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II.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

A. WARD.

If I'm drafted I shall *resign*.

Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meaner—say, I shall have to resign if I'm drafted everywhere I've bin inrolld. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrolld in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should have eventooally becom a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself Brigadier-ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I coneluded to stop exhibitin', and made tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, "It is me, fayther! I thank the gods!"

She reads the *Ledger*.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said ARTEMUS, Jr. He reads the *Clipper*.

My wife was to the sowin' eirele. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin' the females of the *other* sowin' eirele (which likewise met that afternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' themselves ekally well in slanderin' the fust-named eirele), and I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people enjoy themselves.

My son ORGUSTUS was playin' onto a foot.

ORGUSTUS is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin' cob-houses in a corner of the kitchin'.

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this fam'ly, and yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss KELLOGG and CARLOTTY PATTISING; he may have hearn OLE BULL fiddle, and all the DODWORTHS toot, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music—the real, ginuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin' werry sure there'll be no spoons missin' when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent peeces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; only stays. He ought to 'pologize, on behalf of his parients, for bein' here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

My townsmen were sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorer, and patriotism was below Par—and *Mar*, too. [A jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin' four abreast, wendin' their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it calvary?"