

continent that
e cramp in the
ey look at us!

I'll likewise say
merely remarkin'
Banner is wavin'
hat there don't
matter with the
d a slite cold.

EMUS WARD.

XIII.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FRIEND WALES,—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marrige to the Printeis Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratulatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

Numeris changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the *Alabarmy*, manetanes a nootrol position!

I'm fraid I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess not!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrificsses, you bet.

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifics my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss eums to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as any body else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caused sum squirmin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, d'scape, but so did Vallandiggum, who is Conservativ, and who was resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the

Dry Tortoogus if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin' circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for 'em is a question for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin' up this draft bizniss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

I think most of the consersips in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin' on their way at Coneord, N. H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hittin' all sides; but no offense is ment. You know I ain't a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, however, to have a well-balanceed mind; tho' my idees of a well-balanceed mind differs from the idees of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Billson and me orjanized a strollin' dramatic company, & we played *The Drunkard*, or the *Falling Saved*, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take particlarly, and says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson,