

MISCELLANY

Wearing of the Green.

The following is the celebrated song which created such intense excitement throughout Great Britain, and for incorporation of which in his piece, Mr. Bourcault's play of "Arrah na Pogue" had to be withdrawn from the London stage:

O! Paddy, dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law to
Grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep,
The color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law against the
Wearing of the green.
I met with Nappy Tander, and he took
Me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland,
And how does she stand?"
She's the most distrustful country that
Ever you have seen,
They're hanging men and women there for
"Wearing of the green."

Then since the color we must wear is
England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the
Blood that they have shed.
You may take the Shamrock from your hat
And cast it on the sod;
It will take root and flourish there,
Though under foot it's trod.
When the law can keep the blades of grass
From growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in Summer time
Their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color
I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick
To wearing of the green!

But if at last the color should
Be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from
The dear old soil will part.
I've heard whispers of a country
That lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in
The light of freedom's day.
O! Erin, we must leave you, driven
By the tyrant's hand!
Must we ask a mother's welcome from
A strange but happier land,
Where the cruel cross of England's
Thralldom never shall be seen,
And where, thank God! we'll live and die,
Still wearing of the green!

Bill Arp on the State of the Country.

"Sweet land of Liberty, of thee I sing."
Not much I dont, not at this time.
If there's anything sweet about liberty
in this part of the vineyard, I
can't see it. The land's good enuf
and I wouldn't mind hearin a hyme
or two about the land I live on, but
as for findin sugar and liberty in
Georgy soil, it's all a mistake. How-
sumever, I'm hopeful. I'm much
calmer and serener than I was a few
months ago. I begin to feel kindly
towards all people, except some. I'm
now endeavorin to be a great national
man. I've taken up a motto of no
North, no South, no East, no West;
but let me tell you, my friend, I'll bet
on Dixie as long as I've got a dollar.
It's no harm to run both skedules.
In fakt it is highly harmonious to do
so. I'm a good Union reb, and my
battle cry are Dixie and the Union.

But you see, my friend, we are gettin
restless about some thing. The war
had bekum mighty heavy on us, and
after the big collaps we thought it
was over for good. We had killed
folks and killed folks until the novelty
of the thing had wore off, and we
were mity nigh played out all over.
Children were increasin and vittels
diminishin. By a close calculashun
it was perseveed that we didn't kill
our enemies as fast as they were im-
ported, and about those times I
thought it was a pity that some
mirakle of grace hadn't cut off the
breed of furriners some 18 or 20 years
ago. Gen. Sherman wouldn't have
walked over the tract and Ulyses
would have killed more men than he
did—of his own side. I hav always
thot that a General ought to be per-
tikler which side he was sacrificin.

Well, if the war is over, what's the
use fillin up our towns and cities
with soldiers any longer. Where's
your rekonsstruktion, that the papers
say is goin on so rapidly? Where's
the liberty and freedom? The fakt
is, General Sherman and his caterpil-
lers made such a clean sweep of
everything, I don't see much to rek-
onstrukt. They took so many lib-
erties around here that there's nary
liberty left. I could have rekons-
trukted a thousand sich States before
this. Any body could. There wasn't
nothin to do but jest to go off and let
us alone. We've got plenty of states-
men—plenty of men for Governor.
Joe Brown aint dead—he's waitin—
standin at the door with his hat off.
Then what's the soldiers here for—
what good are they doin—who want's
to see 'em any longer? Everybody is
tired of the war and we don't want
to see any more signs of it. The
niggers don't want 'em, and the white
men don't want 'em, and as for the
women—whoo-pee! I golly! Well,
there's no use talkin—when the stars
fall agin maybe the women will be
harmonized.

That male business—that oath about
gettin letters! Gee-tiger! They al-
ways was jealous about the males
anyhow, and that order jest broke
the camel's back. Well I must con-

cess that it was a powerful small con-
cern. I would try to sorter smooth
it over if I knowed what to say, but I
don't. If they was afeared of the
women, why didn't they say so? If
they wasn't, what do they make 'em
sweat for? Just to aggravate 'em?
Didn't they know that the best way
to harmonize a man, was to har-
monize his wife first? What harm
can the wimen do by receivin their
letter oath free? They can't vote,
nor they can't preach, nor hold offis,
nor play soldier, nor muster, nor
wear breeches, nor ride straddle, nor
cuss, nor chaw terbacker, nor do
nuthin hardly but talk and rite letters.
I hearn that a valant kernel made a
woman put up her fan because it had
a pikter of Borygard 'pon it. Well
she's harmonized, I reckon. Now
the trouble of all sich is that after
these bayonets leave here and go
home, these petticoat tyrants can't
come back any more. Some Georgy
fool will mash the juice out of 'em,
sertin, and that wouldn't be neither
harmonious nor healthy. Better let
the wimen alone.

Then there is another thing I'm
waitin for. Why don't they rekons-
struk the niggers if they are ever
goin to? They've give 'em a powerful
site of freedom, and devillish little
else. Here's the big freedman's buro,
and the little buros all over the coun-
try, and the papers are full of grand
orders and special orders and para-
grafs, but I'll bet a possum that some
of 'em steals my wood this winter or
freezes to death. Freedman's buro!
freedman's humbug, I say. Just when
the corn needed plowing the worst,
the buro rung the bell and tolled all
the niggers to town, and the farmers
lost the crops, and now the freedmen
is gettin cold and hungry, and wants
to go back, and there ain't nothin for
'em to go to. But freedom is a big
thing. Hurraw for freedman's buro!
Sweet land of liberty, of thee I don't
sing! But it's all right. I'm for free-
dom myself. Nobody wants any more
slavery. If the Abolishunists had let
us alone, we would have fixed it up
right a long time ago, and we can fix
it up now. The buro ain't fixed it;
and it ain't goin to. It don't know
anything about it. Our people have
got a heap more feeling for the poor
nigger than any Abolishunist. We
are as poor as Job, but I'll bet a dol-
lar we can raise more money in Rome
to build a nigger church than they did
in Boston. The papers say that after
goin round for 3 weeks, and Boston
Christians raised thirty-seven dollars
to build a nigger church in Savannah.
They are powerful on theory, but
devillish scarce in practice.

But it's no use talkin. Everybody
will know by waitin who's been foold.
Mr. Johnson says he's gwine to experi-
ment, that's all he can do now—it's
all anybody can do. Mr. Johnson's
head's level. I'm for him, and every-
body ought to be for him—only he's
powerful slow about somethings. I
ain't a worshippin him. He never
made me. I hear folks hollerin hur-
raw for Andy Johnson, and the
papers say, oh! he's for us, he's all
right, he's our friend. Well, spose
he is, hadn't he ought to be? Did
you expekt him to be a dog, or a
Black Republican pup? Because he
ain't a hanking of us, is it necessary
to be playin hipocrit around the foot-
stool of power, and makin out like
he was the greatest man in the
world, and we was the greatest sinners
? Who's sorry? Who's repentin?
Who ain't proud of our people? Who
loves our enemies? Nobody but a
durned sneak. I say let 'em hang and
be hanged to 'em, before I'd beg 'em
for grace. What's Sokrates, what's
Cato? But if Andy holds his own,
the country's safe, provided these
general assemblies and sinods and
bishop's conventions will keep the
devil and Brownlow tied. Here's a
bossee of slink-hearted fellers who
played tory just to dodge bullets or
save property, now a howlin about for
offis—want everything because they
was for Union. They was for them-
selves, that's all they was for, and
they ain't goin to git the offises
neither. Mr. Johnson ain't got no
more respek for 'em than I have. We
want to trade 'em off. By hoky, we'll
give two of 'em for one copperhead,
and ax nothin' to boot. Let 'em
shiny on their own side, and get
over among the folks who don't want
us rekonstrukted. There's them news-
paper scribblers who slip down to the
edge of Dixy every 24 hours, and
peep over at us on tip toe. Then
they run back to puffin and blowin
with a strait coat tail, and holler out,
"He ain't dead, look out everybody.
I'm jest from thar—seen his toe move
—heard him grunt; he's goin to raise
agin. Don't withdraw the soljers,
but send down more troops immedi-
ately." And here's your Harper's
Weekly a headin all sich—a gassin
lies and slanders in every issue—

makin insultin pikters in every sheet
—breedin everlastin discord, and
chawin bigger than ever since we got
licked. Wish old Stonewall had
ketches these Harpers at their ferry,
and we boys had knowed they was
goin to keep up this devillment so
long. We'd a made Baptists of them
settin, payroll or no payroll. Hurraw
for a brave soldier, I say, reb or no
reb, yank or no yank; hurraw for a
manly foe and a generous victor—
hurraw for our side, too. I golly,
excuse me, but sich expressions will
work their way out sometimes, brakes
or no brakes.

But I'm for Mr. Johnson. I'm for
all the Johnson's, its a bully name.
There's our Governor, who ain't
goin at a discount, and there's Andy,
who is doin powerful well considerin,
and there's the hero of Shilo, peace
to his noble ashes.

And there's Joe, my bully Joe—
wouldn't I walk ten miles of a rainy
night to see them hazel eyes and feel
the grip of his soldier hand. Didn't
my roosier clap his wings and crow
whenever he passed our quarters?
"Instinct told him that he was the
true prince," and it would make any-
body brave to be nigh him. I like
all the Johnsons, even to Sam—L. C.
He never levied on me if he could
git round it. For 20 years, me and
Sam have been working together in
the justice court. I was an everlastin
defendant, and Sam the constable,
but he never sold my property nor
skereed Mrs. Arp. Hurraw for the
Johnsons!

Well, on the whole, there's a heap
of things to be thankful for. I'm
thankful the war is over—that's the
big thing. Then I'm glad I ain't a
Black Republican pup. I'm thankful
that Thad. Stephens and Sumner and
Philips, nor none of their kin, ain't
no kin to me. I'm thankful for the
high privilege of hatin all such. I'm
thankful I live in Dixy, in the State
of Georgy; and our Governor's name
ain't Brownlow. Poor Tennessee! I
golly, didn't she catch it! Andy
Johnson's pardons won't do rebs much
good there. They better git one from
the devil if they expekt it to pass.
Wonder what made Providence afflikt
'em with such a cuss.

But I can't dwell on such a sub-
jekt. Its highly demoralizin and un-
profitable.

"Sweet land of Liberty, of thee
I could not sing in Tennessee."
But then we've had a circus once
more, and seen the clown play romnd,
and that makes up for a heap of
trouble. In fact, its the best sign of
rekonstruktion I have yit observed.
Yourn, hopin,
BILL ARP.

P. S.—And they hawled Grant's
cabin a thousand miles. Well! Sher-
man's war horse strayed in my stable
one night. I want to sell the stall to
some Yankee State Fair, as our peo-
ple ain't the sort that run after big
folk's things. The stall ain't no more
than any other stall to me. State
Fairs, its for sale. I suppose that
Harper's Weekly or Frank Lesly will
paint a pikter of it soon, by drawin
on their imagination. E. A.

Out of nine duels fought in Paris,
eight are sure to be for a lorette; and
she has mostly something to do with
the ninth.

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There will be a mail bag kept at the office
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Consignments of all descriptions of Mer-
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the Hair. CHARLES BACHELOR,
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Burning of the Museum.
LETTER FROM MR. BARNUM.
New York, July 14, 1865.

MESSRS. HERRING & CO.—GENTLEMEN:
Though the destruction of the American
Museum has proved a serious loss to my-
self and the public, I am happy to verify
the old adage, that "It's an ill wind that
blows nobody good," and, consequently,
congratulate you that your well known
safes have again demonstrated their su-
perior fire-proof qualities in an ordeal of un-
usual severity.

The safe you made for me some time
ago was in the office of the Museum, on
the second floor, back part of the building,
and in the hottest of the fire.

After twenty-four hours of trial, it was
found among the debris, and on opening
it this day has yielded up its contents in
very good order—books, papers, policies of
insurance, bank bills, all in condition for
immediate use, and a noble commentary
on the trustworthiness of Herring's Fire-
Proof Safe. Yours truly, P. T. BARNUM.

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The Most Reliable Protection from Fire
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