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Hinkins, who

is sufferin' from an attack of College in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national easpettle?

"DAN SETCHELL," I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin' foe, and they'll skedaddle! Old SETCH can do it."

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the Editor of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark, in this connection, that the editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men, do not comprehend the magnitood of the erisis. The busy haunts of men is where people eomprehend this erisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust that the gent'l'man will not fail to say suthin' about the busy haunts of men, before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here, said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."

"You couldn't be *more soft*, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might inlist as a liberty-pole," said I in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin' and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendeney to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to inlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, eonnenein' as follers:

Resolved, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on and

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall JACKSON sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months men—

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin' guns and led by BETSY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbereller, burst into the room

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months wimen!"

"Mrs. WARD," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. WARD, and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ary demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin' fools of yourselves. You air willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetins is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall JACKSON from eomin' over to Maryland and helpin' himself to the fattest beef eritters. What we want is more eider and less talk. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifyin', which don't 'mount to the wiggle of a siek eat's tail, and go to fi'tin'; otherwise you can stay to home and take keer of the ehildren, while we wimin will go to the wars!"

"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfeek raptors.