

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line 'tween here and Scotsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is hevvy, to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any," skaeely, now-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is, very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how ist with you?" I inquired of the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, who sat near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin' his head in a wise way. "Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' eountry bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcein' from week to week, that *our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*"

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. SCHWAZEY, a leadin' eitizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin' in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered; "How's yer grandmam? When you goin' to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physieian?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said; "this is what's the matter. I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Jes' so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pintoed to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little uthin' once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stum-miek that it mustn't depend exeloosively on lieker for its sustainanee."

"A blessin'," he cried: "a blessin' onto the hed of the man what inwented beans. A blessing' onto his hed!"

"Which his name is GILSON! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speeciment of how things was goin' in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleek stalkin' in their midst onct more. I have before had oecasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ordinary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin'. The meeting was argely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin' bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition being seldom marred by ingrammaticieisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doin's? *Nihil fit*—"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-eitizens, let's giv three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit!"

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—" *Nihil fit*."

"Exaetly," I said. *Nihil fit*. He was n't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin' pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a

able-bodied draft."

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