerin the peepul to deth, and gittin evry thing in a stew. Maybe that Joseph feels sorter responsibul for the fix he's got us in. Maybe he's repentin for the didos he cut up, and the seeds of diskord he sode durin the war; but I dout it. I don't think his ambishun or his vanity sees anything but his own importanse. It looks like he thought he was Guv-enor still. He's afrade the peepul will think he's ded, and jest as soon as a big thing happens, *and a little before*, he klutches the okkashun—seezes the opportunity, delivers his messige, stirs up the peepul, sets the Gate sittin in a ferment, and gits his name in the *Herald* and the *Tribune*. Joe Brown, a whale, big leader, konspikuous, fame, history, Mr. Jenkins nowhere, Milledgeville gone up, Joseph E. runnin the masheen in Atlanty!



Well, I don't know what is at the bottom of all this, but I'm afrade that while Joseph wer in Washinton sumbody karried him up unto a high mounting, and showd him a kingdom or two, and he fell down and worshipped. These little kingdoms that a man sumtimes sees from the top of a mounting are mighty demoralizin.

But I notis that all this fuss which Joseph has kiked up is konfind to the towns and sittys, where a heap of foaks live, who hav not got much of anything to do. The farmers don't know much about it, and keer less. The hole consern is a godsend to sum foaks. I kno an old worn out politishun who hav been a pokin aroun for six munths tryin to revive the Demokratik party for a livin, and now he's in his element. Partys are a formin, and the old hack is in his glory. He's sorter like the *New Ery* as yet—he won't take a side, he won't jine isshu, he won't kommit himself, he's keepin *an open rear*, as the *Ery* says. (I wish that paper would take an astringent.) But, my friends, we've got nothin to be ashamed of. All is lost save honor, hold up your manhood; don't lick the hand that's raised to strike the blow.

Joe Brown's banner says, "all is lost save honor, and that's only tolerbul, I thank you; it grows puny and weak." He would make the hole Yanky nashun beleieve we loved em like brothers, and wanted em to cum out South and let us hug em.

Well, all that sort of stuff is playd out. There aint a hundred men in the State that has any more respekt for a radikal than a hiena, and Jo Brown knows it. But the good Lord knows our harts, and how fondly we kling to those moderate men of the mity North who would save us from the humilyashun that awaits us. Let a kind word be spoken to a subjergated reb and the warm blood quickens in his vanes.

But Joseph is afrade we can't stand a military government. Well, I kno its humilyatin, witherin, crushin, but we hav stood it, and can try it a while longer. We can do it till we can do better. We will hav to quit tawkin so much, and quit writin altogeth—muzzeled lips and a gagged press. I've dun took warnin myself, and quit. Had my life insured in the Nickerboker, and the polisy won't allow me to xpose myself, to jump into onnessessary peril. The military can out rite us any how. Foaks say the pen is mitier than the sword, but you put em both together and they'll phlank a man out of his liberty, and maybe his life, in dubble quick. The Mayor of this town had a little korrespondense with Genrul Thomas the other day, and only cum out sekond best, tho it warn't an open field nor a fare fite. I thot myself that 21 order must be a hoax, got up by Brick Pomeroy, or sumboddy, and was lookin for the Genrul to cum out in a kard denyin of it, but I soon found out that it wer a ginnewine Robesperean

dokyment. I still think his posterity will deny it sum 20 years hence.

Well, I was mity mad. I would have giv a hundred dollars to hav played vantoan with him one hour; jest to hav been turned loose in the papers; all free; no gag; no jale; no barracks; no baonets; no gard. I would hav got sich a grin on him for the next 6 months as would have made evrybody xsept Brick Pomeroy forgit that Beast Butler stole spunes. "Livin on their magnanimity!" I tell you that got me; that burnt me; when I knew there warn't enuf magnanimity in a ship lode of all sich to support a poor Reb twenty-four hours. Magnanimity! My opinyun is, that they've lost the sede and don't kno now what the kommodity is. I was as full of epitaf as Brownlow is of pisen. Langwage cum to me spontaneous; reguler hide lifters, that would hav peeld the bark frum a man's karkass like skinnin an allygater. But you see I wer in the kaushus state, and had to smuther my feelins. I should hav gone up with spontanyus kombustshun if my wife hadent broak the spell with her komick senes. She is an amusin and interestin woman, but much given to musick in these days of numerus and lively offspring; but jest as soon as order 21 cum out, she hunted up the "*Gray Jacket*," and the "*Konkerd Banner*," and jest sich a solo soyree as I hav 21 times a week, was never heerd in Big Shanty before. She seems to take a delite in lettin the rebel flag on

the title page "see the lite," and "flants it about" in my fase bekaus I kall myself a union man. My opinyun is that it will be onpossibul to harmonize these wimmen durin this sentury. Sich orders as 21 will cut off all hope of it. I think if Genrul Thomas hadn't been a Virginian, he wouldent hav issshoot it. I've notised that when a Virginian falls, he falls hevy and fur. He gits further over on the side agin us than anybody. I've heerd that the Genrul and Edward Johnson wer both powerful sesesh, and got mity impashent bekaus the Old Dominyun wer so slow in movin. The Genrul sed that all the good officers would be gobbled up before she seseded. But old Genrul Skott got holt of em about this time and took em up onto a high mountain and showed em a kingdom or two, and the Genrul fell down and worshiped, and Ed Johnson wouldent. I tell you, my friends, a man ort to be careful about goin up onto these high mountins, for they are dangerus.

But, hope for the best, my frends. Don't imagine you see panthers and injuns bekaus we are in a territory. Don't mistake a Buro track for a bear sign. Don't fear it will be sickly bekause Floridy is hitched on to our diggins. Attend to your bisness. Keep off a high mountin, and all will be well. I would say more, but my wife's music has begun.

Yours, hopin,

BILL ARP.

P.S.—I date this letter from Big Shanty, as I hear these three diggins are to hav that name in honer of Joe Brown. Let us be thankful we know where we are. For two years past it's been dubus whether we were in the union or out. My opinyun is, that we are now out; and I heard a female voice say, "Whoopee—hurrah for that."

B. A.



## TWENTY-FOURTH PAPER.

BILL ARP ON THE ROME BURO. No. 1.

ROME, January, 1868.

MR. EDITUR:—Has Kosiusko fell agin? If you havent lost your influence, you must do sumthin. Now is the time. There's fun and fury in these parts. The devil is a roostin not one half a mile from this place, and Genrul Mede don't kno it. How much more are we to endure? This here Spanish Buro is a goblin up the white foaks like a suck hole in a mill pond. It tries a poor farmer without givin him notis of time, place, or cirkumstances. Before he knows it, there's a judgment agin him for more than he's worth, and his property seezed, and his boddy put under gard, and his family terryfide, and all for nuthin—no writ—no charges—no kourts—no jury—no trial! A good old man who never ronged a human bein—whose father fit in the Revolushun—who loved the Union, and talked and writ agin sesesshun and

bloodshed, is gobbled up by a Spanish Hidalgo, a mersenary interloper, who kares no more for Amerika than you do for Spane—who aint been here long enuf to be nateralised—and don't kno no more about the laws or libberties of our peepul than a Bedooin Arab. Rite fresh from a kountry where disorder and devilment ran, it jest suits him to dabble in it here. He flies around like one of these squirtin, sizzin fizgigs on Krismus eve, and plays king, tirant, judge, jury, and Don Quixote de la Mancha jest as it soots him. I wish you kould see him when he's a goin out of town after sum poor feller. If there was a wind mill on the rode he'd charge it, sartin. The boys talk about buildin one sum nite, in the hope that he'd bust his branes out in the fust assault. Good Lord, hav mersy up on us! If the poor farmer tells him that he don't owe the freedmen, and axes for a trial, he don't git it. If he tells him the land-lord is entitled to his rent, and the fakter to his advances, he says, "sar, no kare for de law!—de law ish no goot! I vill make de law. De freet-man shall pay de fust hav, and den eef cottone lef any, I giv him nex man."

And that's the way this Jesler lords it over the sons and daughters of revolushunary sires. Seven of our boys put in the barraks, at his instigashion, for usin an old konfederit flag in a tablo; finin a Judge of our kourt fifty dollars for tappin a little nigger with a switch; shootin a man's dog in his

own yard; orderin men and women before him on all sorts of pretenses, and seizin their kotton and korn on the rode to market.

Is there no law; no libberty; no sekurity? Ain't there a scrap of the good old konstitushun which gives evry man the rite of trial by jury? Who in the dickens will lend money to a man to make his krap with if he hires nigger laber? What will becum of the poor nigger? Will the Buro feed em and clothe em this year? What's to be dun? How much more are we to bear? Here's the military garrison that we can all git along with in pease and harmony. They treat us like we had feelins and rites, and nobody kom-planes. A gentleman is a gentleman, whether he is a soljer or a sitisen; and the more power a man has, the more chances to show that he is a gentleman. That's so.

Now, Mr. Editur, what's to be dun? A gen-rul is a mity high up man. His ears are away up yonder like a church steeple, and we poor devils aint got any ladder. Red tape mite finally reech him sum three munths attter the thing happened, but there aint much kumfort in that. The charges would be "Respectfully referred" about fourteen times, and a few red ink marks skattered around by the A. A. A. A. Genruls, until they finally git back to the akkused, who indorses "not troo," or sumthin equivalent, and sends it back again, and that's the end of it.

Well, there it is. If a satrap wants a few baonets to pint around and skeer foaks with, he sets down and rites about this way: "Gen'l, I hav de much honor to report you grand outrage perpetrate in dese ceety. I hav possess seex bales cottone which pelong to freetmen. I leav ze zame in von warehouse teel I sell him, an ven I go get him he no dare, and de warehous no giv him up. De Freetmen sall suffer ver mooch and vill starve queek and die la horrible unless I do get 20 militaire to find le cottone. I pray you send him me queek.—de leetel infants pe ver ded in few days, and de female vimmen kommit suicide an I hav furnish coffeen. It make your hart bleed much to see zem. Send me order for cinq-siz-hintdiz-oon dozen soldare."

Well, *that* gits to headquarters quick, and hedquarters dont rekon there's any other side to the kase. Hedquarters dont think its worth while to inquire, and the poor farmer can be robbed and plundered, and insulted, and put under gard, and rithe under it, and almost forswear his kountry, and go to his grave with the konvikshun that libberty and jéstise hav departed the land. What's to be done, and who's a goin to do it? Won't Gen'l Mead let us hav triel by jewry, and habeus corpus, and the like of that—sich rites as John Bull's peepul got from King John at Runnymede? Aint the Genrul a Meadium man, and won't he enkourage our foaks to fall into line and march back

into the old Union, body and sole, and let em feel they are freemen still? If he won't, why, then, I can only say—and I say it serusly, solemnly, proudly, and with a tone of defianse that's equal to the occashun, "the proof of the puddin is chawin the bag."

If that be treeson, make the most of it.

It's a bad time here, Mr. Editur. All Afriky is on top of us, and Spane is on top of Afriky, and the lode is hevvy, sertain. I'm tryin mity hard to stand it, and think, maybe, I will; but I've seed men who couldn't stay in the room with a thermometer. One or the other would bile over. You ort to do sumthin to keep down this trubble and xsitement. Use your influense—(tho you are in a minority). Git you a ladder—see the Konvenshun—ax Fort what to do—tell him to xamine his State papers—speek to the releef kommitty—but you needn't menshun it to *Aron Allpeedover Bradley*. If, however, you can't do nuthin nowhere—why, send us a small second hand wind mill by Xpress. We'll try it.

Yours, hopin,  
BILL ARP.



## TWENTY-FIFTH PAPER.

BILL ARP ON THE ROME BURO. No. 2.

ROME, January, 1868.

MR. EDITUR :—Clubs is still trumps. The Buro has turned up Jack, and playd the duse, and the feer is, he still holds the ase in hand. Can't you do nothin? I'm afrade you've lost your influense. The sirkus hav been here and throwd the Buro into eklips for a while; but Dan hav gone now, and the Buro is a showin as usual, to the white foaks for nuthin, and the niggers for half price. It's a good show, if ther was no other side but the funny side—no other performer but the klown; but then there's a Proprietor, and a Ring Master with a whip, and we poor hosses hav to streek it like the devil was atter us. It 'pears that sinse I rote you last, sumbody hav been reportin sum of these funny proceedins to the Genrul, and the Genrul ordered an investigashun. The way it was done *up here* reminds me of old John Dobbs, J. P.

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He was a good feller, John was, but he had ways of his own. A feller was sued in his kourt on forty 30 dollar notes. Old Dobbs allowed Underwood to speak for two hours, and to reed sum two hundred pages of law, more or less, in defendin the case. Atter he got thru he wiped the swet off his faze and set down, and wated an hour or so for old Dobbs to say suthin. But Dobbs made no sine—went on with his dokit. Finally, says Underwood, "may it please your Honer, I've got a good pese to ride, and its a growin late, and I would like to hear your Honer's desisshun." "Oh yes," says Dobbs: "Well, I can tell you, Mr. Underwood, I judgmenticated them cases afore I left home. Bogin, you can adjurn the kourt. I beleeve she are about thru."

If the Buro hav got the ase, Mr. Editur, the fun and fewry will be amazin. Dan Kastello and "*Wo Janyary*," won't be a sircumstance to his moshuns. I rekon you never seed him on a fillibustero—a gettin atter a feller that sum darkey had reported. He goes forth feersly, frantically, quixotically, like a troo nite, and he cums back with a sort of a *veni vidi visi* look all over him—that is to say, unless he strikes a sawyer, and gits snagged. Sumtimes he don't dig-a-nose well, as the Doktors say. He jumped out of his buggy the other day, in front of a big, ruff lookin farmer's gate, bounced up and down a few times, a tryin to lite, an, says he, "Tornton, I came to see Mr. Tornton—vat



name you?" "Thornton is my name, sur."  
 "Vare vell; vat for you no pay madam Jospheen,  
 de fretman, you hav? Answer me queek; vat  
 for you no pay heem?" "Bekause I didnt hav  
 the money, sir—that's all." "How much you  
 say you owe heem?" "Nine dollars, sir." "No  
 sare; no sare; you owe heem forty dollar. It is  
 not so, no time. You make try to swindle heem,  
 but I makes you—." The rest of the sentense has  
 never been finished, Mr. Editur. "Tornton"  
 took the Buro by the throte, backd him up agin  
 the house, opened a big jack knife with his teeth,  
 and was about to play Othello on him; but the  
 Buro surrendered *jest in time*. "Pardon, senor  
 mousare, Mr. Tornton, it ish nine dollar. Oh,  
 mine Got! Sacre Dios! Pardon! It ish nine  
 dollare. You no understanny me—I no mean—  
 Sacre Dios—Pardon! Mr. Tornton, it ish only  
 nine dollare, sure. Oh, sare, no killy me." Mr.  
 Editur, you've seed a fish worm bate with the hook  
 in him? Well, you understand. Mr. "Tornton"  
 relented, and took the hook out, and the Buro is  
 to this day aboundin in gratitood. He says the  
 "negare ish von lyin husse, and Mr. Tornton one  
 ver fine man—no man so fine in de county all."

But the *new isshu*, Mr. Editur, is a funny one.  
 I don't allood to Konfederit money. The Buro  
 stands charged with imbibin corn juse to xcess  
 while he wer on a resent filibustero in Chattoogy  
 county. The Buro says "he vas no intoxicate—

nevare—no time—de sitizen of Rome vil sware all,  
 that he vas nevare seen intoxicate in his life—oh  
 no—it ish von grande meestake—he only take  
 along vun leetul bottell for medseen, and him bot-  
 tell proke, and speel all lunch over all, an when he  
 eat him lunch, it make he breath so strong smell."  
 Did the like ever happen to you, Mr. Editur, and  
 if it did, did you eat the whisky or drink the lunch,  
 and what was the effekt of the medisn?

But to throw sum lite on this particuler case, I  
 will proseed to giv you the substanse of the Buro's  
 speach at a nigger barbyku, near Rome, on the  
 last 4th of July. The eloquence of it was grand,  
 glumy, and pekulyer.

"Cullert Peepuls—I ish von American—hoopee  
 —take off yer hats—I shay take off yer hats.

"Tree sheer for de flag. Meeshter, you peepuls,  
 take off yer hat. Shudge Hoot, I say, take off  
 yer hat—hic—Amerikan—cullert peepuls—I is von  
 Republican. Tree sheers for Republican. Vy  
 don't you sheer—sheer, I telly you. You sall  
 sheer ven I telly you hic—de—Republican princi-  
 cipul is—de flag is goot—you telly me sthop—no  
 sare, *cullert peepuls!* I vill speak you—I ish Amer-  
 ican—take off your hat. You sall no cally for  
 Turner till I ish done. I shay, de independance  
 ish de Shuly one Fourt. Tree sheers for de Gary-  
 baldi—py tam and de tevil."

About 20 minits of sich stuff settled his hash,  
 and the Rev. Mr. Turner, of your konvenshun,

was allowed to proceed to the releef of all konsernd. As this took plase before lunch time, can you akkout for it on filosofical prinsipels? For the rest of the eloquent Buro's remarks you can call on your feller citizen, the Rev. Mr. Turner, *cullud*, who was to be the orator of the day, but cum mity nigh bein Burode off the stand.

Yours, still a hopin,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—I don't want you to think I've got anything agin the Buro *in partikler*. By no means. Its all in genrul. If he can be cured of judgmenticatin his cases before he hears the *white side* of em, I think we could git along. I never did like old Dobbs' practise—speshally when there is no appeal nor *sashyary*.

B. A.



## TWENTY-SIXTH PAPER.

BILL ARP VISITS ATLANTA.

MR. EDITUR: I'm sorry I can't fill my promise to call on you. I'm a goin home, I am. I'm tired of this everlastin fuss. There's sum devilment up, and I'm jubus about it. I've heerd lots of war talk in the Legislatur to-day. There's sines of fite. I didn't think 9 dollars a day would provoke such hostile langwage. One feller sed they was jist a rarin and a chargin for their constituents, and that it was all 9 dollar gas, but, it didn't smell like gas to me. The day I got here there wus shootin all about, and a man killed. Then agin I see the members and the outsiders dividin up in little skwads about at nite, and whisperin, and jugglin, and piroutin aroun. They are plottin agin somebody, I know. I heerd one feller say "prolongashun," and another said "hell," and another "dam," and I heard jaw teeth grit. I was a privit in Corputs Battery, and I knowd what a prolong is. It's a big hemp rope with hooks on the ends what hitches the kannon to the powder box. There's a going to be shootin, sertin, and sum-

body's goin to be hurt, and I want Captain Corput to onderstand that I've resind.

A man in the gallery was powerful mad with sum editur. Maybe it was you. I don't know, but he ax'd a man whether he should whip the editur or not. The man sed he didn't know and couldn't say, for he hadn't red the piese, but as a general thing, in the abstrakt, it was right to whip em. Ef I was you I would karry a weepin of some sort, even if it were only a umbrell.

I got tired of all this, and walked over to Whitehall for peace. A frend (I spose he was a frend) found me, and sed he wanted to see me pertiklerly. He took me away back and hawled out sum little thumb papers full of figgers, and sed he wanted



me to insure my life. That skeerd me. was than anything, for it looked like I was in danger, and he hed just found it out. I axd him if he thought there would be a fite. He xplained things to me, and I felt releeved, and deklined to insure for the present. You see I felt

mity well, and couldn't see the necessity. At the next korner I met another frend, who seemed

glad to see me xceedinly. He held my hand in his sum sevrul moments. He axd me if my life was insured. He sed he was agent for the very best cumpany in the wurd. I axd him how long a man would liv under his cumpany. He then xplained to me that a man mite die at any time; that they didn't ondertake to keep a man from dying. So I deklined, but xpressed my gratitood for his interest in my welfare, and promised to buy a polisy as soon as I got rite sick. Jest as I left him I heerd him call some feller a dam phool. When I got to the hotel there was a feller a waitin for me on the same bisness. He talked to me for a hour on the onsertainty of life and the sertainty of deth. I thought perhaps he was a misshunary. He seemed much consernd about my wife and children, and onst or twist wiped his eyes with a white pokithankerchef. I knowd he was a frend, and told him I would reflekt seryusly about the matter.

I beleeeve that that cumpany is a purely filanthropik institushun, and would lend a poor feller a few dollars if he was a sufferin. I think I will try to borry a little from their agents to-morrow. This mornin the first one cum to see me agin and I konkluded I was lookin mity bad, and axd him to xkuse me, as I was not feelin well. I went to Dr. Alexander and got a dose of salts. He axd me if I was sick. I told him I sposed I was and the reeson why. He then told me all about it,

and sed there was about 100 of them fellers in town, and they all had orgers, and they bored about half a inch at the fust interview, and an inch at the sekond in the same hole, and so on til they got to the holler, and the pashent giv in and took a policy. I don't know about that, but I will say they are the frendlyest, most sympathisin and kind harted men I hav ever struck! only I don't like so much talk about coffins and graveyards. I didn't take the salts.

But, Mr. Editur, I tell you there is trubble a brewin. I saw old Rock and Genrul Gordon, and Col. Styles a talkin together, and old Tige wasn't fur off. Old Rock's grey beerd was a waggin ominously, and old Gordon's skars was a jumpin about all over his fase. Styles looked like he wanted to eat sumbody. I heerd him say sumthin about "Orgean stables." I spose that is where he keeps his war hosses. Scott cum up and sed sumthin about the "reer gard." He's the devil on "reer gard," and the army knows it. Jim Waddell dropped in and remarked that he had "jest as leeve die as live if old Rock sed so." At this moment a feller cum along a singin.

"I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a mornin star."

The whole party looked like Gettysburg, and old Tige was jest a waiting for old Rock to tree.

I tell you, Mr. Editur, there's trubble a bruin. Says I, "Mr. Mackworter, you are speeker, you

know it all from the steepul to the sellar. You hav capacity, and sagacity, and vivacity, and rapacity and the like—do you think there will be a fite?"

"Yes, sur," says he. "Yes, sur: they will fite, shore. They are obliged to fite. Old Bony-part can't get out of it, and Bismark has got a chin just like Jo Johnson. France wants a bloodlettin like we had—"

"Is it that fur off?" says I. "I thought it was to begin in Atlanty to-nite."

"Oh, no," says he, and went on.

I got some cumfort from my old frend, Ben. Thornton. He sed that if they did git up a fite the old soljers wouldn't be into it much, xcept the Genruls, for that the original consistent Union men, like Josh Hill, and Dunning, and Tom Saffold, and Judge Wright, and Akerman would make short work of it. He sed they was mity slow men to git mad, and it had taken em about ten years to git to the bilin pint, but that sich fitin as they would do now the world, nor the flesh, nor the devil never saw. He sed one would whip a thousan, and two put ten thousan to flite. I hope so. I like a man what takes ten years to git mad.

Yours truly,

BILL ARP.

## TWENTY-SEVENTH PAPER.

### BILL ARP ON NIGGER EQUALITY.

MR. EDITUR:—Of course I take it as a goak for you to ax for my views on polytix, but nevertheless notwithstandin I won't be more backward than other peepul about tawkin. If I tawk like a fool it's consolin to know that it's a common complaint. Pollytix is a fateegin subjek and has got to be as monotonous as a one tune hand orgin. Before the war it had it's ups and downs, and ockasionally, was quite varygated and pekulyer. Now-a-days it's settled down into two principuls which is to plunder the goverment and umble the South. We've sorter got used to the first, for it's dun with a knife that cuts both ways, but the other makes a new sore evry time, and nocks the skab off the old one before it gits well.

I don't know xactly what them radikals think about the nigger. I supposed they was jest a fool-in him to git votes enuf to elekt, and then would

be satisfide and let him relaps into his nativ ob-skurity. I supposed that when Yewlisses got in for the sekund term he would let the nigger slide and try to make friends with the white foaks. I thought, maybe, he had sense enuf to want the respek or the pity of them peepul that licked him in evry fair fite, and that he would like to go down to posterity in as decent a way as possibul, considerin that if the country had to hav a fool for a president he couldn't help it. I thought it was a good sign when he tawked about cumin down South and mixin with our peepul, and I didnt say a word when the Makon papurs said they would be glad to see him. I knowed it was a lie at the time, but it was lyin for peace and mout be exkused under the sirkumstances. My opinyun is that Grant got in a quanderry and didnt know what to do. One set told him to cum and see us and git frendly, and the other set, backd up by some slick tungd Yanky preechers, told him he must stand by the nigger—that he must have em put on jewries, and make postmasters of em, and so fourth; and that if he cum down here sum heathen rebel would shoot at him for amusement, and so he got skeered and concluded to stay at home. Now ain't it a beautiful spektakle to see a man behavin himself so badly that he's afeared to travil through the country that he rules over. I'll bet King William can walk in-into evry corner of his kingdom without a guard, and hear evry subjek say "God bless you" as he

goes along. But Mr. Grant couldent cum, and the nigger must be elevated soshially, and he makes em postmasters, and puts em on jewries. Now this nigger bisness is a sore that I thought would be allowed to cure up sum time. I don't want to speak disrespekful of Mr. Grant nor myself, but I'm obleeged to think that either him or me is a fool. He beleeves in nigger equality and I don't—that is to say, he beleeves a nigger is as good as a Southern man, tho not quite so good as a Yank. He won't shampoo in a nigger barber shop, but we must. He wouldn't swet by a nigger in a jewry box, but we shall. He wouldn't set by em in a car, or a hotel, or a meetin house, but we've got to. That's the law, and that old pewrytan lie has been ding-dongd into him until he caved in. He ain't got sense enuf to argu the question. He sees sum smart niggers like Fred Douglass, and sum fool white men like that Congressman who refunded his back pay, and he gives it up. He can see a difference in the breed of hosses and pups but not of foaks.

Now I've seen a blooded pinter that would suk eggs, and I've seen a nigger's houn that wouldent, but that don't prove that houns is equal to pinters. There's as much difference in races of peepul as in dogs, or cats, or chickens, or bears, or sheep, or hosses, or elephants. One kind was made better at the start than another, and mixin em makes em worse instead of better. It's agin natur. A mu-

latter runs out like a mule. He don't run out so suddently, but he runs out shore. I've watchd em all my life, and they keep degeneratin till they play out entirely. Jest so you may try to cross a game chicken with a shanghi, or a Newfoundland dog with a bull terrier, and the froot is a failure. If you want to improve any kind of animals you must cross em, with their own breed. Evry animal has its natur and its fitness the world over. That's the law, as Judge Hammond used to say, and we can't change it, and mankind ain't no exception to it. There is an aristokrisy all over creashun in man, and beasts, and birds, and fishes, and vegetables, and trees, and minerals. There is a better kind and a worse kind of evrything, and evry kind is intended for sum partikler thing. The nigger wasent made to keep a post offis nor set on a jewry. He wasent made for intelektual persoots. He was made to dig, and ditch, and grub, and hoe, and plow a mule, and tote things about for white foaks, and nothin else don't soot him, and that don't soot him as well as doin nothin. I hav no idee that he ever sprung from a white man, nor the bible don't say so, the way I see it. There's the heathen Chineese, and the Injun, and the nigger, and the Eskimo, and the Jew, and the European, and, maybe, some others that was all different at the beginning, and as the good book says *their* name was called Adam. They was given orders what to do, and what not to do, and then left alone, and the devil was a hang-



in aroun like a hyena and he coaxed em over to his side and took charge of em. My opinyun is, that these different peepuls was put in different parts of the earth when they was created, and a separate lot of animals, and birds, and fishes, and froot, and flowers, was put with em to soot the peepul and the country. Injuns was planted in Amerika, and the Eskimo way up north in the ice and the snow, and the nigger in Afriky, and the heathen Chinees in Asia, and the Jews in and about Jerusalem. Them last was hard cases. They had the best chance and made the worst use of it, and they got washed away in a freshet, and had to take a new start. Neednt tell me that that freshet kivered the whole earth, for if it did, how did the Injuns, and the lions, and tigers, and the wild hosses, and deer, and bears, and wolves, and the like, get over here after the flood was over? How cums it that evry country has its own sort of beasts and birds, and if you move em from their natral home they play out in one generashun.

Needent tell me that all peepul had the same parent. I ain't obleeged to believe it, and I don't. I heerd a preecher say onst that all the languages was purty much alike, and must hav cum from the same one. Well, spose they are? They ain't as much alike as the howl of a dog is like the howl of a wolf, or a cat bird's song like a mockin bird's, and *they* never cum from the same parent. But akkordin to my thinkin there ain't much like-

ness between our talk and that of a Injun or a heethen Chinees.

I never heard of a peepul changin their faces, nor their hair, nor their size, nor their cullor. Animals won't do it, nor birds, nor baboons. You can improve em, and refine em, but that's all. A blak Alabama nigger is jest the same as his great gran daddy was in Afriky two thousan years ago. He's got sivilized and behaves sorter decent, but it's bekaus he lived with white foaks, and is obleeged to. If you turn him loos on an iland by himself, he'll relaps into a vagabon in ten years. He'd quit wearin close and go to beatin tin pans and eat lizzards before you git out of site. Shore as you are born them niggers ain't no kin to us, and they ain't no more fittin for jewries and post offises than a monky is for a meetin house.

But I ain't agin the nigger. I like him. I'm his frend, and I want him kept jest where he belongs. I don't want them radikals to be foolin him about his own natur, and puttin fool ideas in his hed. It's a mity strong sirkumstanshal evidence that a President or a Judge who tolerates it is a knave or a fool, and probably both, and if they don't like this sorter tawk they can lump it, and be durned to em. What's a nigger ever dun for the world or hisself. They've been livin free in Massachusetts for a hundred years, and goin to free skools, and mixin with white foaks. Did they ever invent a steembote, or a telegraf, or a cotton

gin, or a sowin masheen? My daddy ownd em for fifty years, and they barely larned to make a hoe handle. They don't do any better since their freedom. The highest enjoyment of the biggest half of em is to shout in a meetin house all Saturday night, and go to a funeral on Sunday, and be a steelin sumthin all the ballans of the week. Of course there's a heap of good niggers that behaves like white foaks, but them sort is the xseption. I'm alludin to em as a race of peepul. The gails and the graveyards are catchin em every day. They were made to be kontrolled by white foaks, and taken care of, jest like we control our childern. They are nuthin but ignorant childern all their lives. They never do git grown up in brains or behavyour, and it's God's blessin to em to hav to liv under sumbody's dominyun. Them Yanks find it out mity quick when they move down here and go into business. They would do em worse than they do them poor faktory gals in Yanky land if they was allowed to. Slavry for the white foaks and freedom for the nigger runs mity well together now-a-days. Sunset Cox knows how it is, and he told em of it in his big speech in New York, but they don't keer as long as they can make munny there and bedevil us here. I wunder how much longer it will take to satisfy em. I would hav thought that eight years develment and oppression and insult would hav satisfide the devil hisself, or any other radikal. It's lukky for em they haint

got into a war with sum furriners. I tell you, sur, they are sleepin over fire and brimstone and don't know it. Butiful guvernment they giv us in South Kallina and Louisany, and the other States, ain't it? Nigger votes and radikal meanness does it. These niggers hav been free for eight years and didn't hav sense enuf to vote for their best frend at the last elektion—the man that had been workin for their freedom for forty years.

But it ain't no use in tawkin or writin. It don't do any good as I see, only it sorter lets off the bile and makes a man feel better. As long as a man can speak his mind freely he ain't dangerus. He won't shoot nobody. So I will now close more cam and sreen.

Yours trooly,

BILL ARP.



• TWENTY-EIGHTH PAPER.

BILL ARP ADDRESSES THE LEBANON LAW SCHOOL,  
AND GIVES HIS OWN SAD EXPERIENCE.

MR. KUMMUNS AND ET AL—GENTLEMEN:

I hav reseved your kind invitashun to address your Law school. In the situashun in which I am situated, it is onpossible for me to go. I wish I could, for I would like to tell you all I know about law business myself, at this place. We are engaged in manufakturin it by holesale, and atter while it will be retaled out by the lawyers to any body that wants it. It's an esy business to make law, but the greatest diffikulty is in onderstandin it atter it is made. Among the lawyers this difficulty don't seam to lie so much in the hed as in the poket. For five dollars a lawyer can luminise sum, and more akkordin to pay. But he ortent to luminise but one side at a time. The fust case I ever had in a Justice Court I emploid old Bob Leggins, who was a sorter of a self-eddicated fool. I giv him two dollars in advanse, and he argud the case, as I thot, on two sides, and was more luminus agin me

than for me. I lost the case, and found out atterwards that the defendant had employed Leggins atter I did, and gin him five dollars to lose my case. I look upon this as a warnin to all klientes to pay big fees and keep your lawyer out of temtashun.

My xperience in litigashun hav not been satisfactory. I sued Sugar Black onst for the price of a lode of shuks. He sed he wanted to buy sum ruffness, and I agreed to bring him a lode of shuks for two dollers. My waggin got broke and he got tired a waitin, and sent out atter the shuks himself. When I called on him for the pay, he seemed surprised, and sed it had cost him two dollars and a half to hav the shuks hauld, and that I justly owd him a half a dollar. He were more bigger than I was, so I swallerd my bile and sued him. His lawyer pled a set-off for haulin. He pled that the shuks was unsound; that they was barred by limitashuns; that they didn't agree with his cow, and that he never got any shuks from me. He spoak about a hour, and allooded to me as a swindler about 45 times. The bedevild jewry went out and brot in a verdik agin me for fifty cents, and four dollars for costs. I hain't saved many shuks on my plantashun sence, and I don't intend to til it gits less xpensiv. I look upon this as a warnin to all foaks *never to go to law about shuks*, or any other small sirkumstanse.

The next trubble I had was with a feller I hired

to dig me a well. He was to dig it for 20 dollars, and I was to pay him in meat and meal, and sich like. The vagabon kep gittin along til he got all the pay, but hadn't dug nary a foot in the ground. So I made out my akkout and sued him as follers, to wit:

Old John Hanks, to Bill Arp,	Dr.
To I well you didn't dig.	\$20

Well, Hanks, he hired a cheep lawyer, who rared round xtensively, and sed a heap of funny things at my xpense, and finally dismissd my case for what he calld its "ridikulum abserdum." I paid those costs and went home a sadder and a wiser man. I pulld down my little kabbin and mooved it sum 300 yards nigher the spring, and I hav drunk mity little well water sence. I look upon this case as a warnin to all foaks *never to pay for enything till you git it, espeshally if it has to be dug.*

The next law case I had I ganed it all by myself, by the forse of sirkumstances. I bot a man's note that was giv for the hire of a nigger boy, Dik. Findin he wouldn't pay me, I sued him before old Squire Maginnis, beleevin that it was sich a ded thing that the devil couldn't keep me out of a verdik. The feller pled failur of konsiderashun, and *non est faktum*, and *ignis fatuis*, and infansy, and that the nigger's name wasn't Dik, but *Richard*. The old Squire was a powerful sesesh, and hated the Yankees amazin. So, atter the lawyer had got

thru his speech and finished up his readin from a book called "Greenleaf," I rose forward to a attitood. Stretchin forth my arms, ses I, "Squire Maginnis; I would ax, sur, if this is a time in the his-try of our afflikted kountry when Yankee law books should be admitted in a Southern patriot's Court? Hain't we got a State of our own and a code of Georgy laws that's printed on Georgy sile? On the very fust page of the gentleman's book I seed the name of the sitty of Bosting. Yes, sur, it was ritten in Bosting, where they don't know no more about the hire of a nigger than an ox knows the man who will tan his hide." I sed sum more things that was pinte and patriotik, and closd my argyment by handin the book to the Squire. He put on his speks, and atter lookin at the book about a minit, ses he:

"Mr. Arp, you can hav a judgment, and I hope that from hensefourth no lawyer will presoom to cum before this honerabul court with pisen dokyments to proove his case. If he do, this court will take it as an insult, and send him to jail."

I look upon this case as a warnin to all foaks who gambel in law, to hold a good hand and play it well. High jestice and patriotism are winning trumps.



My next case was about steelin a hog. Larseny from the woods, I think they call it. I didn't hav but one hog, and we had to let him run out to keep him alive, for akorns was cheeper than corn at my house. Old Romulus Ramsour sorter wanted sum fresh meat, and so he shot my shote in the woods and was catched carrying him home. He had cut off his ears and throwed em away; but we found em, with the under bit in the right and swaller fork in the left, and so Romulus was brot up square before the jewry, and his defense was that it was a wild hog. The jewry was out about two hours and brot in a verdik: "We the jewry know that shortly attter the war the kountry was scarce of provishuns, and in considerashun of the hard time our poor peepul had in maintanin their families, and the temtashuns that surrounded em, we find the defendent not guilty, but we rekommend him not to do so any more." The motto of this case is that a man ortent to keep hogs in a poor naberhood.

After this I had a diffikulty with a man by the name of Kohen, and I thot I wouldn't go to law, but would arbytrate. I had bot Tom Swillins' wheat at a dollar a bushel, *if he couldn't do any better*, and if he could do better he was to cum back and *giv me the prefferense*. The skamp went off and sold the wheat to Kohen for a dollar and five cents, and Kohen knowd all about his kontrak with me. Me and him lik to hav fit, and perhaps

would, if I hadn't been puny; but we finally left it to Josh Billins to arbytrate. Old Josh deliberated on the thing three days and nites, and finally brot in an award that Kohen should hav the wheat and *I should hav the prefferense*. I hain't submitted no more cases to arbytration sinse, and my advise to all peepul is to arbytrate nuthin if your case is honest, for there aint no judge there to keep one man from trikkin the other. An honest man don't stan no chance nowhere xceptin in a court house with a good lawyer to back him. The motto of this case is, never to arbytrate nuthin but a bad case, and take a good lawyer to advise, and pay him fur it before you do that.

But I got Fretman. I didn't but my lawyer, Marks, did. Fretman was a nutmeg skhool teacher who had gone round my naborhood with his skool artikles, and I put down for Troup and Calhoun to go, and intended to send seven or eight more if he proved himself right. I soon found that the little nullifiers warn't lernin enything, and on inquiry I found that nutmeg was a givin powerful long resessess, and employin his time cheefly in carryin on with a tolerbul sized female gal that was a goin to him. Troup sed he heerd the gal squeel one day, and he knowd Fretman was a squeezin of her. I don't mind our boys a squeezin of the Yankee gals, but I'll be blamed if the Yankees shall be a squeezin ourn. So I got mad and took the childern away. At the end of the term

Fretman sued me for 18 dollars and hired a cheep lawyer to kollekt it. Before this time I had lerned sum sense about a lawyer, so I hired a good one and spred my pokit book down before him, and told him to take what would satisfi him. And he took. Old Phil Davis was the jestice. Marks made the openin speech to the effek that every profeshunal man ort to be able to illustrate his trade, and he therefore proposed to put Mr. Fretman on the stan and *spell him*. This moshun was fout hard, but it agreed with old Phil's noshuns of "high jestice," and ses he, "Mr. Fretman you will hav to spell, sur." Marks then swore him that he would giv true evidense in this case, and that he would spell evry word in Dan'l Webster's spellin book correkly to the best of his knowledge and beleef, so help him, etc. I saw then that he were a tremblin all over like a cold wet dog. Ses Marks, "Mr. Fretman, spell 'tisik.'" Well, he spelt it, puttin in a *ph* and a *th* and a *gh* and a *zh*, and I don't know what all, and I thot he were gone up the fust pop, but Marks sed it were right. He then spelt him right strate along on all sorts of big words, and little words, and long words, and short words, and he knowd em all, til finally Marks ses, "Now, sur, spell 'Ompompynusuk.'" Fretman drawd a long breth and sed it warn't in the book. Marks proved it was by a old preecher who was a settin by, and old Phil spoke up with power, ses he, "Mr. Fretman, you must spell it, sur." Fret-

man was a swettin like a run down filly. He took one pass at it, and *missd*.

"You can cum down, sur," ses Marks, "you've lost your case," and shore enuf, old Phil giv a verdik agin him like a darn.

Marks was a whale in his way. At the same court he was about to nonsoot a Doktor bekaus he didn't hav his diplomy, and the Doktor begged the court for time to go home after it. He rode 7 miles and back as hard as he could lick it, and when he handed it over, Marks, ses he, "Now, sur, you will just take the stand and translate this lattin into English so that the court may onderstand it." Well, he jest caved, for he couldn't do it.

He lost his case in two minits, for the old squire sed that a dokter who couldn't read his diplomy had no more right to praktise than a magistrate what couldn't read the license had to jine two cuple together. This is a warnin to all profeshunal men to understand their bisness, and the moral of the case is that a man ortent to be a squeezin the gals where enybody can see him. But I don't want it onderstood that I'm agin it on proper ok-kashuns, and in a tender manner. There ain't no squeezin necessary. But I must close this breef epistle.

Yours truly,  
BILL ARP.



## TWENTY-NINTH PAPER.

### BILL ARP ON THE STOCK MARKET.

It are honorable to acknowledge that when I writ sum of the foregoin letters I was a rite smart fool. I can look back and see that I ain't a proffet. Proffesy ain't my forte. Me and the preechers are both mistaken. We thought we would whip the whole of the fite but we only whipd two-thirds of it. We whipd it at the first and in the middle, but they whipd us at the last. We never counted on havin to fite all creashun in front, and Ellik Brown and Joe Stephens & Co. in the rear. It was a unfair contest. If I was a Yank I wouldn't never menshun the war as long as I lived. I'd be ashamed to. Old Xerxes with his big army whipt a few Spartins, but histry ain't got no respek for him. Now I don't want to hurt feelins. Atter a man has done a mean thing and bin cotch at it, I ain't the indivijual to keep a throwin it up to him. If the Yanks are

### BILL ARP ON THE STOCK MARKET. 195

ashamed of their konduct I'm willin to drap it and make frends. The pure breed of Yankees never was a favorite stock with me. When it's jewdishously crossed it does very well, but even then the old Yank will crop out ever anon and show the skrub. There is as much difference in peepul as there is in hosses. The pure Sutherner is bludded stock. With him honor and fair dealin and family pride are bigger things than money. The pure Yankee is a philthy luker skrub. Money is the big thing. Their cheef end of man is to keep all you git, and git all you can. They like what other peepul hav got better than their own, and they go for it and call it spekulatin. If they can't get it fast enuf that way they pass laws in Congress that will get it by degrees. Through tariffs and bounties and appropriashuns they got nearly all we had before the war, and hav stole all the ballans since. They look upon us as fomen worthy of their steal. When a Yank gits rich and don't want any more, he gits sorter honest and gives away sum to churches and colleges. Then he lays down and dies and has a whited sepulker bilt over him, and goes about huntin for Abraham's buzzum.

A poor Sutherner don't keer for a thrip, but a Yank will git rich off coppers. He will buy nails at four dollars and 90 cents a keg and retail em at 5 sents a pound. Ten sents and the keg is considered a fair profit in Konnetikut. He will speku-

late on anything in the world. I knowed one to buy his wife's dower for two hundred dollars and sell it to his daddy-in-law for a thousan. That was a cute way of makin the stingy old cuss giv him sumthin before he died. A regular Yank is a perambulating man. He out travels all creashun when huntin round for money. He don't mind goin frum Maine to Mississippi no more than we mind goin to the post offis. He insinuates himself into every land that's got anything he can git. He's smart, and he's diligent, and he's never left by the train. These is good qualities, and I wish our peepul had em. When a clever Yank cums down South and mixes with our foaks, he improves rapidly by contact, and if he comes in his youth and stays long enough and marries in a respectable family he is apt to be a good sitizen. It helps him and it helps the family, especially if its poor and proud. This kind of a cross genrully does well and brings good froot. The offspring is apt to be lively and shifty, and hav the love of money and the love of honor so butifully mixed up that you can't tell tother from which. The only danger is that the Yank may crop out occasionally and produce sum mortificashun. A cross between Massachusetts and South Callina does very well now a days. One is chuck full of money and the other of honor. The money keeps the honor from perishin, which is a good thing, for if it an't kept cumfortable it is inclined to degenerate,

and the stock runs into skrub in two generashuns. Honor, nor nuthin else, ain't bumb proof agin the debasin influence of an emty stomak. If a race hoss ain't well kept his offspring will play out; and so when a first family gits poor, the childern be-kum a sekond family, and so on and so forth, until you can't tell em from common stock.

Now, my opinyun is that a State or a Guverment ought to keep up its human stock jist like peepul keep up their cattle stock. When a man looms up above the horizon as a great man, he ought to be penshuned and supported so that he wouldn't hav to think about munny. He ort to be required to marry into another penshuned family, and in this way keep up a family of brains to draw from for our Presidents and Guvenors and law makers. They ought to be paid enuf to keep em out of temtation, and then we wouldn't have no carpet baggers nor Mobilliars, nor Cleweses, nor pig iron Kelly's, nor lobbyin bills through the house for pay. I like to see a family of brains keepin up the family reputation for generashuns to cum. I like the Adamses and Prestons and Brekenridges, and Lamars, and Bayards, and all sich, and I'm glad they was born rich. I want all great men to be rich as long as they are good. Their influence spreads all over the country and we can pint our childern to em and say "there's your mark, now shoot at it." As it is now, the struggle seems to be who can git the richest, and it don't

matter how they git munny so they git it, and ain't cocht a stealin of it. Sumtimes you see the worst sort of skrub stock blessed with an oncommon quantity of brains, and then you may look out. You mout as well surrender, for they are goin to hav a slice of your property. If they can't git it no other way they will run down an offis, or a railroad, or a Michel estate, or a lease, or git up a war and sneak out of it, or git a guvurment kontrak, or git sumthin that pays without work. A smart skrub is a dangerus animul. A cow that horns down the fense, or a hog that roots open the gate, or a hoss that lets down the draw bars is a nuisance and a cuss. They are skrub. A pure Durham, or a Berkshire, or a Harney won't do it. The old fashund fust families wouldn't do a mean thing. They was above it. They wouldn't lose their self respek. I like them sort, espeshually if they are rich. I like to live in their naborhood. They hav big ideas and big ways, and look like foaks ort to look. They hold their heads up and look at you strait when they talk to you. They don't ride nor walk like common foaks. I can tell one of em a hundred yards. It takes all sorts of foaks to make up a world, and I'm glad that kind is in it. I'm as poor as Lazzyrus, but I ain't fool enuf to hate rich foaks. I like em. If they are good stok I can pick up a rite good livin off what they throw away. But if you think you can make

anything off a rich skrub, jest try it. He don't waste enuf to keep a houn dog from starvashun. Poor foaks are a rite good thing in a country. In fakt a country is obleeged to have em to keep rich foaks in munny. That's what I've been doin all my life, and if I don't grumble at it nobody needent to. Bein poor and keepin so is my forte, but I hav had a rite good time nevertheless notwithstanding, for munny brings a heap of trubble, and the childern get so orful tired a waitin for the old man to die. Three score years and ten must be a provokin long time to foaks that's waitin. And there's that needle eye bisness, and the long divishun, and the quarrels of the lawyers over the estate. But after all I like munny, I've got nuthin agin it so far as I'm concerned. If ennybody should leave me enny, I should aksept it and shed a tear to his memory. The fakt is I would like to feel the feeling of a rich man for a little while. Maybe it would stretch me up a little. Mrs. Arp says I'm gettin hump shouldered. I would like to be an elder in a church, and give 500 dollars a year to the preacher and shake hands with the brethren and sisters at the vestybule. That would be elegant. I'm obleeged to think I'd like that.

Well, after all, it don't matter much whether a man is poor or rich. One man is about as happy as another if his hart is in his buzzum and not in

his poket. If he ain't, we can't help it, and its no use to grumble about what we can't help. A grumblin man is a nuisance. He's a skrub.

BILL ARP.



THIRTIETH PAPER.

BILL ARP ON FREEDOM.

I'M not rekonsiled. I thought I was, but I aint. I've been tryin to make peace, and make friends ever sinse the confounded old war was over, but it won't do. I've seen folks cussin round by the day, like they was tryin to get even that way, but they dident. I've knowed some to moan and grieve over it till they pined away and died out of it. I don't know whether that was a success or not. I've seen some settin around and givin advice like Sokrates and Plato, but it didn't do any good. Politishuns and editers have cavorted on the stump and in the newspapers, hollerin "hello, boys, come here, I've found the way to fix 'em—jist follow me and I'll bring you out. Step this way gentlemen, all ye that are weary and I will give you rest." But there was nary rest—nary satisfaction. The poor unrekonstructed women are the worst sufferers.

For seven years they hev been spankin around waitin for somethin to turn up, and now they are losin patience. I hev thought the children would fare better if we could git even. Poor things—they git many a spankin when their mammys are thinkin about them Yankees and them glorius old times before the war. A woman's a woman, you know, and she's bound to spank sumthin when she's mad.

Well, its powerful hard on em I know! The whole thing cum upon us so sudden—so collapsy. It was like we all had moved to another country. Them good old nigger days was jest blotted out like fallin into a celler. If we could have slid into it quietly and slantendikular, if slavery could have sorter tapered out and freedom sorter tapered in, everybody could have got used to it. But when freedom cum it cum like a whirlwind or a water-spout, or an avylanch, or more like a drove of wild pigeons coming home to roost. It fairly darkened the atmusphear, and its dark yet. Talk about manners and customs and statisticks! Why we wasent the same people. A Geography made in January '65, wasent worth a cent in June. We didnt have the same ways. We was subjued, subjugated, superseded, and that new clover begun to spred all over the sunny land. Jim Mullens says it always grows in conkered countries. It was curious to see the darkies steppin off the lot without axin. The pass bisness was abolished

before we ever thought about it. I've got some old printed ones now as a memorial.

"Let the bearer, Jim go to his wife's house, at Tom Clayton's, and stay till Monday morning.

"WM. ARP."

Discontinued—defunct, *passed* away with the glory of this Western hemisfere. We used to say:

"Here, Bob, go and catch Selim, and saddle him, and bring him here in five minutes, you black raskal—hurry up, you son of a gun, or I'll straiten you with a thrash pole tell you can't see. Go sir."

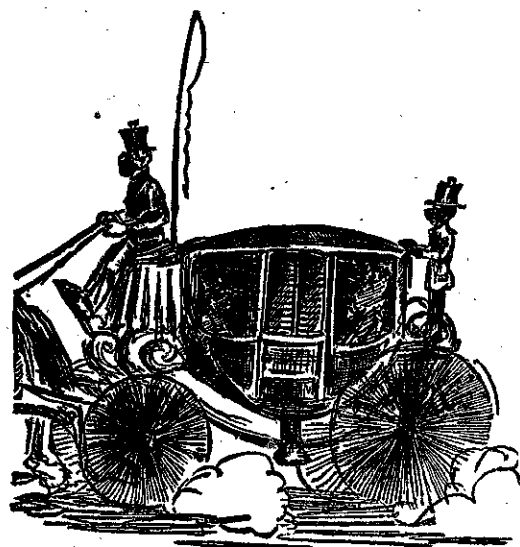
Now its:

"Oh, see here, Bob, I would like to have my horse brought out, if you ain't doin anything partikler; bring him as soon as you can, will you?" I golly, there aint many of us can say that, for we haint got the horse or the nigger.

And theres the poor women—good souls—its all we can do to taper em down to the situation.

Well, it hurts em, I know it does. It hurts this generation mity bad, but the children growin up and comin on dont mind it, for they never knowd much about slavery times. We old people wont last long no how, and perhaps by the time we pass away and a new crop grows up on both sides, the North and South will be better friends. I hope so, for if we havent been an unhappy family for 50

years I dont know where you'll find one. I can't help recallin them old times when my old carriage



driver sot up on a high dicky, with a stove pipe hat on, and popped a proud whip over a pair of crackin blood bays, and a little yaller nig a standin up behind the carriage a holdin

to the straps and a feelin bigger and grander than Julius Cesar Demosthenees Alexander Bonaparte. Old times farewell! vain world farewell! Now I've got no fore nigger, nor hind nigger, nor



blood bays, nor carriage, nor nothin, and if I want to go any where, thank the good Lord for his mercies, I am allowd to walk. Well, everythings different. Them old

fashund runaway nigger picters that used to be scattered along down a whole column is all van-

ished. Them picters of abskonded darkeys just a trottin off with the hind foot stickin up and lookin like the top side of an Alabama tarapin; a stick on the shoulder and a little bundle on the end of it; gone, all gone!

"Run away from the subscriber, a coal black nigger, named Dave, about 17 years old, 5 feet 6 inches high. Anybody catchin him and lodgin him in jail can git \$20 reward."

Darn 'em—there's more of 'em catch the jail now than there did then. Them old pictur dies are for sale cheap at this offis. They aint no use now, but the jail is, it's kept full frum court to court. Some of 'em want masters, share, and they git 'em, too. I reckon Alexander and Grant's Railroad chain gang now thinks slavery days was a perfect garden of Eden.

But somehow I like the plagy things, and while I last on the top side of the sile I want 'em a hangin around. I like my dog Bowse, and I like them; but blame my cats ef I like the way the thing all happened. I wish there was some way to git satisfaction. Old Greeley's hand busted, and little Alek's advisin peace on earth and good will to man; but I dont like the way it was dun. I want a new deal of the kards. Mrs. Arp dont like it, and as long as she dont, I dont, and I dont expect to.

BILL ARP.



### THIRTY-FIRST PAPER.

#### BILL ARP ON THE COLLAPSE.

As the poet sed "the agony is over." Them cards in the sleeve would hav beat any honest hand. Bes-i-des, as Thomp. Allan would say, we playd badly. Baltimore Convention, and O'Connor and Alek Stevens, and a limited supply of votes, has beat us. Well, we still live. I'm not goin to bed about it. Old Greeley ain't no kin to me. Grant ain't neither, and thats whats the matter. I talked for Greeley and writ for him and voted for him, but I never did hanker after him. It made such an everlastin fuss in my family I had like to run away. You see Mrs. Arp wasent rekonsiled. She were a strait, and when she aint rekonsiled things aint as plassid as a silver lake around my house. I dont mean that times are hot or desperate, but to say the least of it they are pekuiliar. A man likes to hav his bed and his board sereen. Dont he? So you see as my wife was a strait it

didnt become me to be very crooked. And I wasent—at home. Shes a goodoman and she'l endure everything and never grunt nor groan, but she wont compermise worth a cent. I told her I had no pertikler use for Greeley and that he was a darnd old infatyated humbug, and that newspapers belonged to the great unterryfide, unsatisfide, transmorgrifide Democratic party and must keep into line. She sed sum remarks about papers lyin by the day and by the week and about self respect and independence and the like, and I grew meek like Moses in a few minutes. The fact is I'm a meek man. I've laid awake of nights a ruminatin how meek I was.

Mrs. Arp thinks that papers ought to take "TRUTH" for a motto and work up to it. I told her it would be a dangerous experiment, but she says it has never been tried yet. If I wasent afeerd the little Arps would perish to deth durin the experiment I would try it. Old Shank says we cant be worsted for he has tride lyin for 20 years and it wont pay. He says it would be an episode in the press, a kuroosity, something like a elephant or an eklipse or John Robyson's circus. He says sometimes a paper sukseeds by lyin, like the New York *Herald* and the *Tribune* and Forney's paper, but it has to be well backed. The *Herald* has got so now it can quit party and set back in a cheer and tell the truth in its old age; like an old spekulator who has made a fort-

une by cheatin and lyin and then puts his money in stocks and retires. He says that political papers lie from 90 per cent. down to 10, and that Forney is the only editor who ever went full up to a 100 and kept it there.

Well, now that Grant has got in, I don't see any necessity for runnin newspapers at a high pressure. If all the lyin issues aint ded, they are past doctorin. Now is a good time to go to developin the country. We can raise children and chickens by the 1,000 in 4 years. Some of our folks is a tellin around how the country *could* have been saved, and all that. Old Shank thinks he knows, but he don't. He's a good fellow, old Shank is. He don't gas around, but jest tells me privately, and asks me to say nothin about it, which I don't. But I heard one feller a goin it, and he said, "Gentlemen, if the people of the South had hav taken my advice, this kalamity wouldent have happened. I talked to em, and preached to em, but you might as well hav tried to stop a Gawtamaller hurricane with a thimble full of sulphuretted hydrogen gas."

Well, I don't like his sort nor his gas. It don't do any good. The thing has happened—the dog is ded. Grant aint agoing to take away our bred corn nor tobaker. As for a few little post offices and tax collektors, I didnt care anything about em. Them whats got em needs em, I reken, and its took a power of low down hard work to get em.

We've got all the State officers from Gov. Smith down to the bottom, and I'm satisfied. Hurrah for old Georgy!

BILL ARP.

P. S.—I remarked to-day in a crowd: "We are a nation of thieves," and an offis holder slipped up to me and whispered, "Call no names, Bill, call no names." Thars something wrong about that man.

B. A.



## THIRTY-SECOND PAPER.

### BILL ARP ON BILL TELL.

PROFESSOR KOLL has just found out that there never was such a man as William Tell. I don't know that krout-eatin Koll, but I'll bet he's mad with some feller by the name of Tell, and went to work to undermine his family. If there is a passel of folks upon the face of the earth who enjoy my contempt, it is them fellers who are always tryin to pull down and never build up. A man may do a heap of good things, but if he makes one little mistake they'll talk about that and throw it up forever. They always mention it with a *but*. "He's a very smart man, *but*. He would be a great man, *but*. His intentions are very good, *but*," Regular sappers and miners they are. They suck all the sap out of a tree to kill it, and then undermine it to throw it down.

Now, here's a feller who can't make himself notorious in any other way, and so he goes to sap-

pin and minin Bill Tell. Now, I don't believe one word of it. I was named for Bill, and if there want no such man, then I'm nobody but Arp—that's all. That feller is a fool, and he's got a big job on hand if he thinks he can rob history of its best story, and make a hundred million of folks believe what he says. He's envious of Bill. Because he can't shoot an apple, or string a cross-bow, or make himself famous, he don't want anybody else to. Every few years some conceited fool attacks history. I understand they've got a society to bile it down and stew it. Well, its sorter like washing for gold—they lose more than they catch.

Now it aint been very long since one feller denied that Bill Shakespeare ever lived. Well they are sorter hard on the Bills, aint they? Another wrote several columns to prove that old Bonaparte died before he was born, and another man took up forty pages of a Yankee magazine to prove that one of the Bourbons was livin in obscurity on the banks of Lake Michilimackinack. He hated old Bonaparte's family so bad that he was willin to swindle a half-bred Canady Indian onto the throne of France.

Now there was a Gesler, and he was a tyrant, and Bill Tell wouldnt tip his hat to him, and he put him in jail, and Bill's son Henric was a noble little boy, and Henric was to die unless Bill shot an apple off his head, and little Henric was blind-

folded and stood firm as a rock and still as the grave, and there was a prayer, and a shot and a shout, and the little boy was saved, and the apple was hit in the center. All that's so, and Tell way-laid old Gesler afterwards and killed him and set Switzerland free. Its all so. Its been in the books ever since I was born. I've read it a hundred times, and told it to Bull Run and Chickahominy and Bob Lee, and all the little Arps, and I'm not going to take it back, and if I had found out it wasent true, I wouldnt have told it for a thousand dollars, and I don't like the man who did tell it, nor the man, woman or child who believes it, for its like robbin a dead preacher of his tombstone, to rob history of William Tell.

My opinion is that the peace and happiness of the country is in danger from these sappers and miners. We'll all have to have a creed and swear to it.

I believe in Geo. Washington and his hatchet, and Isaac Newton and his apple tree. I believe in Bonaparte and Shakespeare, and Andy Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. I believe in Santa Claws and Pocahontas and John Smith and Ben Franklin and Jefferson Davis and Dixie, and the 4th of July 1776. I believe that an old man onst found a rude boy up one of his apple trees a stealin apples. I believe the milk maid spilt her milk when she tossed her head and said, "Green it shall be." I believe in Robinson Crusoe

and his man Friday, and the island of Juan Fernandes. I believe in old Mother Goose and Cinderilla and John Robinson's Circus. I believe in Greeley and Bennett and Prentice, and other dead editors, except Sam Bard, late of the *Chatanooga Herald*, deceased. I believe most solemnly that Ben Butler stole spoons. I believe in the big battles of Waterloo and Bull Run and Thermopylee and Dorking and Leather's Ford. That last battle was immortalized in verse by Jack Jones when he wrote, "Big fitin John Sanford, he fit a mity battle. He fout it at the ford, where Leather's stole the cattle." I believe that Gen. Grant told the truth when he said they had two million six hundred and eighty-eight thousand of soldiers in the field in the late war. I believe that old Sherman marched through Georgia about half a mile behind me and my folks, and that Big John was saved by tieing a knot in his steer's tail. He needent deny it, for I saw the knot.

BILL ARP.

### THIRTY-THIRD PAPER.

HAPPY GEORGE.

I TELL you, Bill, there's nothin troubles me but the want of a job. If I can keep in work and out of money, I'm happy. I want a heap of work, and I would like it at home. I don't want to be runin about over the country a huntin of it. Bill, I'll tell you what's a fact, I dreamed one night that Old Master spake to me, and says he, "George." Says I, "Sir." And says he, "You're a good plasterer, and you love to work and you want a job. Now I want you to go to building your staging, and you must build it high, for I want all the blue sky above you plastered over with a hard finish, and I want a center piece put round every star." Thinks I that's a job that will last awhile, and I went to making out my bills for poles and staging lumber as fast as I could. Golly, Bill, what a job it would be if a feller could get at it. I could plaster and whistle and sing all the year

HAPPY GEORGE.

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round. I like work, but I don't like money. I rather be paid off in little orders—orders for meat and meal and molasses and mackerel. Money bothers me. It gits mixed up in my pocket with my knife and tobacco and tooth pick and strings and nails and all such. Somehow I was born with a dislike of money. I never see a rich man that I ain't sorry for him. I sympathise with him, for I know he must be enjoyin a sight of trouble in this world, and then his chances in the next are so mortal slim. I dispise a lazy man, Bill, as much as anybody, but if I thought I was in any danger of gittin rich out of mortar, I'd put the price down to ten cents a yard, shore. I want to eat and sleep and sing in peace, and I know a man can't do it who is jist a workin his day-lights out to increase the size of his pile. I don't want any surplus about me. I don't like surpluses. I never have surplus provisions, nor surplus room in my house. It gits me into trouble. My house had three rooms in it and I swapped it off for a smaller one. I ain't stingy a bit and I'll divide the last cent with my friends, but if folks will all work there wont be any occasion to divide. They'll all have a plenty. Last year when me and Jinny Ann was trying to live in three rooms, one day a great big, double-shouldered second cousin of hers by her step-father's side came poking in just as we sit down to dinner. He is the houngriest lookin man generally you ever seed, and he swept the

platter clean that time. He was powerful glad to see Jenny Ann and the baby; and that night he come back to supper and he set by the fire a chaw-in his tobacco and swapped lies with us untill bed time, and we put him in the surplus room and he sawed gourds so, it was after midnight before we got to sleep. Next mornin Jinny Ann cooked two middlin size mackerel for breakfast



and he took half a one on his plate and it was gone at two swipes and Jenny Ann axed him to take sum more and he did. He was my wife's second cousin by her step-father's side, and he stayed on for three days jest a knockin about town a swappin lies and chawin tobacker. Next mornin he told Jenny Ann he thought so much of her and the baby he wanted his gals to see 'em and they wanted to cum, and as Old John Robinson's circus was a cumin to town he'd bring the gals up to stay a few days if it was all agreeable; and with that he took up the baby and said it was perhaps the purtiest little critter in the world, and right then Jenny Ann said yes she reckoned he might bring the gals up. Well, you see when she told me what her second cousin by her step-father's side

was up to, I reniged. I had stood it about as long as possible. I told Jenny Ann that I had a power of respect for her kin, but seein as how her mother was dead and her step-father had married again and as how her second cousin by her step-father's side was always hungry and could eat as much and as often as a nigger's houn, he and his gals shouldn't quarter on me, so we jest locked up the house that evening and took a week's board across the street at a neighbors. Shore enuf they come that night about dark, him and the gals and they all got out of the little old rickety carryall and about that time he looked towards the house and hollered, "hello;" then waited awhile and hollered "hello" a little louder. Nary door opened, nary dog barked. We was watchin him from our nabors window and mity nigh dyin with laffin. HELLO! HELLO!! He went up to the door and tapped it with the butt end of his thrash pole and says in a sorter sickly way for the last time, hello. Jenny thought about the "purty baby" just then, and says she, "George, we oughtend't to do 'em so," but I was as firm as a rock and I chawed my tobacco with a satisfaction when I saw my wife's second cousin by her step-father's side whip up that old swinnied mule and drive them hungry gals over to a third-class boardin house. Now, Bill, that trouble and fuss cum from havin a surplus, and as for me and my folks we hav quit it. May the good Lord have



mercy upon me, and give me plenty of work and a mighty little money is my prayer. Lime and water and sand and hair, and a wall to spread it on will do me. If I can git plenty of that I'll risk the ballance, and my wife's second cousin by her step-father's side throw'd in.



## THIRTY-FOURTH PAPER.

## BILL ARP MAKES SOME REMARKS.

I REKON I've lived as much as most foaks accord-  
in to age and I aint tired of livin yit. I like it.  
I've seen good times, and bad times, and hard  
times, and times that tried men's soles, but I never  
seed a time that I couldnt extrakt sum cumfort  
out of trubble. When I was a boy I was a lively  
little devil and lost my edycashun bekaus I couldnt  
see enuf fun in the spellin book to get thru it.—  
I'm sorry for it now, for a blind man can see what  
a fool I am. The last skhoolin I got was the day  
I run from John Norton, and there was so much  
fun in that my daddy sed he rekoned I'd got larnin  
enuf. I had a bile on my back as big as a ginney  
egg and it was mighty nigh ready to bust. We  
boys had got in a way of ringin the bell before old  
Norton got there, and he sed that the first boy he  
kotch at it would ketch hail kolumby. Shore enuf  
he slipped upon us one mornin and before I knowed  
it he had me by the collar and was layin it on like

killin snakes. I hollered "my bile, my bile, don't hit me on my bile," and just then he popped a center shot and I jumped three feet in the atmosphere and with a hoop and a beller I took to my heels. I run and hollered like the devil was after me, and shore enuf he was. His long legs gained on me at every jump, but just as he was about to grab me I made a double on him and got a fresh start. I was aktiv as a cat and so we had it over fences, thru the woods, and round the meetin house, and all the boys was standin on skool house hill a hollerin, "go it my Bill—go it my Bill." As good luck would have it there was a grape vine a swingin away ahead of me, and I ducked my head under it just as old Norton was about two jumps behind. He hadn't seen it, and it took him about the middle and throwed him the hardest summerset I ever seed a man git. He was tired and I knowd it, and I stopped about three rods off and laffed at him as loud as I could ball. I forgot all about my bile. He never follered me another step, for he was plum giv out, but he set there bareheaded and shook his hickory at me lookin as mad and as miserable as possible. That lick on my bile was about the keenest pain I ever felt in my life and liked to have killed me. It busted as wide open as a soap trof and let every drop of the juice out, but I've had a power of fun thinkin about it for the last forty years.

But I didn't start to tell you about that.

## JIM ALLCORN.

I was only thinkin how much better it is to be in a lively humor than be goin about like a disappointed offis seeker. Good humor is a blessed thing in a family and smoothes down a heap of trubble. I never was mad but a few times in my life, and then I wasn't mad long. Foaks thought I was mad when I fout Jim Allcorn, but I wasent. I never had had any grudge agin Jim. He had never done me any harm, but I could hear of his sayin around in the naborhood that Bill Arp had played cock of the walk long enuf. So one day I went over to Chulio court ground to joak with the boys, and shore enuf Jim was there, and I soon perseeved that the devil was in him. He had never been whipped by anybody in the distrikt, and he outweighed me by about fifteen pounds. A drink or two had made him sassy, and so he commenced walkin around first to one crowd and then another darin anybody to fite him. He would pint to his forrerd and say, "I'll give anybody five dollars to hit that." I was standin tawkin to Frank Air and John Johnsin, and as nobody took up Jim's offer, thinks, says I to myself, if he cums round here a huntin for a fite he shall have one, by golly. If he dares me to hit him I'll do it if it's the last lick I ever strike on this side of Jordin. Frank Air looked at me and seemed to know what I was

a thinkin, and, says he, "Bill, jest let Allcorn alone. He's too big for you, and besides, there ain't nothin to fite about." By this time Jim was makin rite towards us. I put myself in position, and by the time he got to us every muscle in my body was strung as tite as a banjo. I was worked up powerful, and felt like I could whip a camp meetin of wild cats. Shore enuf Jim stepped up defiantly, and lookin me rite in the eye, says he, "I dare anybody to hit that," and he touched his knuckles to his forrerd. He had barely straitened before I took him rite in the left eye with a sock-dolyger that popped like a wagin whip. It turned him half round, and as quick as lightnin I let him hav another on the right temple, and followed it up with a leap that sprawled him as flat as a foot mat. I knowed my customer, and I never giv him time to rally. If ever a man was diligent in business it was me. I took him so hard and so fast in the eyes with my fists, and in his bred basket with my knees, that he didn't hav a chance to see or to breathe, and he was the worst whipped man in two minets I ever seed in my life. When he hollered I helped him up and breshed the dirt off his clothes, and he was as umble as a ded nigger and as sober as a Presbyterian Preacher. We took a dram on the strength of it, and was always good frends afterwards.

But I didnt start to tell you about that.

JIM PERKINS (cousin of Eli).

I jist wanted to say that I wasent mad with Jim Allcorn as sum peepul supposed ; but it do illustrate the onsertainty of human kalkulashuns in this subloonery world. The disappointments of life are amazin, and if a man wants to fret and grumble at his luck he can find a reesunable oppertunity to do so every day that he lives. Them sort of constitutional grumblers aint much cumpany to me. I'd rather be Jim Perkins with a bullit hole through me and take my chances. Jim, you know, was shot down at Gains' mill, and the ball went in at the umbilikus, as Dr. Battey called it, and cum out at the backbone. The Doktor sounded him, and, sez he, "Jeems, my friend, your wound is mortal." Jim looked at the Doktor, and then at me, and, sez he, "that's bad aint it?" "Mighty bad," sez I, and I was as sorry for him as I ever was for anybody in my life. Sez he, "Bill I'd make a will if it warnt for one thing." "What's that, Jim?" sez I. He sorter smiled and sez, "I haint got nuthin to will." He then raised up on his elbow and, sez he, "Doktor, is there one chance in a hundred for me?" and the Doktor sez, "jest about Jim." "Well, then," sez he, "I'll git well—I feel it in my gizzard." He looked down at the big hole in his umbilikus, and sez he, "If I do git well won't it be a great *naval* viktry,

Doktor Battey?" Well shore enuff he did git well, and in two months he was a fitin the Yanks away up in Maryland.

But I didn't start to tell you about that.

IKE MACKOY.

I jest stuck it in by way of illustratin the good effeks of keepin up one's spirits. My motto has always been to never say die, as Gen. Nelson sed at the battle of Madagascar, or sum other big river. All things considered, I've had a power of good luck in my life. I don't mean money luck, by no means, for most of my life I've been so ded poor that Lazarus would hev been considered a note shaver compared with me. But I've been in a heap of close places and sumhow always cum out rite side up with keer. Speakin of luck, I don't know that I ever told you about that rassel I had with Ike McKoy at Bob Hide's barbyku. You see Ike was perhaps the best rasler in all Cherokee, and he jest hankered after a chance to break a bone or two in my body. Now, you know, I never hunted for a fite nor a fuss in my life, but I never dodged one. I didnt want a tilt with Ike, for my opinyun was that he was the best man of the two, but I never sed anything and jest trusted to luck. We was both at the barbyku, and he put on a heap of airs and strutted around with his shirt collar open clean down to his waist, and his hat cocked

on one side as sassy as a confedrit quartermaster. He took a dram or two and stuffed himself full of fresh meat at dinner time. Purty soon it was norated around that Ike was going to banter me for a rassel, and, shore enuff, he did. The boys were all up for sum fun, and Ike hollered out "I'll bet ten dollars I can paster the length of any man on the ground, and I'll giv Bill Arp five dollars to take up the bet." Of course there was no gittin around the like of that. The banter got my blood up, and so, without waitin for preliminaries, I shucked myself and went in. The boys was all powerfully excited, and was a bettin evry dollar they could raise; and Bob Moore, the feller I had licked about a year before, jumped on a stump and sed hed bet twenty dollars to ten that Ike would knock the breath out of me the first fall. I jest walked over to him with the money and sed, "I'll take that bet." The river was right close to the ring, and the bank was purty steep. I had on a pair of old breeches that had been sained in and dried so often they was about half rotten. When we hitched, Ike took good britches hold and lifted me up and down a few times like I was a child. He was the heaviest, but I had the most spring in me, and so I jest let him play round for sum time, limber like, until he suddenly took a notion to make short work of it by one of his backleg movements. He drawed me up to his body and lifted me in the air with a powerful twist. Just at that

minit his back was close to the river bank, and as my feet touched the ground I giv a tremenjius jerk backwards and a shuv fowards, and my britches busted plum open on the back, and tore clean off in the belly, and he fell from me and tumbled into the water, kerchug, and went out of sight as clean as a mud turtle in a mill pond. Such hollerin as them boys done I rekon never was heard in them woods. I jumped in and helped Ike get out as he riz to the top. He had took in a quart or two of water on top of his barbyku, and he set on the bank and throwd up enuf vittels to feed a pack of houns for a week. When he got over it he laffd and sed Sally told him before he left home he'd better let Bill Arp alone—for nobody could run agin his luck. Ike always believed he would hav throwd me if britches holt hadent broke, and I rekon maybe he would. One thing is sartin, it cured him of braggin, and that helps anybody. I never did like a braggin man. As a genrul thing they aint much akkout, and remind me of a dog I used to have, named Cesar.

## DOGS.

But I didnt start to tell you a dog story—only now, since I've mentioned him, I must tell you a circumstance about Cees. He was a middlin size broot, with fox ears and yaller spots over his eyes and could out bark and out brag all creation when he was inside the yard. If another dog was goin

along he'd run up and down the palins and bark and take on like he'd give the world if that fence wasent there. So one day when he, was showin off in that way I caught him by the nap of the neck as he run by me and jest histed him right over and drapped him. He struck the ground like an injun rubber ball, and was back agin on my side in a jiffy. If he had ever jumped that fence before I didnt know it. The other dog run a quarter of a mile without stoppin. Now, that's the way with sum foaks. If you want to hear war tawk jest put a fence between em; and if you want it stopped, jest take the fence away. Dogs is mighty like peepul anyhow. They've got karakter. Sum of em are good honest trusty dogs that bark mity little, and bite at the right time. Sum are good pluk, and will fite like the dickens when their masters is close by to back em, but aint worth a cent by themselves. Sum make it a bizness to make other dogs fite. You've seen these little fices a runnin around growlin and snappin when two big dogs cum together. They are jest as keen to get up a row and see a big dog fite as a store clerk or a shoemaker, and seem to enjoy it as much. And then, there's them mean yaller eyed bull terriers that don't care who they bite, so they bite sumbody. They are no respekter of persons, and I never had much respekt for a man who kept one on his premises. But of all mean, triflin, contemptible dogs in the world, the meanest of all is a country nigger's

houn—one that will kill sheep, and suck eggs, and lick the skillet, and steal evrything he can find, and try to do as nigh like his master as possibul. Sum dogs are filosofers, and study other dog's natur, just like foaks study foaks. It's amazin to see a town dog trot up to a country dog and interview him. How quick he finds out whether it will do to attack him or not. If the country dog shows fite jest notis the consequential dignity with which the town dog retires. He goes off like there was a sudden emergency of bisness a callin him away. Town dogs sumtimes combine agin a country dog, jest like town boys try to run over country boys. I wish you could see Dr. Miller's dog Cartoosh. He jest lays in the piazzer all day watchin out for a stray dog, and as soon as he sees him he goes for him, and he can tell in half a minit whether he can whip him or run him, and if he can, he does it instanter, and if he can't, he runs to the next yard where there's two more dogs that nabor with him, and in a minit they all cum a tarin out together, and that country dog has to run or take a whippin, shore. I've seen Cartoosh play that game many a time. These town pups remind me powerfully of small editurs prowlin around for news. In my opinyun they is the inventors of the interview bisness.

## INTERVIEWERS.

If it aint a doggish sort of bisnes I'm mistaken in

my idees of the proprieties of life. When a man gits into trubble, these sub editurs go fur him right strait, and they force their curoosity away down into his heart strings, and bore into his buzzom with an augur as hard and as cold as child iron. Then away they go to skatter his feelins and sekrets to the wide, wide world. You see the poor feller can't help himself, for if he wont talk, they'll go off and slander him, and make the publik beleieve he's dun sumthing mean, and is ashamed to own it. I've knowd em to go into a dungeon and interview a man who didnt have two hours to live. Dod rot em. I wish one of em would try to interview me. If he didnt catch leather under his coat tail it would be bekaus he retired prematurely—that's all. But I like editurs sorter—especially sum. I like them that is the gardeens of sleepin liberty, and good morals, and publik welfare, and sich like; but there's sum kinds I don't like. Them what makes sensation a bizness; feedin the peepul on skandal, and crime, and gossip, and private quarrels, and them what levies black mail on polytiks, and won't go for a man who won't pay em, and will go for a man that will. Them last watch for elekshun times jest like a sick frog waitin for rain.

As Bill Nations used to say, I'd drather be a luniak and gnaw chains in an asylum, than to be an editur that evry body feard and nobody respekted.



## BILL NATIONS.

You never knowd Bill I rekun. Hes gone to Arkansas and I dont know whether hes ded or alive. He was a good feller, Bill was, as most all whisky drinkers are. Me and him both used to love it powerful—especially Bill. We soaked it when we could git it, and when we coudent we hankered after it amazingly. I must tell you a little antidote on Bill tho I didnt start to tell you about that.

We started on a little jurney one day in June, and took along a bottle of "old rye," and there was so many springs and wells on the road, that it was mighty nigh gone before dinner. We took our snack and Bill drained the last drop, for he said we would soon git to Joe Paxton's, and that Joe always kept some.

Shore enuff Joe didnt have a drop, and we concluded as we was mighty dry to go on to Jim Alfords and stay all night. We knew that Jim had it for he always had it. So we whipped up and the old Bay had to travel, for I tell you when a man wants whiskey everything has to bend to the gittin of it. Shore enuff Jim had some. He was mity glad to see us and he knowd what we wanted, for he knowd how it was hisself. So he brought out an old fashend glass decanter, and a shugar bowl, and a tumbler, and a spoon, and says he, "now boys jest wait a minit till you git rested

sorter, for it aint good to take whiskey on a hot stomach. I've jest been readin a piece in Grady's newspaper about a frog—the darndest frog that perhaps ever come from a tadpole. It was found up in Kanetucky, and is as big as a peck measure. Bill, do you take this paper and read it aloud to us. I'm a poor hand to read and I want to hear it. I'll be hanged if it ain't the darndest frog I ever hearn of." He laid the paper on my knees and I begun to read, thinkin it was a little short antidote, but as I turned the paper over I found it was mighty nigh a column. I took a side glance at Bill, and I saw the little dry twitches a jumpin about on his countenance. He was mighty nigh dead for a drink. I warent so bad off myself and I was about half mad with him for drainin the bottle before dinner; so I just read along slow and stopped two or three times to clear my throat just to consume time. Pretty soon Bill got up and commenced walkin about, and he would look at the dekanter like he would give his daylights to choke the corn juice out of it. I read along slowly. Old Alvord was a listnin and chawin his tobakker and spittin out of the door. Bill come up to me, his face red and twitchin, and leanin over my shoulder he seed the length of the story, and I will never forgit his pityful tone as he whispered—"skip some, Bill, for heaven's sake skip some."

My heart relented and I did skip some and hur-

ried through, and we all jined in a drink, but I'll never forgit how Bill looked when he whispered to me to "skip some, Bill, skip some." I've got over the like of that, boys, and I hope Bill has too, but I don't know. I wish in my soul that everybody had quit it, for you may talk about slavery, and penitentiary, and chain-gangs, and the yankees, and General Grant and a devil of a wife, but whiskey is the worst master that ever a man had over him. I know how it is myself.

But there is one good thing about drinkin. I almost wish every man was a reformd drunkard. No man who hasn't drank liker knows what a luxury cold water is. I have got up in the night in cold wether after I had been spreein around, and gone to the well burnin up with thirst, feeling like the gallows, and the grave, and the infernal regions was too good for me, and when I took up the bucket in my hands, and with my elbows a trem-  
lin like I had the shakin ager, put the water to my lips; it was the most delicious, satisfyin, luxurius draft that ever went down my throat. I have stood there and drank, and drank until I could drink no more, and gone back to bed thankin God for the pure, innocent, and coolin beverig, and cursin myself from my inmost soul for ever touchin the accursed whisky. In my torture of mind and body I have made vows and promises, and broken em within a day. But if you want to know the luxury of cold water, get drunk, and keep at it until you get

on fire, and then try a bucket full with your shirt on at the well in the middle of the night. You won't want a gourd full—you'll feel like the bucket aint big enuf, and when you begin to drink, an earthquake couldn't stop you. My fathers, how good it was. I know a hundred men who will swear to the truth of what I say; but you see its a thing they don't like to talk about. It's too humiliatin.

But I didnt start to talk about drinkin. In fact I've forgot what I did start to tell you. My mind is sorter addled now a days anyhow, and I hav to jes let my tawkin tumble out permiskuous. I'll take another whet at it afore long, and fill up the gaps.

Yours trooly,

BILL ARP.



## THIRTY-FIFTH PAPER.

### WORSHIP.

THE amount of religion that appears to go to church of a Sunday mornin, it seems, ort to satisfy any reasonable man. Whether its all genuwine and lastin or not, I can't say, but sertainly its a heap better to have a little religion on Sunday than not have it at all. Suppose you do smell a little fire and brimstone about a man of a week day, when he's dealin in money, its a great releef to see him on Sunday goin to meetin with a brass bound hime book under his arm, and lookin like he was in about three feet of hevin. A meetin house is a mity good place to fix up the comin week's bisseness. A man can set there and be a lookin rite strate at the preecher with a pare of glazed eyes and an iron klad bozum, and premeditate evry trade he wants to make next day. Well, you see, the poor fellers want to git rich so they can give

### WORSHIP.

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more to the preacher—that's all. It's a siense to watch a worshipin kongregashun. You can tell what they are a thinkin about by the way they set, and look.

Sum of the old ones git sleepy, and it keeps em bissy to hide it.

That's about as much worship

as can be xpekted of them. It's all they can do until they get more awaknin grace. Them boys what's crawld along up to that age when foaks think they know the most, go there as a sort of atonement for what they hav bin a doin, or a payin in advance for what they are a goin to do. Jest goin to church, is enuf—gittin in under the eaves like. And it's a good place to look at sweetharts. Matches are made in Heven, they say, and the church is the next best place tho they may be Lusifer matches. Them boys can stand up as strate as a libberty pole and never move a hed or bat an eye and see evry gal in the gallery. My opinyun is the wimmen are a heap better than the men, that is the most of em. There ain't nuthin mity bad in their watchin a few ribbons on their



nabors bonnits, but I hav thot it was wunderful how they could take it all in in an hour and listen to the preecher, too, but I've no dout they can do it. Woman is a wonderful creetur, and what a blessin! What a capacity for *takin in*, text, sermon, bonnits, ribbins, vales, flowers, flounses, dresses, run-rounds, hang-overs, whim-a-diguls, stick-outs, stand-ups, rip-raps, and all. Wunderful creeturs, them. Nobody but an angel could do it, and that's how they got the name. They saved this kountry, if they didn't save Sodom. The time may cum when we'll need em to keep off the shower, for I'm not sertin there's enuf *men* in Rome to do it. I beleeve old Abraham sarched diligently for *ten* and couldn't find em. Well, maybe there is that many here in the fork of these rivers, but I'm afeerd DeSoto and Licksillet, and all such little places would go up.

But I think the wimmin will save us, so far as this world is concerned. The danger is that if the shower does cum, and they hav to git away, that salt business would be a big thing. My goodness, there would be enuf salt staks a standin roun to make deer licks for all this kountry; for the blessed wimmin would look back, salt or no salt.

Our foaks are resunabul, and clever, and akkomodative, and all that, but their idee of brakin sperits, and contritin harts, and drinkin in grace in a meetin house, likes a heap of bein developed. They would enjoy a power of religion if they could

buy it. If a dollar or two would allow a man to do a rite smart of devilment, it would be a good way to support the church. That suits human natur mity well. You see, then, our foaks could cheat a man in a trade, or lie a little, or git on a bender, or go to a sirkus, or bet on a hoss race, and it wouldn't be anybody's business. It wouldn't be talked about, for he had paid for it to the church, and got a lisenise. It would rase a power of money, shore! Them emty pews, and them poor preachers. I'm sorry for em. The Lord keeps em umble, and the peepul keeps em poor, but they are hopeful. Their faces shine as they keep pullin up the hill of Zion. We've got all sorts of peepul, but they are the best, and I would rather see all the balanse go down than hav the preachers and the churches sunk.

I like preachers bekaus they is human, though a heap of 'em hav tuk up an idee that they aint. Thers a haf a duzen sorts a claimin to have come rite strait along down from St. Paul in a postolik sucksesshion, and maybe they did, but the trubble is they are all discreditin one another, and keepin the people in a ferment, as to which line is the genuwine. Now my opinyun are that every good honest friendly christian preacher is good enuf for the like of me and is a blessin to mankind, and that all of em come down in a sorter of a chain, but then it has been broke so often and the devil has slipped in so many spurius links it aint much ak-

kount now. I never liked foaks that was always a braggin on their ancestors. I like good stock but I think its a heap better for every tub to stand on its own bottom, and jes so I think it would be a heap better if them preachers would quit tawkin about chains and draw the people towards hevin by the force of their own example. They can do it. I knowd a man onct who was so feard he would take the wrong rode that he jined the Methodist Church and made em dip him in a mill pond and then moved away and jined the Piskopilians so as to be shore he was in the true Church. The poor feller took sik not long after and sent for a Catholik Prest to give him the grand junction before he died. The good Lord only knows where he went, for I dont, only I know the quarrels among the preachers got his poor soul awfully tangled.

I like the umble misshionary preacher whot goes about huntin up poor foaks and helpin em on to hevin through the briars and cane brakes of life. City Preachers is mity good and very nessesery I know, but they do hav a powerful hard time tryin to keep their Churches from dyin of respectability. If you want to see religun thrive all over and kept lively jest go out into the back woods and hear em sing oldfashend himes without a orgin and listen to em say "amen" when the preacher is prayin "we thank thee that it is as well with us to-day as what it is." I tell you them

brethren can hoe more corn next day than a sinner can in a week. Old father Bogin was the man for them peepul, tho he had a power of human devilment mixed up with his religion. I hearn him preach to a house full of niggers one mighty hot night, and he tawked to em jes like brimstone was a ranin down on top of the house. The dar-kies groaned and shouted tremengious, and kept gittin up closer and closer to him until he was mighty nigh suffocated with the colored perfumery. He looked over to John Divine who sot by a winder, and ses, "Bro. Jack, will you please burn a rag while I pray."

I axd him one day what made him preach so hard to them niggers and was he tryin to carry out Gen'l Grants Civil rites Bill. He sed he wished Grant and his Bill was at the bottom of the Black Sea; that the niggers was a volatile race, and had to be konverted onst a week, just like goin to mill. He said a big skeer of a Sunday night would jest about last em to the next Sunday, and keep em out of jail and saved the county right smart expense. He sed he tried to get the Northern Methodists to preach to em but they sed the niggers didnt pay em, and they didnt cum down here to work for nuthin.

Daddy Bogin had a power of Hardshell fun in him, and would get up a big argument about any sort of an abstroosity. He was the feller who split up the church of Zion's Hill in old Rabun by

arguin that because Adam wasent born of a woman, he didnt have an umbilicus.

The Elders submitted the question to Dr. Miller, who used to live there and he decided that akkordin to Pope's Essay, and other State papers, it depended upon the conglomerate theory of surroundin sircumstances. He advised em to refer the question to the Navel Academy, which I suppose they did.



## THIRTY-SIXTH PAPER.

### BILL ARP'S GREAT SPEECH TO THE SOLJIERS.

#### HOS STYLE ALLOOSIONS AND DOGMATIK SENTIMENTS.

SOLJIERS: 40 centuries are not lookin down upon you from no Egyptian pyramids; 40 tude and valor still go unrewarded and reseeves no place in histry's page; 40 millyuns of peepul seem unkonsernd whether you live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish; 40 hose power engines cant stop the mad rush for money that has eklipsed all patriotism, and smothered all memory of the glorious past. Your peril and your toil are forgotten. Your courage at the kannon's mouth is barred by the statute of limitations. Your missin limbs have no mourners but their mates. Krutches and empty sleeves and wasted forms, reseeve but a passing pity. The widders and orfins of your dead comrades silently move around as the reminders of lost hopes, and the survivors of a lost cause.



*Soldiers:* For a time avarice and ambition may triumph over courage and gratitude. For a time the thick fog of selfishness may cover and smother your heroism; but History, though slow, is sure, and by and by she will roll back the curtain and let the rays of eternal truth shine upon an astonished and admiring world.

The patriot's fate is always noble whether it ends in defeat or victory. Battles settle no questions, for the strong may overpower the weak. The world is fuller of knaves than of noble men. There is no army as big as the devil's, and no conqueror as mean to his foes.

*Soldiers:* Victory and glory are swelling and strutting just over the line. Pensions and rewards are showered down upon the hired mercenaries that you thrashed on a hundred battle fields. Bounty lands, and back pay, and fat offices are given to thousands who never dared to meet you with even forces in a fair fight upon an open field. The money and the land is as much yours as theirs. Your labor and your toil raise the one and your fathers fought for and conquered the other. The venerable heroes of 1812 who fought with Jackson at New Orleans, and who now grow feeble and faint with age, are cut off from their pensions because they wished you well in the fight. Fourteen years of their pay is gone. For 14 years have these old war worn heroes been living and dying under the taint of treason. What a country—

what a Government—what a people! Shade of Old Hickory, look down upon us and weep.

*Soldiers:* You have heard that a cat may look at a King, but we have lived to see the pitiful day when a cat is as good as a King. Sweatin' under the benigne influences of the civil rights bill, we are all mixing up permiscuous, like mud in a brick yard and will soon come out the same color—an African tan or a mahogany sorrel. The Modoc Shakedown, I suppose are ruled out. The leveling process is still going on, and as niggers, and hosses, and dogs go up, white folks and Presidents come down. Hosses and dogs have been promoted at Washington, and the umblest citizen may now trot up to the President's mansion and exclaim in the language of Demosthenes, "Hello, old hoss, how do you wag." Such are life—such are destiny! I hope for the sake of the country the broods are all lively and likely to live to the end of his term.

*Soldiers:* When a man quits the old beaten track and smokes out a new line of travel, he's an original genius—or a concentrated fool. Which ever he is depends on his success. If the Presidential machine can be run by hoss power, it's a pretty big thing. I suppose we might argue that every stable government ought to have a stable, and that in his style times, and among dogmatic people, hosses and dogs is the thing. This sort of ree-sun is a strain on the animal but it's the best that can be done. This leveling business is having its effect, and

our President is illustratin it for the benefit of the nation. He levels himself on public okkashuns just to show how it's done. He akted his part so well in Forepaw's big sirkus that sum thought he had the blind staggers; sum sed he was sea-sick from seein the hosses go round. But the old spotted klown giv a knowin wink and xklaimed in the language of Balam, "Woe Jinuwerry." The aktin was splendid and the price of admisshun only half of a dollar. A Demokrat sed he wasent aktin at all, but was only seal injun drunk. What a cumfort that he beleeves in homypathy and can cure one drunk by tryin another. The hair of the dog is good for the bite.

*Soljers*: "Let us hav peace." When our great konkerer sed that, you thought he was referin to you, and to me, and to everybody. You thought he was goin to fix things so that everybody could eat together out of the same big feed trough. But you now see the goak of it. He was alludin to himself. Tired and weary he wanted rest. 50 thousand dollars a year, and nothin to do, is a peacable bisness. It's like baskin under the shade of a big sunflower—like runnin in clover and blue grass in a big pastur with no kukle burs to git in one's tail. He wouldent run the offis but he would take the pay. He wouldent if he could, and couldent if he would. History is full of Kings that was tyrants and Kings that was fools, and it's always been a trubble that they didnt know it

themselves, and nobody wouldent tell em of it. What a spektakle for a great and mighty nashun is it to see a figger head on the pinakul of power. What a contrast to Washington, and Jefferson, and Jackson, and Fillmore. How are the mighty fallen. Think of Lee, and Davis, and Hancock, and McLellan, and Greeley, and Adams left out and nobody put in. Dogs, hosses, and dimy-johns substituted for state papers, and treaties, and laws.

*Soljers*: Dont wilt nor wither at the humility of your country. Dont let down in the middle of the race. As Genrul Grant sed to Ann Dickerson, stand square on your pastur jints—show your bottom. If you are well cupled and full breasted you'll never break down in the lines. Skrub stock may win a quarter stretch but in a 4 mile heat nuthin but blood will tell. Histry will be the judge, and histry is truth biled down and strained. Mr. Davis is writin it, and it will cum out as pure and bright as a sun-beam. There's no furriners on our side—no hangin of women—no Credit Mobilier—no Black Friday—no stealin—no plunder—no Vienna—no back pay—no damages. We did have sum traitors—sum pull-backers—sum whose selfish ambition, or whose miserable avarice hung about us in the fight like a gang of contemptibul wolves.

And now since the war is over there's a passel of liver hearted sneaks who love money better

than principul—who pander to the soshul equality of the nigger to please the tyrants they are afeerd of. Look at em in South Kallina, and Alabama, and Louisiana. The old Thirteen are disgraced, dishonored, degraded. New York wouldent submit to a nigger poleese—no, sur. The very hint of it caused such a rumpus as raised the turky bumps all over her peepul—Radikals, Republikins and all. But we must love em, and hug em, and saloot em as our equals in all the relations of life. It cant be did. It's a lie and a fraud. It's agin natur. It's a part of the program of humiliashun. If the niggers was Demokrats the Radikals would hav had 2000 ships carryin em back to Afrika long before this. The unfeelin tyrants slaughter McEnery and call it peace, and the figgerhed at Washington congratulates the country on the result. Bully for the figgerhed! John the Baptist was quite peasabel after Herod cut his head off. John Huss was peasable after he was burnt. But never mind my boys. Time will tell on all such devilment. The saddle is on the wrong nag. They are bettin on the black but the old gray mare is the better hoss. These foaks who surrender to their own infamy are makin money out of a mean pease, or hav got their heds in the publik crib. Now mark em and spot em. Whenever you heer of a man panderin to the nigger you may bet your bottom dollar he's got sum selfish reesun for it. He's got an offis, or wants

one, or he's afeerd he'll lose a few dollars unless he falls into Radikal line. Shades of Patrick Henry, and Randolph, and Troup, and Old Hickory, why do you smuther your skorn!

*Soljers*: In vain and in vain do the peepul keep fillin the publik crib. Tariffs, and taxes, and revenues pour into it continually like waters over a mill dam, but it's eat up, or stole as fast as it's filled. Guverment hosses are always hungry. They may hav been foundered like Brownlow, or hav the hooks like Butler, or swinny, or blind staggers, or the botts; but the worse they are off the more they can eat. They hav been stump-suckin so long that the disease has got kronik. When one gits his hed to the crib he will puff and blow, and swell and snort, and suck and suck till it looks like he'd die bekaus he cant swaller the whole consern. The disease of stumpsuckin has never been cured, and the only hope now is in waitin patiently till deth or the devil claims their karkasses. Spirit of Washington hasten the time.

*Soljers*: Stand by your women. They are true, and they are noble. Let your children breed after the dam and keep the girls tender and the boys tuff. Mix no breeds till they elevate white foaks and put niggers, and Chinamen, and injuns, and carpetbaggers, and hosses and dogs where they belong. Dont mix even then, unless its a long shoot and a narrow chance. When we've luxuriated awhile over an honest peace, and society has

settled down on a solid white basis; when figger-heds cant be Presidents, and Presidents cant be clowns; when Washington is moved to Long Branch, or Long Branch to Washington; when the cotton tax is refunded and the soljiers of 1812 put back on the penshun roll; when plunderin the guverment is called stealin frum the peepul and is punished akkordin to the size of the pile; when truth and honor outrank flattery and lies, and Sherman admits that he burnt Columbia, then, and not till then, will it be time enuf to swap rings, and mingle the warm blood and cold blood together. Soljiers ajoo.

BILL ARP.



### THIRTY-SEVENTH PAPER.

BILL ARP VISITS GOTHAM.

July, 1873.

WHEN I wer a fryin size chicken the biggest thing out was a trip to Augusty. The way to go was along an old fashend dirt road, with your daddy's coten wagen—two round bales in the bed and six more on the top—campin out of nites, cookin your own vittles and settin around the camp-fire retailin old wagoners lies. Lies about injuns and bars and katamounts—lies about snakes that was jinted and cum all to peeses when you struck em, and then crawled together, agin—snakes that had a pisen horn in the head and rolled after you like a hoop, and if you got behind a tree they struck the tree with their horn and got fast, and the tree would die in 15 minutes—lies about ghosts and Jack-o-lanterns and robbers with caves full of money—lies about vampires and skreech owls, and raw head and bloody bones,

and about doktors diggin up all the corpses that was burred and bilen em down for medesine, and the spanyards bilin the ded niggers down into molasses.

Its a wonder Ive ever got over the like of that, and I ain't shore I hav, but sumhow I hanker after them good old times. I suppose they hav gone, forever gone. Now the big thing is a trip to New York, and as most evrybody had been there but me, I sudently started one moonshiny evenin to see if I could find my way there and back without a guide.

My companion was Genrul Black, an old fashioned man, who was teetotashiously blind. He was going to Baltimore in the hope that Dr. Chisholm could remove the skales from his eyes. The Genrul was in fine spirits, for he had hopes of once more lookin upon natures butiful and lovely face—and womans too. To a man who has been led about for four long years in affrikan darkness its a mighty big thing to see. At times he seemed serious and anxious about the venture he was making. I cheered him up all I could, and as we jurneyd along through the butiful valleys of East Tennysee I fed his blind eyes through his memry. I expatiated upon the rivers and the mountins and the crops and the nice little towns and the butiful women who got on and got off at the various stations. "Theres a fine oman Genrul," sed I. "Is she young and is she purty," sed he. "She

steps as young and proud as a fine blooded filly, bookd for her first race at a fair," sed I, "and she is as purty as a pigeon just takin her mate." The Genrul heaved a long sigh, and said nothing, but nobody ever will know how bad he wanted to see that Tennysee gal.

By and by we came to the dinner house at Rogersville; and this reminds us that right here is the place where Judge Underwood always calls for eggs fried on both sides and loose in the middle. He says it's the only place in the world where they cook 'em that way. A good eatin house is a good thing on a railroad, and saves a power of cussin. If a man wants to hear genuine cussin let him open his ears at the taverns on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The same man never throws but one dollar away on that line. I heard of a man tellin the landlord, as he give him his dollar, that he looked upon his eatin' house as a regular swindle. The landlord took the munny and the slander as serenely as if it was a compliment, but in a few days he got an important dispatch from Mobile, for which he paid two dollars. He opened it and read:

"MY DEAR SIR—I told you the other day *in my haste* that your eatin house was a swindle. I now repeat the akkusation *at my leisure*. You will please pay the Western Union two dollars, and charge it to

"FLY BLOSE."

Passing through the nations capital I gazed upon the marble pile whose doam pierced the clouds and sed to the Genrul, "There is a grand old buildin." He replied mournfully, "I can't see it, but I recomember it. It is a magnificent structure, but it is a whited sepulker, and has been the birthplace of more villainy than all the gamblin hells of Christendom. It is the birthplace of in-ikwity in high places. If there never had been a hell one would germinate spontaneously from the corruption that breeds within its walls, like maggots breeding in the karkases of the dead. Hypocrisy, avarice, lust and lies dwell there, and their foul influence spreads from this central fokus to the very confines of the Government. If the honest workin people who really support the nation at the anvil and the loom and the plow-handle knowd one-half of the devilment that is laid and hatched in that buildin, and could realize that all the stealin and plunder cum out of their sweat and their toil, they would raze it to the ground, and scatter its polluters to the ends of the earth."

The Genrul's sightless eye balls rolled around wildly, but he soon subsided into a state of melancholy reflektion.

Arrivin' at Baltimore, an honest Irishman drove us to Dr. Chisolm's eye-shop. The Genrul made me take an Irishman, for he said they wouldn't deceive strangers. We found the Doctor up to his eye-brows in eyes. There was two rooms full

of patients, and not a sound eye among 'em. Thinks I to myself, if this is his daily bisness, there's more sick eyed people in the world than I ever dreamed of. After a little while the Genrul was led to a room in the hospital where he washed the travel off and dressed himself in a new suit of store clothes, and got the hang of the room by feelin' all around for the buro and the bed and the fire-place and the winders. We then went down to interview the Doctor, who had pretty well gone through the eye bisness for that day. After makin' his pleasant akquaintance he took the Genrul into a room as dark as Afriky and throwd a lokomotive head light right into his eye-balls. In a minute or so he remarked "all right, Genrul, I'll send you home without a guide in two weeks." He then showed me an eye as big as a kokynut, which I suppoos cum all the way down from ole Gog or Magog, and he took it all to pieces and explained the concern to my entire satisfaction. He showd me the irish and the pupil and the cateline lens, and the conjunktion, and the sky-roket, and the victorious humor, and the erie canal, and the corny copia and the cataract. I always thought that the cataract was somthin' growin' on the outside, and that he cut it off with a thin bladed knife, but he sed the eyeball was a room, and the pupil was a winder, and the seein' was done from inside the room, and the cataract was a curtain that got in betwixt the organ of sight and



the winder, and he had to go into the room with a knife and cut away the curtain and then the sight was restored. Since these explanations I hav had a very high respekt for my eyes and for sience too. I learned the whole bisness as well in 20 minets as if I had studid eyes for a year, and I've seriously thought it my duty to open an eye-shop at home, just for the sake of sufferin' humanity. The Doktor remarked that some folks learned a heap quicker than others, and I thought at the time he was alludin' to me. Eyes, I think, is my specialty—my fort. I've always had a mekanikal eye, and my mother says I cut my eye-teeth easier than any of the boys.

Next mornin he set the Genrul up in a big barbers chair, and techin a spring it laid down with him just like it had sense, and the Doktor propped his lids open with a parcel of small wire crowbars, and he told the Genrul to *look down* all the time. Then he cut into his eye-ball with about as much indifference as he would have cut into the eye of a potater, and as the Genrul flinched he told him to look down. The Genrul says, "I am looking down." "No you are npt," says the Doktor. "I tell you I am" says the Genrul. The Doktor cut away a lick or two and says: "Genrul if you don't look down your eye will be ruined." "I'm looking down all I can," says the Genrul. "I've lost control of my optic nerve. I believe you would expect a man to look down if you was cut-

ting his head off." The Doktor says, "I'll have to give you chloroform." The Genrul says "I won't take it—go on with your butchering." Well, it was perhaps the funniest quarrel you ever heard; but the Doktor went on, and throwin down his knife, he took another little instrument and dug round inside that eye-ball like he was picking the goodies out of a hickory nut. Then he took sum bull dog pinchers and pulled that cataract out shore. He took the curtain from behind that window in a jiffey, and then turned the Genrul over to the tender care of Mrs. Bryan and Miss Banks, sisters and ladies of Charleston, who have charge of the hospital. Their kindness and attention to the Doktor's patients is equalled only by their refinement of manners and their Confedrit independence. Born rich and raised rich, they did not hesitate as to their duty when the crash of the war wiped out their property, and they gladly akcepted the offer so kindly made em by Dr. Chisolm.

I will jump over a fortnight just now to say that the operation was a grand success and the Genrul is at home pursuin his daily avokations as in days of yore, full of thanks to God and gratitude to science and Dr. Chisolm. The doctor showed me a bottle full of cataracts floating about in spirits like little milky peas, and I couldent help thinking how much of gloomy helpless and melonkolly night had been turned into joyful day by the teachins of

science and the skillful knife of this eminent surgeon.

Arrivin at the Grand Hotel in New York I registered my name, and purty soon a white Irishman took my baggage and said "this way sur." I folerd him into a little room about 8 feet square with a carpet on the floor and two sofas settin on the sides. I had no idee what he put me in there fer. There wasent a sine of a bed nor a winder nor a table. I set down and waited for him to come back. It struck me that perhaps this was a little reseption room, and he was agoin to brush off my clothes or clean up my boots so that I wouldent dirty up the fine room I was to sleep in. He com back in a minit and the room giv a trimble and as I looked out I saw the ballance of the house agoin down. Thinks I theres arabian nights and genii about this place shore, but I never let on. All at once it flashed all over me that I was in a elevator and I felt intensely releevd. The white Irishman carried me up about half a mile, more or les, and put me in my little bed and I went to sleep.

Next mornin I dressed up as fine as possibul and went out of my room to look round—sorter on a skout—and to see about gittin down stairs. I found the hole I cum up in, but there wasent nobody about it, and seein sum stairs I cautiously went down 'em to a floor, and seein another pair I went down again, and so on and so forth and so on, till I was down. Watchin around I saw foaks

buyin newspapers and then goin into a room, which I perseevd was the eatin room with a few hundred little tables in it, more or less. So I bought me a *Herald* and walked in, and another white Irishman with a gal's apron on showed me to a seat. I picked out a few things on the bill of fare, and then told him to bring me anything else he thought I would like. He was gone a right smart while,\*but he did bring me an elegant breakfast. I did think that Spanish mackerel was the best thing I ever did eat. If there is anything in the world that I'm a judge of its vittals, and that's why I mention such things so often. I was tellin Gim. Anderson that day about that breakfast, and he looked at me sorter quizzikul, and sez he, "Bill, you know that house is kept on the Uropean plan?" "What's that?" sed I. "Why the more you order the more you pay for. I expekt that breakfast cost you two or three dollars." Yes siree, and that's xactly what it did cost, \$2 75, as I found out when I settled my bill. I mention it as a warnin to all peepul to find out the plan of your tavern before you order your breakfast.

Startin out purty early as a foot skout I made for Broadway, and in the course of two hours I got to the City Hall Park and saw the new rock post office a loomin up with its hat off. I axed a big dubble brested poleesman how much it would cost. He sed he didnt know exactly but he thought about as much as it could—that it was a sorter of

a cash Mobilier. Seein a crowd about the Mayor's office I slipped upon em unawares and found em all mad as the dikence. Pickin out an Irishman (I always pick out an Irishman) ses I, "What seems to be the trouble?" "It's the domd nagur polees," ses he. "They talk about mixin up the black and the white together and it cant be dun in this town. The first nagur that wears a shtar and a shillaly will hav his domd head smashed into a smithhreen—and that's all." "Is it the sivil rites bill thats workin like a medisin?" says I. "Dom the sivil rites bill," says he. "It niver was a bill for nuork—it was a bill for the domd rebels and they shant send their black nagurs up here. Nuork is a republican government—so it is." Suspektin that he knew me I slipped away to another crowd and they was all cussin the niggers and the injuns and shokin and shoknasty and the modoks and the hethen chinee. I heard a man talking furiously, and he sed he was a Genrul Grant Republican and this was a white mans country. About this time a big man with a low boosum cum out of the Mayors house and spoke. He sed he was instrukt to say that it was all a mistake—there wasent no nigger polees nor never would be—that they had only employed a few darkeys to clean up sum assafidity that had been thrown in the rear of the tooms. The crowd then giv three cheers and dispersed to their respective drinkin places.

Squeezin my way along down towards Wall street to see the big gamblers corner on cotton ~~and~~ gold, I saw a buryin ground through the crack of a fence and several hundred old dingy brown toomb stones a standin around. Most all of em was ornamented with pikters of little boys' faces with their cheeks swelld out like they was blowin little toot-horns at the foaks that went by. A man sed they was old fashund angels and that most of these peepul died a hundred and fifty years ago. I wasent aware that any body had been ded that long, but suppose it is so. There was a meetin house in the yard and it took me sometime to see to the top of the steepul. They sed it was built at the head of Wall street so as to be a witness agin the gamblers in the day of judgment.

When I got down to Mr. Drexels new marble bank I saw a few thousan peepul standin still and lookin up at the top of a nine story house. Purty soon a chunk of a boy stood up in the highest winder. He had sum straps buckeld under his arms and a big tape line rolled up in a spring in his hand and the other end tied to sumthing inside of the room. Suddenly he stepped off into the atmosfere just like he was a ghost and the tape line cum slowly out of the spring and he floated down to the ground like a feather. Then the crowd all give a cheer and dispersd. They told me it was a new fire eskape and was to be put in

all the hotels and high buildings so that in case of a fire anybody could fasten one end of the bedstead and the other under his arms and leap fourth with perfekt impunity. I think it a good invenshun and would like to see it tried in a shore enuf fire. Wouldent it look entirely angelik of a moonlite night to see sum of the fair sex takin a sail from the ninth story of the Grand Hotel, with their natral hair all flowin and their white nite gowns all fluttrin in the breeze, wouldent it be a humane okkupation for a kind harted man like myself to ketch em as they cum—to take them on the wing—to reseeve em with open arms and an affectionate embrace. I think so—exceptin perhaps sum dutch angel weighin about 200 pounds, more or less, and the bedstead cumin along down with her. Under such sirkumstances it would perhaps be prudent to stand from under.

Greatly to my delite, I met with my old friend, George Williams, on away down William street. He was just from the city of Charlston, where he rains as a king, and was in a very happy frame of mind—I mean financially. I knowd George in Nacoochy sum thirty years ago when he used to work like a nigger in a little corn patch on the side of the hill and carried water in a big soap goard to keep his truck from burning up with the drowth. He was always hard workin, and a mighty liberal man akkordin to his means. He is liberal yet, but in spite of all he can do his money will ak-

kumulate faster than he can give it away. I'm afeerd this worries him and it does look like a pity to see a man so discumfitted with money in his declinin years. Considerin that he is a Georgy Methodist I hav thought he might build em a college in Nacoochee jest to spite old Vanderbilt in Tennessee. Ive no doubt he will do it if he ever thinks of it. I notised that he was quite thin in the flesh and remarked that it was a favorable sirkumstance for he could cum nigher goin through that needle's eye the scripters tell about when the time cometh. That thing has bothered me so all my life Ive been afeerd to lay up any money. The truth is, however, I have never had a chance as yet and the prospekt for the future is mortal dim. George says that money is all vanity and vexation of spirit, and the way he talked about the trubble and the care that it brings I know he would have cheerfully given me a few thousan dollars if he hadent had such a high regard for my family. He was afeerd it would prove a burden instead of a blessin. He sed that when he was up on a visit to his Nacoochy farm last Summer, he put on some old clothes and an old hat, and started on a tramp around the plantation. Gettin tired after a while, he set down on a log by the side of the road and a man cum along with an ox wagin, and ses he, "Mornin, sur." "Good mornin," ses George. "Do you work for Geo. W. Williams?" "Yes, sir," says George. "How much does he give you a

year?" "My vittels and clothes and tobakker, and pays my doktor's bills," says George. "How long have you been workin for him that way?" "About 30 years," says George. "Well, you are an old fool, and that's jest the way the stingy old cuss has made all his money. Good mornin, sir;" and he popped his bark whip and drove on.

In the course of time I got back to my tavern and after havin feasted on sum more Spanish mackerel and a few etseteras, I went round to Mr. Booth's theater to see Miss Nilson play her great peece. The music was purty good I reckon, though I think if they could hear Uncle Jack Beasley play the Arkansaw Traveller on his old fiddle one time that band would pine away and die of mortifycashun. I'm sorry to say I didnt see Nilson, but there was a sweet little oman cum out on the stage called Amy Robsart that carried me away up into the heavens and let me down easy every few minets. Onst or twist a big ruffin got mad with her and dragd her about the stage in her night close and I felt like I ought, for the sake of humanity, knock the day lights out of the infernal broot, but I didn't. I got so sorry for her I cried, and I felt like I could jest choke the juice out of any man that dared to laff at my tears. A clever man settin by me told me it was only aktin, and that the same thing had been going on every night on that stage for two months. I told him I didn't keer, that I knowd they hurt that gal a draggin her

about with no close on hardly—that she didn't hav no iron clad body, and looked to me like she was as tender all round as a suckin fawn. I saw Queen Lisabeth struttin about in hifolootin style. She was a game oman and a grand one, and it done me good way down to my ankle bones when she took my poor Amy's part. But after while they got the poor girl in another trap, and fixed up a bridge for her to cross, and there was a snappin spring in the middle of the bridge, and when she crossed it it was to break right in two, and she was to fall down into a deep whirlpool and get drownd. I shall always feel thankful for the privilege of sayin that though the bridge busted my Amy didn't fall. No, sur—she didn't—and she's alive yet I reckon unless they hav wore her plum out a draggin her about. If they don't quit it I wouldn't giv much for the meat that's on her second jint bones. Durin the play the Queen had a festival show. About fifty young girls cum out with torches in their hands and danced around with no close on scarcely except a few mermaid fish skales shingled up to the middle of their bodies, and a small invisible quantity of fuss and feathers sorter hiden their palpitatin boozums. They danced and they pranced and they reeld and they squeeld and they wriggled and they giggled until everybody seemed satisfied and then they went up sum marble steps and marched away over a mountin and I never saw em any more. On the whole I think that I liked the show



only I'm sorry I didnt see Nilson. Her pikter that I saw in the winders all over town was powerfully like that poor little Amy and I expect she is sum kin to her.

Next mornin I went down to my publisher's, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mr. G. W. Carleton, the book publisher was there and said he thought he knowd me, and when I told him my name he sed he recomemberd readin sum of my letters wich I writ Mr. Linkhorn along time ago—sed Mr. Linkhorn or sumbody else showd em to him he wasent sertin which. He had a big book store under the hotel and there was a power of nice people a peroosin around. He introduced me to Mr. Elie P. Perkins, Esq., with the first P. left out. He sed that Elie spelt his name with a small e and a big lie and was known in the citty as Big lie Perkins. They sed he was the suckseessor to Artemus Wards wax works and from the way he is pilin up money I suppose his wax works well. I like Elie. I always was partial to white men, and hes the whitest man I saw in New York. The next man I saw was Josh Billings. He was a sad lookin man with a large, open countenance, and wore his hair all over his head and neck like a Canadian pony. I suppose that me and him will always differ about wearing our hair. About this time a very large man with a white cravat cum in to see Mr. Carleton, and axd him how he liked his manuskript, and Mr. Carleton sed it was too heavy, and

he axd Carleton if he meant ther was too much of it. He laffed, and sed no; but that there was most too much led in it—that he would advise him to go to Skribner or Lippincott—that he only published such books as the people would read. The large man looked thoughtful and disappointed, and takin his manuskript, went clean away. The title of his book was "The Metaforik Analasis of Kimerean Abstroosities." Next a little frisky man with a lively, open countenance cum along, and axd Mr. Carleton what he thought of his book. "Don't suit me exactly," sed Mr. Carleton, "its a most too light, too much froth for the syllabub, don't think it would go." The title of his book was "The Ting-a-Ling of Aunt Tabbys Door Bell." I was sorry for the big man and sorry for the little man, and told Mr. Carleton I thought he ought to let 'em down easy. He said it was an every days business, and he had got hardened to it—that he rejekted ten books to where he aksepted one, and he published a good deal of trash even then. Dislikin to disagree with him on so short an akwantance, I sed "Yes, I think you do."

Next mornin I seed in the *Herald* that a grand moral question was to be tried that day involvin the rights of women, and that Soosan Antny would be heard from. Now Soosan Antny aint nuthin to me—that is nuthin pertikler. No woman aint exsep Mrs. Arp, but when I heard they was a tryin her for votin, my feminine instinks carried me



straight to the court house. I was on her side before I got there and I'm on her side yit. Women in general is my weakness and espeshually a woman whose name is Soosan. I always envied a man who could fondle over his wife or his sweetheart and call her "Soosy". It sounds so meller and soft. So when I seed Soosan Antny arrained up before the judge like a konvict I was mad—mad with the whole Yanky nashun. They raise a hellybilloo over the old broken konstitution and mend it up so as to let the black babboons vote in the rebbel States, but if a white woman of sense and spunk dares to do it, it shocks their pewritan modesty. The old Judge tried to look fierse and said a woman shouldn't undersex herself. I have seen a heap of men who when they got sorter old, took up a sour-grape spite against good lookin women. But Soosan looked at the Judge as straight as an egul. She stood up square on her paster joints and remarked that she was free-born and nativ-born and had property of her own, and had a right to vote for the law makers of her choice. She said that women done as much for the country as the men, and if they didn't fight in a battle they raised the boys that did. That havin em and nursin em and tendin to em in sickness and in helth was a harder job than fitin, and if the men didnt believe it jest let em try it awhile. She sed if the Judge could name one good reesun why they shouldnt vote she wanted to know it.

Soosan's eyes flashed a little angelik fire when the Judge fined her a hundred dollars, and she remarked that every advance in sivilization had to have its martyrs, and she was reddy. She throwd a hundred dollar bill over to the clerk, and sed she would bet another hundred that that money never reached the State Treasury. She didnt mind that old Judge no more than if he was a monkey. She told him that if they would base the votin bisness on morality, or property, or intelligence, or all three put together, the women would be satisfide; but they based it on wearin britches, and drinkin whisky, and chawin tobakker, and keepin one wife at home and another sum where else. She declared that she had as much rite to choose her politikul masters as the Suthern niggers or the hethen Chinees. That if the women could vote there wouldnt be a drunkard, nor a thief, nor a fool on the bench, nor in any other offis, and whisky would be harder to get than arsenik. An old, red nosed, swell faced man winked one eye at her and hik-kuped "the h-he—hell you say." When the court adjourned the crowd cheered Soosy, and one man sed he'd pay the fine; another sed he'd see her a fair fite with the Judge; another sed the law didnt say whether the britches must be worn outside or inside, and another sed he'd rather risk the women to vote than thousands of them drunken furriners and fools who elekted John Morrissey.

Now I've been thinkin a heap about this votin

bisness myself, and my opinyun ar that Gov. Jenkins is a mity smart man. The first time he run for Govnor they beat him bekaus he sed he didnt think that every fool and every vagabond ort to be allowed to vote. He was for drawin in the lines insted of letten em out, and the melankolly sequel hav proved that he wer right. If I was a king I wouldnt let anybody vote who couldnt tell whether Generul Jackson was ded or alive, or who took more than three drinks a day as a regular thing, or who chawd tobaker after he had gone to bed, or who was a meaner man than his daddy, or who believed in gosts and witches, or who didnt put on a clean shirt onst a week, or who didnt earn 50 cents a day at sum respektabel bisness, or who shouted at nite meetins more than two hours on a stretch. I heard a blind freenologist say that the way to test a man's sense was to draw a strait line from the top of his upper lip to his forrerd and another from the lower corner of his nose to the hole in his ear, and if the angle between was less than 60 degrees he might be smart for a monky but he was a fool for a man. He sed that this test would rule out nearly all the idiots and Afrikins from votin, and if it didnt their faith in witches would. I wouldnt let a furriner vote until he had lived here and behaved himself for ten years, and he shouldnt vote then unless he had married an amerikan gal or was a raisin children on amerikan soil. I wouldnt let no unmarried man vote who

was over 30 years old; though I would let all sich justify by swearin that they had tried but nobody would have em. I'd make em name the gals in their affidavy.

I would let every married man and his wife and every widder vote if they wasn't cut off by the foregoin exceptions. They should have one vote apiece for themselves and one for every child they had. This last would elevate the Arpian family about elektion times shore. Akkording to Solomon, all sich ought to hav a heap of privileges, for it ain't no pikayune bisness to raise a big drove of children. Jest let any hide-bound bachelor try it and see. I look upon respektable children as the hope of the State, and if I had my way these stagnant old rips who won't marry, but prowl round and live easy and die rich and leave no sign, at least none to speak of, should be taxed heavy and the money appropriated to the orfins' fund. What's a man worth to the State who leaves it no defenders after he's ded and gone; who patronizes no Sundy schools or Mundy schools—buys no candy or baby clothes, or balls, or barlow knives, or long stockins, or jackonet muslin, or hoop skirts or galluses. What intrust has he got in perpetuatin great principles? Why, a chronick old bachelor can jest turn over in his one-horse bed and die and not keer a darn if the world cums to an end in 15 minutes. He wouldnt keer if the devil was to break loose and eat up the women and children alive.


Now Im not sayin a word agin them married foaks who sumhow or sumhow else haint aksidentally been blessed with offspring. By no means. They showd a willingness to hav em and thats enuf for me. I've always apologized for peepul who done the best they could, whether they suck-seeded or not. I aint no Bonyparte to chop a mans head off for losin a battle, whether he was to blame or not. Im a frend to married foaks, children or no children. Lawful wedlock is sositys main spring—its back bone—its life inshoorance. I've no patience with these stingy old stags who wont marry without they git a pile of penshun money, who want to be hired to do it, who hang around a town waitin for sum rich gal to turn up, while theres lots of poor ones, purty and clever, just waitin to take shoogar in them.

Now I don't want to be misunderstood about this votin bisness. I ain't in favor of women mixin up with skalawags and trash at the polls. By no means. I want the moral strength and influence of their votes bekaus they are better and purer and honester than the men, but I would hev em to stay at home and let their husbends, or their fathers, or their next friend vote for em as the case may be. If a man fooled his wife out of her vote it wouldnt be exactly the clean thing, but it would be a family matter, and nobody's bisness. It wouldnt be the only thing that some men fool em about. There's strong minded women and weak minded men, and

in such cases I would let the longest pole knock down the persimmon. The time used to was when a married woman didnt hav no voice in nuthin—exsept makin baby clothes. She couldnt own any property—she had no sivil existence. If anybody give her anything the law required a man to keep it for her. If she couldnt liv with a drunken husban and quit him the law giv him all the children. But as the world grows older she keeps a steppin up higher. Now she can own as much property as anybody, and she can make a will, and in sum States set on a jewry, and in 9 cases out of 10 she gets the children when there is a divorce. Sum of em are studyin medisin and make the best sort of doctors for women, and for children a half hour old and under. They do clerkin and book-keepin and telegraphin and printin, and can keep a post offis better than a man and never steal a sent. If they do peep into other women's letters its only out of kuroosity, and they always seal em up again. Take it altogether it looks to me like the time has mity nigh cum when the men hav got to admit that a woman is just as good as a man if not better in most everything that requires more sense than muscel. I wont say she ort to vote if she don't want to, but I do say that no politishun could buy her vote with a drink.

BILL ARP.

THE END.

1873.  1873.

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