

in't eat anything
means now *because*
mix my vittles!"
should eat a little
I said. "It's a
struct the stum-
l exclsioively on

"a blessin' on-
inwented beans.

ILSON! He's a
I I.

how things was
ce.

he schoolmaster
ted me warmly.
ose shores. He

. It was grati-
great intelleck
more. I have
iee this school-
young man of
nts.

nd we should git
e meeting was
it in the open

he first orator.
peak. He also
being seldom
. He said this
'What do you
ind of doin's?

I interrupted.
three cheers for

a little red, but

l fit. He was-

said the school-
isn't posted in

But if he's a

able-bodied man he must stand his little
draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent
style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself,
but it had brought all its relations. It has
cum, I said, with a evident intention of
makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to
take off its things and stop with us. My
wife says so too. This is a good war. For
those who like this war, it's just such a
kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My
wife says so too. If the Federal army suc-
ceeds in takin' Washington, and they seem
to be advancin' that way pretty often, I
shall say it is strategy, and Washington
will be safe. And that noble banner, as it
were—that banner, as it were—will be a
emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble
banner—as it were. My wife says so too.
[I got a little mixed up here, but they
did n't notice it. Keep mum.] Feller citi-
zens, it will be a proud day for this Re-
public when Washington is safe. My wife
says so too.

The editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*
here arose and said: "I do not wish to
interrupt the gentleman, but a important
despatch has just bin received at the tele-
graph office here. I will read it. It is as
follows: *Gov'ment is about to take vigor-
ous measures to put down the rebellion!*"
[Loud applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's sooth-
ing. And Washington will be safe. [Sen-
sation.] Philadelphia is safe. Gen. PAT-
TERSON's in Philadelphia. But my heart
bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife
says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble
about money. They've got a lot of first-

class bank-note engravers at Washington
(which place, I regret to say, is by no
means safe) who turn out two or three
cords of money a day—good money, too.
Goes well. These bank-note engravers
made good wages. I expect they lay up
property. They are full of Union senti-
ment. There is considerable Union senti-
ment in Virginny, more specially among
the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley.
My wife says so too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we
do want *men*, and we must have them.
We must carry a whirlwind of fire among
the foe. We must crush the ungrateful
rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of
Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and
stabbin' her with stolen knives! We must
liek 'em quick. We must introduce a
large number of first-class funerals among
the people of the South. Betsy says so
too.

This war hain't been too well managed.
We all know that. What then? We are
all in the same boat—if the boat goes down,
we go down with her. Hence we must all
fight. It ain't no use to talk now about
who *caused* the war. That's played out.
The war is upon us—upon us all—and we
must all fight. We can't "reason the
matter with the foe." When, in the broad
glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jack-
ass boldly and maliciously kicks over a
peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him?
I guess not. And why "reason" with
those other Southern people who are tryin'
to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my
wife, says so too.

The meetin' broke up with enthusiasm.
We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can
help it.