

Dear Abe Linkhorn The Satire of the Civil War

A Selection from the Contemporary Satirical Writing of
Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby, Bill Arp,
and "A Disbanded Volunteer"
Read by David Cort



ARTEMUS WARD MEETS A. LINCOLN



PETROLEUM VERSUS NASBY

Selected, Recorded, and with A Critical
Introduction by Samuel Ch...

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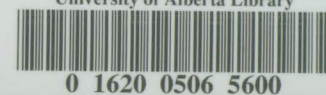
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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DEAR ABE LINKHORN THE 'SATIRE OF THE CIVIL WAR

A selection from the contemporary satirical writing of Artemus Ward,
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Read by DAVID CORT

Selected, recorded and with a critical introduction by
SAMUEL CHARTERS

INTRODUCTION

"Are you aware, Sir, that the crisis is with us?"

"No," says I, getting up and looking under the seat,
"where is she?"

"It's here -- it's everywhere," he said.

Says I, "Why how you talk!" and I got up again
and looked all round. "I must say, my friend,"
I continued, as I resumed my seat, "that I can't
see nothin' of no crisis myself." I felt somewhat
alarmed, and arose and in a stentorian voice ob-
served that if any lady or gentleman in that there
car had a crisis concealed about their persons they'd
better produce it to once or suffer the consequences
... "

ARTEMUS WARD.

In the fall of 1860 there were few Americans who were
any better prepared for the secession of the southern
states and the outbreak of the Civil War than was the
popular humorist, Artemus Ward. Even the people most
deeply committed to breaking up the Union seemed un-
sure of what they were doing or of the possible con-
sequences. In the first confusion of secession many
people in the Union states seemed to feel that the
southern states were justified in taking their separate
course. As Artemus Ward expressed it, "... if any
state wants to secede let 'em. . ." It was the
attack on Fort Sumter that suddenly forced a realiza-
tion of the full implications of the southern action.
After Sumter, Ward wrote, "... J. Davis, the minute
you fire a gun at a piece of dry-goods called the Star
Spangled Banner, the North gets up and rises en masse,
in defence of that banner." But through much of the
war, until the victory of the Union seemed almost a
certainty, some of the confusion continued. In border
states, like Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, it was
difficult, for several months, to be sure that they
would remain in the Union. The rival parties jostled
each other for supremacy, and it was only when the
issue became clearly one of civil war that the states
remained in the Union.

Throughout the war there was an active peace movement
in some of the union states. Calling themselves
"Knights of the Golden Circle," then the "Order of
the American Knights," then the "Sons of Liberty,"
Democrats who had opposed Lincoln's Republican govern-
ment tried to regain political power, with the inten-
tion of ending the war and recognizing the Confederacy.
Although to many Union Sympathizers these peace Demo-
crats were little better than reptiles, the name
"Copperheads" was given them; the Republican Party,
which had failed to capture a majority of the popular
vote in 1860, was forced to struggle with its inter-
nal opponents throughout the war. In the despairing
days of 1862, Lincoln's party failed to take even his
own state of Illinois.

Because the war had come as the climax of a long,
bitter argument, the newspapers, the magazines,
and the popular publishing world still jangled
with angry voices. If their tone sometimes sounds
shrill and insistent it is because they realized
that the issue could be decided with words. Through-
out 1862 and 1863, as the Federal forces suffered
defeat after defeat, it seemed that the Union states
might be persuaded to give up the struggle and recog-
nize the Confederacy. Northern and Southern writers
abused each other in newspapers published in nearly
every city and large town in the Union and the Con-
federacy. These writers jeered, swore, insulted, and
triumphed with the fortunes of their armies, and in
their sometimes bitter writings there is a history,
an irreverent, uncivil history, of the Civil War.

In the century that has passed since the War, much
of this newspaper writing has become unreadable.
Many of the events and the emotions they aroused
have been forgotten, and the immediacy of the writ-
ing has been lost. Only one group of writers, the
topical humorists, have lost none of their freshness
and vitality. It was a period of satirical writing
in the United States. As a writer has said, "Through
the '40's and '50's the spirit of burlesque was
abroad in the land like a powerful genie let out of
a windbag."¹

It was a golden age of American satire and burlesque
humor. "Lucia di Lammermoor" became, on the stage of
New York's Olympic Theatre, "Lucy Did Mam a Moor."
For "after pieces" there were pieces like Daddy Rice's
"opera," "Bone Squash Diablo." The same satirical
spirit filled the newspapers and almanacs with stories,
jokes, and supposed letters from special correspondents
about events of the day. The most popular of these
early correspondents were the Maine writer, Seba Smith,
who, writing under the name of Major Jack Downing, con-
tributed a series of letters attacking the Democratic
government of Andrew Jackson; and James Russell
Lowell, who created Hosea Bigelow. Their immediate
step-son was another Maine writer, Charles Farrar
Browne, known to the world as Artemus Ward.

As satirists these men were uneven. There was still
too much optimism in the United States for the deep
misanthropy that produces the great satirists. They
were primarily popular humorists who used satire --
and painful mis-spelling -- as a method of winning
laughs. But it was a satiric age, an age of burles-
que, and when they were really angry they could be
savage.

Sometimes their humor was little more than elaborate
punning. A Civil War writer, the "Disbanded Volunteer,"
commented on one of his colleagues:

¹ Constance Rourke, in *American Humor, A Study of the
National Character*, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.,
1931. Page 119.

"A certain small beer Washington correspondent as delights in brewing mischief, fizzles out the following in yesterday's New York Times. . ."

or discussing a report on a Confederate advance:

"A dispatch from Darnstown says Johnston seems to be threading his way up, with an eye to crossing over and hemming us in from the outskirts. . ."

But the humorists felt that their writing could play an important part in the final outcome of the war, and when they turned their attention to the government, the army, or the disloyal, they were brilliantly unpleasant, even forcing the victim of their attacks to laugh at their comedy. Occasionally the satire was delicate and urbane, flicking like a gentleman's touch with a buggy whip. Orpheus C. Kerr began a dispatch from Washington:

"Having just made a luscious breakfast, my boy, on some biscuit discovered amid the ruins of Herculanum, and purchased expressly for the Grand Army by a contracting agent for the Government, I take a sip of coffee from the very boot in which it was warmed, and hasten to pen my dispatch. . ."

But more often it was like the last of a bull whip. The Disbanded Volunteer discussed some of the Government contractors who seemed to feel that the war should be delayed:

"A certain portion of the Union men here -- I mean the horse flesh hounds, shoddy swindlers, beef banditty, rifle rascals, provision pirates, blanket beezlebubs, and the gallows birds of that feather -- thinks June would be full early for the army to prepare for a march . . ."

It was these humorists who fought the struggle for opinion in the columns of the nation's newspapers.

The importance of this satirical humor was immediately recognized by many important figures in both the Federal and Confederate governments. In 1872, Senator Charles Sumner was asked to contribute an introduction to a work entitled The Moral History of America's Life Struggle. It was a collection of letters written by David Ross Locke, better known as Petroleum V. Nasby. Mr. Sumner's introduction is worth quoting in full.

"The Nasby Letters are now collected in a beautiful volume, and the publishers have invited me to write an Introduction. It can be only a word."

"Beyond the interest in these letters as another instance of a peculiar literature -- illustrated by Major Jack Downing, Sam Slick, and the genius of Hosea Biglow -- they have an historic character from the part they performed in the war with slavery, and in advancing reconstruction. Appearing with a certain regularity and enjoying an extensive circulation, they became a constant and welcome ally. Unquestionably they were among the influences and agencies by which misloyalty in all its forms was exposed, and public opinion assured on the right side. It is possible to measure their value. Against the devices of slavery and its supporters, each letter was like a speech, or one of those songs which stir the people. Therefore they belong to the political history of this critical period.

"Of publications during the war, none had such charm for Abraham Lincoln. He read every letter as it appeared, and kept them all within reach for refreshment. This strong liking illustrates his character, and will always awaken an interest in the letters. An incident in my own relations with him shows how easily he turned from care to humor.

"I had occasion to see President Lincoln very late in the evening of March 17th, 1865. The interview was in the familiar room known as his office, and also used to cabinet meetings. I did not take leave of him until some time after midnight, and then the business was not entirely finished. As I rose, he said, 'Come to me when I open shop in the morning; I will have the order written, and you

shall see it.' 'When do you open shop?' said I. 'At nine o'clock,' he replied. At the hour named I was in the same room that I had so recently left. Very soon the President entered, stepping quickly with the promised order in his hands, which he at once read to me. It was to disapprove and annul the judgment and sentence of a court-martial in a case that had excited much feeling. While I was making an abstract of the order for communication my telegraph to the anxious parties, he broke into quotation from Nasby. Finding me less at home than himself with his favorite humorist, he said pleasantly, 'I must initiate you,' and then repeated with enthusiasm the message he had sent to the author: 'For the genius to write these things I would gladly give up my office.'

"Rising from his seat, he opened a desk behind, and taking from it a pamphlet collection of the letters already published, proceeded to read from it with infinite zest, while his melancholy features grew bright. It was a delight to see him surrender so completely to the fascination. Finding that I listened, he read for more than twenty minutes, and was still proceeding, when it occurred to me that there must be many at the door waiting to see him on graver matters. Taking advantage of a pause, I rose, and, thanking him for the lesson of the morning, went away. Some thirty persons, including senators and representatives, were in the ante-chamber as I passed out."

Like David Ross Locke, many of the Civil War humorists were newspaper men. Joseph Barber, the "Disbanded Volunteer," was a regular correspondent first for the Sunday Times; then for the Sunday Mercury in New York. Alfred C. Hills, who wrote under the name "Macpherson, the great Confederate Philosopher," was the editor of the New Orleans Era. Locke did much of his writing while he was editing the Jeffersonian in Findlay, Ohio. Others, like Charles Farrer Browne, who wrote under the name Artemus Ward; Robert H. Newell, who was Orpheus C. Kerr (a pun on the words office Seeker); and Henry Wheeler Shaw, who was Josh Billings, were professional humorists. Artemus Ward, "the genial showman," was probably the most successful humorous lecturer of his time, although he was already ill with tuberculosis when the war broke out. Only one of the writers, the Georgia lawyer Charles Henry Smith, who wrote under the name Bill Arp, saw active military service. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 and served on the staffs of General F.S. Barstow and General Thomas Anderson. His first letters were written before he entered the service and he had little time to write again until he was appointed judge advocate of Macon in 1864. His Bill Arp was a brilliant creation, jeering back at the virulence of Ward and Nasby with a gift for topical humor that almost matched their own.

Although the humorists were younger men -- Locke was 28 when the war broke out, Browne only 25 -- they were passionately involved with the war. There was little place in 19th century America for political sophistry or fashionable immaturity. Locke's attacks on the South and on southern attitudes were as virulent as they were funny. The "V" in Petroleum V. Nasby stood for "Vitriol," the contemporary term for sulphuric acid, and Nasby lived up to the name. Even the urbane Robert Newell, whose Orpheus C. Kerr often devoted his column to literary parodies, lashed out after the bombardment of Sumter.

". . . my present comprehensive estimate of all there is of Dixie may be summed up in twelve straight lines, under the general heading of

REPUDIATION

'Neath a ragged palmetto a Southerner sat,
A-twisting the band of his Panama Hat,
And trying to lighten his mind of a lode
By humming the words of the following ode:

"Oh! for a Negro, and oh! for a whip;
Oh! for a cocktail, and oh! for a nip;
Oh! for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher;
Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher;
Oh! for a captain, and oh! for a ship;
Oh! for a cargo of Negroes each trip."

And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not,
Not contented with owing for all that he'd got."

In return, Bill Arp jeered:

"Mr. Linkhorn, sir, when are this war to close?
How much longer can you renew your note of ninety
days which you said was time enough to settle this
difficulty -- do you pay the interest? How much
territory have you subjugated -- what makes cotton
sell at 67 cents a pound in your diggings -- is it
nor awful scarce -- what do your boney women do for
stuffing and padding? I heard they had to use hay
and sawdust and such like, and I thought it must be
very painful to their tender bosoms to have to re-
sort to such a coarse commodity. . ."

Although the humorists sometimes turned their angry
attacks into a joke, there was an underlying seri-
ousness to much of this hilarious and bitterly
satirical writing.

The large audience that read their work is an indi-
cation of the faithfulness with which the Civil War
humorists mirrored the emotions and attitudes,
however petty and vicious or however exalted, of
their communities. Orpheus C. Keer's gibe at the
Southerner,

"And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not
Not contented with owing for all that he'd got."
may lack the grandeur of the speeches being made
against the Confederacy, in Congress, but it certainly
expresses the anger of many northern businessmen when
they found that southern businessmen were using se-
cession as an excuse to repudiate their debts. Since
the Union states were filled with small and large
business men, it is not surprising that more people
read Kerr's letters than listened to the speeches in
Congress. No northern orator could have more elo-
quently stated the attitudes of the average citizen
than did Artemus Ward with his comment:

". . . When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun,
a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks
over a peanut stand, do we 'reason' with him? I
guess not. And why 'reason' with those other
southern people who are trying to kick over the
Republic? . . ."

It is this quality of capturing and bringing to vivid
life the emotions, attitudes, and opinions of their
time that gives the fulminations of Petroleum V.
Nasby, the jeers of Bill Arp, the blusters of the
Disbanded Volunteer, and the insults of Artemus Ward
their lasting importance as a historical document.
Part of their importance, too, is their quality of
sheer humor. Even when the writing was not profound
it was always funny. As humorists, and, in a sense,
historians of their time, these men have earned a
lasting place in our literature.

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SIDE I, Band 1:

NASBY'S ACCOUNT OF THE SECESSION OF WINGERT'S CORNERS

Wingert's Corners, Ohio, March the 21st, 1861.

South Carliny and several other of the truly Demo-
cratic States having seceded -- gone off, I may say,
onto a journey after their rights -- Wingert's
Corners, as truly Democratic as any of 'em, has
followed suit.

A meetin' was held last night, of which I was chair-
man, to take the matter of our grievances into con-
sideration, and it was finally resolved that nothin'
short of secession would remedy our woes. Therefore
the following address, which I writ, was adopted and
ordered to be published:

TO THE WORLD!

In taking a step which may, possibly, involve the
state of which we have been heretofore a part into
blood and convulsions, a decent respect for the
opinion of the world requires us to give our reasons
for taking that step.

Wingert's Corners has too long submitted to the im-
perious dictates of a tyrannical government. Our
whole history has been one of aggression on the part
of the State, and of meek and patient endurance on
ours.

It refused to locate the State Capitol at the Corners,
to the great detriment of our patriotic owners of real
estate.

It refused to gravel the streets of the Corners, or
even re-lay the plank-road.

It refused to locate the Penitentiary at the Corners,
notwithstanding we do more towards filling it than
any town in the State.

It refused to locate the State Fair at the Corners,
blasting the hopes of our patriotic groceries.

It located the canal one hundred miles from the
Corners.

We have never had a Governor, notwithstanding the
President of this meeting has lived here for years,
awaiting to be urged to accept it.

It has compelled us, year after year, to pay our share of the taxes.

It has never appointed any citizen of the place to any office where theft was possible, thus wilfully keeping capital away from us.

It refused to either pay our railroad subscription or slack-water our river.

Therefore, not being in humor to longer endure such outrages, we declare ourselves free and independent of the State, and will maintain our position with arms, if need be.

There was a lively time next day. A company of minute men was raised, and one of two-minute men. The secession flag, muskrat rampant, weasel cuochant, on a field d'egg-shell, waves from both groceries. Our merchant feels hopeful. Cut off from the State, direct trade with the Black Swamp follows; released from his indebtedness to Cincinnati, he will again lift his head. Our representative has agreed to resign -- when his term expires.

We are in earnest. Armed with justice and shot-guns, we bid the tyrants defiance.

P.S. -- The feelin' is intense -- the children have imbibed it. A lad just passed, displayin' the secession flag. It waved from behind. Disdaining concealment, the noble, lion-hearted boy wore it roundabout. We are firm.

N.B. -- We are still firm.

N.B., 2d. -- We are firm, unyielding, calm, and resolute.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

SIDE I, Band 2:

ARTEMUS WARD'S INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Springfield, Illinois -- November, 1860.

I have no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was I suppose I should holler vociferously in the streets at night, and go home to Betsy Jane smellin' of coal oil and gin in the mornin'. I should go to the polls early. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my neighbors was there. I should get carriages to take the cripples, the infirm, and the indignant there. I should be on guard agin' frauds and such. I should be on the lookout for the infamous lies of the enemy, got up just before election for political effect. When all was over, and my candidate was elected, I should move heaven and earth -- so to speak -- until I got office, which if I didn't get a office I should turn around and abuse the Administration with all my might and main. But I'm not in the business. I'm in a far more respectful business nor what politics is. I wouldn't give two cents to be a Congresser.

The worst insult I ever received was when certain citizens of Baldinsville asked me to run for the Legislature. Says I, "My friends, dost think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most awfulest tones, and they knowed I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of sight at once.

Therefore, having no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his homestead in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parlor, surrounded by a perfect swarm of office seekers.

He looked up quite cross and says, "Send in your petition by and by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed I can't. It's impossible, sir!"

"Mr. Lincoln, who do you 'spect I are?" said I.

"A office-seeker, to be sure!" said he.

"Well, sir," said I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't got a office I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figures is my profession. I come to pay a friendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so -- if not, say so, and I'm off like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, sir."

"Repose in Abraham's bosom!" said one of the office seekers, his idea being to get off a joke at my expense.

"Well," says I, "if all you fellers repose in that there bosom there'll be mighty poor nursing for some of you!" whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blushed like a maiden of sweet 16. Just at this point of the conversation another swarm of office-seekers arrived and come piling into the parlor. Some wanted post-offices, some wanted collectorships, some wanted foreign missions, and all wanted something. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. One patriot from a small town in Michigan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parlor where Old Abe was endeavoring to keep the hungry pack of office-seekers from chewing him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minute he reached the fire-place, he jumped up, brushed the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make any appointment at the Spunkville post-office till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there document!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe staggering back, "they came upon me from the skies -- down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the earth!" I hadn't more than stood him up straight, before another man come crashing down the chimney, his head striking me violently agin' the innards and prostrating my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Lincoln," shouted the infatuated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the schoolmaster!"

Says I, "You egregious ass," getting up and brushing the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more careful how you make my bread-basket a depot in the future. How do you like that air peremptory?" says I, shoving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll give you! Them's the papers you want!"

"But I worked hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patriot should be rewarded!"

"Virtue," said I, holdin' the infatuated man by the coat-collar, "virtue, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and quailed before my gaze. "The fact is," I continued, looking 'round on the hungry crowd, "there is scarcely a office for every oil lamp carried 'round during this campaign. I wish there was. I wish there was foreign missions to be filled on various lonely islands where epidemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What are you here for?" I continued, warming up considerable, "can't you give Abe a minute's peace? Don't you see he's worried most to death? Go home, you miserable men, go home and till the soil! Go to peddling tinware -- go to chopping wood -- go to boiling soap -- stuff sausages -- black boots -- get a clerkship on some respectable manure cart -- go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers -- become 'original and only' Campbell Minstrels -- go to lecturing at 50 dollars a night -- embark in the peanut business -- write for the Ledger -- saw off your legs and go round giving concerts, with touching appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills -- anything for a honest living, but don't come 'round here driving Old Abe crazy by your outrageous cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your going,' but go to once! If in five minutes from this time," says I, pulling out my new sixteen dollar hunting cased watch, and brandishing it before their eyes, -- "If in five minutes from this time a single soul of you remains on these here premises,

I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boa Constrictor loose! and if he gets among you, you'll think old Solferino has come again and no mistake!" You ought to have seen them scamper! They run off as though Satan himself was after them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minutes the premises was clear.

"How can I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?" said Old Abe, advancing and shaking me warmly by the hand. "How can I ever repay you, sir?"

"By giving the whole country a good, sound administration. By pouring oil upon the troubled waters, North and South. By pursuing a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then, if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinet, Mister Ward?" said Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North and South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. If you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! If you want a Cabinet as is a Cabinet, fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figure profession mustn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these veins! A. Lincoln, I wish you well! If Powers or Walcutt was to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely think they'd sculpt you; but if you do the fair thing by your country, you'll make as pretty a angel as any of us! A. Lincoln, use the talents which Nature has put into you judiciously and firmly, and all will be well! A. Lincoln, adieu!"

He shook me cordially by the hand -- we exchanged pictures, so we could gaze upon each others' lineaments when far away from one another -- he at the helm of the ship of State, and I at the helm of the show business -- admittance only 15 cents.

SIDE I, Band 3:

BILL ARP TO ABE LINKHORN

Rome, Georgia -- April, 1861

Mr. Linkhorn -- Sir:

These are to inform you that we are all well, and hope these lines may find you in statue ko. We received your proclamation, and as you have put us in very short notice, a few of us boys have concluded to write you, and ask for a little more time. The fact is, we are most obliged to have a few more days, for the way things are happening, it is utterly impossible for us to disperse in twenty days. Old Virginy, and Tennessee, and North Callina, are continually aggravatin' us into tumults and carousements, and a body can't disperse until you put a stop to such unruly conduct on their part. I tried my darndest yesterday to disperse and retire, but it was no go; and besides, your marshal here ain't doing a darned thing -- he don't read the riot act, nor remonstrate, nor nothing, and ought to be turned out. If you conclude to do so, I am authorized to recommend to you Col. Gibbons or Mr. McLung, who would attend to the business as well as most anybody.

The fact is, the boys round here want watching, or they'll take something. A few days ago I heard they surrounded two of our best citizens, because they was named Fort and Sumter. Most of 'em are so hot that they fairly siz when you pour water on 'em, and that's the way they make up their military companies here now -- when a man applies to join the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he sizzles they take him, and if he don't they don't.

Mr. Linkhorn, sir, privately speakin', I'm afraid I'll get in a tight place here among these bloods, and have to slope out of it, and I would like to have your Scotch cap and cloak that you traveled in to Washington. I suppose you wouldn't be likely to use the same disguise again, when you left, and therefore I would pro-

pose to swap. I am five feet five, and could get my plow breeches and coat to you in eight or ten days if you can wait that long. I want you to write to me immediately about things generally, and let us know whereabouts you intend to do your fiting. Your proclamation says something about taking possession of all the private property at "All Hazards." We can't find no such place on the map. I thought it must be about Charleston, or Savannah, or Harper's Ferry, but they say it ain't anywhere down South. One man said it was a little Factory on an island in Lake Champlain, where they make sand bags. My opinion is, that sang bag business won't pay, and it is a great waste of money. Our boys here carry their sand in their gizzards, where it keeps better, and is always handy. I'm afraid your Government is givin' you and your kangaroo a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and my humble advice is if things don't work better soon, you'd better grease it, or trade the darned old thing off. I'd show you a slight-of-hand trick that would change the whole concern into buttons quick. If you don't trade or do something else with it soon, it will spoil or die on your hands, certain.

Give my respects to Bill Seward and the other members of the kangaroo. What's Hannibal doin'? I don't hear anything from him nowadays.

Yours, with care,
BILL ARP

P.S. -- If you can possibly extend that order to thirty days, do so. We have sent you a CHECK at Harper's Ferry (who keeps that darned old ferry now? it's giving us a heap of trouble), but if you positively won't extend, we'll send you a check drawn by Jeff Davis, Borygard endorser, payable on sight anywhere.

Yours,
B. A.

SIDE I, Band 4:

PETROLEUM V. NASBY SHOWS WHY HE SHOULD NOT BE DRAFTED.

Wingert's Corners, Ohio -- March 10, 1863.

I see in the papers last night that the Government has instituted a draft, and that in a few weeks some hundreds of thousands of peaceable citizens will be dragged to the tented field. I know not what others may do, but as for me, I can't go. Upon a rigid examination of my physical man, I find it would be worse than madness for me to undertake a campaign, to wit:

1. I'm bald-headed, and have been obliged to wear a wig these 22 years.
2. I have dandruff in what scanty hair still hangs around my venerable temples.
3. I have a chronic catarrh.
4. I have lost, since Stanton's order to draft, the use of one eye entirely, and have chronic inflammation in the other.
5. My teeth is all unsound, my palate ain't exactly right, and I have had bronchitis 31 years last June. At present I have a cough, the paroxisms of which is frightful to behold.
6. I'm hollow-chested, am short-winded, and have always had pains in my back and side.
7. I'm afflicted with chronic diarrhea and costiveness. The money I have paid (or promised to pay) for Jaynes's carminitive balsam and pills would astonish almost anybody.
8. I am ruptured in nine places, and am entirely enveloped with trusses.
9. I have varicose veins, have a white-swelling on one leg and a fever sore on the other; also one leg is shorter than the other, 'though I

handle it so expert that nobody never noticed it.

10. I have corns and bunions on both feet, which would prevent me from marching.

I don't suppose that my political opinions, which are against the prosecution of this unconstitutional war, would have any weight with a drafting officer; but the above reasons why I can't go, will, I make no doubt, be sufficient.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY

SIDE II, Band 1:

THE DISBANDED VOLUNTEER HAS HALLUCINATIONS OF DELIRIUM.

Harrison's Landing -- August 7, 1862

Editors of the Sunday Mercury:

When congestive fever gets hold of a feller it's no joke. It knocks you down and sets onto you like an incubus, forbidding the use of the pen. I speak by the card, for since my last I've had a life-or-death-rassle with this bog-bear of the South, and come all-blazing near getting the coup de grass. Had I been took with it in the Pawmonkey Swamp, no doubt I should have got my everlasting furlough, but this high ground is more favorable to valetudinarians, and 'though much broken, I am gradually mending. At one time my mind wandered to that degree that the doctors considered me a goner, but there's a Providence as shapes our ends, and mine wasn't shaped, it seems. Consequently, here I am setting up on my cot in the sick shanty, with a swimmin' in my head and an awful sinkin' at my stomach, trying to get something lively through my hair for the columns of the Mercury. You mustn't anticipate anything, very brilliant, however, for I feel as if my upperworks was whizzing, and jerking, and snapping, like a Yankee clock out of gear.

It's extraordinary what strange things the most sensible man may say when laboring under the hallucinations of delirium. If the fattest office in the gift of the government was offered by advertisement to the purest patriots, I don't believe a truer friend of the Union than I be could be scared up atwixt the federal city and Fannvel Hall; and yet I learn that when the fever was on me I actually blasphemed the administration and even spoke in disparagement of that paladin of our Liberties, the mighty warrior and statesman of Illinois. If it hadn't a been that the comrade as nursed me took down my raving words in black and white, to read to me when I got well, I wouldn't have 'sposed it possible that such language could have passed the loyal lips of your correspondent. But when a man's not in a sanitory state of mind of course he isn't responsible for his railing words, and nobody don't ought to take 'fence at him.

It appears I thought I had the President and some of his constitutional advisers caged in a caravan and was toting 'em through the North, for a show. My nurse says I addressed the imaginary audiences as follows:

This, feller citizens (pointing into vacancy), is Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, called for shortness, and because he was never addicted to petty larceny, Honest Abe. He's an astonishing man at axe-ing chestnut trees and conundrums, and can split rails or sides with equal complacency. Mr. Lincoln, my popular friend, be kind enough to favor this enlightened audience with a button-buster. He wishes to know, ladies and gentlemen, why his boot is like an ancient Greek republic? I dare say you'll never guess, for it looks considerable more like the kingdom of Italy, a few sizes less than life. He explains. His boot is like an ancient Greek republic because it has a Sole on. Perhaps the answer is obscure. Again he will explain: Solon was a wise man of antiquity, but at the present day Solon geese may be found in Greenland.

You see his knowledge is universal. If time permitted, he would be reminded of a story, but unfortunately he has to be returned to the seat of government before the commencement of the Fall campaign. Observe, his eye twinkles, he has an idea. What is it, your excellency? He wishes me to state to this intellectual assemblage which I consider the most wonderful of all his stories. It's impossible -- there's such an innumerable number on 'em, and they're all so much alike. Once more he explains: The most wonderful of all his stories, is his upper story. There's no repressing his humor, you perceive; it spurts out of him like petroleum from the mouth of a Pennsylvania oil well. His waggist tales would make a dog laugh, and it's a pity there's not time to get 'em off. Maybe you would like to learn why this cheerful citizen was elected to the Executive Chair. For variety, ladies and gentlemen, for variety. All our previous chief magistrates had been grave and dignified, and we wanted a rib-tickler, I 'spose. We've got one, anyhow. Like the man in the drama, he appears to think as all the world's a stage, and he wants to star it as a low comedian. He preposes to save the Union on jocular principles; but I'm afraid the laugh won't come in at present. In the meantime, however, it is a consolation to know that whatever disasters may overtake the nation, the White House will always be as merry as a circus. The President nods and winks in the affirmative, and would offer a closing remark. He says that care killed a cat but never averted a catastrophe; and that even the solemn old Roman Emperors, when they went to the senate, had a set of fellers called lictors, that carried their farces before 'em. You can set down now, Mr. President, while I stir up the Secretary of War.

This, ladies and gentlemen (setting up the cot bolster), is the head of the War Department. What he doesn't know about military strategy and such, all the generals in the world can't teach him. He is an inch taller than the first Napoleon, and considerably heavier. You are aware what the results of the conflict has been so far. Well we owe everything -- including the masterly back down in the Shenendoah Valley -- to this extraordinary critter. Hip! hip! hip! Hurrah! Why in thunder don't you cheer? You've heard, perhaps, that him and General McClellan doesn't set up their horses together. But I have it from the Paladin of our Liberties, in the next cage, that General McClellan looks upon the Honorable Secretary with much affection, and vicey versey. Take him altogether, the Secretary of War is the biggest thing out in the military line, and anybody that questions his capacity for war and conquest will be immediately suppressed as a domestic traitor.

Such was the style in which I raved, as I understand, for more'n twenty-four hours, while the lunatic fit was onto me. Chase, Welles, and Seward come in for considerable abuse; but it seems I pitched hardest into Honest Old Abe and Secretary and Stanton, two men as I equally love and esteem when in the possession of my senses. But if a feller's out of his head, just what he don't want to say, and don't ought to say, is what he invariably does say.

There's a council of war among the leadin' officers today, and the rumor is that a push is to be made at once for Richmond; but, on the other hand, don't be surprised if you hear of a rebel push for Washington in less'n ten days from now. There's going to be another allmighty big scrimmage afore the new recruits is ready. Tryin' to hope that we shall give 'em gas, I remain, weak but warmly,

Yours always,

A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

SIDE II, Band 2:

NASBY "WAILLETH AND CUSSETH."

Saint's Rest (which is in the State of New Jersey) --
December the 26th, 1864.

I've heard from Savannah! I have read of it. Fancy the feelings of a man who had been for weeks 'specting

to hear of Sherman's bein' entirely chewed up by the
undaunted Southern militia!

The following impromptu cuss and wail (equally mixed)
reflects the state of mind of the Democracy of this
section: --

Heart-sick, weary, alone, busted.
Gone-up, flayed, skinned, hung out.
Smashed, pulverized, shivered, scattered.
Physicked, puked, bled, blistered.
Such is Democracy!
Alone I sit, like Marius, among the ruins!
Alone I sit and cuss, and this is my cuss:

Cussed be Calhoun, for he introduced us to that painted
harlot, State Rights, who seduced us.

Cussed be Pierce, who consented to the Nebrasky bill,
which busted us.

Cussed be Buchanan, who peeled us.

Cussed be Breckinridge, who wouldn't support Douglas,
and elected Linkin, which give our post-offices to
Abolitionists.

Cussed be the post-masters -- may they become suddenly
insane, and wildly go to trustin' out postage stamps to
Democrats.

Cussed be Grant, and Sheridan, and Rosecrance, for
they've done for Democracy.

Cussed be them as went in the army Democrats, and come
out Abolitionists. (Which is a epidemic.)

Cussed be Vallindigham, which went a practising law,
leaving me in the Democracy business alone, without any
capital to run on.

('SPECIALLY HOT.)

Cussed be Sherman, for he took Atlanta.

And he marched through the Confederacy, and respected
not the feelings of anybody.

His path was, like Moses's, lit with pillars of fire
and smoke, only the fire and smoke was behind him.

His path is a desert -- lo, the voice of the Shanghi
is heard not in all the land.

And the people in the South lift up their voices and
weep, because their Negroes are not.

And he took Savannah, and cotton enough to have sa-
tisfied Buchanan's cabinet.

And he turns his eyes toward Charleston, and is
seriously thinkin' of Richmond.

He started with three-score thousand -- he stopped
with three-score and ten.

The wind bloweth where it listeth -- he listeth where
he goeth.

As the lode-stone is to steel, so is his steel to the
Georgia Negro -- it draweth him on.

Who will save us from the fury of this Sherman? Who
will deliver us from his hand?

Johnston he beat, Hood he fooled, and Wheeler he
flogged.

Lee would do it; but he's holding Grant, and can't let
go of him.

So he cavorts as he wills, a yearlin' mule with a
chestnut burr under his tail.

Bitter in the mouth of a Democrat is quinine, bitterer
is gall, but more bitterer is Federal victories.

We have been fed on victories lately, and our stomach
turns.

Played out is Davis, and Democracy has followed suit.

The Democracy is turning war-men -- they are bowin'
the knee to Linkin.

Vallindigham will cry aloud for war of extermination,
and Fernando Wood will howl for drafts.

For though John Brown's body lies all mouldy in the
grave, his soul is a marchin' on.

I ain't the rose of Sharon, nor the lily of the valley
-- I'm the last of the Copperheads!

I built my political house on sand -- it has fell, and
I'm under the ruins.

Of politics I wash my hands, I shake its dust off my
few remaining garments.

PETROLEUM V. NASEBY

Late Pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation

SIDE II, Band 3:

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND

Richmond, Va. -- April 12, 18 & 65.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny clime.
I come here a few days after the city capitulated.

My neighbors seemed surprised and astonished at this
darin' bravery onto the part of a man at my time of
life, but our family was never knowed to quail in
danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolutionary War. My
father once had a interview with General La Fayette.

Immediately on my arrival here, I proceeded to the
Spotswood House, and callin' to my assistance a young
man from our town who writes a good runnin' hand, I
put my autograph on the Register, and handin' my um-
brella to a bald-headed man behind the counter, who I
supposed was Mr. Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does
she run?"

He called a colored person, and said:

"Show the gentleman to the cowyard, and give him cart
Number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulysses wouldn't
mind my turnin' in with him."

"Do you know the General?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Well, no, not exactly; but he'll remember me. His
brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal of my
uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal
was ----"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and he
shoved my umbrella onto the floor. Observing to him
not to be so careless with that weapon, I accompanied
the African to my lodgings.

"My brother," I said, "are you aware that you've been
'mancipated? Do you realise how glorious it is to be
free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem
like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in
all its living and holy magnitude?"

He said he would take some gin.

I was showed to the cowyard, and laid down under a
one-mule cart. The hotel was awful crowded, and I
was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison. Tho'
I should have slept comfortable enough if the bed-
clothes hadn't been pulled off me during the night by
a scoundrel who come and hitched a mule to the cart
and drove it off. I thus lost my covering, and my
throat feels a little husky this mornin'.

General Hulleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin' me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox ambulance.

UNION SENTIMENT

There is really a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on every hand.

I met a man today -- I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and influential citizen of Richmond, and says he, "Why! we've been fightin' against the Old Flag! Lord bless me, how singular!" He then borrowed five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Said another (a man of standing and formerly a bitter rebel), "Let us at once stop this effusion of blood! The Old Flag is good enough for me. Sir," he added, "You are from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and asking me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's been a tremendous Union feeling here from the first. But we was kept down by a reign of terror. Have you a daguerreotype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we are once more a happy and united people?"

JEFF. DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is not popular here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathizer. And yet I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never been back. This was showing 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduct has been. Her capture in female apparel confuses me in regard to his sex, and you see I speak of him as a her as frequent as otherwise, and I guess he feels so himself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

He was opposed to the war at the first, and drew his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't have drawn his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He says the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for Negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others, leaves the Confederate Army in a rather shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules, and a Bass drum, and is moving rapidly towards Texas.

A PROUD AND HAUGHTY SOUTHERNER

Feeling a little peckish, I went into a eatin' house to-day, and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did wear looked unhealthy. He frowned on me, and said, kind of scornful, "So, Sir -- you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I come here for hash!"

"Fish-haw!" he said, sneeringly; "I mean you are in this city for the purpose of gloatin' over a fallen people. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield -- never, never!"

"Have sumthin' to eat!" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he said, fiercely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'll you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenous. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin' crackers that had been turned over by revelers in the bread-tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his heart softened a little towards me. "After all," he said, "you have some people at the North who are not wholly loathesome beasts?"

"Well, yes," I said, "we have now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-blooded scoundrel. Young man," I mildly but gravely said, "this cruel war is over, and you're licked! It's rather necessary for somebody to lick, in a good square, lively fight, and in this here case it happens to be the United States of America. You fight splendid, but we was too many for you. Then make the best of it, and let us all give in and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortunes, my young friend. Far from it. I'm a old man now, and my heart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misted with something very like tears. I'm thinkin' of the sea of good rich blood that has been split on both sides in this dreadful war! I'm thinkin' of our widows and orphans North, and of your'n in the South. I can cry for both. Believe me, my young friend, I can place my old hands tenderly on the fair young head of the Virginny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a federal bullet and say, as fervently and piously as a venerable sinner like me can say anything, God to good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear."

I rose up to go, and taking my young Southern friend kindly by the hand, I said, "Young man, adieu! You Southern fellers is probably my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin' it! It's over now. Let us all join in and make a country on this continent that shall give all Europe the cramp in the stomach every time they look at us! Adieu, adieu!"

And as I am through, I'll likewise say adieu to you, gentle reader, merely remarkin' that the Star-Spangled Banner is wavin' round loose again, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slight cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.