

Our big meetin' came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. SLINKERS, is a polish'd, skareastie writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our cotemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-headed, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister SARAH is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home-thrust, Mr. SLINKERS has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I b'lieve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolootly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that "our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion"—I b'lieve upon my soul, this illustis man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty.

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin', when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wiid expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a port-folio, and his other paw clasp't a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. SWEIBLER, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphly.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother guzin' admirin'ly upon her first-born," and my daughter showed me a really pretty pietier,

done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I—"well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence."

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd, I coneluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vi'lently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry offisser's sword and things, which it aroused my BETSY, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my barefooted hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally obsarving that she din't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooperanoated idiots.

My wife is one of the best winin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and despatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekanee the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who

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