

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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[From the N. Y. Metropolitan Record.] Bill Arp Returns to the Eternal City and meets his Friend Big John.

Mr. Editor, Sir.—I have not up to this time made any remarks in public about the trials and tribulations, the losses and crosses, the buzzards and dead horses seen on our journey home to the eternal city. I shall not allude to it now, only to remark that our comin back were not so hasty as our leavin. It was in the dead of winter, through snow and through sleet, over creeks without bridges and bridges without floors, through a deserted and desolate land where no rooster was left to crow, no pig to squeal, no dog to bark, where the ruins of happy homes adorned the way, and ghastly chimney stacks stood up like Sherman's sentinels—a guardian the ruins he had made. A little one has concern contained the high of my worldly possessions, consistin of my numerous and lovely wife and children, and a shuck basket full of some second class vittles. Countin our off-spring there was about ten of us in and about around that vagin, thus illustratin what the poet has said, "One glorious hour of crowded life is worth an age without a name," though the glory were hard to preserve on such okkas-hunt. Mrs. Arp are of the opinion, that her posterity were never as hungry as she is in their life as on that distressin journey, and she once remarked that there was nary rod of the road that didn't bear some of em a bollerin for vittles. My wife's husband is troubled becaus they ain't broke of it, and it do seem, that the poorer I git the more devotin they becom, all of which will end in sumthin or other if sumthin don't happen.

We finally arrived within the precincts of our lovely home. The doors creaked welcome on their hinges, the hoppin-bug chirruped on the hearth, and the whistlin wind was singin the same old tune around the bedroom corner. We were about as happy as we ever been, miser-able, and when I remarked that General Vandier, who okkupied our home, must be a gentleman for not burnin it, Mrs. Arp replied—"I wonder what he done with my soing ma-sheen."

"He didn't cut down our shade trees," said I. "My carpets and carpets—and crockery are all gone," said she. "It may be possible," said I, "that the Gen-ral—"

"And my barrel of soap," said she. "It may be possible," said I, "that the Genral moved off our things to take care of 'em for a while. I reckon we'll git 'em all back after a while."

"After what?" said Mrs. Arp like an ekko, and ever since then when I alluded to our Northern brethren she only replies, "after what?"

By an by the skattered wanders began to drop in under the welcome shades of our sorrowful city. It a delightful enjoyment to greet 'em home, and listen to the history of their sufferings and misfortunes. Misery loves company, and after the misery is past there's a power of comfort in talkin it over and fixin up as big a tale as anybody. I ver standin one day upon the banks of the injun river, a wonderin in my mind who would come next to gladden our hearts, when I saw the shadder of an objek a darkin the sun-lit bank. It wer not a load of hay nor an elephant, but shore enuf it wer my friend Big John, a movin slowly, but surely, to the dug-out landing on the opposite side. His big round face assumed more laidout when he saw me, and without waitin for a k's he sung out in a voice some two staves deeper than the Southern Harmony—

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin." "Make him fit," said I, "and you'll fill the bill." "Prouder to see him than a monkey showin I paddled the dug out over in double quick and bid him welcome to the name of the eternal city and its humble inhabitants. I soon got him adint in the little canoe, and before I was aware of it the water was sloshing over the gunnel at every wabble. "Lay down, my friend," said I, and he laid, which was all that saved us from inundation. When safely landed I found him wedged in so tight that he couldn't rise, so I relieved him by a prize with the end of the paddle. As his foot touched the sacred soil he gently separated his countenance and sung with feelin melody.

DAILY SENTINEL.

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"I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN BE PRESIDENT."—Henry Clay.

dinged things stung me before I could rise, but I got through the cut off and fell in with some empty wagon that was stampein my way. "Gittin on to Atlanta, a fool Irishman stoped me right at the edge of the town and demanded my papers. I didn't have no papers. Nobody had ever axed me for papers, but he wouldn't hear an argument. As Charles would say, he wouldn't give in, but marched me to an office, and I didn't stay there 10 minutes. I went out to Dekatur with some fly conscripts, who were all in mourning, exsepin their clothes. I never seed sich a pitiful set in my life. I talked with em all, and that was nary one but what had the dyspepsy or the swiny or the rumation or the blind staggers or the heaves or the hump or the sumpkin. Well, there was nary one of us discharged, happy homes adorned the way, and ghastly chimney stacks stood up like Sherman's sentinels—a guardian the ruins he had made. A little one has concern contained the high of my worldly possessions, consistin of my numerous and lovely wife and children, and a shuck basket full of some second class vittles. Countin our off-spring there was about ten of us in and about around that vagin, thus illustratin what the poet has said, "One glorious hour of crowded life is worth an age without a name," though the glory were hard to preserve on such okkas-hunt. Mrs. Arp are of the opinion, that her posterity were never as hungry as she is in their life as on that distressin journey, and she once remarked that there was nary rod of the road that didn't bear some of em a bollerin for vittles. My wife's husband is troubled becaus they ain't broke of it, and it do seem, that the poorer I git the more devotin they becom, all of which will end in sumthin or other if sumthin don't happen.

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