

**A South-ener trees his mind--A Witty and Pungent Letter--Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward.**

ROME, GA., Sept. 1, 1865.

Mr. Artemus Ward, Showman.

Sir--The resin I write to you in per-tikler are because you are about the only man I know in all "God's country," so-called. For some several weeks I have been wantin tu say sumthin. For several weeks we rebs, so-called, but now late of said country deceased, have been tryin mighty hard to do sumthin. We didn't quite do it, and now its very painful, I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden and make out like we wasn't there.

My friend, I want to say sumthin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin dont help me. It dont let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see, I'm trying to harmonize. I'm trying to soften down my feelins. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surrounding circumstances, so-called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say sumthin. I want to quarrel with somebody, and then make friends. I ain't no giant killer. I ain't no Norwegian bar. I ain't no board-constrickter, but I'll be hornswaggled if the talkin and the writin and the slanderin has all got to be done on one side any longer. Sum of you folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, so-called. Ain't you editors got nothin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man what kan write a paragraf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what a disharmonious, and do you just tell em one and all epluribus unum, so-called, that if they dont stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severely resolved to--to think very hard of it, if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I ain't agwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the braks. I ain't agwine to say all I think, like Mr. Etheridge. Nary time. No, Sir. But I'll just tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show: If wa ain't allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in hating; and hating runs heavy in my family, shure. I hated a man so bad once that all the hair come off my head, and the man drowned himself in a hog waller that night. I could do it again, but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiesce, to becum kalm and serene.

Now, I suppose that poetically speakin,

"In Dixie's fall  
We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they fout and fout and fout a long time, and everybody all round kep hollerin hands off, but kep helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you! Well, what did the big feller do? take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dust off his clothes? Nary time! No surl! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throwd mud on him, and drug him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to confiskate it, so-called. Blame my jack-et if it ain't enuf to make your head swim.

But I'm a good Union man--so-called. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I aint no guerilla. I've done took the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated and humiliated, and algamated, and ernervated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so, nary time. I aint ashamed of nuthin nuther, aint repent-in, aint axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I aint got no \$20,000. Wish I had; I'd give it to the poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten my own numerous and interesting offspring in abot two minits and a half. They shouldn't eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor unfortunate things! to come into this subloonyary

world at such a time. Theres 4 or 5 of 'em that never saw a sirkus nor a monky show--never had a pocket knife nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There is Bul Run Arp, Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahominy Arp that never seed the pikters in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth--but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite! and the Amerikin nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed of, so-called. Didn't our four fathers fite, bleed and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousand drunk it? Bekaus they sukseeded wusent it glory? But if they hadn't I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon.

So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down, it would make about a half pint of hum-bug. We had good men, great men, christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the undiscovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die, I'm mitty willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be.

Well, may be I've said enuf. But I dont feel easy yit. I'm a good Union man sartin and shure. I've had my pantaloons died blue, and I've got a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while I go to the dog-gery and git blue, and then I look up at the blue serulean heavens and sing the melankolly choyrus of the Blue-tailed Fly. I'm doing my durndest to harmonize, and I think I could sucseed if it wasn't for sumthin. When I see a black-guard goin' around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yanky nation. Jerusalem, how ray blood biles. The insatiation what was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Ain't we human beings? Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin' and thinkin'? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than by the mile post. They won't work for us and they won't work for themselves, and they will perish to death this winter as sure as the devil is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, livin on roastin ears and freedon, with nary idee that winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and sals costs money. Sum of 'em 100 years old, are whinin around about goin to kawledge. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has drawd the elephant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his snout about loose, and by-and-by he'll hurt somebody. These nig-gers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I ain't agoin to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear anybody say so, you tell 'em 'tis a lie,' so-called. I golly, I ain't got nuthin to support myself on. We fout ourselves out of everythin exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for grave yards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I ain't ambitious as I used to wast. You all have got your shows, and mnkeys, and sirkuses, and brass bands, and organs, and can play on the petrotum and the farn of a thou and strings, and so on; but I've only got one favor to ask of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yaller stump tail dog that prowls around my premises at night. Don honor, I won't shoot at anyting blue, black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your folks so skered of me and my folks that you won't let us have any anynshin? Are the squirrels and crows and black rakoons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us wite impunity? If a mad dog takes the hyderiohy is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! It looks like your pepal had all tuk the rebelloby for good, and was never gwine to git over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and you and me will harmonize, scrip-

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I haint made nobody fittin mad, for I'm not on that line at this time. I am trooly your friend--all present and accounted for.

BILL ARP, so called.

P. S.--Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Contedrik money. He sed it would be good agin. He said that Jim Funderbuk told him that Warren's Jack sed a man who had jest cum from Virginy, and he sed a man who told his cousin Mendy that Lee had whipped 'em agin. Old Harris says that a feller by the name of Mack C. Millon is coming over with a million of men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding somehow or somehow else, I'm dubious about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade? B. A.

There is an old proverb that says that contentment is the true philosopher's stone. Brown says it's very likely, for nobody has ever found one or the other.

The generality of men more easily forgive a rival than a fite less woman--unlike women, who always hate the female rival more than the faithless lover.

A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim: "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace over a dress!"

**"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."**

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;--  
Under the sod and dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the one the Blue;  
Under the other the Gray.

Those in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with the battle-blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet;--  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the laurel, the Blue;  
Under the Willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hour  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers  
Alike for the friend and the foe;--  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the roses, the Blue;  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch, impartially tender,  
On the blossoms, blooming for all;  
Under the sod and dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Broidered with gold, the Blue;  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth,  
The cooling drop of the rain;--  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Wet with the rain, the Blue,  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done;  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won;--  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue;  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the Blue;  
Tears and love for the Gray.