FIRST PAPER.

BILL ARP TO ABE LINKHORN.

ROME, Ga., 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 on very short notis, a few of us boys have conkluded to write you, and ax for a little more time. The fact is, we are most obleeged to have a few more days, for the way things are happening, it is utterly onposible for us to disperse in twenty days. Old Vir- giny, and Tennessee, and North Callina, are continuually aggravatin us into tumults and carouse-ments, and a body can’t disperse until you put a stop to sich onruly condutk on their part. I tried my darndest yisterday 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 or-
thorized to recommend to you Col. Gibbons or
Mr. McLung, who would attend to the bizness as
well as most anybody.

The fact is, the boys round here want watchin,
or they'll take sumthin. 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 thats the way they make up their mili-
tary companies here now—when a man applies to
jine the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he
sizzes they take him, and if he don't they don't.

Mr. Linkhorn, sur, privately speakin, I'm afeerd
I'll git in a tite place here among these bloods,
and have to slope out of it, and I would like to
have your Skotch cap and kloak that you travelled
in to Washington. I suppose you wouldn't be
likely to use the same disgize agin, when you left,
and therefore I would propose to swap. I am five
feet five, and could git 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 immegitly about
things generally, and let us know whereabouts you
intend to do your fitin. Your proklamation says
somethin about takin possession of all the private
property at "All Hazards." We can't find no
such place on the map. I thot it must be about
Charleston, or Savannah, or Harper's Ferry, but
they say it aint anywhere down South. One man
said it was a little Faktory on an island in Lake Champlain, where they make sand bags. My

[opinion is, that sand bag business won't pay, and it is a great waste of money. Our boys here carry

[Testing the Volunteers.]
there sand in there gizzards, where it keeps better, and is always handy. I'm afeered your Government is givin you and your kangaroo a great deal of unnecessary trubbul, 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 slite-of-hand trick that would change the whole concern into buttons quick. If you don't trade or do sumthin else with it soon, it will spile or die on your hands, sertain.

Give my respekts 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 xtend that order to thirty days, do so. We have sent you a check at Harper's Ferry (who keeps that darnd old ferry now? its giving us a heap of trubble), but if you positively won't xtend, we'll send you a chek drawn by Jeff Davis, Borygard endorser, payable on sight anywhere.

Yours,

B. A.