

COMIC LECTURES,
ON EVERY THING IN GENERAL

AND

Nothing in Particular.

BY DEACON SNOWBALL,

AND

DIEDERICH LAGER-BLATTER.

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COMIC LECTURES, &C., By Deacon Snowball, and DIEDERICH LAGER-BLATTER.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis 'casion, your 'spected preacher will congratulate upon de 'portance ob de fair sect, dat dey mind dar own bizness and pay for dar own liquer in de sullar. De text am in dese words ob de apostle Nicodemus—

Barney leave the girls alone
And let them quiet be.

A fust dewision ob dis subjeck am dat Barney muss leaf de gals alone, which means dat he muss leaf de gals till he can ketch one ob dem alone: as you can do nossin wid de gals when dey am all togedder. De second diwision 'peak about letting dem quiet be. Dat is translated rong ob course, bekase if you let dem alone dey nebber will be quiet. A woman is like a rope swingin' in de wind. She nebber can be quiet at all. Ebery time she breathes, it sets her tong to goin' like the wind turns a wind-mill. Darfore dis passidge ought to read—

Barney leff de gals alone,
And de wimmin do de same.

Dis shows de 'portance dat de gals leff de men alone, and mind dar own bizness. Dis is berry 'portant to your consideration. I hope you 'tink 'em over, and I dress myself 'ticklarly to dem gals yander by de stove who am casting sheep's eye at de fellars in de gallery.

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COMIC LECTURES, &C.,

Your 'spected preacher 'quest de gals to leaf him alone and not to seduce de members ob his church and get away de sheep ob his flock.

Brudder Cole tell me dat lass night he was gwoine down Chardon 'treet, and dar was two nigger gals ob color before him, and dey kepp talkin' and lookin' behind dem, and he was dreadful afeard dat dey try to 'prive him ob his vartue. At lass, one ob dem dropt her bag on de sidewalk and 'spect dat Brudder Cole would pick it up for her. But Brudder Cole made belief he didn't see it, and dey hab to pick it up darself. Arter dat he follow dem gals to see if dey do any mischeaf. He seed dem go down Washington 'treet and at last turn into Union 'treet and go towards Sam's sullar!

Den Brudder Cole run down in de sullar and telled all de poppylation ob color dat he found dar, how dar was two gals out in de 'treet dat wanted to seduce dar vartue. Dar was about a dozen gemmen ob color down de sullar and as soon as dey heerd dat, dey went right out to look at dem gay deceivers, and when dey found dem 2 niggars gals dey 'wised dem to go 'traight home, and two big niggars ob color went to carry 'em to dar houses and when dey got dar dey went in and shut de door and I guess dey gib dem some good advice for de two gemmen ob color staid wid dem as much as two hours before dey cum out agin. De names ob dem two gals ob color will be exposed as soon as dey am found out.

Your 'spected preacher hab been plegged berry mutch by tree gals ob color dat 'rive heah lately from Long Island. Dey 'peak to your 'spected preacher in de 'treet and make curchee to him, and suin ob de white fokes tink dat your 'spected preacher is 'quainted wid dem. De todder night dey ketch hold ob your 'spected preacher in de sullar, and he flee from dem, like Joseff, and leaf de tail ob his cote behind. Dey wanted your 'spected preach-

BY DEACON SNOWBALL AND DIEDERICH LAGERBLATT.

er to treat dem to lobster and clam soup, and dey 'speak him to gib dem a taste ob a big sassage which was dar in de sullar, but your 'spected preacher was afeard dat dey 'tend to corrupt vartue and he flee from dem.

Todder day dat fat niggars wench dat libs over in Charleston call upon your 'spected preacher, and talk to him about de gobd ob her sole. She drop her handkercher on dat 'portant 'casion, and your 'spected preacher tink she was acting like dat young widder over to Chelsea dat seduced Long Sam ob de schooner. Your speaker blushed at dis conduct, and he 'peak her better dand dat, and ax her if she hab no spect for de cloff. Darfore dar will be a moral reform society of people ob color for to prevent niggars gals from seducing de he poppylation ob color. Seven niggars ob color will be a society to go round and visit de lady niggars ob dis vicinity and talk to dem about dar vartue and warn dem agin dar conduct.

Darfore de todder dewision ob dis text 'lude to a fresh supply ob clam dat hab come into de sullar todder day, and which muss be sold rite off as dey hab begun to spile already. Dese clams is mostly open already, and will save de trouble ob opening dem. Your 'spected preacher tasted some ob dem two weeks ago and find dem berry good.

Clarrissa Pease and Jemima Phillips hab complained to your 'spected preacher bekase de world is not destroyed yet, and dey say dat he promised 'em it should be destroyed lass spring! Dey say dat if it ain't destroyed soon, deir assension dresses will be all out ob fashion. What de debble you come to bodder your 'spected preacher 'bout dat for? You brack scorpions, it is your bizness to belive what he tell you, and ax no questions, you stiff-necked jination ob wipers! Dar hab been a mistake in de reckoning on 'count ob de year. It is a

Jew's year and darfore it is not de same ting. De Jew's don't eat no pork, and dat makes de difference, so dat it won't happen till de first fair day in dis monf.

Darfore you better put plenty ob money in de hat, as you won't want it long arter dis month. As your 'spected preacher hab got all his ascension dress reddy except covering for his feet, he hope you put in a good deal as he 'spects to go up on white top boot and want de money to buy dem.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

My Goot Peoples: Your minister shall give you te text vat you shall call:

'Peas porridge hot,
Peas porridge cold,
Peas porridge in the pot
Nine days old.'

Dish solemn text of de pig books is enough to give you a knowledge of te truth like vot you never shall know. In de vust place, te peas porridge shall pe hot. Ah! tat ish very vell. Ven it ish hot it shall pe goot. In de next place, it shall pe cold. Ah! tat shall be vonse as everyting. You shall come too late to dinner, and you shall find te porridge cold. Ten you shall swear, and you shall say 'dunder and blixen, vot shall pe te matters mit dish soup: I shall never have hot soup; te soup shall pe always as cold as te tuyvil. I shall go out of dish house and live in te voods, it shall pe petters tan to get te cold soups.' Ten you shall fling your boot at your vrow, and shall fling te cat out of te vinder.

Ven te peas porridge shall pe nine days in te pot, it shall pe kept varm for you ven you shall pe gone out, and you shall get home late to your dinners. Ven mine oncle, Dr. Von Sluggerbug, shall pe sent to a vooman tat vos ta-

ken all at vonst, te peas porridge shall pe put on te fire ven he shall fust go away; and ven he shall get back, it shall pe nine tays in te pot, sure enough. Tey shall wait for him to get home pefore tey eat teir dinner. Oh? he shall pe a very safe doctor, mine goot oncle Sluggerbug. He shall pe slow and sure.

He shall never do no hurt as he shall never get to te patients ven dar shall pe danger to hurt tem. He shall pe von goot doctor to tell vot shall pe te matter mit tem ven tey shall pe dead.

Your minister shall have one peas porridge tat shall pe nine days old, pecause old age shall pe honorable: and so he shall have all tings old. He shall have his meat old, his pot cheeze old, his sour-kroust shall pe old, and his newspapers tat he shall puy ish old, pecause tey ish te more cheap as te new ones. Tey ish petter for tat. Vy shall you puy te new newspaper ven you shall get te old vons tree for von cent. Tey shall pe just as pig as te otter, and teir shall pe as much reading in te same. Te otter day I shall get hold of five of te old Evening Post of New York. Tey shall pe more tan dirty years old and shall pe all in favor of te British and shall wish tey might lick te Yankees in te war. Oh; tat shall pe von goot paper. I shall subscribe for te Evening Post pecause, if shall vant to lick te Yankees.

THE SUPERNUMERARY.

Sister Sally has got a bo.. Everypoddy is tawkin about it, for he is won-of the wonders of natur!

We was awl down to Ant Judy's house. When we was their, Cozen Peter cum runnin' into the honse with his ize wide oden and hollerin' out a dreadful thing was happened. He sed that about five hundred wild niggars

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had broke loose and was cum with instruments of musick to taik the hull town prisoner. So we all jumt up and didn't know what to do. Uncle Jo, than run to the barn and gut a pitch fork; ant Judy run up stares and brought down the hachet and cozen Almira came up to and sez she, 'Now you can defend your native countree and be a galliant he row. You can drawer out your brite sword and sperr the enemy and have your neme rolled on the histories of fame like lord Nelson at the battle of bun-kers hill.'

'Then i trimbled all over like a lieve, and arter that sister Sally she cum runnin' to the house and sed there was a whole army of granny dears with their bagpipes and there bang goes and their utinsils of musick that was cum to dictate terms of peace to the publick, and she wanted us to go and see 'em. So we awl put on our things, and went out for we thought heiven and airth was cummin' together. So we went down to the skool house and their they wos. It was a hull passel of fellars and they had all sort of musicks and long tale cotes and look't dreadful, and they was grate gentlemen, and was desput perlite, and bowed down almost to the floor, and sister Sally sed she shouldn't wonder if yon of 'em was a prince in disguise. As soon as we went into the skool-house we sot down. Then these musicianers all sot in cheers at t'other end of the skool-house, and before they begun to play on their musicianary instruments, the squire stood up and maid 'em a speech. He telled 'em that he was brought up in that town, man and boy, was forty year and upward, and he sed that he bid 'em welcome to the plaice, and that the villedge had never been so much 'onored sense la Fayette passed threw their, and so he maid a low bow and talked to 'em about the risin generation and the importance of eddication and he said there appearance in our villedge was like the rising of the sun in

the mountains. Then these musicianery all made a bow and it look't proper pretty in there long cote-tales.

Arter this they begun to sing and play upon there musicks, and the gals awl sed it was deliteful, and Susan Pleice was their hoo had been to bordin' skool: and she sed it was very *requisite* and reminded her of the harp of Orphans. Luke Stratton was acquainted with won of the musicianers for he had seed him when he went down with charcole to bostown, and he telled the gals that he wood introduce 'em to these gentlemen as soon as they had dun musickening.

When sister Sally heered that, she like to hae' fainted away; for she thawt it would be so dreadful to be intruded to sitch wonderful caracters, and she believed that they had soles as noble as Sur William Wallis.

So arter they had dun singing, the squire had his carriage brawt to the dore, and exed 'em to go home and lodge to his house, as he couldn't think to hav 'em go to the tavurn where their was no peeple hoo was perlite enuff to keep there company. So they awl got in the carriage and driv off. Sister Sally run and held the step for 'em as they got in, and she bowed when they driv off.

Arter we got home, i went to speak to sister Sally, and she turned up her nose at me, and sez she—'don't speak to me, i'm thinkin' of more importan bizziness; the gentleman that is the Capting of the band has bowed to me to-day, and i don't think i shall trubble myself to tawk about your matters.'

Then mother sent for the minister to get him to speak to the grate Capting and ax him if he had any notion arter her darter. So the Capting cum to our house write off and got his neaze before Sally and swore eternal perfidy. So he has been cuming to see sister sally aver sense and he telled her all about his wonderful doins and showed her a goold cote in which he played on the theatur when he was a supernumery as they call it.

Sister Sally sez that a supernumery is higher than a jeneral and she is so proud that she won't speak to none of us. The stage-driver sez that this grate supernumery has got a wife in Providence; but sister Sally won't heer nothin' agin his carackter, and is getting her close maid for the weddin. She wants that you should send word what will be the price of a fust rate wedding-cake made in Bostown, for she means to hav everything dun in the most genteelest way.

Nothin is twaked about up heer but Sally's bo, and everybody thinks she will be a grate lady and a sitty lady tue. Don't you noe any sitty gal that you can send up heer to cort me? I must hav a sitty gal for a wife, if Sally has a city bo.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: We take dis 'portant opportunity to 'proximate on de follerin' text ob de apostle Barbaras:

Turn about and turn about, and jump Jim Crow.

When you take up a text like dis 'ere to splunticate upon de passage, de first thing is, to clean your teeth and wash your mouf so dat de words don't get soiled in coming out. Den you count de letters and dewide de text jest in so many parts; arter dat you 'prove upon de hole, and den you pass round de hat.

You know dat a bear goes up a tree with his tale head foremost. Darefore your 'spected preacher will begin dis text in the same way. In de first place he begin wid Crow, which am a bird of *prey*. Sometimes you heah tell ob a gemman ob color who was born of preyin' parents. Do you 'spose dat dis crow is sich a kind of a ting. Dat crow nebber prays in dat way; but he prey upon odder insecks and quadrupeds. He is one of dem kind ob prey-

ing creters that like de fleece more dan de flock. De crow is ob de color ob de poppylation ob color: de same 'plexion as your 'spected preacher witch 'prove dat dis terrible wild beast can transform heseff into an angel ob light.

The next diwission am de splicelation of de words, 'Turn about and turn about—' De 'portance ob dese words am berry 'ticklar 'portance. Dar am two kinds ob vartue; one ob dem is colored vartue and todder one is white vartue. Dar is one kind for de white fokes and anudder kind for gemmen and ladies ob color. Darfore you must turn about and turn about and forsake your sin, even dat sin dat so easily beset you, witch is, dat you put no munny in de hat. Den dar is de word *jump*, witch am anudder dewision ob de text. Dar am many ways to jump. Some jump like a frog. A frog and a toad am the same ting, only de frog hab de crookedest legs. Annoder jump is de way de sinner will jump when the debble stick his pitchfork into him. Todder jump am de jumping ob de text, witch 'lude to Jim Crow, a gemmen ob color from ole Wirginny.

On de lass satterday in nixt week dar will be a publick dinner gibben to your 'spected preacher. Dinner on de table at one o'clock. De first course will be clam soup, to be laddled out by Sofriner Philips: de second coarse will be clam soup too, wid cracker in it. De third coarse will be fried clam, and de fourth coarse will be boiled clams and icester sause. Dar be two tables set, de one table will be for de coal-black niggars and de odder table for yaller niggars. Seventeen toasts will be drunk in honor to your 'spected preacher. Arter dat Sophia Jon-sing will sing a song and Obed Mitchell will play upon de banjo. Arter dat de hole company will sing a solo, and your 'spected preacher will drink a bottle ob cider wid a gemman ob color from Long Island.

Now I'm gowin to prove upon de hole, witch signify dat you must look before you jump on ebery 'casion. If you find you are gwoine to jump into a puddle you must turn about.

Dar is expected to be a marridge between Nancy Staples and Brown Widgeon. Your preacher is not sartin about it, but he see dem castin sheep's eyes at one anudder; and he take her to de bawl of Ruth Wing. Arter dat he treat her to a glass ob someting down de sullar. Your preacher take dis opportunity to peak for de job of marrying dem. He will ax for de job two shillings and a treat.

Now brudder Nickles will pass round de hat, and as the scriptur sez—if you hab cents to spare, prepare to spare 'em now.

Your 'spected preacher will gib a leckture on de rise and progress ob de boot and blacking business next week is a fortnight.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples : De text dat I shall give you, shall pe in tese vords :—

'Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear,
Of Fox's leathern breeches.'

Dish text is from te Aposhtle John, who shall pe called te belubbed dishipples. He shall write von goot text apout te Quaker. Te pope shall tell you tat te Quaker shall pe *sly*, and te aposhtle John shall tell you he ish von *fox*. Te hide of te fox shall make leather like te hide of von cats. It shall pe his leather preeches all over his pody, and tey shall shake to hear te sarmont of tat fox. Ven von ish a goose, he shall pe frightened ven te fox preeches. Tey shall pe frightened at his preeches, sure

enough. Only von pair of preeches shall pe notting at all. Vot shall you say to te preacher vot shall veer ten pair of preeches? If tat Fox shall make you shake mit his vou pair of leather preeches, you shall shake vorse ven your minister shall come to preach mit seven pair of preeches on.

Ven von man shall get mad mit you, and threaten to preak your head off, you shall tell him it don't lay in his preeches to do it. But dish Fox shall have great power in his leather preeches. Tey shall make the priestcraft shake. I shall like to see them shake, tem priesicrafts! Vat shall pe te matter mit them preeches? I shall think he will carry someting in te pockets to shoot te priestcrafts. He shall put tem in all in his preeches pocket and carry tem off. I never shall see te Fox tat shall pe so bad. Tey shall not keep thanksgiving, pecause dish Fox shall run off mit all te goose. Tey shall not fight for teir country pecause te fox shall have his hole vere he run away and keep still. Tey shall not put von cent in te plate. Oh! tat shall pe very pad ven te fox shall not pay for te preach. Tey shall have von woman's to preach in teir church, and tat shall pe pad too, for tey shall spile te business ven teir ish too many in it. It shall pring down te price of te preach. Te voman shall pe paid less than te man for teir vork, and tat shall make to preaching cheap.*

I shall not like tem leather breeches. It ish von cheating te minister out of his pay. If I shall make you von shoe, I shall ax te monish for making te shoe, but ven I shall save your soul from the tuyvil, oh! tat shall pe vorth a plenty of monish. Vat shall a man give for his soul?

YANKEE LETTER.

There was a gal wonst up in our parts named Sal Splitten. Sal and me was acquainted from the earliest of our acquaintanse, and when we was little, we used to carry a jug of 'lasses together. You can ax Mister Mullin about that, hoo yused to keep the west injee store down by the turn in the rode near Sigh Snuffle's house. So as Sal begun to grow up and her frock got two short for her, she used to squint at me kinder sly, and she wouldn't put her arms round my neck as she used.

As for my part, i went to the cow-yard and i begun to talk of settin' up with the gals. So mother made a soot of pepper and salt close, and i felt as grand as nue beans and then i left off keepin' low company and always kept company with sich folkes as Jim Jewel the hossler at the tavern and Sam Pease hoo had a nue soot of brown close. Then the gals begun to look at me in meetin' time and wunst i slapt that 'ting Brown in the face for starring at me, for i that drest well and had learning didn't like for to have sich low peepke stick up to me.

As for Sal Splitten, i had a notion arter her, but i kinder felt two big to go to see her for she wore a sort of brown frock that want no grate things. So i kept away from the house a good wile; but at last she cum to meetin' with a pretty French print on, and then i watched her till meetin' was out and i run up to her and sez— 'The fatigues of the mornin' to yer, Miss Splitten!' When Sal heard me say that her eyes snapt for joy and she was dredful struck with my poughliteness, and she put her arm rite under mine and we walked alone together.

Here i axed her to cum to see her, tho' i telled her that i didn't eggzackly like to marry inter her family, wich was rahter a low won; but as she'd gut a new frock, i'd cort her a wile till i found sumbody of a better family. So she agreed to it for she noed that i was a kin to Mr.

Darby that keeps the pound and they say that's a hire offiss than prezident.

Then i went a cortin' Sal, and i kept it up for six weeks; but then i'd got up two high in the world to think of her any longer. They tawked of puttin me up to go to the legislatur and vote for prezident and drink a health to the country where i was bred and bornd. So they told me i must maik a speech and it must be a stump speech, i couldn't find any stump to stand on, and so i goes and gets up on a hoss block, and i sais, sais i—

'Feller mortils and gentlemen of the jury—

'We've cum together this day to 'lect me to the legislatur where i's for freedom from the english nation. We are to fite for freedom, as gineral washington did. We are to lick the british with injines of destruction and to obey the ten commandments from our yuth up. I don't want to make my brags about myself now for nothing; but i say it, that i've got good relations as well as another and 'spectable relations. I have a uncle that's keeper of the pound, and t'other day he had a beef critter in his place that wayed i forget how many stone, but it was prodigious. For skinning a sheep i'll turn my back to no man, and so if you 'lect me to the legislature, you can't do a better thing.'

When i'd sed all this, they clapt their hands and give me 3 chairs.

They sed the speech ought to be printed and put in the papers and sent off to the president. So i went to the additur of the Green Buzzard and axed him to print 'it and he telled me to right it down tho he was there and heered it himself. i went hum and i couldn't find no ink-stand with ink it, and so i got a old paper that had a speech maid by Mither Henry Clay and i got that printed in the Green Buzzard; but when it was printed and the folks cum to rede it, they said it wos on the rong.

sighed, for i had agreed to voat for the tother party. So i didn't get 'lected, and then when i seed i wrnt likely to be a grate man arter all, i went back to Sall and telled her i could have her, but the pesky critter had got a noo bo named Sam, and Sam he poked his finger at me and was as sassy as a greased niggarr.

I don't no as i shall git married rite away now; for till i cum to Boston and get amongst them hi larnt ladeys and mebbby they'll take a shine to me sense i've begin to right for the noose papers.

Give my luv to all 'quiring friends and ax 'em what they will ax to board me a month in Sam Jonson's suller

EZEKIEL BRANE.

LAGER-BLATER'S LECTURE.

My Goot Peoples: I shall give you von text to-day vat you shall call tese words:

'The ship, T. H. Perkins, from Manilla, at New York, brings some farther account of the disastrous swells in the harbor of St. Helena.'

Dish text shall pe apout te swells. Sometimes you shall cut a great swell ven you shall get on your Sunday clothes and von new liat, and boots mit high heels, and ten pair of preeches.

Te text shall spoke apout te swells in St. Helena. Tat shall pe te place vere Bonaparte shall go to live, ven he shall make money enough, and retires from bisness. Ven he shall cut all his swells mit his long boots on his feet and his crown on his head, den he shall cut te disastrous swells at St. Helena.

Ven he shall cut te fust swell, he shall shoot te people in te streets mit te cannons. Tat shall not pe so in mine country; for teir you shall valk te streets mit out being shot at all: but Bonaparte shall shoot everypody in te streets. In mine country tey shall hang dish Bonaparte ven he shall cut tem swell, sure enough. After tat he shall get to be von king, and ten he shall year a gold coat and silver vest, and von hundred pair of preeches, pecause he shall pe te king at tat time. Ten he shall cut a great swell ven he shall valk te street mit his vatch-chain hanging down to his knee, and his hat on three hairs of his head, and every von shall make him a bow like it vas your minister.

Ten tey shall put him on von little island tey shall call *elbow*, and ten he shall cut von swell more bigger as ever pecause he shall have te island all to himself. He shall pe like Robinson Crusoe vat shall pe te monarch of all he shall see. He shall feel very proud ven he shall valk apout on tat island. He shall cut a swell teir pecause he shall grow fat and swell up big mit fat. He shall get so much to eat and a plenty of schnaps, and shall take-snuff all te time.

But tey shall turn him away from te island, and he shall go back to his own country, sure enough.

Te text vash told you tat te ship Perkins shall pring more account of te swells. Tey have ketched some more Frenchmen, and pnt tem on te island to make von swell. I shall like to see all te Frenchmen put teir too; for tey shall eat frogs as shall not pe von Christians to eat frogs. Your minister shall try it vonce, and shall tell his vrow to ketch two toads, and shall put te toads in a pan and fry tem for dinner. It shall not pe so goot as a pig. I shall not like tem. Tey shall pe te same as frog, pecause tey ish von toad: but I shall not like tem at all. I shall rather have von goot sausage and von ross beef tan all te toads and frogs for mine dinner.

Mynheer Slaughtenburgh shall pass round te plate, and shall call to mine house to-day and get some schnapps for his trouble. Now you shall all go home and schmoke your pipe mit thanks.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURES.

Belubbed Brethren: You 'spected preacher hab obser'vation to make before he 'gin to 'lapidate on de text ob dis tickla 'casion. He observe to dis congrygation ob color dat his helf am dilikit on dis 'ticklar 'casion, habin' had a pain in de 'tomack all ob lass week.

We take our text from de words ob de 'possal Davy Crockett who tell you dat—

'There was a little man.
And he had a little gun,
And a bullet made of lead.'

De common 'taters dat take holt on dis dext say dat dis little man is Tom Thumb dat lives in de museum. But dat are is berry 'ticklarly story 'kaze he nebber hab a gun. De gemman ob our text hab a gun, and he hab a bullet made ob lead. You see dat dis is berry 'ticklarly 'spress-ed dat de bullet is made ob lead. Suppose dat de bullet was made ob wood; den it would be a nine-pin ball. If it was made ob stone, it would be a marvel, and if it was made ob anything else, it would be something else.

Darefore de gemman ob de text hab a bullet made ob lead and darefore it was not a cannon ball which am made ob iron, which is de color of your 'spected preacher.

Darfore who is dis little man wid bullet made ob lead? I tell you it am little David, dat was de little man, and de little gun is de spiritual meanin' for a sling, de text dat comes arter tell you dat he shot a duck in de head.

Duck means a goose bekase he was a goose to come dar and get killed, and his head was chopt off and stuck on a pole.

Darfore your 'spected preacher is de speritual meanin' ob little David, and de stone is de sarmant he preaches which kills de debil who is de grate Goliah dat is in your sole, you brack scorpions.

Darfore de follerin' toast was gibben at de late dinner, witch was gibben to your 'spected preacher:

1. De brack complexion—dis is de complexions ob dem dat has ben dyed in de wool, and white fokes is like a new house, de color ob de boards dat has nebber been painted.

2. De woman's right society—Dey sew not, neither do they spin anything but 'treet yarn.

3. De niggard dat licked a white feller todder day. His heel tick out haff a yard, and his head am hardar dan a brickbat. Three cheers—None but de brave deserve de fair.

A song was den called for, and Massa G. jumpt Jim Crow and sung de song. Arter dat he gib de follerin' conundrum:

Why is de top ob Massa G.'s head like de votes for Henry Clay?

Ans. Because dey want a wig at de head.

Why is de hair ob Massa Phillips like Snowball's sarmant?

Ans. Bekase it is *always read*. (red.)

De party broke up at de hour ob leben, and your 'spected preacher hab de honor to wate on Phillis Jonsing to her place of abode. He 'fict a kiss on her pouting lip when he take leave ob her; and Massa Fillips wate on dat big nigger wench dat libs down in Cat Alley. She say dat Massa Filips make grate impression on her wirgin hart, and treat her like a gemman.

Arter dat we 'prove upon de 'hole. Clam soup is sarved up arter dis ebenin' in pewter platter, wid wooden spoon. Cesar hab 'cluded to trust 'spectible niggars; and all dem dat don't pay will be exposed in church by your 'spected preacher.

Dar will be a lektur delivered at de Philadelphy lectures to-morrow ebening in de arternoon before bed-time by dis 'spected niggars ob color, on de subjeck of openin' clam: de difference between a round clam and a soft clam will be pinted out, for de one is a quadruped and de odder is a clam genius.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddring: De follerin' text we take on dis 'portant 'casion:

'Music hath charms to soothe the savage.
To open rocks and split a cabbage.'

In de fust beginnin' ob dis church we hab music in dis house. Tony Jumbo played on de fiddle and Peter Widgeon played on de banjo. You raccolleck dat berry well. We use music bekase it sounded pretty and hab charm to it. You recolleck berry well that Sam Jonsing was head in dem times, and Sam was the great musicianer for singin'. Sometimes he sing so loud dat you tink de ruff ob de house was gwoine to come off. Dat was great, bekase you sing in church to be heered in hebben and as hebben is great ways off, darfore you muss sing berry loud, or else dey won't heah you dar.

One time Sam Jossing sung so loud dat his voice knock down de 'tove pipe. Dat create great rewival for few minutes, bekase dey thought de debble was comin' arter dar sins.

Anudder time Sam Jonsing and Love Wheeler was singin' berry loud togedder and dey got a going and dey couldn't stop. Sam pulled off his coat and jacket to it, and Love flung down her bonnet on de floor. Dat was great time for religion in dem days, I 'sure you.

De text tell you, in a 'ticlar manner, dat music hab charm to soothe de savage. Darfote you larn from dis fuss part ob de text, dat music am 'tended 'ticklarly for de savage. When de savage heah music it sooth him berry much. Dat am de reason dat jineral Jackson when he go wid sogers to fight de savage berry much, hab music.

Cesar hab music down in de sullar to sooth fokes and make dem come down out ob de 'treet and buy sumting. Darfore de text shoud hab been translated—'Music hab

charm to sooth de savage, to open *clam* and split a *cracker*.
Music sarve to open great many clam in de sullar, and
cracker ob course.

Annudder ting is, dat music opens your mouf and set
you to singin'. Annudder ting, music open your leg and
set you to dancing. Dar was little Peter, who lib on de
Hill in de times ob Big Dick and Gubbennor Guss, he was
set a dancing, by music, and eberybody try to 'top him :
but he no 'top at all, 'till he dance heseff to death, and
arter dat he 'top dtrackly, right off.

Dar am berry warios kind ob cabbage wich is de fiff
diwision ob de text. Dar is skunk cabbage ; dar is leetle
cabbage ; dar is big cabbage, and cabbage leaves. Skunk
cabbage smell berry much like a colored ball-room. Lit-
tle cabbage look berry much like brudder Cole's head ;
and big cabbage am like de head ob your 'spected preacher.
Den dar is tailor's cabbage wich am berry 'specta-
ble as it 'longs to de cloff. Pickle cabbage am berry sour,
and look berry much like de head ob Charity Phillips wen
she gib your 'spected preacher de bag. Your 'spected
preacher hab not de time to 'lapidate much on cabbage,
on dis nefarious fungacious 'casion ; but he will axplat-
terate on de kind ob music dat is most in use at dis con-
junction. In de fust place is de base drum. It is big as
a hoxit, and a man is paid to carry it 'long de 'treet. He
hab a big drum 'tick and a leetle drum 'tick. He hit a
good many times wid de leetle 'tick and only a few times
wid de big 'tick. Darefore dey call him base drum.

Todder music is de fife. You make him go wid your
fingers. When you 'top up de holes wid your fingers, it
makes de music come out, de same as anybody will break
out ob jail when dey is locked up dar.

De most 'portant music is de fiddle, bekase some folks
get dar livin' by playin' ou him. Dar am two kind ob
fiddle, de fiddle that Cesar play on, and de Scotch fiddle.

Boff is berry good in dar place. De one scrape ; and de
odder 'cratch.

Your 'spected preacher 'form dis congregation ob color
dat he wants berry much to get a new pair ob pantaloen,
as de ones dat he wear on dis 'portant 'casion is all out
behind, as you can see if you look. He hab to keep
pokin' in his shirt tail wid de finger, and it am ob no use
at all, for it come out again ebberry minit. He hope you
put money nuff in de hat to pay for him ; besides dat he
wants to get a bowl ob clam soup dis berry ebening and
treat his friend Simon Jonsing from Long Island to lob-
ster. He nebber taste lobster, and he want to get 'em
berry much. Dar will be a lub feest in dis house on Tues-
day night is tree weeks. Ebery one will bring cake ob
bread in dar pocket 'cept your 'spected preacher who will
eat at the expense ob de faithful.

Susan Jumbo will 'top at de close ob de sarvice as your
'spected precher hab sumting ob private nature to say
to her. He want to ax her 'bout dat niggarr gal dat 'top
your 'spected preacher in de 'treet todder day and ax him
to call and see her in de ebening.

Now brudder Cesar Widgeon will pass round de hat,
and I hope you no forget your 'spected preacher's breech-
es wich am berry 'portant on dis 'portant 'casion. Tin
fourpence is of no use in de hat.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

My Goot Peoples : Te text is in dese vords:—

They called me blue-eyed Mary,
When friends and fortune smiled;
But ah! how fortunes vary,
I now am sorrow's child!

Dish shall be von text of a young gal tat shall find she
have pad lucks. Very vell: shall teir pe nopody else vat
shall have pad lucks? Ven I shall been in mine own

country, I shall pe von rich like Mynheer Zhacobs Astors: I shall ride in mine coach mit six hoss, and te house shall pe so pig tat te rats in te house shall pe so pig as von of te cats in dish country. Pecause te house shall pe so pig, everyting in te house vas pig as te house too.

Vat shall pe dish blue-eyed Mary tat shall prag about te troubles tat she shall have? I spose she shall be von gal tat shall peen in love, and shall pe mad pecause somepody shall get away her lover! She shall say tat fortune smiled. Vat fortune shall she have? Vere shall te gal get von fortune, ven she shall have flowers to sell? Tat gal shall sell flowers. Vat shall flours be goot for? If she shall sell te radish, te salads, te pea, te bean, te pot cheese—ah! tat shall pe someting vorth a vile to sell, sure enough.

She shall be called Sorrow's child. Who shall be tat Sorrow? I never shall hear of von Mynheer Sorrow! She shall call herself von child of tat Mynheer Sorrow. I tink I shall know vat shall pe her father. She shall not tell, pecause it shall pe nopoty ish her father. She shall pe pest for te poor-house or te house of correcting vere tat gal shall go, I tink, mit her fortunes and her father, Mynheer Sorrow.

Teir shall pe a plenty of Dutchmans tat shall come to te house of your minister, and shall say tat tey shall pe fortunes in Holland, and shall lose all te monish, and shall ax your minister to lend tem five dollars, sure enough. I suppose tey shall pe Mynheer Sorrow's child too. He shall have plenty of children, tat Mynheer Sorrows.

But you shall be von Sorrow's child arter you shall go out of te world, ven te tuyvil has got hold of you, pecause you shall not snport the stated preaching of te goshpels, and put plenty of monish in te plate vich shall pe handed round tat you shall fill it full, sure enough.

Mynheer Von Junks and Mynheer Blastus shall pe von committee to convert te Jews, as many of te members of dish church shall sell pork and sausage, vich shall pe goot for pizziness. Tey shall have one dollar a head for converting te Jews.

YANKEE LETTER.

Feyther got whopping mad last summer and sed i must go to work at somethin' to earn my livin' and not be lounging 'round the house no longer, for i was twenty three years old and stood over six foot in my stockings. So, Joe Brigham was up at our house and he sed how he was goin' on the canawl to run a canawl bote from Wooster to Providence. I had herd tell of the wonders on the grate deep, and how they was sumtimes cast away and all got drowneded. So we all got 'round Joe to heer him tell. He had been up the canawl five times and that he new how to steer a bote. So he telled us all about it and sung a song about the dangers of the seas, and the dreadful doins of the raging mane.

Then mother sed she couldn't endure to hav me go off on the dangerous deep and sale in them canawl botes; but sister Judy sed how she should like to have a brother that would go on the deeps and be a stranger in a strange land, and who would press her to her busting hart whenever he came back from the dangers of the raging mane. She cast ever so many sheep's eyes at Joe bekase he had had experience in these things, and so he took the hint and got up to go and kiss her, but he stumbled over the cat and pitched his head agin her boosum and she squaked right out like a cat when you tread on its tale.

So mother wanted to appear delikit before Joe, and she lookt round and got a bottle of sweet ile and held it to Judy's nose. So Judy lookt up, and seed joe fanning her

with his hat, and then she fell right in love with him; for it was plane that he was a first rate gentleman. Then Judy telled me to go with him on the raging deep and talk him for my pattern, as he would lead me to glory and renown.

Then there was grate times a fixin me off. I got a pair of big boots maid by Simon Elnathan Parker the shew maker, ond mother and Judy sot up all nite puttin my salt and pepper cote in order, for to go on the canawl with Joe Brigham and see the wunders of the lord in the mity deep.

So on the nixt week, on a tooseday and in the year of our lord 1800043, i got into the wagging with our sorryell mayor tackled up to it, and Joe Brigham by the sighed of me and farther drive us oph to Wooster, wich was jist fifteen mile from the place where i was bred and born. All the family cum out to see us oph and to bid us good buy. Mother shook hands with me and put a cake of ginger bread in my pocket, then she sed she was afrade she should never see me agin, and telled me to give her lov to the capting of the canawl bote. Then my sister put her arms round me, and kist my forrid, and sez she—'Thus do i resign ye to the deep! When the waters run over the vessel and thy sole takes its flite to the deep of the O shine, o then remember me!'

Joe sed he was so affected by this that he like to have fainted away. Arter that we driv on and passed threw the grate sitty of holden. At last we got to the mity sitty of wooster, and we seed wimmin their. They wawked along the streets all drest up in rail style, and they had little umberrellars that they carried over there heads, though their want no reign. Then we cum to the plain where the canawl bote was tied up to a big tree, and then i was afearred to go on it, for fear it would sink down into the seas. So i let joe git in, for i expected he was a won-

derful big feller on the seas, on account of his talk at our house. But as soon as he got there, the capting went up to him, and axed him where he had been all the time. So he telled him, and then the capting he sez, 'well go to work and sweep off the bote or i'll turn you away, you good-for-nothin,' lazy feller!'

So i was wonderful surprized, for i thort Joe was Capting and was going to give me a good sittyvation. Farther stared and i stared, till the Capting cum up to us and axed us if we wanted to sale down to Providence in his bote. So farther and i both took off our hats and maid a low bough to the Capting and telled the Capting that i wanted to get a chance to go to sea in the bote, upon the raging main. Then i telled the Capting that mother had sent her love to him, and he lookt at me as hard as if he was goin to see threw me. He telled me he had got no chance for me as his men was all hired. Then farther up and tolled him that Joe Brigham had agreed to giv me a good sittyvation and he laffed and sed that Joe was hired by him, and that he wouldn't give him his salt for all he did, but he kepp him out of charity. As for Joe, we went along to speak to him, but he dasn't look at us nor say nothin, for fear the Capting would turn him away.

Then farther concluded he would pay the munny and let me go to Providence and cum back, but he wouldn't go in the bote himself, as his life was 2 vallyble to be supported with. So farther went hum, and i rid down in the bote, upon the ragin mane, i was gone three days and when i cum back i had a pesky sight to tell about the bridge i seed there, and sullers where they sell oysters, and a great big hollow house, with long stone posts, and they call it the Ark ade, and i took hum a noosepaper that was called the peronical—when i got hum, sister judy run up to me and fainted away on my boozum; mother run round to the nabors to tell 'em all about my adven-

tures which she said were more wonderful than Robinson Rooster, all the gals in the villidge cum running to our house, and all the nabors shouted for joy!

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: Dis child ob color take dis 'casion to 'form dis dark complected congregation dat he hab chose for his text de follerin' words ob Saint Daniel Webster—

'See the niggars as they run.
Wide awake for dance and fun.'

Dis text am explatterified in the fif conjunction ob de dignity ob human natur, and 'specs de opinion ob dat grate poet, massa Webster.

De fust collateral explosion ob de subject 'form you dat niggars run. Dis is de prepossessive case and de animalcule gender and figurative mood, and hab sixteen dewision exclusive.

De fust diwision ob de text am niggars, which ar diwid- ed into the colored poppylation and de poppylation ob color. Den dey am diwided into he niggars and she niggars. Arter come de yaller niggars and de musty niggars, de fat niggars and de lean niggars and dey am de dewision ob de poppylation ob color.

De text tell niggars to run—to flee from de 'rath to come. Dar am seven way, to do dis. In de fust place, you must put money in de hat. Den you muss trade at de sullar; I undertan dat Sopy Phillips buy her bear at Peter Titz. I 'ject to dat, bekase dat is not de place. Ebery one dat belongs to dis church must buy dar tings in de sullar. Susan Longheel hab got married and she 'ployed anudder gemman ob color to 'fishiate on dat 'portant 'casion. Darefore your 'spected preacher forbid anybody to 'sochiate wid her: for what fellership hab believer wid a onbeliever?

Todder dewision 'spress de idee ob wide awake. You hab heered ob wide awake for black fish; but dis is wide awake to dance and hab fun. De colored poppylation hab always obeyed dis text. So has de poppylation ob color. Black Joe, dat long fiddler what took board in Sam's suller lass week hab, played for sebenteen parties widin de week. Two niggars up town danced dar heel off in de mean time, your 'spected preacher tore his trowse's in trying to cut a pijin-wing. Temperance Wing's bustle fell off on de floor and your spected preacher trad on it.

It busted open, and Cezar tink he know dat meal dat come out ob it; he tink she 'told it from de sullar! Patience Lewis is 'quested to fetch back dat string ob inions dat she took from de sullar. She tink dat Cesar didn't see her, but he was 'hind de door, and he see her out ob his eye. He tank her to bring dem back or your 'spected preacher will 'spose her before dis congregation ob color.

A peck ob clam willl be raffled for at de sullar, and a pint ob icester took out ob de shell.

Dar is gwoine to be some church property belongin' to dis congregation, and your 'spected preacher will hab de care of it. Dar will be six hens and dey will lay eggs for de good ob de chureh. Dar will be fifty egg laid in a month; dem egg will be hatched, and de chickens will grow up to be hens; den dey will lay egg, and to de eend of the year, it will come to tree hundred dollars for eggs. Darfore de church will sell its eggs for tree hundred dollars nixt winter. Darfore if anybody hab got tree hundred dollars to lend your 'spected preacher till dat time, dey may hab de hole of dem egg nixt winter. I hope you hand ober de money rite off. De six hens may be seen down the sullar any time between de hour ob two in de morning and one o'clock in de arternoon.

Now I shall 'prove upon de 'hole. Dar am tree niggars

gals dat is arter your 'spected preacher; one of dem is Hope Jniee, toder is Kate Widgeon, and todder is Jerusha Black. But your 'spected preacher hab no wish to change his sittyvation. He wood have no ojection to Susan Jonsing or any odder widder dat hab got de tin; but he cant tink ob marrying dem dat hab got no munny; for he dat don't provide for his own house is wuss than a infidel.

Brudder Jumbo will pass 'round de hat on dis 'ticklar 'casion, and arter dat you can clear out ob dis place.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: I shall gave you von text to-day in dish vords from te pig books:—

I know that I have knelt too lowly
For smiles so oft withdrawn,
That trusting love received too slowly
The lessons of thy scorn.

Dish text shall be from Solomon song, all apout love, sure enough. Your minister shall pe in love a few many times. Te first time he never shall been so much in love as never shall be tat time. It shall pe von vomans in te Hollands vat vash lived next door to mine house. Teir shall be von knot-hole in te fence, and I shall put mine eye to te knot-hole ven she shall pe walking in te garden, and shall look at te voman all te days. She shall find it out von day ven I shall have mine pipes in my mouth and she shall see te schmoke jump up over te top of te fence mit rings like te curls of te hair on her head. She shall say notting to me, so that I shall not know she vas gone for one pitchers of vater, vich she shall fling over te fence on mine head, and put out mine pipe. I shall jump so high as te top of mine breeches ven I shall feel te vater as shall be like scalding vater on de top of mine head. Ven I find out it shall be cold vater, I shall not be scared

no more; but I shall never love tat vomans again. She shall put out all te love in mine head mit te cold water. Ven I shall see her next time in te street, I shall blow te schmoke out of mine pipe into her face. Dat vash te vaters, hey? Dat vash goot for te vaters ven she shall get te schmoke in her eyes. She shall like to throw some more vaters on to mine head!

Te next time I shall be in love ish von great lady tat shall live in Amsterdam. She shall be te vidder of two busbands, and vash very fat, so fat as one fat ox, and she shall have te monish too. So I shall fall in love mit her worse tan ever. I shall not look through te knot-hole dat time; but I shall go to te house, and shall court dis lady, and talk to her about mine horse and mine cow, and tell her how many pigs I shall got pesides von big sow as never vash. At last I shall go to do vat you call te pops of te questions. I shall go to dish grand lady mit seventeen pairs of breeches on, vich shall pe te vay mit a great man in mine country. I shall pop te questions, and she shall hear vat I shall say. I shall get down on mine knees to pop te questions. I shall pop dem two or three times, and ven I look up in te face of te great lady, I shall see tat she ish fast asleep. I shall wait for her to wake up till I shall fall asleep too, on my knees; and I shall tumble down and strike mine head on her foot. Den she shall wake up too. I shall rub mine head and shall rub her foot. She shall me vat I shall be doing on te floor. I shall say tat I vash pop te questions. But shall take de broom-stick and drive me out ef the house, sure enough.

YANKEE LETTER.

MISTER YANKEE:—i am a feemail, and i wil stand up for my own sect. i want you to put it in your paper, for i don't care who nose that i'm a feemail, and what my sentiments is, i never was married, for i've got a consate agin all the men and i don't care who nose it nyther. There is a feemail young lady up hear that was brought up nixt door to our house and i node all her relations and all about her, and it's as trew as i'm a righting this hear leter that she was a varchus gal and good to taik larnin, for we was both in the same class at skool, and both of us was the best eddicated of any in the skool, tho' i say it myself that didn't ought to say it. Howsomever, she got married and i didn't, and the greater fool she, as i told her to her face, for i'm right up and down, and so as soon as i heered she was married, i puts on my shawl and bunnit and over i goes to thare house. They had a house up there by Sawyer's mills, and her husband was a shew-maker, So the fust thing when i cum near the house, what should i see but Aloyrah drawin' water out o' the well. 'That's a good one,' sez i to myself. She a drawin' water and her husband setting on his tother eend in the house. So i goes up to the door and follered Aloyrah into the house, and as soon as she sot down her pale, sez i, 'so, Aloyrah, you've got a husband ?'

'Yes,' sez she, and she lookt kinder down.

'Well,' sez i, 'i hoap you're happy.'

'Yes,' sez she, 'i'm happy as common.'

'Well,' sez i, 'i'm right up and down ; you know me well enough, Aloyrah, and i always speaks the sentiments o' my mind rite out ; it's the only fault i've got, that i'll always speak jist as i think.'

Then she lookt kinder streeked as if she node what was a comin,' and she hitched up her cheer to mine, as if she was afeered that her husband wood here me, for he was

in the nixtroom, and i could hear his hammer a going upon his lapstone.

So i looks at her rite in the face, and sez i—'i see you go to the well to draw water. Now if i had a man settin in the house on his tother eend, before i'd make a slave of myself to fetch and carry and be a dog to him, i'd take him by the skerf of the nick and snake him to the mill-pond, and when i got him there i'd push him into it. That's my mind, and i'll always stick up for my own sect, and i want that my sect should have no sufferance, and should be treated rite, and now you nose my mind, for i'm right up and down, and i don't kear who hears me, and you noe i mean it all for your good, Aloyrah, and its bekase i want you should be happy as you ought to be, and you must let your husband noe that you won't bear no nonsense of him, and when he finds you won't put up with nothin' he'll nock under and will be obedient to you, as my mother's husband always was to her.

So i went off and left her all in the suds, and she was unplushed. About a week arter that i went over to see how Aloyrah cum on, and i found that she had took my advice, and she went and told her husband he must draw her water, and she telled him that he must larn to be obedunt. She kept at him and tride to brake him just like you brake a young colt. Now what do you think that nasty, good-for-nothin' man done. He refused, rite up and down. to peal the vigittable, and hang on the pot for dinner. Then she busted out a cryin' and sed she wood tell me, the first time she saw me, and she went and put on her hat, and he forbid her to go : then she went up stares, and he cookt his own dinner, and she's never got a meel for him sense. But the worst of it is to come. i went to the house and Aloyrah telled me all this : and then her husband cum in and 'quested me to stay at hum in future. Then i give it to him, and i telled him that he was a sas-

sy blaggud, and i sed everything i could lay my tongue and i telled him i wood hav nothin' to do with him, and i wood cum and see Aloyrah whenever i pleased. Then i out and slammed the door arter me.

Now what do you think? He has acted so bad that i've advised Aloyrah to get a divoce from him, rite off, for he's forbid my cuming into his house and he fastens the door whenever i go there. And now arter all my endivors to make piece in that family and to teach Aloyrah how to cultivate her husband, she shuts me out of the house; but i'm rite up and down, and i stand up for my own sect. Arter these actions towards me, i've advised Aloyrah to git a divose from him, for there's a plenty of men, and if she wants a new husband, she can get a plenty arter she's divosed. As for me, if i had a husband he'd larn his plaice very quick or i'd snake him out o' the house. i belong to the smith family and they are a set of females that always stood up for their own sect. So i hope you'll jist put this into yure paper to teach men how they'd ought not to take advantidge of us poor weak wimmin, for wimmin is delicate natured, and any man that don't give a woman her rites ought to have his guts smashed out.

ABIGAL SPINDLESHANK.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis oderiferous 'casion your 'spected preacher will dilapidate upon dis portion ob 'scripter for de edification ob your sole. Dese am de words ob de 'postle Lucifer:—

A man is known by the company he keeps.

Dis am a dreadful 'portant text, and 'lude to grate many ting, 'specially to Sophy Jonsing who am keepin'

company wid a niggarr from Portland. Your 'spected preacher hab always been berry keerful not to keep company wid de lower class ob de colored poppylation, and white fokes ob de lower class he nebber will 'peak to at all. Your 'spected preacher contend heself wid keepin' company wid Ann Swan who is 'lated to Big Dick and Gubbernor Guss, and wid Lizzy Jumbo who was brot up in de family ob a white gemman; and dat little niggarr in Cat Alley dat wears de long-tailed blue coat. Sumtimes he sees disrespectable chaps ob color and gals ob color in de sullar; but he nebber 'peak 'em. He only look at 'em out ob de corner ob his eye, and say, what you want in dis place, niggarr? Your 'spected preacher hab nossin to do wid dem niggars down in Ann 'treeet, 'cept Sophy Wing, bekase she gib your 'spected preacher a pare ob pantaloon.

Dis text is diwided into sebenteen dewisions. De first diwision is a man, the second diwision is his company, and de todder dewision is what he keeps. De odder dewisions is to tedious to mention, and some ob dem ain't mentioned at all.

Now de fust dewision is de ticklar subjeck in de fust place. I'm gwoine to 'splain to you how de keepin' ob company wid de lower class am different from keepin' company wid de higher class. De keepin' ob company wie de higher class am de way to get into 'spectable company, and ebery body say 'whew! dat poppylation ob color 'long to de higher class ob society." Dis is de ticklar difference ob de two classes. A niggarr dat 'spect to 'long to de spectacle class ob society muss wear long-tail coat, white tockin and boot. Dese is de different diwisions ob de higher and de lower class ob society. Your 'spected preacher will leaf it to white fokes, and dey will tell you dat a niggarr dat keeps heself respectful and comb out his wool and black he boot and grease he shoe, and put

pomatum on he head, is more 'spectable dan a niggar dat goes round de docks and leans up agin a lasses hoxit till he get his trowsis full ob lasses.

De 'spectable class don't eat de same ting as de lower class. De lower class when dey go into de sullar, call for lobster claw, but de 'spectable class buy whole lobster at once. De 'spected class hab cracker in dar clam soop, wid pepper, and call for a piece ob pie and spread dar handkercher in dar lap when dey eat dar vittles to keep de grease from spiling dar trowsis. Dis is de difference between de lower class and de higher class ob de poppylation ob color.

De second diwision ob de subjeck is de company.—Company is divided into two parts, de man company and de woman company—de male and de female—de fair sect and de unfair sect. De fair seet is split into two part agin. De mulatto fair sect and de dark complected fair sect. De mullatto sect tink darself more 'spectable den de dark-plected. Dat shows de pride ob dese critter, and pride is agin dar religions. Dey hab no rite to tink darself better dan odder poppylation ob color, bekase it am false. De 'spectable part is eggzackly de color ob your 'spected preacher. Your 'spected preacher is de color ob dat stove—nydder black nor yaller, but a kind ob brown which is is de color ob de bible. You see dat de kivers ob de bible is brown: well dat is de color ob your 'spected preacher. Darfore dem niggars ob dis color am de most 'spectable part of the poppylation ob color. If you keep company wid dis color, ebery body will 'tink you a 'spectable class ob niggars.

De fair sect company is sometimes kepp by way ob courting. You muss be berry 'ticklar to keep 'spectable company when you court, and darfore I am berry sorry to tell you dat Brudder Cole has been arter Charity Phillips who belongs to de lower class ob niggars. She hab on a

nice white frock! put your 'spected preacher am credulously informed dat her petticoat is made ob patches of warios colors, and dat her tockin' hab no bottoms to dem but only de top parts above her shoes; and her bustle is nossin but a dish-cloff rolled up and tied togedder wid rope-yarn. I 'vise brudder Cole to try Temperance Wid-geon, who sets out yander by de stove, and who hab new quilted peticoat and white 'tockin' dat cum up above her knee. She belong to de higher class ob niggars, and will make him as happy as a fried clam if he will marry her.

Your 'spected preacher hab a pare ob white-top boot to sell to anybody dat wants to buy them, and dose boots am for dem dat wants to belong to de higher class, price two shilling apiece for de boots. Half a dollar for boff.

Black Pete ob Cat Alley hab jest received a lot ob second-hand tooth-brushes which he will sell cheap to de trade. You must always clean your teef if you want to belong to higher class, and you better buy one ob dese brushes.

Now we shall 'prove upon de 'hole. Your 'spected preacher is heself, de head and capting of 'spectable society, bekase he is your belubbed pasture and is at de head of you all. Darfore if any ob you ever treat your spected preacher to anything to drink in de sullar, or to bowl ob clam soup, you do yourself a honor, and can say dat you hab taken a drop wid your 'spected preacher, and darfore you belong to 'spectable society.

Brudder Peake will please pass round de hat on dis 'portant 'casion.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minster shall give you von text dish day:—

"Ax my eye!"

Dish text shall be von very true doctrine. You ax de tongue of von person, and te tongue shall tell you von big lie all te time. You ax von Dutch girls if you shall kiss her on te lips, and she shall tell you *no*, sure enough; ten you shall look her in her face, and say notting, and ax her eye, and te eye shall speak te loudest, and shall tell you yes. Ven I shall go to see Mynheer Von Crassus, I shall pe told tat he ish very glad to see me. Ten I shall look at his eye, and his eye shall say tat he is very glad if I shall not come, and tat he shall pe glad all te time ven I shall go apout my pizziness. Tat shall pe te vay tat you shall ax te eye, and te eye shall tell you te truth, ven te tongue shall give you von lie as pig as te house.

Te tongue shall tell you von ting and te eye shall tell you anotter ting; and te eye shall tell you te truth, pecause it will not pe so supple as te tongue, vich can pe crooked up like yone snake; but te eye shall stand in te heyd like te sun, and as it shall take in light, it keep von plenty of light hid away, and shall throw light on von subject, ven te tongue keep you in te dark apout it.

Anotter ting shall pe very bad when your vrow shall ax your eye. Tat shall pe ven you shall been out to te tavern and got to fighting and come back wit a black eye. You shall tell her tat you have pen to church; and and she shall ax your eye, and te eye shall tell her vere you shall been.

But ven you shall put spectacle on your eye, ten te eye shall not tell you notting, and if you shall ax te eye it shal speak like as never vas notting at all.—Ven a man who vear spectacle shall tell you to ax his eye, he shall pe like Mynheer Von Butts, who shall ax your minister into te house, and ten he shall shut up te door and keep him out. Te free-masons in mine country shall have an eye on te pictures sure enough, pecause te eye shall talk

more dan te tongue of mine vrow, vich shall talk all te time. If she shall know how to preach sarmons as well as your minister, oh! then I shall send her here vile I stay at home and drink te schnapps and smoke mine pipe.

Ven you ish gone to von funeral, ten you shall ax your eye to see if you shall pe sorry for te von tat pe dead. If you vas had an onion in your pocket ten you shall pe sorry in te eyes, ven you put it in your handkerchief and put it up to your eyes. Now you shall put te money in te plate, and ax my eye to see ven I vas glad if you put in a plenty of te cash.

YANKEE LETTER.

i take my hand to inform u that i am well and hoap these fue lyons will find u enjoying the complements of the seize on.

A lady in this plaice had a very remarkable dream and wants i should rite to u about it to see if u can teil the meaning of it.

She dreamed that she saw a red cow, and her naim is Patience Hopkins. She never was married but she sez that she has had forty-five offers and none on 'em wood soot her mind. She is about forty year old. The cow had only won horn and one of its feet was blue, and the others was led collar. The cow's tale was haff a mile long, und as she walked about the field, it got hitched fast to too trees and tript her up. Whilst she lookt at the cow, their was a green hoss that cum trottin along, and the hoss stopt at the goose-pond to drink, and, and three geese flew down his throte, and then the hoss walked up to the cow and begun to lap her with his tunge. Then the cow wound her tale round the hoss and the hoss fell down and was dragged more than half a mild. Arter that there cum a flock of swallers over the field, and they so thick that they maid it all dark. Then sheseed a string

let down from one of the moon's horns, and a cat clum up the string and got into the moon.

This was about the hull of the dreem, and she cum rite up to our house, and she telled mother all about it and our folks thort it was a wonderful dreem, and father thinks that some strange thing is goin' to happen in these parts.

Mother thinks there ought to be a town meetin' called to see about it, becuz if anything strange is goin' to happen, we aught to noe it.

All the folks up hear are in a grate hurry to see that quadrupull notion that's goin' to cum out, and they don't noe what it means that it don't come out. Praps it's bekase it's so big that it takes a grate wile to print. Mother wants it to hang up before the fire, to make the chimblly draw. Praps it will have the hull account of Patience's dream in it. i wish you would tell them to advertise in their paper that our cow, Darby by name, has strayed away, and if it has gone to Bostown mebbby the Notion can find it, and if he will keep it safe in un corner of his printing-shop, he may milk the critter for his own use till we call for it.

The gals all send their luv to you, and wood like to hav you cum up to sister Sookey's wedding. Bring up a hull passle of Bostown chaps with you, as the gals hear would like to see how the Bostown fellers looks. Their will be dancing and fiddling, and a plenty of buttermilk to drink. You can have it sweetened with 'lasses if you like.

Sookey had her head lookt over by the phrenologer before her bo wood giv his consent to have her. He put his finger all over her head and scratched her hair all up in heeps, and mother axed him what he felt, and he sed she had organs. That's true, for sister Sookey always liked to hear the organ play. Their was a feller up hear with

wun tother day and he had 3 munkeys and sum wax figgers for a show. Then he felt of a bump and said it was fighting and it was very big. Then mother was mad; but he clapt his hand on the front part and sed she had a big binnivolens and so she wouldn't fight at all. So mother was pleased agin. Then he put his hand on the high part of her head and sed she had grate consate of herself. So mother began to turn red. Then he moved his hand along and sed she had grate venerableness, so that she wood think as well of other fokes as of herself. Then he felt behind her head and sed she was dreadful fond of the fellers. So mother began to grow mad agin. Then he put his two hands on the sides of her head and sed she had a dreadful big conscience, so that she wood never do anything nawty. Then he felt just over the back of her head and sed that she had no concentiveness and wood like to change all the time and be fond of new things. Then her bo began to be skeered; but he put his hands down lower and sed she had dreadful big 'hesiveness, and so she wood stick to her husband like cobbler's wax.

So he went on this way, saying bad things, and then slicking it over arterwards, for fear mother wood git mad, and woodn't pay him.

Then mother takes and puts her hands on her hips, and sez she to the phrenologer—

'I'll tell you what 'tis Mr. phrenologer, you find sumthin' about my darter on her head, and then you find sumthin' rite agin it, to balance. That's like a cow givin' a pale of milk and kicking it all over agin. It makes out my darter to be nothin' and nobody at all: for the bumps is pulling her both ways, and so she keeps rite still and don't stir one way nor tother. Now i noe she aint nobody, bekase she is sumboddy, and if you don't giv my darter no carackter at all, i won't pay you at all.'

That stumped the phrenologer, for he seed that their was no way to please her. So he begun to feel agin and

he put his finger rite before her ear, and sed he—'Well, madam, your daughter is a big eater and she likes good vittles.'

Her bo kinder nestled and sed something about the hard times, but the phrenologer ketched up her hands, and says he—'These big hands will arn more than her mouth will eat.'

So that made it all right agin, and mother telled him that he had made ev'ry thing square with Sockey, it was all the square he would have, and so might go about his bizzines. Now, don't forgit comin' to the weddin'.

Your's JOHN DOUGHBOY.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis 'portant 'casion your preacher 'form dis congregation ob color dat he take for de tex de follerin' tex ob Saint Jehosefat:

Presto—Change!

Dis 'form you dat ebery ting is done by chang, ob which de cents in de hat am de figger. Your 'spected preacher hab diskivered dat he can hab more pennies drapt in de hat if he puts put his sarmonts into de Yankee, de same as Commidore Perry shift his quarters to de Niagara when de Saint was gwoine down. Darfore your 'spected preacher hab 'greed to print his sarmont in dis paper hereafter, bekase it is published by dem same white gem-man dat printed it in de fust place.

Darfore, 'Presto—change!' 'plies dat ebery change in anyting is made by change put into de pocket; and your 'spected preacher hab a call to de Yankee in de same weigh.

But dar am also changes dat 'flict de mind ob your 'spected preacher and wich he liff up his voice agin dem. Dar was de change ob Charity Peake lass summer when

she leff your 'spected preacher to keep company wid Tony Winkle, and dar was de change ob Nikolis Watkins when he leff of buyin' his clam soup in de sullar, and took to eatin' icester.

Dar is also anudder change. Your 'spected preacher hab no doubt dat dem dat has been slanderin' your 'spected preacher out ob church, will change dar tune also. He already hab a libble soot in coarse ob comin' on. He hab 'ply to lawyer Sue-all to bring on dis case. It is Sal Widgeon who said dat your belubbed preacher hab a head as thick as a punkin. Darfore she will be fotcht up and sewed for reformation of character bekaso she attackted de character ob your 'spected preacher. It will be a judgment ob providence; and de scriptur say dat de tongue am an unruly member, and Sam Widgeon am all tung, darfore she is an unruly member ob dis church. I hope you all take warning from Sal; for dese tings are tended for your distinction in righteousness. Also, you spected preacher hab to 'quest on dis 'portant 'casion dat sumboddy hab printed one ob his sarmonts in New York and hab changed his name and called him 'deacon Snow-drop.' De sarmont belong to your 'spected preacher and he will not gib his glory to annudder! Your preacher will punish all dese tings to de 'stremity ob de law. In course he will, as you will find out, you brack nigger plasphemes who say dat your spected preacher eats her-ring wid his clam soul.

Presto—change! , Am de words ob our text; and de fifteen diwision 'spress de fack dat sum niggahab 'sperienced a change under de preachen' ob your 'spected preacher. Darfore it is his 'pinion dat as you hab got a change for him, you must gib him some ob your change in de hat. He hab ministered spiritual tiugs and he want to reap carnal tings. He hab sewed de good seed in your hart and 'spect a good crop ob money in de hat.

De todder diwision ob your subjeck 'lude to de word presto, which means de *priest's toe*. In ole times, dey kiss de big toe ob dar 'spected preacher, and now dat bright mullatto gal, Merab Phillips had got so proud dat she 'fuse to kiss de cheek ob your 'spected preacher. She sing de song ob 'go 'way ole Dan Tucker !' when your preacher 'proach her to 'flict a kiss on her ruby lip ! what you tink ? Hab Tony Winkle a right to lead about a sister, and hab dat short niggas called Blacke Pete, a right to take two lady ob color to the Phillidelphy leckturs, and hab your 'spected preacher no right to wisit de fare sect.

Darfore we divide dis text into two parts, and call him de right and de rong, which means speritually—right and rong in Boston. De women's right society is de right as you know by de name ; and de he sex am in de rong, in course. A she niggas is on de right side, bekase de rib was took out ob de right side ob de man ; and a bull niggas am on de rong side, in course.

Darfore we 'clude on dis 'portant 'casion, and 'quest de hat to pass round, and Phillis Jonsing will get off your 'spected preacher's hat whar she hab ben setting all de time.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples—Your minister shall give you dish text for to-day :—

'The value of a thing
Is just exactly what 'twill bring.

Dat ish te vorth of von ting, ish vat he shall bring. If a dog shall bring your hat out of te vaters, ten he shall pe vorth von hat. If he shall bring your prayerbook to church, ten he shall pe vorth von sharmont.

Vat shall pe te value of mine sharmont ? It shall pe more value tan I shall get ; for I shall bring you to Heaven mit my sharmont, and you shall not pay me notting

like as dat ; you shall give me von penny sometimes, and Mynheer Von Craunderstadt shall sometimes put von fourpence into te plate. Oh ! it shall pe very little. It ish notting at all ven it shall pe vorth so much more, te sharmont, sure enough. You shall not pay half price for te same, and you shall tink I shall not ought to have tat. Vat shall you pe vorth, if you shall pe vorth vat you shall bring ? Vat shall you bring ? You shall bring me to poverty. Tat ish vat you shall bring, sure enough. Ven you do tat, you may bring anotter minister, for I shall pe your minister no more in tat times. I shall have enough of your nonsense mit von cent in te plate, to pay for te preach.

Ven you shall marry von vife, she shall pe vorth vat she ish fetch. If she fetch you fifty dollars, ten she shall be a vife vorth fifty dollars ; but if she fetch you five hundred dollars, and von goot house to live in, ten you can set up te sausage pizziness. Oh ! tat shall pe von vife like vat I shall vant.

But vat shall Mynheer Krouts pe vorth ? I tink he shall not pe vorth any goot Vat shall he bring ? He shall come to mine house and bring te itch to all mine family. Ah ! he shall pe vorth von goot cow-skin. Arter tat I shall never see nopoty bring notting to bring into mine house but schnapps and topaccos and pipes, vat shall pe wanted in te house-keeping pizziness. You shall pe vorthy vat you shall bring, ven you shall bring ten pair of preeches in te church, on your pack.—Tat shall pe vorth something sure enough.

Mynheer Prenderghast's vife shall brought him ten children. Oh ! she shall pe vorth vat she shall bring, den ! Vat ish te vorth of te ten children ? It shall pe vorth to eat up all she shall got in te house and to make little clothes for all te childrens. Mine vrow shall bring me no childrens, and it is all te petters, for I shall not like

to see tem come. Vat use shall tey pe, te pad boys and gals to make von pig noises, sure enough. I shall preak teir head ven I shall have te prats squall in te house. I shall vant to eat mine own schnapps, mine own sausage, and mine own sour krout, sure enough.

Now I shall send Mynheer Von Brachenboss round mit te plate, as he shall pe von goot man mit a new house, and you will respect this gentlemans and give him von plenty of te monish in te plate sure enough. He ish von goot man to take te monish.

YANKEE LETTER.

Farther lost a hog last week. Praps yew have heered it down where you live, for everybody is a torking of it up hear. This was a barrow—I don't eggzackly noe its aige, but i will ax about it and find out and lett you noe.

The diseased sickened about the last of last year, and growed wuss before it died. Farther didn't think it was dangerous at first; but arter it died, he was convinced that it died of a fatal disorder. Ucle Josiah cum down to our house rite off when he heered it was ded, and the town clark cum up to see about it.

This is the third hog that has died in the family sense father's remembrance, as he telled Aunt Jerusha. We have got about thirty hogs in all, and this un was very young, tho' it had grown up to its full sighs. But it was cut off in the bloom of youth, in the flower of its days, as won may say, and it ought to teach us the unsartinty of death and that we must all go in the same way. Farther says that his farther had fifty hogs, and he never new won of em' to dye of old aige.

We feed our hogs a good deel on mashed pertaters, and sumtimes we give them swill. i have the brussles and sel them to the shew-makers to mack wacks eends ot on.

We make a heap of sassages in the fall, and our minister made a butiful comparison about it, to show how the brethren of the church was linked together in harminny jest like them sassages. It was beautiful to heer him. Mother sez she shall think of that sarmont every time that she makes sassages. The minister is very fond of sassages and head cheese too, and he takes tea at our house whenever we kill.

The biggest eaterer of sassages up this way is Ruth Bloise. She eats three links at a setting, and a healthier gal you never saw, i wish i had sich health. It is wonderful thing to hav good helth. She mezzures more round the waist tyan five sich as me and her hand looks like a loaf of rine-injun bread. i thort i should go to see her, but mother sed it wood taik an independant fortin to keep her in wittles, and so she will have to marry some sitty merchant that has lots of munny in the bank.

Jim peas has gone down to your sitty to git into some good bizziness. These is the description of Jim, so that if you see him, you noe him. He's got a salt and pepper coat on, and cording pantherloons and new boots well greezed, and a new felt hat and blew stockins and a striped westcoat. He wares gloves on his hands. So when you sea him, you can jest give sister Azubah's luv to him and tell him that she's very lonesum sense he is gone and she has rit a letter to him and you may put it in your paper, and hear it is.

'Affeshunate Cur—

i taik my pen in hand to inform yew that we are well in helth and hope that yew are in the same blessin. The barrow is ded hoo was complaining when you left, but he lost his helth intirely arter that. He was a grate deel wuss before he dyed. Black Jim wanted farther to giv him the corpse, as he could salt it down for the Bostown market, but farther sed he thort it his duty to give it

christian burial, specially as Jim didn't offer to pay him a single scent for it, but wanted to get it for nothing. It was berried up on the hill by the place where the old barn stood.

Now Jeems i hoap yew have got down to bostown and hav got to be a bostown gentleman, you won't forgit them that you've left hehind and that has a feelin' for yew, for if you haven't won you can't expect to keep a person's mind. if there is any gals in bostown that tries to steal away yure effections, yew must tell 'em that yew hav got a warchus sweetheart in the country hoo luv's you like her 2 eyes, tho' i don't say that myself as mother sez i must not tell yew how much i luv yew; but i must maik yew despair and get on yure nees and sware infernal constantcy, and all that.

if you remane constant and behave yourself, and lay up munny then i will hav you and be publihed, and i hoap that you will be very quick, for their is 3 fellers arter me now, and i have refused 'em, but they stick close all the time; and i can't hold out much longer.

One of them is John Isaacs, and you noe he is very pritty and he sez i am as sweet as honey. He lade his head in my lap tother nite and sithed and sithed and i pittied him so i didn't know what to do, for my tender hart was as soft as soap greese; and so i stroked him with my hand on the head and patted him on the back and telled him to be happy, for i was onged to yew; but i telled him that if yew proved false i would hav him. He sed he loved me as well as he did a raw turnip, and that yew would find other gals in bostown. But I spose he telled a lye about that, and that yew never look at no other gals bekase yew hav won in your mind.

So no more at present from

Your Beloved

AZUBA BROWN.

When you see Jeems, you may tell him we all send our luv to him, and I wish you would ax him home to tea. Tell your wife that he is very fond of presarved quince if she has any.

i hoap you will print Azubah's letter in your paper for we don't noe what part he lives in, and if you print the letter he will see it in the paper, and he will have a chance to noe Azubah's mind.

Your's till deth,

J. BROWN.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis 'portant 'casion your 'spected preacher 'tarpret de follerin varse ob de 'postle Miller for de obstication ob dis 'lightened congregation ob color—

'Hush!'

Dis is de 'spressive language of our text, and 'lude to de fact dat you muss all hush and keep silence when your 'spected preacher am engaged in his sarmont. It is de business of your speaker to teach, and you muss keep silence and 'tend to what he tell you. You muss believe ebervy word dat he sez, bekase your preacher am 'pointed to teach you de truff. Dis text am diwided into seventeen parts. De fuss part hab 'lusion to de fac dat if you hush you will hear; and hearing is diwided into de ear and de tongue: bekase if dar was no ear, dar would be nossin to hear wid, and if dar was no tongue, dar would be no word to hear.

Darfore, you 'spected preacher hab took notiss dat a grate many ob de cloff hab got leaf ob dar congregation to go to England for dar helf. Your 'spected preacher tink it is time dat he went somewhar too in de same manner. Darfore he propose to dis congregation ob color dat

his helf is rather dilikit, and he should like to be gwoine off sumwhar to git good helf. He tink dat if he go up to Sopus, jist below Albany, dat he 'cover his helf and make him a new man rite off. Dey hab bery big sassage up dar, and your 'spected preacher like to taste 'em, wid buttermilk and fat pork. De price for 'spected preacher to travel to dat place will be twenty dollar; but if you make up ten dollar, he can foot it half way and get a lift on de waggon as dey pass along. You can make up 'scriptions for dis journey and leave de money at de sullar, to de keer of Sarah Jonsing, who will hab a bowl ob clam soup for her trubble. I 'spect dat you will send off your 'spected preacher and make up de money berry quick: for dar is a gal ob color up dar dat waits to court your 'spected preacher.

De thud diwision ob our text 'lude to de credit system. Dat system concarn de sail ob clam soup in de sullar. When dey are called on for dar pay, dey say—hush! Dey don't want dat, you 'peak 'em. 'Cordingly your 'spected preacher hab been 'pointed collector, to go 'round and get de money dat is due de sullar. Dar is to be a party to go on a slay-ride nixt Satterday. Dey will meat at de sullar. Dis party will be berry select. Dar will be tree white ladies from Lynn and two nigger-ladies ob color from Long Island. On dis 'portant 'casion de slay will be driv by Tony Bloom and Cesar will provide a big cow's hide to kiver up de ladies. He hab de promiss ob one at de slawter-house. We shall ride out as far as de spruce beer shop of our friend Tony Winkle, whar will be a splendid repast prepared by him for de 'casion, wid pig's feet and Graham bread, and a little bit ob apple-sass. Arter dat we drink half to de desolation ob de union, and massa Philips expeck to be dar, and to deliver speech for which we shall take up collebtion in de hat. On dat 'portant 'casion we shall use de hat ob Sam Phenix, as he hab a big head, and de hat will hold more dan de odder hat.

De speritual meanin' ob dis text and de 'provement ob de whole comes under one head. De speritual ob dis-text is hush in de soul, which means quiet and piece ob mind. De best way to get dis state ob mind is to take plenty ob Brandreth pills to drive de wind out ob de 'tomach; for dar is no piece ob mind, while you hab de wind rumbling in de 'tomach. It make so mutch noise dat it 'sturb de mind all de time. Dat is de lass diwision ob de subjeck, and your 'spected preacher hope you bother him no more 'bout de matter. He hab labored in dis winyard till he 'quire rest, and hope you make up collection rite off to send him to Sopus for de benefit ob his helf, Cesar will darfore pass round de hat for dis ticklar 'casion.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine goot Peoples: I shall give you dish text at dish time:

'Strike! for your native land!'

Dish shall pe von text for de soldiers—te prave soldiers of te Hollands, vich is te pravest soldiers in te vorld! You shall hear of Admiral Von Tromp who shall sweep all te seas mit a proomstick, like mine vife shall drive apout fifty Yankees out of te house ven tey shall not pay for te schnapps. Von Dutch voman shall flog two English and five Yankee.

Von man shall see tat te text shall not pe right for te Hollands, as it should pe, strike for your native vater, because te Hollands vash live under vater; put he shall think ve shall pe von fish. Ve shall build houses on te vater, and shall not live in te vaters. Te land ish petter deir and you shall have te vaters to vash everything clean. It shall pe petter ven you ish have te land and water both.

Te text tell you to strike for your native land. But tey shall not strike for teir native land here—te Yankees

shall not strike. You see all'tat in te Texas and Horrigons sure enough. If dish Texas shall pe in Hollands you shall see te king raise von large army right off and shall go mit te swords and te drums and te flags of truce and shall cut off te heads of all te Mexicans and burn up teir houses, and shall make tem all change to religions and have von right religion, sure enough. But te Yankees shall be afraid to go teir to fight : tey shall not strike for teir native land. Tey shall pe von goot for notting. Ven you shall see te Dutch fight, ten you shall see something tat shall pe like ; for tey shall pe te soldiers tat ish more petters as notting at all.

Vy shall not te Yankees go to te Horrigons and pull ont teir long sword and cut off te heads of te British. It shall pe pecause tey shall pe afraid, sure enough. If tey shall not pe afraid, ten tey shall be teir, sure enough. If te Yankees shall go to war mit te Dutch, ten you shall see how tey will make te Yankees run. Te Dutch vash so prave ven tey fight mit te British, tat te british shall be afraid to come at all, and teir shall pe no fight. Tey shall pe afraid to get such a licking as never shall pe, and tey stay at home.

Teir shall pe von otter way tat ve, in mine country, shall strike for our native laud. Ven ve shall strike te flag. Ah ! nobody shall strike te flag so vell as tey do in te Hollands, vere tey shall strike it a great many time for te natives land. Mynheer Von Schatts shall put around te plate to-day.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mistur Printur: Ant Jennings has had the tooth-ake so bad for the last fortnit that she sez it seems as if she couldn't liv. Sum of the nabors hav' axed her to hav' it pulled out: but she couldn't think of it. The docktor's printice was up heer tother day and argufied with her an

our about it: they tauked and tauked, but she beet him so that he couldn't say anuther word; for ant is grate on an argument. Arter he went away, the dockter cum up himself, and tauked most butiful to her about it. He telled her about old Missus Ring that had a tooth pulled, and she held up her mouth and let him put in the pinchers without saying a single word till it was cleen out of her head.

The dockter coaxed and coaxed, and they tauked over all the news in the place, bekase the docktor thort he could git her to hav' it pulled if he telled her all the news, and he gits 25 cents for every tooth that is pulled out: but whenever he showed his thing, with its terrible head to it, she wouldn't let him put it in, but she squeezed her lips together, and telled him it would be the deth of her. At last he went off without pulling it out: but i can remember most of the news that he telled ant, bekase i was in the room all the time.

He sed that Jeemes Brown and Seraphina Grissle was sartinly coarting won anuther, arter all that was sed about it by Sarah Prestin, the old made. I spose you've all heered that Sarah sed it wooddend nevver be a match, bekase Saraphina couldn't indure inions, and Jeemes was horrid fond of 'em. But the docktor sez they will sartinly be marrid, bekase he seed Seraphina mending Jeemes's pantalons.

Besides that, the dockter telled us about Jim Jewel and his wife. He sez that they hav' been married only three munce and that they quirrils and fites like cats and dogs. —He sez that the last time he went their he heered 'em a tocking verry violent, and so he stopt and listened at the dore, as he bleeved it his dooty to hear what they sed. He heered Jim say to his wife, 'i'd-as live kiss a skunk any day as to kiss you.'

Then she sed—'Oh, yes, but i saw you looking at the

nasty good-for-nothing Susan Burd all the time you was in church. You'd like to kiss her with her long, black neck, and rusty teeth, i no verry well.'

Then he sed—' She's better lookin' than you bee, at any rate.'

Then his wife cotch up the pudding-stick and telled him that if he sed that agin she wood thrash him within a inch of his life.

Then the docktor opened the dore and went in, for feer sum boddie wood be kilt. As soon as he went in, they was both as still as mice, and called each other 'my deer' as long as he staid their. He sed that if he haddened overheard them, he should hav' thort they wos a very happy cupple.

Then he telled us about old Joe Dickson hoo doant expect to liv' long and hoo doant no hoo he shall leeve his property to. The minister tells him it is his dooty to leeve it to the church, and the docktor telled him he ort to leeve it for to establitch a skool for larning doctoring, and offered to taik charge of it when he dyed.

The docktor telled us about Maria Goose, the old made, hoo is in love with all the men she seas. He sed that she telled him she could't do much longer without a man, and azed him what was the reising they didn't have her. He telled her bekase they want able to 'presihate her re-bill ties; but he telled us that it wos bekase she had sitch a long knows and a chin, and bekase that her breth was like cats that lay in the sun a weak arter they hav' departed this life.

The docktor telled us a great many other things, and amungst the rest, about a feller that dresses spruce and wares straps to his pantaloons. named George Dump. He sez that this feller his gin me a good karkter and sed i was hansum and all that sort of thing. I never seed him but once, but i suppose that was enuff for me to taik his

i. When i cum to ax him more about it, hesed that Dump was so scrusly in love with me that their was no doubt he wood go crasy or commit homicide if i didn't give him sum hoaps.

Arter the docktor was gone, i put on my bunnit and went up to see Sally Lewis hoo is acquainted with Dump, and telled her to tell Dump that he mite hav' hoaps; and Sally stared at me as if i wos a gost or a Swedenborg-iannite, and she axed me if i didn't no that Dump was ingaged to be marrid. i felt mad enuff when i heered that and i flew out at her like a red pepper. At last she axed me hoo telled me that Dump was in love with me, and when i telled her it was the docktor, she busted rite out a laffing, and she sed that he telled all the gals that they was hansum, and that the fellers was in love with 'em.

I intarmined to find out the rites of, and i got Joseff to ax Dump if he had any thorts of committing hommicide on my acount, and he sed he hadn't thort of yet, but he diddened no what he mite do, and then he snickered out a'laffing like a grate kafi.

Them's all the nuce up heer at present, tho' i think i shall get a bo in the spring, as their will be a kamp meating hear and then their is always a plentee of bo's from other parts, and it's queer if i can't pick up sum feller, and if he doant hav' me i can soo him for breech o' promiss.

SALLY TUNNILL.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: Owin' to the circumstance dat your spected preacher hab been pointed a missionary to Babylon on Long Island, to convert a injin squaw dat libs in dat worcinity, he shall take de follerin text:

'Oysters! oysters! here's your well tasted oysters!'

Dis is de 'pensive language ob dem 'possles dat cry aloud and spare not ; dey liff up dar voice in de 'treet, and dey cease not day nor night, bekase dey git dar livin' by it. I spose you all noe dat de icester am a quadruped dat libs in a shell, one on de top and de todder on de bot-tom. Dis ar de case wid de icesters, among de nuts. He is a *live nut* habing shells and meat in de inside. De fust diwission ob our text 'spress de word 'icesters.' Dis hab no 'lusion to icester bay ; but it 'ply dat it is not only a icester, but more dan one icester. I 'splain him fer you. Spose Peter Widgeon 'tand up in dis pulpit 'long side ob your 'spected preacher, den dar is more dan one man in de pulpit. Darfore dis is de sense ob de text—dat dar ar icesters and not icester and not icester, and dat is more dan one icester. Dan dar is anudder 'ting 'bout dis 'mat-ter. Praps dar is sum people ob color in dis 'ouse dat nebber hab de 'wantage ob an eddication like your 'spect-ee preacher. Dey may 'tink dat icester is de same ting as a clam ? Dar now ! take keer how you 'rest de script-er tell you 'spressly dat dis is a icester and not a clam. How you 'spect to save your sins if you 'tarpret scrip-tur in dis way ? I tell you what, niggas, if you come to dis house and larn nossin heah, you will go away widout de sense of scriptur.

De second diwission ob our text am de word 'oysters' again. Dis is bekase de fust icesters and de vulgar mean-ing, and de second icesters am spiritual. Dar is a differ-ence 'tween de fust kind and de spiritual kind. De spirit-ual icester means de word dat is preached by your 'spect-ed preacher. Dem dat has de true faith open dar mouth and swall 'em down widout winking. Dat is de way de word should be received. It should be swallowed down hole in dat manner. But you tink you 'spected prea-cher diwide de word. Yes, you brack scorpions, but how does he diwide it ? He 'wide it in de raw state. He

open de meanin' ob de text like openin' dat quadruped called icester, and den he gib you de meat to swallow.

De odder diwission of our text hab de words—'Here's yōur well tasted oysters !' What is de meanin' ob dis ? I tell you. I spose you hab seen them plug a wattermil-lion ; well dey taste 'em fust before dey buy. Berry well now yon undertan' 'em and we go to 'prove upon de hole. Dat colored lady dat libs in Patty Jenkin's sullen hab 'greed-to whitewash dis house. Dis hab 'ticklar 'lusion to de subject ob icester ; bekase de lime is made ob ices-ter shell and clam shell, and de whitewash is made ob lime. Darefore icester 'plies a clean bach, as lime makes 'tings clean. Your 'spected preacher hab 'cluded dat he nebber will hab dis house whitewashed no more ; bekase is is 'proach agin de people ob color. He will hab a new kind ob black-wash invented ; den de house will be color-ed as well as your 'spected preacher and de rest ob de congregation.

Sumboddy took de handkercher out ob your 'spected preacher's pocket by mistake. If he bring it back, no question will be axed him, as it will 'peak for itself. Sum ob dem white boys in de gallery dar put a drowned kit-ten in de hat todder nite, when it was passed 'round. I 'speck dey nebber was well brought up or dey noe better dan to bring dead kittens in dis place. Arter dis dicourse, your 'spected preacher may be found in de sullen by any-body dat wants to treat.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Brudden: Your 'spected preacher hab been adwised to preach a charity sarmont for de benefit ob himself to stir up de pure mind by way ob remembrance ob your 'spected preacher ; for de poor you hab always wid you, and your preacher am poorer dan any ob you in

dis world's goods though he am richer dan all ob you put togedder in speritual tings. Darfore we take de followin' text:—

Expenses of printing and binding—five hundred dollars.

Dis language is from de account ob de Expenses ob de corporation. De carnal mind can't understan' de speritual meanin' ob dis text. It hab two meanin,' for dar am two sides to ebery ting, and some tings hab four sides; but dar am two sides to our text. One ob dem is de speritual meanin,' and de todder am de carnal meanin.' De speritual meanin' hab reference to your 'spected preacher.

Your spected preacher is diwided into seven parts. De fust part is his head; de second part is his tuo arms; his third part is de body; his fourf part is his legs; de fifth part is his feet; de six part is his heel; and de sebeth part is his toes; all dis exackly agrees wid de description ob de image seen by Nebby Cud Neezar. Darfore dis image is a profficy ob you 'spected preacher who was to come in dese last days, and dat part which says dat his toes was haff toe and half clay 'lude to de fack dat your 'spected preacher don't wash his feet berry often and de dirt get between de toes ob your 'spected preacher.

Darfore de words ob de text say—'Experiences ob printing and binding—\$500.'

Dis text must be taken in connexion wid de image and 'lude to de seben diwision ob your 'spected preacher; bekase he is ob de clergy, and you know dat my cloff hab de priviledge ob binding on dis airth ebery ting dat is bound in heben. Do you spose dat if dem dat does dis binding in dis world hab \$500, dat your 'spected preacher is to hab no pay for binding tings in heaben.

Den dar is de printing too, which 'lude to de fack dat

your 'spected preacher's sarmont is printed. Darfore de pay for printing and binding ought to bea good sight more dan \$500, bekase speritual ting is worth more dan earthly ting.

Darfore de fust dewision ob our text is your 'spected preacher's head, which answers to de head ob de image. Dis head was ob gold, and dar is some gold and silver too in your 'spected preacher's head at dis moment. Den de arms and body ob de image was silver; your 'spected preacher wish to take silver in his arms. Arter cum de feet which is iron and dat am de color ob your 'spected preacher's feet. His feet am brack like iron. Darfore dis am a true profficy ob your 'spected preacher.

Now we look at de seben parts of your 'spected preaher. In de fust place comes de head which 'quires a hat to put on it. Den his hair must be dressed by de barber and he must get shaved. Now all dis 'quire de expence ob twenty dollars a year for de head ob your 'spected preacher. Den dar is de arms and body ob your spected preacher which 'quire coat and west, and shirt, and cravat and collar, and de 'hole expence ob dese in a year am a hundred dollars for de arms and body ob your 'spected preacher. Next comes de legs, and dat 'quires to be clothed, his breeches and drawers which am de expence ob a hundred dollars in a year. Den comes de feet and toes which 'quired shoe and tocking and dey am de expense of fifty dollars a year, and dare is de cloak witch am fifty more. Darfore de seben diwisions ob your 'spected preacher 'quire de sum of 320 dollars for one year. Den dare am 180 dollars left and dat is 'quired to pay his bill at de sullar, to wash his close and black de boot of your 'spected preacher. Darfore you see dat it amount to jest \$500, which agrees exackly wid de text, and prove dat de text 'lude to your spected preacher.

Darfore I shall prove upon de 'hole ob your 'spected

preacher. Do you think dat you make up dis sum by droppin' a cent in de hat once in a while? You better look out how you 'fraud de treasury ob de church. On dis 'count dar will be a fair got up to pay all de expences ob your 'spected preacher. We shall hold de fair in dis place on de thirty fust ob february. De follerin' articles will be exposed of on dat 'portant casion:—

A pair ob nit drawers worn by our late friend and brud-der Sam Jonson.

Five thousand gross ob tracts rit by Massa Miller to prove de profficy.

Fifty quarts ob clam took out ob de shell.

A red rooster warranted to whip any odder fowl ob de kind in dis part ob creation.

A silver watch dat is all complete, and wants nossin but new insides to it, as de works is not dar.

A thousand ob last year's almanacs.

A brick bat dat was thrown at Massa G——, in de great bobbolition riot.

A lot ob jewsharps widout any tongues.

Seven brooms widout any sticks to 'em.

One side ob a pare ob tongs.

A hat brush without brussles.

A likeness ob your 'spected preacher widout de head.

Besides dese is many odder articles too 'ticklar to mention.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall give you von sarmont at dish day, in dish text—

'I had as lieve my words were spoken by the town-crier.'

Dish text shall speak to you apout te preach and te way tat you shall preach. Teir shall pe a great many ministers and only a few of tem shall know to make te preach. Te text shall tell of von tat shall hire te town-crier to give te sarmont. Tat shall pe von very goot vay, sure enough; pecause tem people tat shall not come to church shall hear te preach too, and ten tey shall get te religion all apout te streets; but vere shall pe te plate? Tat ish te pad ting. Teir shall pe no plate. If I shall pay te town-crier to do te preach, who shall pay me for te trouble? Te church shall have von bell, and so shall te town crier; so he can ring te bell and give te preach. He shall make you hear pecause it shall pe his trade to hav von voice, as it shall pe mit a pig who shall make you hear sure enough.

When I shall give mine sarmont to the town crier to speak it, he shall charge me more tan you put in te plate, else I shall hire him to do it, and stay at home to drink my schnapps and schmoke mine pipe. Dat shall pe von ghentleman minister who shall hav von servant to do the preaching, ven he shall do nothing but vat he shall please. I shall not hire a man to schmoke the pipe and trink the schnapps for me. I shall take the responsibility mineself ven te schnapps and te pipe ish te subject.

Mynheer Von Schmidt, Mynheer Von Grass, and Mynheer Blunderhasset, shall pe te trustees of dis church. Ven you shall vant to get married, or ven you wish to be baptised, you shall go to one of te trustees to pe baptised. Your minister is let aut all tem tings to tem ghenlemen by te job for ten dollars a year, and you shall pay tem for teir trouble vot tey sholl charge you. Tat shall

take te trouble off te hands of your minister, and he shall have te monish in advance all at once from tem gentlemen, and tey shall take it in as fast as tey shall get it.

Tey shall talk apout giving your minister von public dinner. All tem tat ish in favor of te dinner shall hold up te hand. Every von of you tat hold up te hand shall put in sixpence for te dinner. Tese tings ish pe eaten at te dinner vich shall pe so great vot never shall pe. Tree roast turkey, von Holland's cheese, two strings of te sausages, and von bushel of cold slaw, mit haff a barrel of vinegar.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Sur: i spose you haven't heerd nothing from down our way this good wile. The gals is ginerally pitty quiet and lets the fellers alone, tho' their's two of of 'em that's dreadful furce arter me awl thee time.

Won on 'em is Johanna Blue. She sais she's intarmined to hav' me for a husband or dye in thee pursoot. i spose thairs no law to maik a feller marry a gal if he doant want her; and i've vowed that i won't hav' Johanna. Her mother maid a party and giv' me a invite, and then she kepp praising Johanna awl the time we was eeting super, and telling how she could make maik a shurt as well as she could, and how she was the greatest housekeeper that ever lived: but they can't maik me bleeve awl that, for her stockings ar out at the heel, and she goes slip-shod around the house awl the time.

Every Sabbuth, she sets in her pue and looks at me as if she was going to eat me up with her ize, and once she got a pare of specktales and put on, to maik me think she was a grate lady, so that i mite fall in love with her: but it's no kind of use: i don't fall in love in my hart for her and i won't hav' her if she cries her tue ize out. Sum-

times she cums up to our house, and sets nixt to me at the table, and is awfull perlite, and wates on me, and hands me the cake and bread, and axes me how i feel this afternoon. Once she put her arm 'round my neck and then i thort i shood hav' busted for sartain.

Tother gal that's arter me is named Deliverance Grime. She lives away up by thee Skunk Pond, and she's rather an old gal. Mother wants me to marry her, bekase she sais that Deliverance will be like a muther to me, and wood mend my close and taik keer of me; but she has a long knows, and thee other day when she undertook to kiss me, she stuck it into my mouth which maid me so mad i was a good mind to hav' bit it.

Her farther and mother was down to our house tother day and they had a long talk with the old fokes jest as if I was engaged to be married to Deliverance. They ar dreadful ankciuous to git her married off to sumboddy bekase she is gitting old. i mite hav' took her jist to obleege thee old fokes, if she haddent hav got sitch a long knows, and you can't kiss her till she turns it out of thee way anny more than you can go into our cow yard before the gate is pushed open.

Tother day the old fokes left us aloan, and then Deliverance sot a wile lookin' at me, and arter a bit, she takes a long breath and lookt cross enuff to bite a feller, and sais — 'Seams to me you're not verry soshible to thee ladys too day Simeon.'

I felt mad bekase she looked so ugly at me, and sais i — 'Mebby i aint and mebbly i am.'

Then she giv' a consarnned grunt, and put up her hankercher to her eyes. These femail critters can cry as easy as it ranes in April, and i'd seen sitch things be4. There was Alpheus Hopkin's wife, the shewmaker, hoo use to cry whenever she wanted a new bonnit, tho' her tother won was better than she desarved. At last he broke her

of that by giving her a good strapping whenever she maid a fuss, and as sune as she had to cry for sumthing, she left off crying for nothing.

So when Deliverance put up her handkercher, i begun to whistle as loud as i could. Then she stopped crying bekase it was of no use; and when she pulled away her handkercher, i seed that there want a single teer on her face—it was all purtence, like that infernul niggarr that sold us a pig last winter, and cum back and stold it the same nite. i was so mad i was a good mint to hav' cotch her by the throte and choked her out of the room. Then she lookt at me agin, and when she seed i didn't speak, she axed me if i didn't no that father and muther wanted we should be united in the bondage of weedlocks. i telled her i didn't want nothin' at all to do with her, and that i wouldnt marry her for her wate in sollid goold. Then she axed what i noed agin her carakter, that i wooddent hav' her. i telled her crakter was neither hear nor their, that i wooddent hav her if it was nothin' only her long knows. She sed her knows was just 'as God maid it. i telled her that so was the old sow jest as God maid her; but i cooddent think of having her for awl that. That stumpt her, and she jumpt up ynd went out of the room, and sed she would tell mother how i had 'sulted her, and she would have revenge for it.

Jest as she was going out of the room, Johanna Blue cum dancing in and met her in the dore. Then you ought to hav' seen what a time there was. It was like tue mad cats tied up together in a bag. In the fust plaice, they both lookt rite at each other as red as a live cole, and past by a few steps. Then they both turned and thee fur flew like a snow storm. They called each other all sorts of names, and I bleeve that if muther and father haddent run between 'em, they wood hav' bit each other's heads off. As for me, i diddent keer how soon they

kilt one annother. i wish they'd both staid away and leeve me aloan. If they want to git married so bad, Sam Botts will hav' 'em both.

Yours forever,

SIMEON BUGGS.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine goot Peoples: Dish vat shall pe te text to-day ish in de vords:

He little dreamed, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

You shall set out a great many times ven you shall not know vere you ish going. Tat shall pe te meanings of dish text tat I shall give you.

Ven I shall set out to come to dish country ten years ago, I shall think I vos be going to a country vere te folks shall pe civilized like tey shall be in te Hollands. Your minister shall find he shall be got into a place vere te men shall not know how to schmoke te pipe and te vomans shall not know how to skate! Vot sort of lady shall you call tat, vere te vomans shall not skate?

Ven you shall get married, you shall not know vere you ish going? You shall tink tat teir vill pe notting but honey-moons, and tat your vrow vill be von such good vomans as never shall pe. But you find out very soon. It shall pe like ven you buy a gold chain at te auction shop. As soon as te guilt shall be rubbed off, you find she shall pe notting but von piece of coppers, mit plenty of brass in te face.

Sometimes you shall set out to come to church, and you shall see von shop mit topacco and schnapps, and shall go in teir and sell your prayer-book for someting goot. Ten you go vere you shall not expect to go ven

you shall set out, true enough. Tat ish very pad, but teir shall be worse as tat. You shall tink you ish go to heaven: but you shall find ven you never pay for te preach mit te monish in te plate, tat you shall go some-vere else. You is be run von rig ven you get to te otter place; and ten you say you never vash tream ven you set out. Ten you shall tream someting petter now.

Te text shall tell you apout von treams. Vat shall you tink of tat? Shall you not pelieve in von treams? Teir shall pe no treams in dish country: but in mine country teir shall pe much tream. You shall tream of von cat, and you shall have von enemy to bite you in de back, sure enough. You shall tream of te fires, and you shall fight mit somebody and get von plack eye. Ah! tat shall pe a country vere you shall have tream. Teir shall be Finn in mine country from te Finlands and he shall pe like von vitches to tell you vot shall come to pass yesterday. He shall be acquainted mit te tuyvil as vell as you shall pe acquainted mit your minister. He shall tell your fortune in everyting vot you shall ask him. Tat shall pe te Finn vat shall pe in mine country. But in dish country, you shall have no Finn, nor vitches, nor tream, nor notting at all but te politics.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Edditor: i taik my pen in hand, in hopes that these few miserable lions will be excepted in youre paper and hope you be enjoyin' the same*blessin.' It is of a millancolly thing that has happened in these parts and has maid a tok all over the yilledge and the minister has been up their to see about it and feyther sez he shoodn't wonder if their wos to bee a law soot about it.

It is of a vartuous gal that is of a relation to us wich

maiks it the more dreadful. She is enermost 04 year aig and has been sedoosed by a prom ass of marridge by Sighlass Konklin. She has got only one eye and the squire sais that Sighless got the blind side of her. Her name is Mehitable Goodenuff and she was down to feyther's and she and methier had a grate cryin' spell about it, and she telled how he cum up their and how he sedoosed her tender hart and she rote him a letter.

I heered all about it up town where i went to carry corn to the mill. You sea that Sighlass had got himself a new soot of gray close and he greesed up his shoes and went to meetin'! So Mehitable seed him cum into the nixt pue to the one that she sot in. So she handed him the him-book out of perliteness, but she sais that if she had none how he was goin' for to akt, she would hav' let him find his own him-book. Then to think of it, that he was only aiteen yeer old and he go to sedoose a ooman that was old enuff to be his mother! That looks a grate deel wuss than if he had took a gal of his own size, for it shews that he had no respects for old aige.

So when she give him the him-book, he took and turned over the leaves, and Mehitable watched him all the time, and he didn't read a bit. Then she kinder leaned over the side of her pue and laid her arm on his'n thinkin' no harm of that as he was so mutch the youngest. Then she telled him softly that she should like to have him call at the house and see 'em. But he didn't call all that weak, and she thort it was very disrespectful. So she put on her things, and went up to his feyther's house, and she axed him the raisin that he hadn't been down to sea her, and she axed him to go out and wok with her into the woods.

So he went out with her and then she toked to him very lane, and she axed him if he wasn't ashamed to use his parts to captivate her tender hart, and to pretend that he

was all in flames on account of her, and she asked him if he new what was the punishment for desateful lovers, an, she told him that she new it was her duty to forward himd and axed him if he wasn't sorry for what he had done and for bein' a gay d-seaver. Then he up'd and telled her he didn't no what she ment and sed how he never had d-seaved her at all! Then you may think how she felt to hav' him as mutch as tell her she lyed!!! So she felt so bad about it that she laid her head on his boozum and wept aloud. Then i spose that he begun to repent of his bad conduct, for he telled her that he never intended to hurt her. That olny ma d her cry wuss to think that he should tell such a rong story like.

Then Mebitable telled him she would forgiv' him be-kase it was her duty to forgiv' them that injures us, and she took hold of his hand and laid it on her boozun and be sez she did it to show him that she had forgiv him in her hart. But he wouldn't confess that he had d-seaved her. So she got up off the stump that she was settin on, and she telled him that he had very handsome eyes and then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him, and sais she—'Now Silass, i hav' fulfilled the scriptur and i hav forgiv you for d'sevin' me and tryin' to brake my tender heart, and i think it is yure duty to give me a prom ass of marridge to show me that you didn't meen any harm; for if you don't do it, i shall hav' you taken up for tryin' to sedoose my virgin' hart!'

So she sez that he nodded to her, and you no that was as much as to say yes, and so it was his prom ass of marriage. So she went rite off to the town clerk to get published, and he went down to Sighlass's fokes to ax 'em about it, and don't you think that this good-for-nothin' Sighlass denied the hull thing and sed he had never promised to hav' her!

So then poor Mehitable went into all the nabors and

told how her virgin hart had been sedoosed. And she went down to the squire and teelled him and wanted him to taik up Sighlass and sew him, for she can prove that he had been veerry attentiv' to her, and old Missus Minton can taik her oath that she seed him taik the him-book from Mehitable in church, and saw him and Mehitable whisper together: and then old Zechariah White can swear that he seed 'em goin' to the woods together and that she leaned on Sighlass's arm.

There never was sich a dredful case of seduction none in these parts; and Miss Floyd that belongs to the fee mail morral reform society has been round with a paper to hav' it sined by everybody to get Sighlass put into the county-house, and their is goin' to be a track rit about it.

So mother and Mehitable wanted i should rite a leter all about it to be put into your paper, to see if the Bostown fokes wouldn't send a constable up hear to take Sighlass up and hav' him put in prizzing. Yours to sarve,

OBED SQUASH.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURES.

Belubbed Bruddren: Dis child ob color hab de saxification to 'dress you on dis 'portant 'casion in dese words for de text—

'When he cum, he 'no cum,
And when he 'no cum, he cum.'

Dis 'spress de fax ob de bird that cum in winter whenever de 'no is on de ground. It hab 'lusion to dat bird, and am berry 'ticklar in consequence ob de fack. You know berry well dat 'no am diwided into a great many parts. Dar am de 'no ball, de 'no flakes, de 'no drift, and de 'no storm, Darefore we 'peak to you about all dese in de fust place, and den we descend to de 'no bird herself. De 'no ball am in de hand to pelt fokes. Tony Ducklings

hab made a big 'no ball and hab rolled him up agin his sellar door out ob charity for poor people to set down on when dey ar tired ob wakin' wich am werry kind ob dat gemman. When your 'spected preacher was gwoine down Union 'treet todder day, dar was a clark in a hardware 'tore dat fling 'no ball and hit your 'spected preacher on de bak. Your preacher turn round dirackly and went to fine de boss of dis clark, and he 'form de boss how he was hit on de bak by de clark on dat portant 'casion. Den de boss of dis clark, and he 'form de boss how he was hit on de bak by de clark on dat portant 'casion. Den de boss ax if your 'spected preacher was ob a 'spectable family and as soon as he tell him dat he was deacon Snowball, de boss say dat he should hab saxifaction and de young clark promas to 'scribe to de Yankee and read de sarmons ebery week, for de benefit ob his sole and hope he 'prove 'pon it and larn better dan to 'no-ball your 'spected preacher.

Den 'bout de 'no-bird is de todder diwision ob de subject wich am splritual, and 'lude to wariety of parts. Dis bird signify Love Jackson who is comin from Long Island to be a help meat for your 'spected preacher. Dar hab been so many times dat your preacher hab been 'gin de bag by de sex ob color and odder fokes hab got 'way de niggars gal dat he 'tend for herself, dat dar hab been a gal raised for de 'spress purpose of being a wife to him.

Dis gal will cum as soon as de merchants get dat passage through de ice wich dey tell about. As your preacher hab been cut out so often by odder dispectable niggers, darfore de 'loved 'tended ob your 'spected preacher will be hid from the eyes ob ebery body else and at de close ob dis sarvice, we will take up collection to 'fray de expense ob buying a canvass bag to put ober de head ob dis angel ob color, whilst she is on her way from Long Island, dat nobody else can see her face and fall in

lub wid her and out out your spected preacher. She will hab her face kivered up till she open her eyes upon de charms ob your 'spected preacher.

De friends ob your preacher tink dat she will be berry much struck when she looks upon your spected preacher, for de fust time, and dat like de qu een of Shebear she will say dat de one half hab nebber heered tell on before. On dat 'portant 'casion, your 'spected preacher will be seated on a high stool to 'splay ebery part ob his person to 'wantage. He will be drest in a red west, cordiroi pantaloons, brack cote, and pump and white 'tocking. Tese will be de diwisions ob your 'spected preacher on dat 'portant 'casion to 'tract de lub ob dat fair sect, de lubly Love Jackson, whose fadder and mudder was raised on de farm ob Valentine Hicks, in dem parts. De wedding will be berry select. None will be 'wited dar, but niggars ob de fust 'spectability and 'portance. Sophy Wheelock, Sally Cropper, will be 'speckted to stay away from de wedding, and none ob dem ladies ob color who hab giben your 'spected preacher de bag will be 'wited at all.

De next diwision am de 'no drift, when de 'no gets up in a great help, and you can't get through 'em. Dat is berry 'portant. Peter Jonsing lost off one ob his boot in a 'no drift, de todder nite when he was gwoine home from de party ob sister Chunks, and Temperance Briggs dropt her bustle in anodder drift, and she hunted arter it two hours and don't 'spect to get it till next spring when de 'no am all melted.

De next diwision is a 'no-torm, and dis am de most 'portant ob all. To use de language ob a colored poet on dat 'portant 'casion—'De hebens was dark-complected wid clouds ob color! de wind rush threw de spacious walt ob heben and de storm busted forth in all de furies ob a big 'no-torm. On dat 'ticklar 'casion de birds screamed threw

de air, and de cold wind howled, and clouds ob 'no ascend from de cloud—den de tunder rolled threw de hebens, and de lightning dart his rays from pole to pole. In fack it was berry bad wedder on dat 'portant icasion. De winders ob heben was open, and eberybody hab to use a umberilla.' Darfore you will please to pass round de hat, and you won't forget de canvass bag.

YANKEE LETTER.

Farther and me went down to town about a month ago. We took Temperance with us to see the wonders of the town. We rid down in the waggin with old sorrill. When we got down to Charlestown, we required the best house to put up in. So thay telled us the bunker-hill tavern was the most 'spectable, and we went and put up their. You ought to hav seed how we lived their. We had the vittles got all reddy for us, and sot on the table before we was called in, and their was noosepaper their in the bar-room for foks to ride. It was all dredful fine. And their was a leggislator man that put up their, and that was dredful to think on, for we was awful afeared of him. He use to stand up by the stove and hold his cote-tales under his arms and then he had spechtecls on, and farther and me didn't dast to speek to him.

Temperance seed him cum into the eating-room and take a cheer and set down to table, and when i telled her that he was a legislatur man, she said he lookt like Sir William Walliss and Thawdeus of Wassaw. She sed she wondered if he was married, and so father axed the landlord and he sed the man had a wife and ten children. Then Temperance said she would retire into obscurity and bemoan her sad fate like Saffo, and queen Didoes. She sed she wished that Mary Davenport was their to rite a peace of poetness about his noble deeds.

Arter we had seen all the wonderful buildings in Charlestown, farther went and bawt one of the Aurory papers to carry hum for a curocity. Arter that we went across a great long floor that was bilt over the water, and then we got into the master sitty of Bostown. Their was a hull passle of peeople and places wherth they sold jingerbread. Their was hosses and carts, and at last we found a Ocktion. This was a plaice where they had all kinds of things to sell, you sing out and tell how much you will give for 'em, and him that sings out the loudest has the trade and can carry it off arter it is paid for. So farther and me went up and lookt at 'em and we seed 'em sell the most butiful things so cheep that it was a wonder.

There was a elegant watch that lookt as if it was made of goold and it was sold for seven dollars, and then their was a brast-pin that was sold for forty cents, so farther and i telled the ocktion man that it was a shame to sell things so cheep. it was a 'bominable waist of property!

Temperance was with us, and she seed the ocktion man trying to sell a beautiful pare of snuffers that lookt like silver, and she telled farther and me to sing out the bids on it. So farther sung out twenty-five cents. Then i sung out thirty cents and then the ocktion man hollered—'going going!' and then farther hollered out forty cents—then the ocktion man kept saying, 'going, going'—and then Temperance hollered out fifty cents. So he sold it to us for fifty cents, and Temperance was so afeared that sum-boddy else would get it away, that she run in amongst the men and grabbed holt on it and paid the munny out of her own pocket. Then they lifted up a pare of trowsers to sell and the ocktion man sed they was worth 7 dollars every cent of it, so i hollered out the bid and sez seven dollars as loud as i could holler, but the ocktion man kept sayin' 'going! going!' so farther was afeared we shouldn't get the trowsers and he hollered out eight

dollars. So arter a while they wos sold to us for eight dollars, and we bawt a number more thing bekase they sold 'em so cheap.

We took all our things and carried 'em over to the bunker hill tavern, and farther showed 'em all to the legislatur man, and he didn't say nothin' but there was a man in their hoo wanted to putend that the things want worth nothin.' So we noed he was trying to git the things sold to him, for father is very sharp and he noes when fokes is trying to taik him inn. So we went home with our ocktion things and Temperance went all about the naborhude to shoe 'em her things and she telled 'em how they went to work to git things at the ocktion. The minister's wife cum down to our house to look at the things that Temperance had bawt at the ocktion and their was grate doins in our house.

Jim Fluter cum down to see the things and so he concluded to set up with Temperance seeing that she had a nich lot of fine things, but she maid him a present of a beautiful bag that she had bawt at ocktion, and so he went oph cussing and swearing like all pox-zessed.

NICHODEMUS JOHNSON.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Braddren: On dis arternoon we shall explut-
terate and abominate on dis 'portant text ob de 'postle
Gibbon:

"The rise and decline of Rome."

Dis text hab seven diwisions, and de most 'portant of dem all is de *rice*, as it proves dat dar is nothin' new under de sun. You see dat dar was a massa Rice in Rome, and darfore de reginal Jim Crow was dar as well as in dis land ob your 'spected preacher. Dis massa Rice dat goes about de country pretend dat he was de fust Jim Crow,

and in dat way he bring de repetation ob de colored poppylation into content; but dat am a lie, as I hab proved on dis 'portant 'asion, as de fust massa Rice was in Rome 'cording to de 'postle Gibbon. Dar hab ben Jim Crows in ebery age ob de world. De fust jumpin' ob Jim Crow was Adam and Eve when dey hab to turn about and go out ob de garden.

Den dar was de people dat was drowned at de flood who hab to turn about and turn about and look two ways for Sunday. Arter dat was de Jews in de wilderness arter dey leff Egyp, when dey keep turnin' about in de wilderness and go all sorts ob ways except de 'traight rode to Canaan. Dis shoe dat de poppylation ob color am de oldest nation in de world.

De prayers ob dis congregation ob color am 'quested for our friend Cesar Widgeon who hab got de bag from Charity Lovett.

De 'ticklar case ob dis courtship am dese in 'ticklar. De missus ob Charity sent for Cesar to bring a basket ob clams to de house in Union 'treet. Cesar went dar, and he rap at de door. Charity come to de door and open him to Cesar, dat de 'scriptur might be filled full wich sez, "rap, and de door will open ob herself."

Darfore, when he seed Charity, she had on a new frock, and a blew apron, and she look rite at Cesar and he look at her in de eyes. So he went into de kitchen and put down de clam, and he ax her for de missus. Den she 'tood rite till before him and lookt at him sly. Cesar feel his tender hart begin to bob up and down and jump Jim Crow in his boozum. Den he put his hand on his hart, and he look berry sly at Charity, she 'tretch out her hand like St. Poll and 'peak for himself in dese 'portant words:

"Mirackolus lady ob color! I nebber see you before wid dese eyes dat is in my head. I feel de superfluous evanescence ob de olfactory ossification dat tend de pas-

sion ob lub in my hart, rite away before I change my mind."

Den Charity make a curchee and she tell him dat she'd gib him an answer arter she find out if a he-niggar from Varmount was gwoine to hab her or not.

Den Cesar ax her to come in de sullar, and she should hab a treat. So she went to de sullar dat ebening and get a glass ob sumting nice. Arter dat she come berry often. Sumtime she get clam—sumtime she take a lobster's claw and one 'casion she suck a pig's foot. Den she hab glass ob lemonade and warm ice water and all sorts ob tings for her saxifaction. So Cesar find dat she hab many tings and say nossin 'bout luv, and Cesar begun to tink he hab paid a good deal for de privilege ob her company; den he take de opportunity to 'peak to her on dis subjeck and she pertend dat she want reddy to make up her mind. But lass nite, he take up de paper and read a 'count ob de marridge ob Charity and dat big he-niggar from Varmount.

Den Cesar feel dat his hopes was all slighted in de bud and he took up de axe to commit sue-sighed rite off. He pound on his head tree four times, but it blunt de axe, an' it make no more 'pression dan if he hit a lapstone.

Darefore Cesar want de prayers ob dis congregation ob color. He hab maid out a bill for all de tings dat Charity hab in his shop and he 'tend to sue her rite off for de munny. I hope you pray dat Cesar may get his munny back as de wittles dat she put into her at de sullar, was enuff to keep a hoss a 'hole monf.

Your 'spected preacher will lectur' before de poppylation of color next Friday nite upon de color ob Cain and Abel, and will prove dat Abel was a gemman ob color, and Cain was a white man. He will also show dat de wicked sarpint dat tempted Ebe was all den ob a milk-white, and he will 'splain de profficies and will prove dat

de almanac makers hab maid a mistake, bekase you may know it aint de year 1843 yet, bekase de world aint 'stroyed, and de world was to be stroyed in dat year.

Arter dat your 'spected preacher will deliber a coarse ob lectures on de fiddle, and dat niggar from Jarsey wid one eye, will be present to tune up on dat 'portant 'casion.

A collection will be took up on dis 'portant 'casion to 'fray de expense ob Cesar in treating Charity—de gal who hab proved herself a gay deceiver. Your 'spected preacher hab lost a 'tocking which will be ob no use to any one but de owner as it am a odd one. Darefore he 'quest dis congregation ob color to gib it up if dey hab found de 'tocking ob your 'spected preacher.

Two hat will be passed 'round on dis 'casion—one for Cesar and one for your 'spected preacher. De brudders will sing de one thousandth sam wile de hats are passed 'round.

YANKEE LETTER.

To the Printer Man: Sum of the fokes up this weigh hav been righting letters to put in yure paper. If you believe awl they tell you, you'll be stuff to a ded sartainty. These is a kind of folks that don't no nothin' about the rail civilized kind o' life. I was born and raised in this plaice myself, but i'm ben in a weigh up country and i lived their with old Zebe Barborn about 2 yeer and calculate that i've seen somethin' o' life and can 'struct you about them parts with somethin' that's worth a while.

The gals np their is good for sumthin' else besides puttin' on there nue cullicows and settin' up o' nites and reading the noosepapers, they have to get there one livin' an' them's the sort o' gals that makes good wives for the munny. Mebby you aint a married man—so i've got one pickt out for you, and if you think you'd like to hav her, i can

bring her down to bostown if you'll pay the expences. Her name is Patience Hoxie. She's got but one eye, but that's a good won and it's always lookin' out for the mane chance. She's got a hand like a johnny-cake and so broad that you can't see across it on a foggy day, and she'll do more work with them hands of hern than a dozen of your sittin' ladies. Then she's got a foot that you can't get into a bushel basket and a boy ten years old can't lift won of her shoes. You ought to see her anchil, it is as big round as a fence-post and as strong as a crowbar and her shoulders is round as a punkin for she was brawt up to work and can skin a sheep or scald a shote as quick as Jim Bangs and he's 7 foot in haithe. She can take Jim down, for she tried it in Bill Fisher's slaughter-house, injun-hug, and the way she flunked him wood hav maid yee stand on end. One day a miller sassed her up by the mills by Wattle's farm, and she giv' him a poke in the chops that maid him bend double and squirm like a hoss in fly-time. In coarse she's no grate at larnin', bekase she never was brot up to that. Larnin' don't fill the crib, nor by a nue frock for the child, as the saying is; but it only maiks a feller stick up to be sumbody and go about with his hands in his pockets, with his head down, studyin' diviltry all the time. You'll find her a good critter if you git the rite sighed of her: but if you git in her way when she's washing, or if you don't get up when she wants the stool to seddown by the fire, she'll teach yee the law, and meb- by she'll giv yee a kick or 2, but nothin' wus than that, if you talk it kindly and don't jaw back.

I tell yee these things bekase I want to be yer friend and let yee know how to manage when you marry her. A printer feller's up hear that sez they hav a plenty of *pie* in the printin' offiss. Well, she's grate on *pie*. She'll cum to the offiss and make more *pie* for yee than yee can use up in a fortnite. You must mind how you hug her though

for if yee was to happen to hurt hur she'd put her nuckles in yer ribs like a fulling-mill. When she was at a party last winter, she bit a feller's ear half off, jest bekase he trod on her foot, for it is frost-bitten and they think she will hav' to hav' it cut off yet.

One of her legs is a trifle shorter than the other, but that don't hinder her from walkin' fast, as she always uses a crutch, and will stump along eenamost as fast as i can. Her breth aint so sweet yer know, but it's as strong as the rest of her. It's better now than 'twas, sense she's taken to eatin' inions and so when she ketch her breth you git nothin' but the smell of the inions, and every body is fond of inions.

At any rate i'll bring her down and let you look at her for her father's very mutch on't to have her married, bekase he thinks she'd make some good man so tarnaal happy.

i sot up with Patience one or 2 nites jest to see how it would go, you know. She let me in the back dore, and hid me in a emty barrell till the old fokes had crawled off to bed. Then she came and lifted the barrel and went into the room, and held up the candle to look at me, for she had cotch a bo, and she wanted to see what he lookt like. She stared at me and i stared at she, and her eyes was as green as grass. Then she turned the barrel rong side up and pored me out on the floor. i felt like spilt milk, and was a little skeered. Then she sot me up on the stove, and their had ben a fire in it, and the top of the stove was hot and burnt me most pleggidly. I hopt off and run about the room, wiggling like a hen with one wing.

Then she cam a long and giv me a all-fired slap on the back that nocked my tung out about six inches, and she took me by the slack of my trowsis and held me rite off from the floor, and i wavered up and down like a pare of scales. i telled her if she would let me down, i would

coart her rite off, and if she didn't i would sware the pieces agin her, for i was nation mad. When she heered that, she carried me along and opened the window and giv me a toss and out i went rite down into a hog-pen, and down i cum on a big hog that layed there asleep. As soon as i got out of the pen, i run home, and giv her up altogether.

She's tue uncommon a gal for me, and all the fellers up in them parts where i worked hav to stand back when she cums along; but if you think you can manage her in bostown, i'll coax her down there. Where would you advise me to put up, if i cum down to the sitty?

She's a terrible eater, though as for that she's not per-tickler in her meals. A pound or two of raw salt pork, a dozen or tue of taters and a quart of 'lasses will satisfy her well enuff, with a few parsnips, and a bowl of raw milk and a loaf of rhine-injun bread, and praps a pumkin pie to top off with. Your servant, SETH GOOSEBERRY.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: I shall give you for dish tay dish text, sure enough:

'Meen fun! meen fun! meen fun!'

Dish text shall pe taken from te newspapers, and shall pe von advertisement of te Chinese what tey shall have to put on te skin.

You shall know very well tat te Chinese shall been no goot christian to have te preacher and te church like tey shall have tem in mine country. Tey shall have teir gods made of wood, and tey shall pe made of stones too. Vat you shall care for such a god as tat vich you can see wit your eyes? Teirfore, tey shall call it *meen fun*. It shall pe very meen fun to kneel down and worship such a god like tem, sure enough.

But tey shall have meen fun in otter places besides tat

Tey shall have meen fun in dish country as well as in te Chinese. Teir shall pe von meen fun tat tey shall try mit te house of your minister. Vonce tey shall tie a string to te knoker of mine front door, and von string to te knock-er of mynheer Grouse on te otter side of te street. Ten tey shall knock at mine door. I shall go to te door to see who shall pe come to see me at te door. Ven I shall open te door I shall lift up the knocker of mynheer Grouse on te otter side of te street. Ven I shall shut mine door, ten te knocker of mynheer Grouse shall fall down wit a great knock, and he shall come and open his door to see who shall pe teir, and he shall see nopody teir at all.

Ten he shall shut his door, vich shall make mine door knock again as loud as never vash. Ten, at last, I shall vatch py te door, and next time his door shall make mine knock I shall open mine door quick and look out. Ven I shall see nopody teir, I shall swear it ish von spook vich is te ghosts in mine own country. Ten mynheer Grouse shall stand in his door and I shall holler to him and think he shall pe te feller tat vash knock mine door, and he shall think I shall pe te von tat shall knock at his door. He shall swear at me and I shall swear at him; till te morning comes ven I shall see te string tat ish tied mit von end to mine knocker and mit te otter end to the knocker of mynheer Grouse. Tat shall pe mean fun, sure enough.

Anotter time shall pe mean fun ven teir shall pe von Dutchman boarding at mine house, and he shall put his arm 'round te neck of mine vrow, and I shall slap him on te face. In te night he shall fill mine beeches full of molasses, and ven I shall went to church te next day mine breeches shall stick to mine legs, and I shall not know vot shall pe te matter till I shall got home. I shall try to pull tem off ven I shall got home; and tey shall hold on as if tey vash nailed to mine legs. Oh! tat shall pe von mean fun, sure enough. Ven I shall catched tat Dutchman, I shall show him vot shall pe mean fun.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis abs'lute 'vasion, your 'spected preacher take dis opportunity to 'prove upon de foller-in' text ob de 'postle Jehorseophat, wich am in dese 'portant words, dat am 'dopted on dis 'casion by your 'spected preacher:

"O my bonnet—my new fashioned bonnet,
My bonnet of straw!"

You hab heered ob some dat hab stubble for a foundation and build dar house on a sandy-bottom like de shop ob Simon Phillips in Lynn. But on dis 'portant 'casion de subjeck is not about de foundation, but de todder 'eend. Straw is used for de head. Straw bed am used to sleep on, but de bonnet ob straw am made ob annoder koin, ob dat weed. De 'spectful wife ob Phenix Qionimo hab a straw bonnet. She hab it on her head at dis minnit, and you can see for yourself as she sets dar under de gallery by de stove-pipe. De bonnet ob dat colored lady hab ben whitened by de smoke ob brimstone, which is a figget ob de 'tate ob de sinner arter he leaf dis world. If you do not git whitened by de sarmonts ob your 'spected preacher in dis life, you must git whitened by brimstone arter wards. Dis discourse am diwided into sebenteen parts, and dese parts am diwided into seventeen divisions—as de human body am diwided into two hands, and dem hands into fibe fingers apeace, baring de thumbs wich am called fingers as a mare am called a hoss.

De fust diwision ob dis subject am de straw bonnet, which is dewided into de crown, de top, de bottom, de rim, de two strings, de two beanx, de lining, de thread to sow it on, de front, de back and de todder parts wich am 2 tedious to mention. Darfore de hat am a proof ob de wonder ob natur', as a hoss and a cow am a proof ob de wonder ob art. Straw bonnets come in fashion when straw

was cheap: but in de milliniom de lion will eat straw like de ox, and dis text am a proof dat Miller is right, and dat de millioniom am close at hand: bekase a hoss eat up de straw bonnet ob de lady. A hoss am a lion figgeratively, and a cow am a drummer-dairy. Darfore de straw bonnet ob de lady was eat up by de hoss, accordin' to scriptur'.

De second diwision out ob de seventeen divisions am de lady herself. I tink she was a lady ob color, and dese am de raisins. In de fust place de smell ob de lady tract de 'tention ob de hoss, and den ladies ob color don't tie dar bonnet so de hoss could pull him off and chaw up de same. A lady ob color am diwided into seventeen parts. Dis is de truff: you hab de word ob your 'spected preacher, and if you won't believe him, you wouldn't believe de dead.

De three diwision ob dis subject am de uses ob a lady ob color. I want you to lisson for your 'spected preacher 'tend to prove dar frenology. In de fust place dar skin is black. What you 'spose am de use ob dat? What rite hab you to 'quire into dat tickle her? She is jest as she was made. Den as respects de hat, we hab hired Cesar Widgeon to carry him round and pay him by de year. When brudder Cole carry round de hat, dar was tin fourpence, clam shell, chaw to back her, p knutt shell, and rotten apple put in de hat; but we hab reformed all dat, and now we hab Cesar, dar will be grate difference in dem tickle hers.

Your 'spected preacher hab been 'wited to lecktur at de Philadelphia leckturs and de fust subjeck on which he lecktur will be de rice and pogeas ob de popylation ob color, in which he will show dat dar am various kinds ob popylation ob color. He will show dat yaller niggars am de fust popylation ob de world who was made ob yaller clay and dey habn't changed color sense. Den de 'traight hair

niggers am cum from de flood, when all de people was so skeered dat dar hair stood up on eend and 'traight for de fust time in dar life : but de rail black niggers, like your spected preacher, am de 'provement on de hole. De nigger poppylation was in danger of loosin' dar color when dey was blackened up afresh, and dese last hab de jinuine polish on dem.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURES.

Belubbered Bruddren : On this 'portant and nefarious casion, your belubbered pastre will superinduce de sarvice ob dis church wid de obseruation dat he hab dis ticklar text for dis 'portant 'casion, in dese words which am de text on dis 'portant casion—

'Diamond cut diamond.'

Dese words am to be found in de varsification ob de patriarch Beelzebub, which was pronounced at de time dat Cesar and Pompey was carried away captive into de great city of Nazareth. I spose you all know what diamond means. It am de color ob de poppylation ob color. It am brack as charcoal and shine like de face of your 'spected preacher. Darfore diamond is de figerative meanin' ob de poppylation ob color. Dey is brack, but dey is werry precious. Diamond is wuth more dan marble, and dey sells

it by de pound bekase it is precius. Darfore diamond cut diamond, which am de words ob our text, 'lude to de fact dat one niggarr cut anoder niggarr. How you tink dey cut 'em? You tink dey cut 'em wid a knife? Dat shows your ignorance, you brack scorpions! Dey cut 'em like you see a niggarr comin' and you 'fraid he 'peak to you. Darfore you cross over on todder sighed of de 'treet, and hold up your head and pull up your collar and pretend you is lookin' at somefing else and don't see dat niggarr. He look at you out ob his eye, and he tink dat you don't see him, and so you go on and take no notiss ob dat niggarr. Dat is de case wid de hire and de lore class ob colored gemmen and lady. Dey cut one anudder in de 'treet.

Your 'spected preacher was under de necessity to cut Phillis Jonsing tudder day she hab on a old calico gown end dat was patched. Your 'spected preacher seed her in Dock-square. She step 'cross de 'treet to 'peak to your 'spected preacher. Your preacher look at her out de corner ob his eye, and he see dat de gowend was ragged at de bottom, and he hab too much respeck for his cloff to 'peak to de woman. Darfore he turn down a alley and go through into 'Tate 'treet. Den your 'spected preacher met a long brack niggarr cuming up from de wharf, and your 'spected preacher pop down into Sam's sullar to get clear ob dat niggarr too. Arter little while, when your 'spected preacher was reading de Boston Notion, wich am patronized in de sullar, dat long niggarr cum down dar and he offer to shake hand wid your preacher. Your preacher refuse to shake hands wid him, 'less he would pay for glass ob likker. Den he pay for likker for two; your 'spected preacher tell him dat he better save his munny to put in de hat instead ob layin' it out at de sullar in such wanties. Arter he was gone, Cesar perceived dat he had gin him a tin fourpence. If dat niggarr is in de ordinance ob your preacher's voice, he is 'quested to cum up and gib a

good fourpence for de tin one, as Cesar says dat your preacher may hab de good one if he can git it. Darfore, I 'spect de long brack feller ob color will hap respect for de cloff, and fork over de cash.

De fourf diwision ob diamond cut diamond is de fack dat you must cut ebery one dat don't put munny in de hat, bekase dey show sich contempt to your 'spected preacher, and de fust duty ob de poppylation ob color 'quire dat you 'spect your 'spected preacher. A white feller fling a a hole handful ob flour at your 'spected preacher todder day and kiver him all over wid de 'hominable leaven ob whiteness. I spose dat he envy de color ob your 'spected preacher for I hab often tell you dat de debbil is white as chalk. Peter Widgeon seed him up in Charlestown by de ruin ob de nunnery. Darfore dey fling flour on your 'spected preacher to make him look like de debbil. A bowl ob clam soup and lobster's tail will be given for de conviction ob de offender. A committy composed ob Ann Fling, Paul Jonsing, Abel Widgeon, and Charity Wheeler hab been 'pointed to 'quire into de fax ob de case, and find out who flung de flower at your 'spected preacher.

Now I'm gwoine to 'prove upon de hole. Dis is de fust beginnin' ob de spring ob de year. De ocean begins to thaw so dat ships can go ober de waters to foreign ports and get tea and sugar and all dem tings to sweeten your tea, and de hills begins to blossom and de stars sings for joy. De harp and de salter aud de sammody and de drum and de walves and de whistle proclaims de spring ob de year and de warious tings dat is cum to pass. De sound ob mirth is heard in de wallies and in de wood and de riber and de mountain tops is filled wid flowers and music and potatoes is planted dar. Darfore we will pass de hat round. You will put cent in de hat an 'course dat is de spring ob de year. Dat will prove dat you are sensible ob de fack.

Next Sunday your preacher and Charity Widgeon and Fring Jonsing will go down to Nahant to enjoy de cool sea breeze, as your 'spected preacher is in delicate helf, and 'spect to lose his appetite, 'specially as clams is getting skerce. Darfore we will take dis 'cursion at de axpense ob de church.

YANKEE LETTER.

To the Printer Man: There's a terrible feller that's cum. to live in our parts. He is six foot hie and has a brother that goes to see. He will drink more rum than any won other men that works for father, and he sez he has licked too niggars in won day. Everybody up hear are afearred to say a word to him, he's such a dreadful furce feller. You aught to hav heered him sware at a hen the other day. I stood behind the fence and lookt at him till everything turned dark be4 my ize. He was up at razing tother day in Acton. Jop Hoxie was bilding a nue barn; and when he was up their, he torked so that every one had to stand back. He telled a black boy up their that he wood swaller him without salt and wood chaw him up in tue minits! Then he ketched up a big stick of timber and he flung it agin a fence and ript and swore and sed he had licked more men than anybody else on the ground. O! you awt to here him tock!

He went into the shew-maker's tother day; and you no the shop is kepp by Seth Bunnir, and their works their Barney Glddins, George Bounce, and Amariah Stebbins. They work their on there own account they would think it a insult to ax 'em to higher out, 'specially Amariah, for his grandfather use to be the town-clark. So he went in their and he sot down onto a little bench clost up to the stove, and when they seed him cum in, they kepp steddly at their work and dassent look up on no account whatsoever.

So he sot and he lookt fust at the one and then at the tother; and at last he squirted out a hull mouthful of to bokker goose and it fell slap on the stove, and it bubbled and sissed, and the shewmakers all jumpt rite up, for it skeered them so that they thort a airthquake was broken loose. Then he lookt at them, and hollered out like thunder and sez he—"what are you skeered of?"

Then when they heered his voyce, it skeered 'em wuss than ever, and they all huddled up in one kornor of the shop and lookt at him jest as cats looks at a dog when they want a chanse to run and git off.

Then he took out a short pipe and sits down on the bench with his chin on his hands and smoaks away till he had filled the room so full of smoke it was enuff to choak yo. When they seed he was not a goin' to hurt 'em, they sot down agin to work, but they kepp their ize open and lookt at him to see if he went to fly at them. Amariah sot by the winder so that he cood jump out if this terrible feller cum a-near him.

At last arter he had smoked his pipe, this dredful creatur roared out like a lyon, and sez he—"I say, mistur, kin you maik me a pare of nice boots that will go threw fire and water and that is heavy enuff to stomp the guts out of a ded niggarr?"

Then they was all skeered agin, but Amariah was the boldest, for he has got very good curridge, and he spun ked up, and sez he—"I don't keer if i maik 'em, if the gentleman wood be so good as to let me taik his major."

So the man pulled off one of his shews, and held out his foot, and sez he—"There! put yer grapplings on that, you old see-gull, and see that you du yer dooty like a man!"

So Amariah majored him for the boots, and arter he was done, he like to have fainted away, he was so overcome with fear like. Then he put on his shew, and got up to

go, and just as he was going out the door, he turned round, and he speaks out as loud as thunder, and sez he—"I'm going hum, and I want to give all you young men a peace of advice in these werds: always treat a gentleman and give the path to your betters, and yeu'll do well in the world!" Then they all got up and maid a bough, and sed, "yes, sir, we shall remember it." Then George Bounce, the youngest shewmaker, seed that his cloke was kinder slipping off his shoulders, and he run and put it up round him as effectionate as he could, and sez he, "You must take care of yourself, fer if you should ketch cold and loose your valuable life, it would be a great loss to your kedntry."

That was said very perlite, for George had got good larning and has been to school three winters.

Well, tother day—i think it was tooseday, but i wont be shure of it. Howsumever, this wunderful fellar was at the tavern, and their cum in a little fellow from Bos-town, and his name was Bill. He cum up hear to work for old Adonijah Willets. Well, as I was saying, Bill cum into the tavern and this wonderful man axed him to drink with him. So they drunk a glass of bier together, and then this dreadful feller left Bill to pay for the likker—then Bill got mad, bekase he said that the one that axed the other to drink was the one that ought to pay. So Bill jumpt at this wunderfool fellar, and the wunderfool feller run out of the tavern and Bill chased him a peace down the rode; but the wunderful feller had the longest laigs, and he run the fastest, and he hollered out to the people, and tolled 'em to ketch hold of Bill and hold him fast, for he knowed if Bill cotcht up with him, he mite kill him bekase he couldn't keep himself from it. So all the people run out and cotch Bill and held him fast, for fear that the fellow would turn back and smash every bone in his boddy.

Then when the feller seed that they had got holt of the one that chased him and held him fast, he run hum as fast as litening, and he always kepp clear of him arterwards, for fear his temper would get riz, and he would smash all bill's bones and have to be hung for killing him.

If bill has got enny relashuns in bostown, they had best send for him rite away, for fear that he should git kilt by this wunderful fellow.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURES.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis 'tickler 'casion, your 'spected preacher hab got a tickler text dat 'spress de sentiment ob his mind eggs sackly. It is in dese 'portant words ob Saint Guy Fawkes, an' spress heseff in de folerin' terms, which I'm gwoine to tell you:

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

In dese times ob 'peculation and dispute, 'bout de subjek ob bishops which am gwoine on 'twixt de clargy, it am berry portant dat you get de rites ob de subjeck from the mouff ob your 'spected preacher, who is 'pointed to dat purpose in de chureh. Your belubbed preacher mus diwide de word aright or you nebber save your sins. On dis 'portant 'casion, we take up de subjeck ob de word ob our text and diwide him into four parts, like de 4 quarters ob de beef critter.

In de fust place de text tell you dat each bottle had a curling ear. Wharfore de bottle belong to dem dat hab ears and let 'em hear. In course you know dat dem bottle is spiritual and means de members ob de church dat am full ob de spirit.

The second diwision am de belt. Various am de kind ob belt, but de spiritual belt must go wid de spiritual

bottle. Dis belt is drawed through de two ears: dat hits you, brack scorpions, for de word dat is preached by you spected preacher goes into your ears—it goes into one ear and comes out at de todder! Dat is what I hab told you, how you cum hear to show your new close and not to hear de word. Chloe Phillips hab got a new bonnit, and she cum hear to show dat, and dar is Charity Widgeon she hab got new red shoe, and she cum heah to show off dem. Now you don't prove and in dese days ob 'peculation you don't know nossin 'bout de subjeck dat is gwoin on, 'bout a church wid a bishop and a church widout a bishop. Your 'spected preacher is de bishop ob your sole to save your sins.

De odder next diwision ob de subjeck tell you dat he hung a bottle on each side.

What you tink ob dat? A bottle hung on each side. Dat means you ought to be hurry 'less you make your 'spected preacher balance true, and you can't make his balance true 'less you put munny in de hat: bekase your 'spected preacher hab a little balance at de sullar; and Cesar Widgeon hab sent in his bill, and darfore you muss put your sent into de hat instead ob spendin' him for odder ting. Fring Jonsing went out todder day wid a nigar from Varmount to go a slay-riding. I don't know how much munny he spend: but I hab heered dat he treat her to tree glass ob wine and six smoked herring and a bit ob cracker and cheese. Now if all dis munny had been put in de hat for your 'spected preacher, it would hab been saved and helped him "make his balance true" at de sullar. Instead ob dat you lay out your munny for all sort ob ungodly tings.

Sophia Mitchel bought a parasol todder day, and she gib haff a dollar for it to Loue Stratton; tink ob dat, you scorpions. You tink more ob presarving your 'plexion from de sun dan you do of presarving your sole from de

flame ob fire. Whar do you 'spect dat your 'spected preacher will git his clam soup, his lobster, his root beer, his fried eel and his bitters? Cesar 'sist on habing his pay, and he tell your 'spected preacher dat his respect for de cloff is not so grate as his respect for de cash in hand. Your 'spected preacher darfore 'sist dat you plank down de cash and put in de hat to make his balance true.

Next Satterday is a week when dar will be a grate bawl in de sullar. On dat ticklar'casion de orators ob de Filadelfy lectures will be dar and shake a leg wid all de young ladies ob color. Your 'spected preacher will be on hand dressed in white top-boot and corduroy pantaloons.

During de cold snap dat we hab had, Tony Nikkles, Cesar Widgeon and your 'spected preacher run an express to New York. We hab de root beer cart of Sam Hickles and we tackle up de hoss and we set off to carry letter and package. We got as far as Dedham in one day, and den de hoss was tired and we 'top free days to rest em. Arter dat de navigation was open, and so we cum back rite off and didn't go no farder. So as we hab to bring de letters and odder tings back, we charge for postage both ways. On dat 'portant'casion, we hab a letter from Jane Widgeon to Sam Phillips of Orange 'treet New York. We hab tree cards ob gingerbread for a collored lady in Central 'treet, and two letters from your 'spected preacher to a young lady ob color in Cherry 'treet. All dese was de tings dat we hab in de Express ob color. So we hab to bring dem all back.

Your 'spected preacher is gwine to open a correspondence wid a gemman ob color in New York to 'spute bout a church widout a bishop in de same way dat wite fokes does, and de letters will be printed and sold for de benefit ob your 'spected preacher, to "make his balance true," and clean off de scores in de sullar.

Your 'spected preacher will read you de two letters dat hab passed 'tween him and dat todder cloff ob color in New York. Dey am in dese works:—

Rev. Deacon Lily of New York, to Rev. Deacon Snowball of Boston.

Reverend and Belubbered Brudder: I see you kakkellate to 'spute wid dis niggar 'bout a church widout a bishop. I tell you wat, Deacon Snowball, if you take hold ob dis chile, you'll find seven hosses to ride, I 'shure you. I spose you tink yourself de berry debbil, 'kase you hab your sarmonts printed in a noosepaper. Look here, darkey, mind what I tell you. I'll whip de wool off your head if you try to 'splatterate wid dis niggar 'bout dat.

You say dat you had radder rule your flock yourself dan to hab a bishop over you. When you larn dat, niggar? I tell you what, Deacon Snowball, you hab grate larnin', I know berry well; but dis niggar can stump you for all dat. I can take de shine out ob you, Snowball. Mind what I tell you.

De second argumentification dat you expose of, you say dat dar aint cents enuff in de hat for yourself, and dat you hab got none to spare to gib to a bishop. Now I begin my splunctiscation rite off. In de scriptur, de church is always 'pared to a woman. You mind dat; de church is de bride; she is a woman 'tanding in de sun and de moon is under her feet. Now I ax you if a woman can git along widout a bishop! Sumtimes dey call it bussle, but de perlite name ob de ting is *bishop*! Now I ax you whar de bishop is put? It is put on de stern ob de woman. Darfore, dis is meant to cogitate dat de bishop ob de church is rudder on de stern wich guides de church. Darfore dis is 'stinctly 'splained to your saxifaction, under de figger ob a woman, and I hope you say nossin mote 'bout it on ly ax de paedon of dis niggar for 'sputing wid him, when you see I whip you all to pieces. Look here, Snowball, dis niggar is from ole Wirginny, and is none of your Long Island breed.

Dar is a sassy niggar lives up in Broome 'treet, called Bill Jumbo, and when dis child telled him dis comparison how de bishop is de rudder to guide de church—he tell me dat it signify anudder ting, dat de clargy was always behind de age. I took hold of his wool and his eye 'tick out like a lobster, bekase he 'peak evil of dignities! I hope when you rite to dis child ob color dat you will keep a civil tongue in your head, for I can lick you, niggar; so mind your eye. Your belubbed brudder,

DEACON LILY.

Deacon Snowball to Deacon Lily.

NUMBER TWO.

Reberund and Belubbered Brudder: dis spected preacher ob de 'criptur' hab got your letter, dat is rite from New York, and tink dat de Wirginny breed are all jaw like a sheep's head.

You 'tick up for a bishop. I spose dat you want to be bishop yourself. I'll tell you 'bout dat, nigger. If you cum heah to Bosson and say dat, we'll scald all de brack skin off your niggar boddy—you black scoripin dat am a disgrace to de poppylation ob color. You say dat you can lick dis niggar. Cum heah den and try it, you wenemous wolf in sheep-skin! You say dat a woman wears a bishop, and darfore dat de church must hab a bishop. You tink you cum over dis niggar in dat way? De church am 'pared to a woman, but you tink it is a wite woman; but it am a lady ob color, for if de woman was 'tanding in de sun, don't you spose de sun tan her brack? darfore de church is 'pared to a lady ob color, and den lady ob color disn't wear bishop haff de time. Dar am Temprance Darby, Mary Darby, Mary Nikkles, Ann Widgeon, and Charity Jumbo. Dey neber wear a bussle kase dey's so fat dat it woodn't tick on. Darfore de lady ob color in ole Wirginny, whar you cum from, don't wear bussle and hab hardly got a petticoat to put on. Recollect dat dis wom-

an in de sun was driv' into de wilderness. Do you tink she wore a bishop when she was dar in de woods. Go and see dem yimmen dat lives in de wilderness and see if dey hab got any bishop on dar backs.

Darfore you am used up and can't say another word and as I hab beat you all to pieces, it is your treat. I'll hab a glass oblemon punch in de sullar and a quart ob clam soup, and you may pay for de same, bekase dis niggar hab beat you. Your belubbed Brudder,

DEACON SNOWBALL.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: your text vas been in dese vords:

"When we have squeezed the orange dry, we throw away the rind."

Dat ish te vay to do business. Ven te orange is dry, vat shall you vant more of te orange all te time. It shall pe only te peelings as you ish put in te cakes, or you shall fling tem on te street, and te black nagurs shall pick tem up. An orange shall, den, be verry difference from von pretty girl. When you squeeze te orange, you shall throw him away, but ven you squeeze te pretty girl, you shall take her to be your vrow.

But you shall find von otter meaning to dish text ish to pe explained by your minister, sure enough. Ven you shall have von friend dat shall not know much, you shall ask yourself to his house and trink te health of te whole family, and trink te health to his goot vrow, and shall eat your own health; and you shall borrow his money, and ven his money ish all gone, ten te orange is squeezed, and you fling him away, sure enough. Ten if he shall ask to borrow von shilling of you, you shall send him to de poor house, because te orange shall pe vorth notting ven it ish squeezed.

If you shall pe von vrooman, you shall marry a man tat hash te monish, and you shall have te coach and buy plenty of goot clothes till de cash ish all gone, and den you shall find out tat you shall vant von divorce, and you shall run away, sure enough. Ven te husband shall pe squeezed dry, you shall throw away te rind. Tat shall pe like te vrow of Mynheer Vanstandt who shall love him all to pieces like vot never shall pe, ven he shall pe in te fresh pork bizness and shall make sausage and te plood buddings, and head cheese, and sour kroust. She shall marry him and grow so fat tat you shall not tell ven her eyes shall look at you. I shall heard tell von day how much she shall eat of te head cheese; her husband shall go about, everywhere, to brag how much head cheese his vrow shall eat. But, after all te day, Mynheer Vanstandt shall fail all to pieces. Te officer shall come to carry off all te head cheese, and te sausage, and te benches, and te chairs and tables, and te sofas out of te house. Ven his vrow shall see all tem tings going out of te house, ten she shall go too. She shall not love her husband no more, so goot, because te orange shall been all squeezed out and te rind ish goot for notting, because she cannot put her husband into cake. Ten she shall find out all at vonce tat her husband shall pe von verry bad man, and she can't live mit him. She shall get von divorce in te court, and her fader shall pe her next friend. Ven she shall get von divorce, den she shall marry te scissors-grinder, vat shall have plenty of silver change in his leather preeches.

YANKEE LETTER.

To the Printer Man: i taik my pen in hand to rite u these few miserable lynes, hoppin' that you are enjoyin' the same blessin'. We have heerd up here how the fokes

in Bostown is getting a rode maid over the ice from Bos town to england so that the stemeboat ken go across, and how some fokes has gone to england on the ice. Sister Temperance and me want to knoe if its trew, bekase if it is, we shall tackle up the wagging and cum down to take a drive over to england next week and see that queen victory that we've heard so much about, and that has got so many babies. Sister Temperance wonders if Victory won't let her have one of the little critters jest to bring it home and show it to mother. We will treat it well and carry it back, if the ice dont thaw too quick. Peter Richardson would like to go with us, and he is Temperance's bo, and so i spose you want to noe how that happent for Temperance hadn't got no bo when i rit to you the last time.

You see that peter cum to our house last fall to help pick apples on haffs. Well he use to work till verry late, as the day was kinder short, and it was dark be4 he got hum. When he got hum, we was all dun supper, and so Peter would go into the kitchen and find nobody their but sister Temperance, and she was a cooking of his supper. Arter she got it on the table, and it was pudding and milk, then she would go into the best room to the closet and bring out a bit of presarved quince and put it on a plate by his bowl, all nice as anything. Then he seed that she was tender-hearted like, and had a feeling for a feller as one wood say. So he wood look up at her as he was eatin' and wood nod his head, which was as much as to say thankee, you noe.

Arter a while, Temperance got so that when she put on the bit of quince on the table, she would kinder let her frock rub agin his elbow, and it felt so kinder soft and smooth to him that it took away all his apatight, and mother liked him that bekase it saved vittles. Then Temperance got to stoppin' in the kitchen till he was dun

eatin'. She sot up in the corner at first and wood look on to see if he wanted anything. He dassent say much to her at fust: but arter a while, he got so that he wood tell her it was a fine day and that he thort there wood be rain, and then she wood say—'i hope not, Mr. Peter; for, if there was to be rain, it wood be bad for you when you are out of doors a picking off the apples.'

Then he noed she had a feelin' for a feller; and he seed that she had a mind of her own, and she noed how to 'spress it proper, for she had good learning, though I say it myself. Then arter a while, she got to setting up closer to him, so that at last, she would eat her supper when he eat his'n. So when they sot down to table together, she wood say—'Mr. Peter, won't you have another slice of bread—Mr. Peter, won't you have another slice of bread—Mr. Peter, i'm afeard that milk aint warm enuff for you,' and all that air sort of thing, and then he would lay down his spoon and look as if he was balancing himself on a rale, and was afeered of tumbling off. When she spoke to him, he would look up like a duck when he hears it thunder.

So sister Temperance at last put away the big table, and sot out the little table for him, and then when they sot down to supper, they was close together you know, and one night when they sot eatin, her knee touched agin his nee, and he sed such a feelin come over him that he thought he should have died, and he couldn't eat nothin' at all arter that. So it got so at last that when the apples was all picked, and Peter must go home about his other bizziness, that Temperance sez to him sez she—'Well, Mr. Peter, i hope you wont forgit your old frinds.' She sithed then from the bottom of her heart, and Peter he turned round and begun to look kinder melancholy, and at last when he shook hands with us to go away he blubbered right out, and bawled out so you might have

heered him a mild. Then Temperance began to bawl too, and they both hollered and bawled together, and sich a noise as it made, you never heered at all in your whole life. Every body then noed that they loved each other like 'lasses candy. Mother telled Temperance she ought to be ashamed to let a man kuow she was so fierce arter arter him, and 'temperance only cried the louder, and sez she—"How can i help it, mother—he's goin away and i shan't see him no more;" and then farther sez to Peter—"You needn't bawl so lik a stuck pig if you want my gal, and you can git her consent, i don't noe as iv'e any perticklar objections, as you seem to be a 'dustrious lad and aint given to drinkin."

So then he jumpt about six foot high for jöy, and he run up to Temperance, and he cotch round the middle and squeezed her hard enuff to bust open a cider barrel, but it didn't hurt her at all, and she left off cryin rite away, and they stuck to each other like a fly in a tar barrel, and farther sez that they must be published and married rite off, or he's afeared they'll bust, as they are so full of love.

NATHAN TROOP.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis present disreputable 'casion your 'spected preacher will take for his text de follerin' 'portant language ob de 'possle Bathshebar:

"I beg your pardon—grant your grace,
And hope the cat will scratch your face."

Dese words am de text for dis 'portant 'casion, and dey 'quire berry 'tickler 'tention on dis 'portant 'casion.

Darfore de fust diwision ob de text is "beg your pardon." You undertan dat. Wheneber a gemman 'peak to nudder, he beg his pardon for 'peaking to him. If you run foul ob a lady ob color and squash her bonnit, you

say "beg your pardon." And when a gemman ob color tell you, "get off my heel!" you turn round and say—"I berry sorry to 'sturb your compossitty and beg you pardon." Dem is de case wid de highah class ob nigger. As for de lower class, dey is too tedious to mention.

I 'spect you beg your 'spected preacher's pardon when you knock off his hat, slap his chops, or spit in his face. But your 'spected preacher hab a right to spit in your face and kick you, and den you muss beg his pardon, becase he is de belubbed pasture and you is nossin but de fleece. "Grant your grace" is de second diwision ob de text. I spose you tink dat *grant* 'lude to de belubbed deacon Grant. Dat shows your ignorance ob de fax on dis 'portant 'casion. It am a dictionary grant and 'lude to de oblong conjunctiveness ob granting grace, which is de figgerative name for clam soup. For dey cum down the sul-lar and ax Cesar to grant dem clam soup, and it is all de same ting.

Todder dewision ob de subjeck 'spress dat he hope de cat will scratch your face.

Two meanin's am in dis, de plain meanin' and de figgerative meanin'. De plain meanin' ob a cat scratching you face is dewided into ten diwisions. De fust diwision is de claws; de second is de nails, de third is de cat's tail, wich is dewided into enuff ob joint to make up de ten. A cat keeps de claw out ob sight till she want to scratch. Den she tick 'em out.

Now de figgerative meanin' ob cat scratching de face is when your wife or sum odder lady ob collar get mad and scratch your face wid her nails. A case ob dat kind was when Jane Phillips scratch de face of her belubbed husband lass night. Your 'spected preacher was gwoine by de house at de time dey hab dis spat. The fuss ting dat he heah was de woice ob Jane who cry aloud and spare not. She holler murder wid all her might and main; your

'spected preacher, who hab charge ob dis flock, run into de house as soon as he heah de bleating ob one ob his sheep. When he got in dar, he seed her husband on de floor and she was straddle ob his brest, and scratching his face wid her nales. At de same time she holler murder like de berry debbil. As soon as she see your 'spected preacher, she ax protection; so your preacher cotch hold ob her arms and hold fast to protect her from hurting her nales against de face ob her husband. She flew at your 'spected preacher and put her fingers in his nostrils and tried to tear his nose off, and den she holler murder louder dan eber. A cupple ob wite men bust into de house and dey koch hold ob your 'spected preacher and ax him what he was killin' dat woman for. Blood was running from your 'spected preacher's nose and from de face ob her husband. Now dey tink dat was proof enuff dat we was killin' de woman, 'specially bekase she hollered murder. So dey pushed us boff out ob dorrs, and pour preacher got off clean and run home, and dis is de sebenth diwision ob our text.

Now I shall 'prove upon de 'hole, and dat includes de subject ob dem poppylation ob color dat dey call *Albany Niggars*. Albany niggars am real niggars like your 'spected preacher; and dey is wite in dar 'plexion: 'kase dey is 'shamed ob dar own color. Dey make b'leive dat dey am wite fokes; but dey can't 'ceive dis niggars. He know dat dey is niggars by dar curly har; darfore I ax you to hab nossin to do wid dem fellers dat go about for a show and call darself Albany niggars.

On dis 'portant 'casion dar will be a c'lection taken up to buy massa Garrison a wig. You no dat de brains is in de head, and de bobbolition cause is in de brains. We is afeard dat de cause will cool in his head if he don't hab a wig to keep it warm. If lump ob snow should fall on de top ob his head, it wood freeze up de cause for sartin, 'cept he hab a wig to kiver up his bald head.

Annudder collection will be took up on dis 'portant 'casion, to hab a wax figger ob your 'spected preacher, to be put in de museum. On dat 'portant 'casion your 'spected preacher's wax figger will hab a pair ob wite top boots and a pare ob spectacles fastened to de nose to keep dem from slipping off, as your 'spected preacher's nose is too flat to hab dem stay on widout a peg. Darfore Brudder Cole will pass 'round a big hat for your 'spected preacher and Brudder Widgeon will pass round anudder hat for de wig. Dem dat put in a fourpence will be 'titled to bowl ob clam soup in de sullar.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: You shall not bee in dish house for notings to-day, as I shall got von text vat shall pe very goot:

*'Bientot la Belle aurore
Va briller dans les cieux,
Et tout que j'adore
Peut en mes ques.'*

Your minister shall find dish text in von of te old books, and shall soon know tat it shall pe te Hebrews, sure enough. It shall pe some of te old writings vot you shall know noting apout, only te clergy vat shall know any ting.

Your minister shall pe able to open te mysteries, like as better tan Mynheer Miller. In de first line, she shall tell you dat de bell shall roar. Tat ish Sunday true enough, ven all the bells ish rung. *Bientot* ish pecause you shall have baked beans for dinner on Sunday. In mine country, she shall have such bells to ring on Sunday tat ven tey get hold of te rope nobody shall ring tem, pecause tey shall pe so big. Dem shall pe te bells vot nobody shall ring.

In te second line, it shall tell you about te *briller* vot

you spreads to keep off te rains ven you goes to church. Sometimes te womens ish got parasols to keep off te suns. Oh, you shall never please te womens. Ven it shall rain, tey ish got to brillers to keep off te rain; and ven it shall pe te sun tey shall had te parasols to keep off te good weathers.

Te next line tell you dat he shall adore in a cell. He shall pe von hermits tat shall live in von cell; and shall adore on te top of de mountains in von cave. Teir shall pe von hermits in mine own country who shall live in te cells, and shall pe so goot he shall never pe washed, and his beard shall never pe shaved off. You shall not have te hermit indish country.

Te last line shall tell apout von mess of a loin and te yokes. Tat shall pe von great mystery; but your minister shall find him out. Te yokes ish te beef animals tat wears von yoke. Te loin is von loin of beef, and tat ish te mess. Tat shall show you tat te hermits shall have someting goot to eat after all. Te hermits in te Hollands shall have plenty of schnapps, and shall schmoake te pipes too, all te time, to pass away the time.

It shall pe von bad ting tat te hermits shall not have von plate to pass 'round; ten tey shall get enough to put te shingle on teir little house, and to keep von horses and coach to ride to church. Ah! tat shall pe grand ven te hermit go to church in te coaches. Ven I shall pe von hermit I shall have plenty of big house, and horse and coach, and everything te pe grand, and schnapps, and tobacco, and plenty of niggers to wait on me.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Eddator: I talk my pen in hand to inform you that we are all doin' well, and hoape thease fue lyons will find you injoying the same blesson. Ther's ben a grate to doo up hear about Horrigan, wich they say is cumming

to this plais to maik war, and every body tocks about nothin' else.

Muther taiks on about it wunderfully, and she thinks that Mr. Poke aught to be put in prizzin for making wars in the country and fetching the Horrigns to fite us. Capting Konklin of this villidge, hoo keeps the Post-offiss, has a grate deal to say about it, and he put on his sword the tother day, and cum to our house and axed us if we had seen anything of the ennemy, as he wanted to show his valor and slay his thousands and tens of thousands like Goliah and Saint Paul. Then he drawed out his long sword and swung it round his head, and swore like anything, and sed that if the Horrigns cum their, he wood maik sassidge meet of the hull of 'em. He sed he should conker or dye in the persoot! Then he told me and sister Edcumberance to taik the broom and the puddin'-stick and do the manioil exercise. He give orders what to doo and when we didn't doo it rite, he swore so that it skeered mother haff out of her seven wits. When farther cum in the house to see what was the matter, he went rite up to farther and laïd his hand on his shoulder, and lookt him rite in the face for haff a minnit, and then sez he to him, "Wall, Mister Sooks, hav' you heered about the wars and rumors that's cum into these parts? Hav' you seed in the papers all about how Mister John Squinty Adams has gurd on the same sword that de wore in the Circumlocutionary War, and has gone to fite the innimies of our country?"

"What is it all about?" sais farther.

"About!" sez Capting Konklin, and he put his hand on his sword at the sain thyme, "it is the Horrign affair that we've heered on so long. It's the wars that's cum up into the high places. The unsarcumsised Phillistians is cuming hear to slay your wives and children, and cook 'em for their supper as you wood roast an aig. They're

cuming here with there sculping-nife and their Thomas Hawks, and they'll cut your throte from eer to eer. Why don't you gurd on your sword, with your musket at your side, and your cattrich-boxes on your shoulders, and advance and give the countersign?"

Then farther begin to be skeered, and he axed if there was anything about it in the papers, and muther sed she didn't no, at the time she was born, that she should ever see that day; and she offered the Capting a pinch of Rap-pee snuff.

As for sister Encumbrance, she run rite up to the Capting, and put her arm round his waste and squeezed him, as she hollered out—"Now i see what i've red about in the Scotch Cheefs and Thaddus of Saw-war! Hear's the brave, vallyant defender of his country with his galliant sword upon his thigh, and his noble deeds, and his parroism, and his vallior. That's what i like to see of all things, the heroics hoo cums to defend the darters of Columby at the risk of their vallible lives ! ! ! ! ! Hear's my hand and my hart, brave Capting. I'm your'n for life, and we'll march to victory and renoun!"

The Captin blushed a good deal when she said that; but muther went up to him, and put her hand on his shoulder, and sais she, "But, my deer Capting, i'm afeerd that you'll git hurt. If you was to be kilt, it wood brake Encumbrance's virgin hart, for she has took you for her true lovyer, and she will follow you to the wars."

Then farther asked the capting what the papers had to say about the wars.—The Capting walked up verry sol-lum to farther and slapt him on the shoulder, and sais—"Johnson Call-hound! Did you never heer that name before? It's him that was consarned in the Mortification affair up in Killiny!"

"My gracious!" sais farther, "then we're all dead men!"

"Yes—thats the talk!" sais Capting Blossom. "If we doant march out to victry, we shall be all shot in our beds."

Then muther begun to pack up the things, for she sed that we ought to be off before the wild savages cum to burn us all up alive.

Then the Capting swung his sword over his head, and hollered, "Let'em cum on. i'm goin' to victories and death!"

Jest when he sed that, the cat was climbing up on the shelf in the milk-room, and she walked down a grate apple-pye, and it cum down smash on the floor, and shook the hull house. Muther screamed rite out and run up and put her arms 'round the Capting; but he dropt his sword on the floor, and give one jump and went rite through the winder, which was open then, and he went up the road on the full run. i never seed a deer run so fast, nor a fox, when the dog was arter him. Muther thort we was all goin' to be ravished rite off. But farther kinder thort it was the cat, and he went and brought out the pieces of the dish with the pye sticking to 'em.

Capting Blossom haint been to our house sense.

Yourn till deth.

SILAS SHOATE.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: von text shall I give you to be sure. It ish von goot text, as never shall be, in tese vords vich you shall hear:

"He was a knight of the garter,
Who married a soap-boller's darter."

Sure enough you vas know dat te knight of te garter shall pe ven you take off your *garter* in te *night* to go

asleep in your ped, as shall alwas pe. Te night of te garter is ven you shall take off your garter to go to ped.

As for mineself, I shall never take off te garters, because I shall never take off but seven pair of trowsers ven I shall sleep in three pair of breeches and mine two pair of stockings. In tat vey I shall keep mine skin clean, for no dirt shall get to te skin ven you keep it covered up all te time. Tey shall pe pig fools tat shall keep vashing te skin all te time mit waters, and get dirt on te body all te time because tey shall take off te clothes. If you keep on your clothes ven you sleep and ven you get up, den you shall cover up te skin and get no dirt on it at all; and ten you shall not need te waters at all, sure enough. I shall never vash more tan mine face or hands, since I shall fell into te canal ven I shall pe von little boy.

Te text tell you tat he shall marry von darter of te soap-boiler. You shall know vot soap shall pe. It ish vat you vaa rub on your hand ven you vash 'em to cum to church. It is vat te womans use von whole bar ven tey shall pe cross all te time and vash te close all day. Te darter of te soap-biler shall pe te gal ven her vader shall boil te soap in von pig pot. Dish gal ish to be married at te man vot never shall go to bed in te night without pulling off his gartar. She shall know how to boil te soap. It shall pe von bad bizziness, tat boil soap; your minister shall heard how tey ketch little boys and girls in dish country and boil tem up to make soap in te pig pot. He shall pe afraid to go by von soap-shop for fear tey shall ketch your minister and boil him and his preeches into soap. Mine vrow shall pe so afraid of being boiled into soap ven she shall fust cum to dish country, tat she shall run venever she shall see a soap-fat man.

Ven your minister shall marry von soap-biler's darter he shall pe von crazy like vot you never shall see, like te

fellers tat ish deaf and dumb and makes motions mit teir fingers. Your minister shall marry some darter tat shall not make von soaps, sure enough. Pass round te plate.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mr. Printer: They has been a tin pedlar in these parts. He slept in our best bed, and when he went away he giv mother a nutmeg greater, and Sister Sookey got a little tin squirt of him to squirt water at the boys in school.

Farther says that this tin pedlar is a great man—sot up and torked with us till twelve o'clock at nite, and he nose about politics and latins and has got a little viol of something what will cure phever and agur. He told us all about politics in Bostown. He sez he has seen a feller that they call Mister Webster, that is goin' for to be the president, they call him ex-president which means that he is expected to be president. He says that the whole word *expected* comes from the latin word *peck*, as everybody is *pecking* at a man as soon as he is up for president. He sez that this Mister Webster is a thick stout man that could mow a good swarth if he wood put his talons to a good use, and he's got a deuced good voice for driving team.

He has travelled up country, and has been to wooster, and round them Mendon and Burrillvil and Woonsocket and Uxbridge, and says he has been in the grate sitty of Iron-stones where there is a grate hotel kept by miss bacon and a store. He sez there was a grate axident hapant down thaire to a place called Slatersville, and hew it was a gal that fell into the mill pond, and they was a agent of the facktory their; and he had a brother that was very fond of goin' round and kissing the gals, but he was desprit modest himself, and was afraid to speak to a gal at all. So he was there when the gal tumbled in the water and her close flew up as high as her nees,

and when he was runnin to pull her out of the water and seed that, he noed it was improper for him to go near her, and he turned and run the tother way, and she wood hav' got drowned if sum little boys hadn't av seen her and pulled her out.

Then the pedlar telled us of another case of true love, down in Mendon; how it was of a gal that was in love with a feller that worked on a farm; but arterwards, the young feller that kept the store took her i, and he payed 'tention to her and sot up with her tue nites and wun her virgin affecshuns, and then arter that he went up country where he belonged, and that enermost broke her tender hart, and so she rit him 3 letters and telled him that if he didn't cum back, she wood have the fust lovyer that works on a farm. So she went about the villedge with her hare hanging down over her neck and called herself "a crushed flower." Then the nabors took it up and coaxed her father to sew the shop-keeper for a britch of promass. So the lawyer cum to see her and she telled him that her hart was broke and she should go down into a early grave and hav it all strewed with flowers. Then the lawyer said they must have him sewed, and so she said if they could get five hundred dollars from him for her use, it would make her feel better and praps that her hart would be quered; bekase with all that money she could get another shopkeeper; for her hart was sot upon having a shop-keeper that would make a lady of her, and she should be a crushed flower till she could git such a one. So she thawt five hundred dollars would be enuff to cure her poor mizzerable hart. So her father and bruthers went down to Joe Shute's to get a big fish-net, for they was goin' up country to ketch her lovyer with this net and bring him down to make him pay the 500 dollars. At the last accounts they hadn't found him, and the gal was haff distracted for fear she wouldn't git her lovyer back nor the 500 dollars nyther.

When the minister heered that the pedlar was at our house, he cum down their to talk latin with him. So when the minister cum down to our house, he had five big books under his arm, and as soon as he was interduced to the pedlar, he sings out—

"Hominum hejus liber!"

Then the pedlar sez he—"Yes, yes, you want some hominy for supper. I will answer you;" and then the pedlar spread out his arms and sez he:

"Polly voo frangshee?"

Then the minister looked in the dictionary a great while to find the words, and at last, sed he: "*Mara* means bitter; and Polly and Mary is the same thing; so the fust word is *bitter*, but i can't tell the rest."

So the pedlar seed that he had stumpt the minister, and he rubbed his hands, and told wher he was brort up and eddicated; and the minister wispered to muther and sed the pedlar was the wunderfullest man that he ever seed.

When the pedlar went away the nixt morning, he left muther a butiful sarve that wood cure the wringwurms. It must be rubbed on the place hot, and when it is rubbed threw the skin into the veins, it pewrefies the blood.

If you hear of ennybody that wants to higher a clark in a store, or a young feller to skour knives in a whittlin'-house, farther sez i can do ary one of them jobs.

Your'rn to sarve,

OBADIAH POEL.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Editear: have you heered of the grate sho that we've had up heer. It was a man travelling with heeps of munkies and quadrupids and other masheens, for to exhibbit it heer at the publick house, for a sixpense a peas.

It was took threw the street in a grate cart, and the feller that driv the cart was the blackest nigger that ever was seen in these parts. Everybody that is heer run arter the cart, to see if they cood peek in and see enny of the monstracions wild monsters that was in it. As soon as ever they got it there to the tavvun, the man what owned it cum out on the steps and maid a speech to all of us that was there. He sed there was going to be a grate reform in the country, and there was awful doins in Washington, and how awl the members of Congres roasted there sassidgers on the stove, and eat their blinners in the hall whilst they were speaking, and how they had their fried pork and injuns sarved up at the desks, so for to eat their vittles on the spot.

Then he went on to tell about polli-tics, and how they was going to have everything changed, and evverybuddy was astonished haff to peaces. Then he telled about his munkies in the tavvun, and sed they was a wonderful speshes, and telled about what they cood doo and how larned they was. Evverybuddy took oph their hats when he spoke tu 'em, and thort he was as big as jinneral Washington.

in the arternoon, sister Consider washed her face and feet, and put on her new clothes, and went up with me to see the monstracions critters. When we went in, there was a feller there with a pole, and he pushed the men and boys back, and kepp hollerin'—"stand back, gentlemen, and let the ladies see the monkies."

So all the men stood back and let the wimmin and gals walk up, and they was dredfully pleased with the munkies, and the funny ways that they had. One of them critters had a chain tied round his belly, and he would stand up on his hind legs like a hoss when he rares up. They would take an apple in their clause and eat it; and there was a bird there that cood tork. At first i thort it

was a owl, bekase its nose was so crooked. At last they sed it was a palliot and cood tock. Then it sed fire and murder and pretty poll. When i found out that it cood talk, i went along to it and axed it how old it was, but it diddent answer me at all, and it leaned its head down a one side as if it was deaf of one eer and was trying to heer what was sed. i telled the man his palliot woood not ansur me, and he sed it was bekase i was anuther kind of a bird sum like a swan, tho' not so large. Then evvery-buddy axed the parriot some questions. Sister Consider axed him hoo maid him, so as to see if he knew his kate kise.

But gals liked the munkies best; and the munkies seemed to like the gals, for they looked at the gals all the time and winked at 'em as nat'ral as life. Arter we was done the exhibbition of the monstracions quadrupids, the black nigger had his sho, and he cum out and swollered a cork and blowed it out of his nose. Then he stood up on his hands, and evverytime he cum down on his feat, he sed "whew!" and that maid the gals larf dredfully. Sister Consider sed she'd ruther see the nigger than all the other munkies, and the palliot intue the bargain. He was dredful funny, for his nose was so big and flat, and when he was tired and took a long breth, he wood open it like a pare of belluses.

Arter the nigger was dun the sho man gin us a lectur on the risin jeneration of vartue, and the politics of voting. He sed how there was so menny Irishers in this country that they wood eat up all the puttaters, and kut up the hull country into canawls and rale-rides, so that their woodn't be no room for farms and crops and all that air. He had over so mutch larnin' that nobody cood understand what he ment. And when we got hum farther sed he must hav a dredful long head or it woodn't hold so mutch.

I wish you wood cum up heer and see the performances, for it is the most wonderful things that ever was. Muther sais that if the people in Boston cood see this nigger, they wood give rite up. The squire invited the nigger to his house and giv him as mutch as he cood eet, and the nigger stood up on his hands in the squire's parlor, and nocked down the shovel and tongs. He has got a curous foot, for it is wonderful long at the heel. Sister Consider says that she shood fall in love with him if he was not a nigger, and if muther was aggreed to it; for she nevver falls in love without getting leaf of muther. She fell in juv jest seven times, and she axed muther's leaf three times, and tother times she axed father's leaf, and so she loved seven fellers, and nary one of them loved her; and when she gut tired of loving 'em she stopped without axing leaf of anybody. So the fokes awl sed that she was love-crost and orter to git sum poic to rite a peace of po-etness about it, and put it in the nucepapers: but Consider sed that it woodn't be worth while, as nary won of the fellers that she loved oned a house of his one, and one of 'em hadn't a second cote to his back. Muther sais the next time she loves, it must be a sitty gentleman, as they can provide her with a coach to ride in, and hosses and sarvints with livries en.

Their's no more nuce up hear at present. The nigger has been on our farm and sais he wood have no objections to live in the country if sumbuddy wood give him a farm. P'raps they will.

Yours,

JAMES GROSS.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Bellubbed Bruddren.—On dis indiwidthle and straineous 'casion your 'spected preacher hab to 'form dis congregation ob color dat your 'spected preacher hab seen de

names ob massa ginerall Jackson and massa ginerall Tyler to de Peas Candy and dey was signed to dar stifficate and he 'tend too send 'em a stifficate signed wid his own hand, so dat your 'spected preacher will be one ob de 'stinguished gemmen dat hab signed to dis candy, provided de gemman dat hab his candy to sell will gib your 'spected preacher a ninepence to put his name down. Darfore we take de follerin' language ob de 'postle Salt. petre, for our text:—

"I wish I was and I know where
And I know who was with me."

Dis text am de most 'portant text dat your 'spected preacher hab 'proved upon sense de time before last and todder time, too. Darfore your 'spected preacher will 'prove dis text in a berry 'spectful manner. He will 'prove upon dis text wid all de 'trength in his body. As it am a berry heavy text, he will diwide it into five parts to make it lighter, de same as you diwide a bag of meal into two parts to put it on your shoulder when you come from de mill.

In de fust place is de follerin' tree conjunctifications.
"I wish, I was, I know."

De fust implemment ob dis statistics is de wish. Dat put your 'spected preacher in mind ob de text ob 'criptur which says—"If wishes was hosses, beggars could ride a hossback." But beggars neber do ride a hossback. Dey ride inclusively in de South Boston coach, which hab a padlock on de outside.

De todder conjunction is was. Darfore was is de ting dat 'spress what a feller was wunst. Dar is Sam Toby dat always tell you what he was: and 'cording to dat, he was always a terrible feller 'till he had de seben year itch, and dat hurt him some. Den dar is Sophia Jonsing, she always tell you dat she had good larning wunst; but arter she spraint her ann-kill she forgot all about it and was laid up for a fortnit.

De third conjunction ob dis speechification am de word know. Darfore if you know anyting, you hab de best ob de tree; for by knowing a ting, you sometimes make a berry good bargain. Your 'spected preacher swop off a pair ob white top boot to Ceaser Widgeon todder day. Your 'spected preacher knowed berry well dat dem boots belong to brudder Cole, and dat brudder Cole would come arter dem, bekase he had only lent 'em to your 'spected preacher; but Ceaser didn't know nossin 'bout dat. Darfore your 'spected preacher got a pair of small close, and a pair of second hand tuff brushes, a pair of mittens, one cotton 'tockin, and a tring ob red peppers, wid as much clam soup as your 'spected preacher could eat on dat 'portant 'casion. Dis was bekase your 'spected preacher knowed a ting or too, which de oder gemman ob color knowed nossin 'bout. Darfore brudder Cole will go arter his boot to Ceaser Widgeon, and Ceaser must larn better de nixt time.

De text form you dat he wish he was and he knows whar dat was. Darfore it 'gwine grate visdom to 'splain dis ting; bekase you got to find out whar dat place was. Dat is a stunt for you. Darfore you must read de next line ob de text, and he says—"I know who was wid me." Darfore if he was to a ball, you know berry well dat he was not at a mask, ball, bekase when you are dar, you dont know who was wid you. But dis gemman ob color know who was wid him. Praps you tink it was Chloe Jumbo, Phillis White, Black Sarah and some odder niggard gal ob color. Dat shows your ig'nance, you brack scorpions. How you 'spect to save your sins if you don't undertan' de text? Darfore I splain him too. What you tink you will do when your 'spected preacher is gone to hebben? You tink he come back to splain him for you?

Darfore de meanin' ob dis text am to be 'splaind in

dese few words. Dis gemman ob color in de text is a prpofifficy ob your 'spected preacher. He vish he was and he knows where, and he knows who was wid him. Darfore dis 'lude to de fack dat your 'spected preacher 'spect to pay 'tention to that yaller gal dat has jist 'rived from New York, and he will be in de kitchen of Mrs. Brown, and Dinah will be wid him. Darfore dis is de way dat he mak you undertan' de 'cripture. I hope you 'member 'em on dis 'portant 'casion.

Darfore, I'm gwoine to 'prove upon de 'hole. When your 'spected preacher goes to see a gal ob color, he set up close to her and tickle her under the chin wid his finger to make her good natured, den he look at her rite in de eye, and axe her de compliments ob de wedder. If she say it is berry hot, den your 'spected preacher says: "No 'peak 'em! he buns off de skin ob de colloed poppylation." If she say it is berry cold, den he pull out his mittens and put 'em on, and roll up he eye, and 'clared dat de wedder is enuff to fruze de wool of. Den he shiver and try to coff, and say he hab got bad cold. Your 'spected preacher hab got de bag forty one times in he life.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall give you von text in dese vords:

"Turn gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray!"

It ish apout von hermits, like teir shall pe von in New York tat shall live in a cave in von rocks, and ish do nothing at all, only look at te birds. Oh! I shall tink von hermit shall pe sent to prison alwys, pecause no man shall

pe allowed to mind his own business and let other folks alone. Te only way to pe goot in dish world ish to meddle mit everypody's pizziness, and make tem live like yourself. Tat ish vat tey call freedom ven you shall ask liberty to blow your own nose.

Dish hermit of te text shall live in te voods, and tey shall call it von dales. Dish dale ish von place down in a hollow, vere te hermit shall live true enough, pecause te vind shall not blow in te hollows. Somepody ish in te dale; somepody shall vant to pe put in te house. It ish von girl tat ish teir. She shall see te light in te house, and shall vish to get into te house; she shall tink it von hospital. She go to te hospital. Te hermit shall not keep von big house, but he shall live in te cave. He shall not have von dish, nor von platter, but only te pipe to schmoke mitout any schnapps and oysters, and sour krount, and cold slaw.

Vat shall tat gal be doing out deir in te night? I shall like to see her go apout here so late at night. Te hermit shall pe von constable to put her in to prisons, sure enuff, pecause a vooman shall not valk apout in te night. Oh! I shall see ven von of mine congregation shall valk apout te night, sure enough. A girl in te voods in te night is like von owl vat shall sing hoot! hoot! She shall vant te hermit to guide her lonely way. I shall like to guide her way to mine house when I vas know tat she shall have te monish to pay her board; but if she ish not to have te monish, ten I shall know how she shall come to mine house. I shall pay tax to support te house of correction, and if she shall vant a house to shleep in, she shall go teir to shleep.

Ven I vash in New York, teir shall pe von girl, who shall come to te door in te night, and say tat she ish got no place to sleep, sure enough, and ish from de country and lost her way. I shall ask her for de monish, and she

shall say tat teir ish no monish in her pocket. I shall hit her over te head mit mine schmoke-pipe, and shall call te vatch; but te vatch shall run todder way; for te police in New York shall not care to take hold of te robber in te night, but shall like petter to take up te little boys is the day time, pecause te poys ish no danger.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Eddator: They is cum up in our parts a gal that is called a corkwet. Every body sez that she is a corkwet, and so i 'spose she is won. She shoze it oph in makin' bleeve she likes a feller, and then she gives him the mittin. Their is no gitting a long with her enny way in the world. She was up to hour house, the other nite, and so i sed that she was a goin' to make bleeve she was in love with me. So i got reddy for her, and she called me Mister Obydire. It was the fust time i was cawled mister in my hull life, and i snorted rite out a laffin' in her face. So she called me a *poor*. I telled her i mite be poor for all i noed; but i was fatter 'round my 'leg than she was 'round her middle anyhow.

She sed it was genteeler to be little 'round the middle; then i sed that a hornet was genteeler than any other qnedruped in all creation, for it was so little 'round the middle that you couldn't see it. When she found i noed 2 much for her, she tried to cum 'round farther, and to make him bleeve that she was dead in love with him. So mother kept lookin' over her spectacles all the time whenever Barbara spoke to farther, and at last she thort the gal was goin too fur with him, and she jumpt rite up and called her a nasty stinking corkwet and telled her to put on her bunnit and trot along out of the house very quick, or she would throw her out of the window.

So the corkwet got rite up, and she lifted up her i-

brown, and stared at mother as imperdent as nothing ; and sez she to farther :

"I see Mr. Dulittle that your wife is the master of this house, but i shall remember what you hav sed to me, and will see you at the place you mentioned according to agreement."

Then mother was so mad she didn't noe what to do. She looked at father over her spectacles like a cat in a dark room, and she took three pinches of snuff in a second, and the eend of her nose was as sharp as a ray-sir and as red as a beefsteak. She ketched up the broom and flew at Barbara, and so this corkwet seed that mother was in arnest, and then she scampered off in grate style. She clipt it out of the room into the kitchen, and then out of the kitchen into the gardin and threw the gardin gait, and the way that she wiggled herself maid me think that slim middle of hern would have broke off and left her in tue haffs, like dissolving the union. She cut out into the rode, and mother arter her, and arter mother was dun of chasing her, she keep hollerin' arter her, and every body that was ridin' that way lookt' round at the corkwet and hor hord out a laffin' when they seed her cuttug up the rode like all pawzest.

Everybody sed it sarved her rite for she had maid one of Peleg Smith's sons half crazy arter her so that he couldn't do no work, and he maid the ruses-ter set on the aigs when his mother telled them to put the hen on to 'em. Then there was Sigh Aldrich's tue boys hoo got to fiting about her, and she didn't care for nary one of 'em. Fust she telled Zaccheus Aldritch that he had a very fine form and that made him raving arter her ; then she telled Sninnorus Aldritch that he was handsomer than his brother ; and so they was both dying for her trew enuff. But their daddy was mad about it, and so the nixt time he seed her cuming neer the house, he run at

her with the pitch fork. She seed him coming and she streeked it for the woods, and the last was seen of her, that day, she was in the middle of the Richardson woods eating acorns. Then a hull passle of fellers went up to the woods to see the corkwet. It was in the evening. They carried a lanturn, and sum had pitchforks, and sum had clubs and Joe Collins had a sithe, and other sum had long ropes to tie the corkwet. Sum of 'em didn't noe what a corkwet was ; they thort it was a sort of wild beast that lived in the woods ; and so they was goin' up to ketch it.

When they got up their, they found that the corkwet want their, and Sam Brown cum up to tell 'em that the corkwet was gone back to the house where she lived. So they thort they would go down to the house, and when they heered the corkwet was nothing but a gal, they concluded to ride her on a rail.

So they got a rale off of the fense by father's barn and went down to ride her. When they got to the house, they peaked in at the winder and seed her setting there, and mixing sumthing in a bowl. Then they noed it was love powder that she was making, to captivate sum more young men in the plaice.

Then we was all as mad as a greece spot and we nocked on the door, and a woman cum to the door, and we telled her to send the corkwet out to us, as we was going to ride her on a rale. Then the corkwet sent out her respects to us and axed to be exquised, bekase she was very hevvy and she was afeered it would fatieeg us. So we didn't noe what to do. At last, we all went into the house, and found that she was gone. The back winder was opened and she must hav' jumpt out their. But she had left the love powder behind her in a bowl. It looked jest like starch. We flung it all into the fire, and then we cleared out for hum ; and that is the last we hav' seen of the corkwet.

YANKEE LETTER.

Dear Newspaper : We're all in the suds up hear about this time as we're kilin' of hogs and makin' assidges, and all the gals ar as cross as wasps. So there's no piece up here now. We've kilt up an old barrow this seizing, besides tue fat sows and noomerous other pigs, and we've had preachin' in the skool house. Jake run a nale in his fut and they got a peace of rusty pork rind out of the barrel and put it on the place, and made it as good as nue.

It was curous about the nale what went into Jake's fut. He heered a noyse in the nite, and thaut a focks had got intue the guice pen ; out he runs with a boot and stocking on one fut, and t'other fut had nothin' on except his natural skin.—Now the nale run intue the fut wich had on the kivvering, and never went a near the naked fut. That was pesky strange bekuz everybody thinks their is more danger of stickin' nales in your fut when it is naked, than their is when it is kivvered with a shew ; but this shows that the boot is on the other laig, and that it is more dangerous to wear a shew and boot than to go without ; for the naked fut was not hurt at all. Farther sez that the times ar gettin' so strange in this country that fokes will, barm by, be afeered to wear boots and shews for fear of stickin' nales in their feat. Well, as i was a saying on, Jake went out to ketch the focks, and had a gun. He sune seed something in the guice pen and he absolved to shoot off the gun. He lade the gun on a rale

to shoot it, and fired it off and shot a pig that had got in their witch he thort was a focks. Arter he'd shot that, he cotch it up by the tale and then he found out it wos a pig ; so he was going to fetch it intue the house when he trod on the nale, witch maid him so mad that he flung the pig into the guice pond, and jumt and hollered like all natur.—Then farther cum running out with a gun and thort a wolf or a loin was eating up Jake, for he maid as mutch noyse as if he was kilt, and that made muther so mad that i expected she would shoot farther into the bargain.

That's about all the noose their is up hear, tho' they do say that Isaak Jones has a noshun of payin' attention to Deliverance Baker. You no that Deliverance has alwise ben a leetle hard of hearin'. Tother day she put some blue cotting in her ears, and that took the i of Isaak wunderfully. He fell in luv with that cotting and thort it becum her dredfully, and arter that he yused to be poking around her place, and noddin' to her and casting sheep's eyes, and at last she let him cum inter the house ; for she sed that his bein' so taken up with her, maid her feel kinder tender in her boozum, and her voyce was wonderful soft when she spoke to him. That onkurridged him like and he stuck up to her. He would go to the house and set down in a cheer and show her his hands how they was hardened by layin' stoan-wall, and telled her what kinder things he loved to ete, how he was fond of pudding and milk, and she telled him how much she had sowed, and showed him a shurt that she had been making for herself. Fokes up hear think it will be a very good match, and Deliverance wants to know what they think about it in Boston.

Muther wants to no how aigs are selling down your way, as she has sum that she can expose of if you wood like to taik 'em. Ax yure wife if she don't want sum to maik kustards. You taik a little shugar and milk and

then put in the aigs and micks it all up together and pore into bolls or tickkups, and then bake 'em. You mite sprinckle a little grated nukmegg on top. The wooden wons won't doo for that.

Last weak a cow broke into our milk room and begun to ete up the big apple-pyes, and nocked sum of 'em down: arter that she went into won corner and stood so still that muther woodn't have none their was any cow their when she went in, only she trod into sumething, and liked to hav' slipped down. Then she seed the plates smashed on the floor, and the big pyes that was in the arthen dishes haff ete up. She called me to drive out the cow; but she didn't like to go, and before i got her out she nocked over the churn and spoilt all the buttermilk.

A man named Joseph Sniff has ben missing from this plaice a good wile. He was a Millerist and sum fokes thinks that he has gone up. He owed considerable munny in these parts, and if he's gone up, the fokes hav' got to loose it; and that maiks it bad, you no. Did you hav' the clipse of the moon in Boston. We had it hear, and uncle Preserved sais that they had it over to his house tue. Their's a skoolmaster up hear that telled us all about how it happent. He sais that their is clodds of all sorts of thickness: and that sumtimes a peace of a thick cloud brakes off and gits away up in the sky sumwhere near the moon jest like a pot-lid, so that you can't see it, till it blows off agin. But muther sais she don't think that fokes has any rite to inquire nothing about sitch things; but they'd better rede their bible and larn all that tells 'em, and then they'll be on the safe sighed—I think so tue. i never bleeved their was mutch good cum from that sorter learning, tho' I've gut a pritty good ed-
dication myself.

Yours to sarve,

ENOCH LUMP.

DRACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: Dis is a berry 'portant and unctuous 'casion bekase it is de tree months before de seben-teenth ob June. Dorfore we take our text from de foller-in' 'portant language ob 'criptur:

"Mend your manners."

Dis is 'dressed to de wulgar which am de congregation darsseff, and 'lude to mendin' dar manners and alterin' dar behavior. It dress itself to dem niggars dat spend de sabber-day in gwoine down to de wharf and callin' ob likker dar, instead ob watin' till Monday, and buying him at de sullar. It also dress Sophy Wing and Elvira Peters dat lays out dar money for likkerish, Jewsharps, and 'lasses candy, and goes gallavanting about o' nights arter de fellers. It 'lude to dem white fellers dat eat peanut in de gallery dar: and to eberyboddy dat 'fuse to treat your 'spected preacher to glass ob root beer.

De second dewission ob de subjeck is de speritual meanin' ob de same. De speritual meanin' is addressed to your 'spected preacher and 'quest him to mend de manners ob dis congregation ob color. De way dat your 'spected preacher do dis in de follerin' manner. De manners ob de eongregation is 'pared to a pare ob ragged pantaloons. Darfore your 'spected prcacher must mend 'em by sewing dem up. De word ob truth is de needle which he uses, and de thread ob his discourse is de thread; and wid dis thread and needle he try to put a patch on your manners and mend 'em up tight and strong. He sew wid dubbel thread bekase he gib you de two meanin's ob de text—de speritual meanin' and de todder meanin'! Darfore I hope you 'prove by de 'sample of your 'spected preacher. If you do as you see your 'spected preacher do, you will mend your manners 'cordin' to de 'cripter which say Example belongs to de congregation and precepts 'longs to de pasture.

Your 'spected preacher hab received de follerin' letter from a young gemman ob color on Long Island, about a revival in dose parts which I will read on dis 'portant 'casion to dis congregation ob color, and hope you 'prove by him. It is in dese 'portant words:

OYSTER BAY, March 34th, 8144.

Reburrand and Belubbed Snowball:

I take de penn to 'form you dat dis plaice hab been visited by a berry big rewival. It was in de follerin' manner. Crickey Jones killed a hogg, and de bladder was gin to a little niggarr named Toney Slaw. Toney took de bladder and dried it and blowed it up wid wind out ob his mouf. Den he found out whar dar was a party ob people dat was fiddling and dancing in de ebenin', and he went dar wid de bladder; and wen dey didn't tink dar was anyboddy dar, he went under de winder, and he laid his bladder on de ground, and den he jumpt up about ten foot in de air and cum down squash upon his bladder and it busted wid a loud noise like a cannon gwoine off. All dem wicked niggars in de house thort that brudder Miller was putting an end to de world, and dey run and holered and screeched, and dey scampered off and sum ob dem went into de barn and hid amongst de hay and fodder—sum went into de woods and begun for to pray on dar nees. Dis rewival lasted about haff an 'our 'fore dey find out what it was dat skeerd 'em. I hope dis will be a warnin' to all de poppylation ob color, and dat dey will try to save dar sins rite off.

Your belubbed brudder

BARTHOLOMEW CRONY.

Do you hear dat, you woolly-headed sarpints, and don't you tink it is a loud call for you, you brack scorpions an' vipers dat don't escape de evil of your ways, and mend your manners 'cordin' to de text.

The third diwision ob de text 'ply dat Susan Weeks

and Sarah Day ought to mend de hole in de heel ob dar stockin'. Dey make de squence dat dar heel is so long and sharp, it wear a hole froo dar stockin'. Poor squence is better dan none, but dis is no squence at all; bekase ebery niggarr hab de same squence 'bout herseff, and your 'spected preacher might say dat was de reason he hab hole frough his boot.

Darfore dis leads to prove upon de 'hole; dar is tree or four ticklar meanin's to de word *mend*—de fust is, to put a patch on your pantaloons; de second is to darn your stockin' and de todder meanin' is to mend your manners. Don't you forget 'em; for your 'spected preacher is berry tickler 'bout dis 'ticklar subjeck.

Week afore las dar will be a syrenade under de windur of Phillis Jonsing who lives in de sullar. To get under de winder we shall be 'bliged to dig hole in de airth, and git down dar to syrenade dat lubly child ob Wenus. We shall go a Maying on de fust ob April so as to get dar an' pick all de flowers before de wite fokes cum dar. Peter Widgeon will be dar wid de base drum and Simon Nikkles will be dar wid de banjo. Three oder niggars have been engaged to scrape de fiddle.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Editor: last winter, the skool cummitty cum to me for to hav me tetch the skool for our township for the winter. Uncle Josiah had gin me a recommend. Farther had spoke to the town clark about me, for i had sifered as far as addition and cood rite like nothin'. But when the cummitty heered that i had rit for the noosepaper, they was raving to hav me.

So the skool cummitty cum to our house in the evenin'. They wos as follers: Zaccheus Cox that married Ruth Ellis, and drives team to bostown; Jacob Goss that 'tends

the mill; Peter Smith; and old John Hoxie. So they all cum up to the house and farther took 'em into the best room. Muther put on her cleen apun and cum in too, she sot down in the easy chair in the kornor. She didn't say nothin', but she listened to sea what they was a-goin' to do.

Then the skool committy begun to ax me things to sea if i noed enuff to be skool master. In the fust plaice Mr. Cox axed me if i noed my katekise. So i telled him i did, and then ne axed me sum things out of the katekise, and i sed them rite.

Peter Smith axed me if i noed the price of oats; i tel'd him they was sixpunce a peck; then he axed me the price of butter and i telled him. Then he axed me how old Mr Butts was that keeps the store, and i sed he was forty seven yeer old. Then he axed me if i noed how mutch my farther wade, i telled him i sposed he wade about too hundred pounds in the fall of the year in sassidge time, for he filled out then like awl jehu.

Jacob Goss then axed me who was the oldest man in the world and i telled him Samson and he sed that was rite, and then he axed me hoo was the youngest man and i sed it was Jim Blitson, for he hadn't got no whiskers, and coodn't raze a pare, and he sed that was rite too.

John Hoxie axed me how mutch the fat ox wade that was in a show at the tavern and i ansurred rite, bekase it was printed on the paper that is stuck up their. He axed me whether a woman or a man aught to be hed of a family, and hoo sold the best cake in the villedge? i sed it was Mr. Kost the baker. He got mad at this and sed i didn't noe nothin, for it was his son Obed that soled the best cake, and he kepp store under Mr. Samuels, the shew maker's shop.

The rest of the committy sed i was rite, and that Mr. Kost soled the best cake. Mister Hoxie got madder than

ever and he sed he woodn't belong to sich an ignorant committy, and he put on his hat and cleered out; but the rest on 'em 'pointed me to teech the skool.

When the time cum for to begin the skool, i went tew the little house where the skool is kepp, and i found their a stove and sum fire, sum benches, and a desk that had 3 legs to it: but i put a pile of books under the other kornor, and so that did very well.

Then the skollards begin to cum. In the fust plaice was mister Bogg's three children, a gal and two boise, a little boy, Sam Komall, a boy about six foot hi, tho' hes only 81 yeer old; then their cum two big gals, and five or sicks young wons.

Then i axed 'em if they new hoo i was, and they stared at me awhile, and at last Sam Komall sez, sez he, "yes, i noe you verry well. You are Peleg Bounce; I've licked you 3 times a'reddy, and i'll lick you agin if you aint siv-ole."

Then i tuk up a ferrill and i thumpt on the desk and telled 'em i wos the skoolmaster, and wos sent their to taik keer of their morrils and if they would rede their books, they'd larn it wos the hull duty of boise and gals to mind what their techers tell 'em.

So when they found i wos the skoolmaster they sot down. Sum ond 'em sot still, and sum tawked, and other sum begun to crack shagbarks on the stove, and one gal begun to fry a sassage on the stove.

Then i telled the biggest boise and gals that they must belong to the fust class, and them that was a little shorter i put in the second class, and the littlest of all i put into the tother class. So their wos a fat chunkkid boy their that sed he wade more than the big boise and so he wanted to be put in the fust class; but he wasn't so tall as the big boise. So i took a string and majored 'round his waste to see if he was big enuff to put in the fust

class so i seed he was thick enuff, but he wasn't tall enuff and so i telled him he must go in the seckond class. Then he ketched a inkstand and throwed at me, then i telled him to stand up and be ferrilled and he haw hawed out a laffing in my face. So i telled him to seddown and studdy his book, and then he run hum. I telled the other skullerds that i wos glad he was gone, and Sally Richson sed she was glad too bekase he kept all the time a kiss in' the gals and pinching them on the leg.

Then i had the fust class to cum up, and i axed 'em what the world was made of, and they sed it wos made of dirt, and i telled 'em their wos stones and trees in it. Then i called up the second class and heered 'em say there katekise; and then the tother class sed there a b c, and then i let 'em roast 'em apples on the stove, and wean they got 'em all roasted, i sed i shood take a roast apple from 'em every time they behaved bad, and so i got five roast apples at fust, and at last their was a gal that laffed loud, and so i went to tak her roast apples bekase they was fine large wons, and then her bo stuck up for her, and we had a fite and he got me down and the skullers all run away. So i left off keepin' school and went to diggin' pertaties for father.

LAGERBLATER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Dish ish vat shall pe te text vat I shall give you to day :—

...This eclipse will be visible, throughout the United States, excepting the North Western corner of the Oregon Territory.

Dish eclipse shall not pe te horse tat shall pe called Eclipse and which shall run von race and get a pus of money, sure enough. Tat horse shall not pe seen so quick all over te world and in te Oregons. But te eclipse in te text shall pe von put out to te sun, and make it dark

all te time like vat never shall pe only in te land of Egypt You shall have no eelipse in dish Yankee country like vat you shall have in mine country. Teir shall pe te place for eclipse in mine own country. Teir you shall have te eclipse to last you von whole month. Ah! tat shall pe te country for eclipse.

Te text shall say te eclipse shall pe to all except te North Vest corner of Oregon. Ah! tat shall pe you shall get your Yankee eclipse into te North Vest corner of te Oregons, pecause it shall not pelong to you, and you shall go teir wit your eclipse. I shall know tat very vel tat you shall not get in teir wit your eclipse! You shall send Mr. Poke teir wit te eclipse on his back; but he shall come back wit the eclipse, and shall never get in teir at all, sure enough. Vat shall pe te Oregon territory! It shall pe von island out in the North Pole, vere te bears and te wild indians shall live. It shall pe vere te converted Jew is gone, as Mr. Eugene Sues shall tell you apout.

It shall pe in te Oregons, vere tey shall have a great battle wit te English, and te Yankees shall get von goot flog. Tey shall not have admiral Von Tromp to help 'em, dish time. He shall flog te English, pecause he shall pe long to mine country. He shall give 'em von goot flog in te land and in te vater. He shall burn up all teir ships, and send te great plague to Londons; tat shall he do, mine Got!

If Von Tromp shall pe here, to go into te North Vest corner of Oregons mit his big ships, and his big broom, he shall sweep away all te English, and make tem run as never shall pe. But te Dutchmans shall run after tem and catch tem all, and te Dutch ships shall run after te other ships and catch tem too. You shall see vot I shall told you tat never vash told ven Mynheer Von Derblonk shall run after te goose totter day, you shall see how he

shall like to catch te goose, if te goose shall not fly quite so fast. Tat ish te vay te Dutchmans shall catch every pody tat te shall chase von day. Tey shall run like te steamboats on te rocks, and te bulls in te slaughter house. Mynheer Von Plasket, Mynheer Von Buttons, Mynheer Von Dusenbury and Mynheer Von Balls shall pe von committees to pass round te plate all summer, as te veather shall pe hot and tem jhontlemans shall take off teir coat and make hard vorks to pass round te plates. Ven te veather is too hot to pring the monish in your pockets, you shall put it in your hat.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall give you von text to-day:—

"Who sweeps a room as for thy sake,
Makes that and the action clean."

Dis text shall told you dat ven you ish sweep te room, you make 'em clean!—Tat shall not be Mynheer Von Blaust who ish sweep dish room, sure enough. He shall never make te room clean ven be shall sweep him. If you ish sweep von house and shall not make it clean, den it ish von otter ting; but ven you sweep out dish church, ah! den it shall be your duty to make it very clean, because it is a place vere te preach ish made, and your minister shall has te plate.

Ve shall have five people to sweep out dish church. In de yust place ve shall have Mynheer Von Rusk, who vash hired to sweep it out every week for two dollars a year and von barrel of cold slaw. He shall pring a broom into te church vich shall be made of birch sticks, tat a dog could run between te sticks of te broom. He shall sweep te floor like von gridiron mit white streaks, and all te dirt in te middle. Ven your minister ish come into te church, he shall straddle mit te legs to tread on te clean

place. Ven te ladies come in, tey shall hoist up teir frock and show teir leg to te whole congregation. I shall see te leg of te vife of Mynheer Blunderghast, and it shall pe as pig round as von tree. I shall soon tell tat sweeper to go mit his prooms, to te tuyvil.

Arter tat he shall get Mynheer Von Rusk to sweep te house. He shall promise to keep her so clean like you shall see your face in te floor like te boot vich shall pe blacked by te nagurs. Von Rusk shall get von new broom from Mynheer Nagles, and shall sweep te floor all te time. He shall do notting else but sweep te church. Ven te congregation shall come to church on Sunday, tey shall find Von Rusk here mit his broom, and te dust shall be so pig tat it shall get in te eyes of your minister and fill up his mouth. He shall eat dust like te big snake in te Bible all te time as vat never shall be. Den he shall tell Mynheer Von Rusk not to sweep te church all te time; and Mynheer Von Rusk shall get mad because he like to do his duty all te times.

Arter tat ve shall have te otter three sweeps, who shall make fire in te stove in te vinter too. Von of tem shall burn up your minister's boot-jack in te stove; anotter shall find Miss Kupichac's prayer book in te pew and shall sell it all for schnapps. Now we shall got Mynheer Craws to sweep te church, and he shall do it vell, sure enough—only sometimes he shall drink too much schnapps and shall make te fire on te stove on Saturday, as if we shall pe all Jew.

Mynheer Von Gaust, Mynheer Von Pulask, and Mynheer Von Gantz, shall have been von committee to get von pane of glass put in de vinders behind te pulpit, and to see tat your minister shall have his vig mended next week. Now you shall pass round te plate, and remember that your minister shall have von new coat.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: Your 'spected preacher tink proper, on dis 'portant 'casion to 'culpate on de follerin' text ob 'criptur':

"Walk up, gentlemen, and see the bear dance."

Dis is a profficy ob your 'spected preacher which was delivered while dey was bilding Noah's ark, and is s'posed to hab been spoke by de 'posse Absalom while he was hanging in de tree by de har of his head.

In dis text, your 'spected preacher is figgeratively called a *bear*. Fustly, bekase a bear is ob de complexion ob your 'spected preacher. Secondly, bekase a bear sucks his claws, and your 'spected preacher sucks pig's feet.—Threely, bekase your 'spected preacher hab to *bear* a graie deal from dis wicked congregation ob color.

Darfore dis 'lude to de odder night when your 'spected preacher was at a ball ob color at de house ob Phillis Wiman, darter ob old Mrs. Wiman. On dat 'portant 'casion white fokes cum in to see your 'spected preacher dance Berry grate saxifaction was 'spressed. Darfore your 'spected preacher diwide dis text into seben parts. In de fust place, he 'peak to you 'bout de 'spression ob walk up.—sum fokes cum rite into de house to see your 'spected preacher dance; sum cum and look in at de winder, and others peak in de door.

Dar is anudder way ob goin' up—dar is de way dat Jumbo Nikkles use to go up chimbley wid brush and 'cra-per in hand. He tick one leg agin one side of de chimbley and de todder leg agin de todder side, and tick his thumb-nale into de mortar, till he get to de top and den he holler out on dis wise, Sweeep—o—o—o—o! Darfore he cry 'loud and spare not; dat is de truff.

De next diwission is gentlemen. Dis word is from de 106 page ob de dictionary; darfore it is a dictionary word,

and de polite name for it am *gemman*. You want to know what a *gemman* is, darfore I am gwoine to tell you—dar am gemmen ob color, and gemmen ob de white color. Your 'spected preacher hab 'ployed a white *gemman* to clean de snow off his steps last winter. But a white *gemman* and a colored *gemman* ain't so good as de cloff; bekase de cloff am better dan a *gemman*. A *gemman* is on ly called Mister, but your 'spected preacher is called Reb-urrand, which signify dat he is a berry big man. Darfore your 'spected preacher am de sheppard ob dis flock ob color; you am a flock ob brack sheep wid plenty ob wool, and your 'spected preacher take keer ob de fleece.

What you tink is de meanin' ob a *gemman*? Sum fokes tink it is bekase you live in a brick house wid soap-stone front and hab niggars gal to scour de door-plate. Odder sum tinks dat dey is a *gemman*, if dey hab on a long-tale blue coat wid a watch in dar pocket and hab a gold chain hangin down dar belly on de outside. Sumtimes dem kin' ob colored fokes is *gemman* and sumtimes dey is no *gemmen* at all. Your 'spected preacher had a glass in his west pocket, wid a chain, and white top boot, when he went to de ball, but common niggars hab no bizziness wid dem ting. Dey better pay Cesar what dey owe in de sullar. A rail gentleman is one dat pays for his clam soup and treats your 'spected preacher in de sullar and puts de money in de hat.

Todder diwision is about seein' de bear dance. Dar is great danger in dancin'. When Cesar dance todder night, he hit his shin agin a wash-tub dat was in de room. De sewere pain ob dat axident made Cesar holler like de roar in' lion dat is gwoine about seekin' who he may dewour.

On anudder 'casion a white bobbolition brudder hit his head agin de head of your 'spected preacher in de ball room, and it knocked all de sense out ob de white brudder.

Darfore we shall prove upon de 'hole. De 'hole hab inference to Luke Jonsing and Peter Widgeon who 'tole a ham lass night and was carried up to de watch-house by massar Violin. Massa Violin make such kind ob music dat dem two gemmen ob color don't like to dance to it. Dey leff dis ham at de house ob your preacher, and he 'spect dat dey stole it. Darfore he plunder dem wicked Phillischins and 'propriate it to de good ob de church by boilin' it in de pot ob your 'spected preacher. De owner ob dis ham 'quest your 'spected preacher to pay for it. Darfore he will 'spect you to put de money in de hat to pay for dis ham, for it is all eat up, and if you don't pay for it, you 'serve to beat wid de bone. Darfore you will put scents in de hat, for I am sure dar is sense enough in dis church to pay for de ham. Brudder Slocum will hand 'round de hat on dis 'portant 'casion.

All dem dat is willin' to 'scribe sixpence apeace to pay for dis ham will please to hold up dar hand. You brack scorpions, dar is noboddy hold up his hand but old Simon Brown, and he 'hab got no hand and only holds up de stump. Pass 'round de hat.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Editear: Their is nothin' tocked up heer but the wars and fitings thats going on all over the world. They say that the pesky Mexicans is all Mormons, and if that's true, in course they ortto be kilt. I go in for the doctoring that the Mormons hasn't a rite to live no more than wolves and bares; and if gineral tailors has kilt them he deeserves five dollars and as much cider as he can drink. But their's considible of coarting goin' on up heer tue. Wile sum is off fiting the Mormons, others is coarting up the gals dredfully, for all traids must live, or else you couldn't git along now how.

Sally Lumpking is the chief gal that's doin' up the coarting now. She got a new gownd from Bostown, and she wore it to meatin won Sundry, and as sune as the fellers seed that, then was great times i can tell you. They all got together under the shed where the hosses is kept, and begun to tock about Sally Lumpkins. They konkluded that sense she'd got that nue frock as she was the hansumest gal in our parts. All on 'em had that noshun, and so they smacked their lips and sed they should like to hav her for there true lovyer. That nite Jobe Sawbus, that works for Mr. Gront, went up to the house and called for to see Sally Lumpking. She was washin' out the child's diaper in the soup dish when Job got their. So Job took off his hat and sot down von side of the door and look't at her whilst she was tue work a washin' of it.

At last she seed that he lookt at her verry sharp, and then she sais to him, what are you doin' on heer? Then sais Job, i doan't no. i thort mebbly you'd set up with a feller to nite.

Then she was dredfully 'stonished, bekase no feller had evver axed to set up with her be4, and she flung the diaper under the bed and cum and sot down by him and wos as good as you plieze. Then the old folkes nudged wun anuther and went off into tuther room. Arter they was gone, Job sed to her, "that wos a pritty gowned that you had on to church to-day."

Then she wos still a good wile and didn't say a word for she'd forgot about the gowned; and Job kept on tocking. She didn't ansur a word; for now she reckollected that it must be the gowned witch had got her a bo; and then she thort if it got wun it mite git anuther; and as she had nevver had a bo be4, so she thort she wood try to git a plenty o 'em now to make up for lost time; for she didn't bleave but what her new gowned from Bos

town would git a plenty of others besides Job, jest as you ketch rats with a bit of toasted cheese. So arter Job had coarted her up and sed all sorts of things to her, how he liked her like new sider, and wood lick any man that sed she was not as pritty as a ripe gooseberry, and all sorts of things of that kind, and then when he got up to go, and axed her when she wood let him cum agin, she sed he needn't taik all that trubble to cum all the way down their agin, and she wood excuse him from it. He lookt as amazed as a cat when you drive it out of a cheer bekase she had been so clever at fust. He sed he wood have saxifaction for it if it cost him haff a dollar. She didn't keer, for she had found out that she could git boze with her new frock that came from Bostown. He went off and slammed the door so loud that it woke up the old fokes, and they thort the Mormons was cum.

Nixt sunday nite there was another wun went up their it was Peter Swipes. He went in and begun tu talk to her about the nue frock she'd gut, and she felt wonderful stuck up, and thort she might sarve him the same. So arter he had sot about tue ours, she telled him it was time to go hun. He jumt rite up and dived rite through the winder, and smashed 2 pains of glass, he was so mad. If the winder haddent hav been open, he wood hav broke the hull, and cut hisself into the bargain. When he went, he woke up the old fokes tue, and they thort the divvil had run away with one part of the house. So she waited till nixt sunday when their was anuther bo went uptheir. He put on 2 pare of draws so that he needn't trimble when he stood be4 her, for he thought her Bostoun froc was sumthing grate, and he was kind of feared of her when she had it on; but when he seed her in her calliko that she gut at the store, he diddent feel no more afeard of her than he did of tue pins. Now when he went there and seed her with her new froc on, he kinder hun doun

his head, for he thort she was a terrible big lady. He lookt at her and she lookt at him, and they lookt sideways and backwards and crossways, and then lookt at the old fokes and the old fokes went out.

As soon as the old fokes was gone, he begun to coart, and Sally diddent like him so well as any of the rest, and she giv him the bag be4 he had coarted her an our. He sneaked out the kitchen dore, and fell into the swill pale, jest as he gut out. He upsot the pale and gut his sunday shoes and stockings all full of swill. He was afeard the old fokes wood hear how he got the bag and he tried to keep it all to hisself, but evvery buddy hered on it, and luffed at him. He wos so mad he went doun to the 4 corners and hired out to Sam Swett to be corn.

The nixt sunday their wos a feller cum up to the house and Sally liked the looks of him dredfully. He was dredful putty all the gals sed. So he sot doun, and sut and sut, and the old fokes went off to bed. He tocked a little to Sally, and her hart went pit a pat so fast that you coodnt count the motions. At last, he lookt round and inquired for her farther. "He's gone to bed," sais Sally "so you can say anything yo please to me."

"but it was your father i wanted to see, about some land," sais he, and he got up and went off. Then Sally felt awful, and noboddy has been to see her since, and haff a dozen other gals hav gut frocks from Bostown now, and she aint got no feller to come for to coart her up.

Yourn,

SILAS GRUBB.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Bellubbed Bruddren: your 'spected preacher proximate on dis 'ticklar 'casion wid de follerin' superfluous and carniferous words ob de 'possele Simon Magus:

"Our sufferings is intolerable,"

Darfore he tell you dat our suffering is intolerable, and dis 'lude in a 'tickler manner to de poppylation ob color. It 'lude to de fack dat when dey hit dar shin agin a rock or a stick, dar sufferrings is intolerable. But when dey hit dar head agin anyting, den dey dont suffer at all, becase de skull is made thick on 'count dat de brains is better dan de brains ob white fokes, and darfore dey hab a ticker box to put 'em in, like dese iron safes dat brudder Himes hab to contain de muney he colleck. But de sufferins ob de poppylation ob color is intolerable also when you tread on dar heel. Anodder text says, "Get off my heel!" A young lady tread on your 'spected preacher's heel when he was at de bawl dat was giben by Chloe Phillips, and den de sufferins ob your 'spected preacher was intolerable, till he tell her to get off, and den she make a 'pology and say dat she hope your preacher beg her pardon kindly, and she made a curchee clear down to the floor. Your 'spected preacher den put his two hands under his coat tail and maid a berry polite bow to de lady, and wish her de compliments ob de season, for it was berry fine wedder and was de fust day ob April when de ripe fruit was on de trees, de grass was mowed in de medders and de people had on dar best close.

Dis text is diwided into three divisions: de fust diwision 'spress de natur of sufferin'; de second diwision 'spresses de meanin' ob de word heseff; and de third diwision 'spress de sufferin's ob your 'spected preacher.

De fust diwision which tittiwate on all natur ob suffering would be easily 'splained to your saxifaction if one ob dis congregation ob color would 'tep up to de desk and let your 'spected preacher 'tick a pin in his ear. When you bruised your skin dat is de natur ob sufferin'. Now de skin ob de poppylation ob color is berry 'ticklar, as de 'cripter tell you, dat "near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin."

Bruddren, de second bobservation 'lude to de meaning ob de word sufferins; de moanin' ob de word is de same as suffer. If you suffer, dat means dat you hab sufferins, and if you hab sufferins dat means dat you suffer, and if you suffer much, den you suffer some, and dat is what de word sufferins is 'rived frum. When you go to de polls to wote, den dat is de sufferins ob de people. In de 'tate of Rhode Island, dey hab de sufferins cause. I habn't heered how dey get on dar wid dat cause; but I spose dey is fitting dar yet, and dat tousands and tousands is bleadin' in dar gore.

Todder diwision 'spress de sufferins ob your 'spected preacher, and dis is de most 'portant ob all; for your belubbed preacher is at de head ob de church, and, darfore, when he suffer, you all suffer at de same time. Besides dat, your 'spected preacher 'long to de high class ob society; and when one ob de high class suffer, it is great deal more dan when de vulgar class suffer. A pain in your 'spected preacher's great toe is ob more consekence than for one ob you common niggars to lose your head.

Your 'spected preacher hab had a greater many sufferins. He hab had de rheumatiz tree times; de measles once, and one time he hab de seben years' itch. Once he was slapped in de face by Patience Phillips, and once he hab his hair pulled by Phillis Jonsing. Once he hab to run for his life down Leverett 'treet, when he was chased by a big dog; and once he was crossed in lub, de time he paid 'tention to dat yaller gal up in Schove 'treet. On one 'portant 'casion he like to kill heself eatin' clam soup, and dey was 'bliged to carry him hum on a wheel-barrah. Dese is de 'ticklars ob de sufferins ob your 'spected preacher wich am 'spressed on dis 'ticklar 'casion for your destruction in righteousness.

Your 'spected preacher hab heered from his brudder lately; dis brudder ob his is a berry big niggars—he's

twice as big as your 'spected preacher and can lick two wite men in Boston. He 'moved to Long Island to carry on de hog brussle business. Dat consists of being 'round when de nabors kill dar hogs and beggin' de brussels off of dem. He take dem brussels to de shoemaker's and he sell dem to make wax-eends. He get a cent for ebery hundred ob de brussels. When he went dar fust he was in de employ of anodder gemman ob color and begged for him; but now he begs on his own 'count, habing sot up for himself. He hab 'rote to your 'spected preacher to say dat he was 'joying good health except habing de rumatiz, and he hope your 'spected preacher was enjoying de sam' blessing.

Darfore we shall prove upon de 'hole. Eberybody hav' sufferins dat is intolerable. Kate Widgeon hab a bo dat run off and leave her. Peter Jumbo got a wife dat he expects of liking odder niggars too well; he told dis to your 'spected preacher in confidence, and I hope she take warning on dis 'portant 'casion, and leav' off dem tricks.

As your 'spected preacher hab heered from his brudder and had to pay de postage on de letter, he hope dat you will put plenty ob munny in de hat dis time. You will 'blige your 'spected preacher berry much if you do dat as he is berry short ob cash at dis time.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mr. Printer: i spose you haint heered about our Bisha nor nothin' heo went down to your plaice. Up their in yure way is more housen than their am up our way; but i doant spose the korn grows enny bigger, nor the trees aint no hire in your way than they am down this way. They say they is more perliter, but they are getting to bee perlite up heer, for they call every woman a lady and every man a jentleman. Wen you go into a stoare

now, they maik a low bow to you and they say "yes sir," and "no sir." They are tocking about having a rale-rode tue, and sum think that they will hav' a steembote on the mill-pond witch will be the biggest thing that wos evver none in these parts; for then the gals can go and sale in the steembote, espeshally the gals that lives in the factory.

Their is one gal their hoo is so fat that it wood taik tue steembotes to hold her. Her name is Sally Jakes. She begun to grow fat tue year ago in the fall, and she has ben fattig up evver sense. Her stockings is as big as a meel bag, and the only small thing she's got is her bustle. Sum say that she wares none at awl. Praps she doant need won. She has been coarted by enemost all the fellers in the villedge for the last tue yeer, and they say how she gets fat upon love and coarting. Every kiss that she gits puts an ounce of fat upon her; and she gits about tue duzzen every our of her life.

Whenever she goes down to Wooster every won looks at her and wants to no where she was raised; and when any one has the consumpshin, he thinks he will go to live in the plaice where she was raised, as it must be a very helthy plaice. Her fokes are verry proud of her and are always bragging how much she ways. Whenever she goze down to Wooster, they taik her to the hay scales to be wade. As soon as she gets ten more pound on to her, she has the promise of a new frock from the minister. she has a new frock for every ten pound for the last yeer and is goin to hav' it alwais. Her fokes are in hopes that if she keeps on fattig, she will maik her fortin by it as she can sell the frocks arter she gits a plinty of 'em.

The fellers haves no objectshus to coart her, but they doant keer much about getting married to her, as it takes a pleggid big shu for her fut, and the yaan for her stock-

ings would cost an independent fortin tue. You ort to see the cloth it talks to maik her a dress. When it is washed and hangs out on the line to dry, it looks as if all out of doors wouldn't hold it. Besides that she talks in a pleggid site of wittles. It's calkellated that the pork barrel lasts only haff as long as it would if she was not in the fammily. As to aigs, she will go into the barn when a hen is just beginning to set, and drive her off the nest and suck all the aigs in less than no time, and then she'll drink tue gallon of syder arterward.

She's the most monstracious eater that evver was rased in these parts, and evvery won is afeared to marry her in coarse. i wood hav' the cretur no more than i wood taik a fat ox to board. Her fokes had a noshun to put her off on me; and they cum up to see farther and muther about it; but we all noed the reason that they wanted to git her off. Mother axed 'em how many frocks she had got, and they sed she had seventeen, and they was big wons tue. Then she axed how many petticoats, and they sed seven. But they wouldn't agree to giv nothin' extra, and our fokes wouldn't heer to that at awl; because they ort to hav' gin sumthing hansum considdering the expence of keepin the critter.

As for the gal herself, i got mad with her rite off for she sot down on my new hat, which was laying in a cheer and squashed it as flat as a pancake. Nothin' ever gits over it arter she's sot down on to it. If she sets down on to a cat, its as bad as if a mountaing tumble on to it; it nivvir breethes agin no more than if it had its head chopt off. She cum along and put her arm round my neck, and axed me if i noed that our fokes was a going to change my condition, and i telled her that i noed no sitch a thing, and that she'd better keep off, as i didn't want to hav' nothin' to do with her. Then she axed me if i didn't love her, and i sed yes, as i loved the fat old sow out in

the pen, and no better. Then she begun te tell me how menny fellers had kist her, and how she had been called the noblest lookin' wooman in the place.

i was mad enuff to slap her mouth, only she was so big that i a kinder feared of her. She's got a fist like an ox, and i've heered tell how she knocked down a hoss won day for kicking her in the bowels. i doant suppose that the hoss did it a purpose, but he couldn't help it verry well, as she kivvered over so much space, and he couldn't kick t'other side of her.

As for our Bisha, if you see him down in yure parts, jest tell him that the cow has got a caff. It was born nite before last and every body sais that it looks like won of the family. Ben Staples has been up to see about git-ting that colt of his'n, and sais he wodn't vally giving tue fine hogs and his big dog for him, tho', as for that, he sais he shan't hav' no use for the colt this summer, without their should cum a war with the Britishers, when Cappern Sanders will want him to go off and fite the ennemy.

i wish youd jest inquire the price of a pair of trowsis down in yure parts, as i want to git a pare to ware to meetin', and they tell me that they cum cheeper in Bostown than they doos heer. i want you should hav' 'em to fit well if you buy me a pare, and i'll send you down the munny in a letter.

Evverybody sais that there'll be a war, and that they've begun to fite down to Bostown now. If you should git kilt in the war they are havin' down their jest git this peace put into sum other paper, for all the gals up heer have red it, and they want to see it in your paper dred fully. So no more from yours till deth,

SOLOMON BOUNCE.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall give you von text dish day of our great shellybrashun:

"All dish world's von stage-coach!"

As Mynheer Von Shakespear say. "Now, how ish dat?" says you. Shut up your ear tight, and I vill tell you; ve all go vorth into te worl'd togedder. Some haf te back sheat—some te vorward—and some in te mittle, te minis- ters am te trivers. Now dare ish all sort of fokes in te stage. So tare ish in life. Te stage-coach is only life in von little shmall minitture. Tare you see te lawyer. He haff von very shlick face, plenty of—vot you call—cheek, and von oily tongue. An he tell you of von treshpass on te land, or in te house. Meantime ve *trees pass* as ve ride along. An tare ish te doctor—you may smell him out mit his vials in his pocket. And he say, "mine vriend, you look pale! let me feel your pulsh—oh, mine goot sir! teré ish more ash much fever in your plud." And ten he pull out his leather-case, and give you von letel powder, vich if you take him, ish all te same just like as if you be fired off mit load of gunpowder in your powels. An' he ax you haven't you some acrimonious belchin' in te morn- in', you say "Vy, yes, I guess so!"—"Vel," says he, "dat ish it. Hab you not von shmall pain in your leetel toe?" den you tink, tink, and at last you remember him, dat le- tel pain! He give you von plaistur, and say, "put dish on te calf of you leg, tree nites, and you no feel dat pain." So you put him on, but no matter vere; for if you put it on at all, you put it on von *grate calf*.

And in dish stage-coach of life, you find tat tredful an- imal ash never was, te speckleator; he say, "How much you ax for cotton?" you say so much. He den runs on de price in Europe, India, Russia and Kamschatka; and den he say, giv you so much a pound, more ash less. But do

not pitel pecause like all fishermans, under tat pait is von pig hook, tat shall ketch you by te jaw; and notting but 12 men shall pull him out.

Ten tare ish te lady of extraordinary vartue, she look like von duck drinking, so pious and devout. And she sighs awfully and shows the vite of her eye. And den she look you in her face, so as if you would melt and run down all your flesh and bones into your shoes. Hal! hal! dare is grate dangers in dish: you no hold back, she vill draw you over te prink of te hill of life, and chuck you clean over amongst de sand and rocks, and oder varmint.

Den tare ish te light-fingered shentelman, he very soft, smooth, and sly. His lips drop molasses and water; and he tell a story very interesting, and you says "indeed! 'pon honor! astonishing!" And so you find it ish ven de driver call for his "fare," and you find dat your pocket- book is no whare! and dish shweet spoken man, also.

Now mine dear shoules, you must consider, dat all de passengers in de coach must pay de fare. So pass 'round de plate.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Bellubbed Bruddren: on dis superficial and posthous 'ca- sion we shall explunge and obviate upon de text dat is in dese 'portant words ob de 'possle Zaccheus:

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied;
She was recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

In dis text, you see dat a wondar cum to light. De big- gest wonder dat your 'spected preacher knows about is dem long taller candles made by your 'spected preacher's sister, Phillis Crow, who married de brudder of Jumbo Crow. When dese candles cum to de light dey burns bu-

tiful, and dey showed de rogues dat dey lied on lass sat. terday night is a fortnight.

Dar was tree he-niggars and wun she-niggar dat come into de house of your 'spected preacher, kindle a fire and court each odder in de kitchin, and when your 'spected preacher heered 'em courting, he got up to see what was de matter, and he seed dem poppylation ob color in de dark, and dey make noise like a cat to make your preacher bleeve dat it was nossin but cats. Den your 'spected preacher lit one of dese candle and went into de kitchen, and seed dat dey was not cats but niggars ob color. Darfore dese wonders brote to light showed de rogues dey lied. De third diwission ob de text is berry 'portant on dis 'ticklar 'casion and 'lude to de fack dat de man recovered ob de bite. De bite is diwided into sebenteen diwiseions; when you bite sumboddy and when you bite yourseff and when you bite a lobster it is anudder diwision.

De fust 'clude Tony Nikkles dat bit off de ear of Phillis Jonsing at a camp-meeting, bekase he was so happy dat he had got religion.

When you bite yourseff you better be doing sumthing else. Your 'spected preacher bit his tongue one day dat he was eatin' clam soup, and arter dat, he nebber eat soup widout pushing his tongue baek out ob de way wid his finger.

De text 'form you dat de man recubber ob de bite, and de dog de heseff. Dat is a solemn warnin' to de dog poppylation how dey bite fokes bekase de text tell you dat when dey bite anybody, dey die darseff, and de man gets well.

Nossin is said by de text 'bout whedder he die a nat'ral death or whedder he was kilt by de white poppylation. Your 'spected preacher is 'clined to de 'pinion dat dis dog was made up into sassage, and was kilt for the benefit of de public.

I hab 'sulted wid Cesar Widgeon on de subjeck and he hab de same 'pinion, and Cesar hab kep sullar long enuff to know 'bout dese tings.

All dis is berry 'structive to your corporosity. It show dat if you bite odder fokes, you get used up yourseff. I hope you remember him, you brack scorpions.

De lass time your 'spected preacher hold forth in dis house, he loss a west-coat button. He is credulously informed dat Sal Phillips pick it up and put it in her pocket. She is quested to leaf de button to de keer of Cesar; and if she'll sew it on, dar will be no more said about de matter. Brass buttons will be taken in de hat when you aint got no cents. Puter and horn buttons will not be 'cepted.

Dat niggar down dar dat wears so many buttons on his jacket can spare two or three to put in de hat, and Brudder Cole shall be 'pointed to cut off your button, when dey hab too many on dar jacket. What you want ob so many button?

In dis 'lightened age, dar am more wonders dat comes to light. Some ob dese wonders is berry dark.

One ob dem is Sophia Wing, dat come to light lass Monday night arter she been away to get married widout axing de advice ob your 'spected preacher. If you get married widout axing de advice ob your belubbed pastur, you can't 'spect to do well, and you must 'spect to be turned out ob de church. Before you get married it is your duty to 'peak to your 'spected preacher and see if you can not hab de honor ob his hand; bekase he may want to marry you heseff.

Now I'm gwoine to prove upon de 'hole. In de first place dar is a dog and a man in de text, and de difference 'twixt a dog and a man is berry 'ticklar. Firstly a dog hab got two ears, and so hab a man. Darfore a dog and a man is de same ting in de ears. Den a dog hab sharp

nose, but de man's nose is flat, all 'cept wite fokes 'cause dey is spurious 'kin' of fokes; den a wite man hab no heel, wich show dey belong to de dog specie; but de poppylation ob color hab foot on two sides, before and behind like bird, bekase dey is ob de crow specie.

Now Cesar will pass round de hat, and dis is de 'portant bizness dat dis congregation cum heah for. Dar will be lecktur in dis house at 'leben o'clock dis ebenin' on which 'portant 'casion your 'spected preacher will delectate upon de 'wantages ob thin breeches in warm wedder.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Editear: I spose you've heered down your weigh, about this naxation of teekus. It's made a grate tock up hear. Everybody is goin' on about it. Farther and uncle Obediah sez that teekus shan't be naturalized, as long as they live, for they will call a town meetin' fust and that will put a stop to it at wunce.

Farther telled mother all about it, and when she heered the hull story, she lade down her spectacles and sed that she was sure something was going to happen to this country, and that the people had got to be so wicked that sum dredful judgment wood taik plaice, and she sed that she had a dream tother nite, and she seed in her dreem two roosters a fiting and won of them tore the tother one's head off and when she woke up, she was all of a living swett and she heered a hen crow just as she waked. Their was a hen that crowed jist before Ant Jeminna dide, and it is always lookt on as a bad sine for a hen to crow.

Mother sed she bleeved that this teekus affair wood bring about the seend of the world, and that that was what mister Miller meant in his profficy.

Pretty soon old mister Dragg, the miller came in, and

he begun to tell about this ere Teekus, and so we all intarmined to go against the naxation of teekus. Mother and sister Patience and all are going against the naxation. Yesterday in the evening, there was a grate meeting in the tavurn up stares and the gratest orritor that ever was there, and he preached about this ere naxation of teekus. He said that the was all wild injuns their and Spanish niggars, and that if we joined teekus to this country, the pope wood hav' the rule over the hull place, and they wood steel and rob us and their wood be no quietness hear at all.

He sed that the turks and the algeines lived in teekus and they wood come hear and devour our corn fields and eat up our substance, and that there wood be wars and rumors. He telled about a friend of his'n that had jist come back from teekus and he telled what dredful goins on their was their. There was no laws there at all, and the bares and lyons run wild and devoured a hundred and twenty men, wimmin, and children in one day. So if teekus was to git jined to this country their would be bares and lyons in the United States, and we would'n none of us be safet a minit. It was dredful to heer him tock. Then he said that they had niggars to sell their and hull ship-lodes was brought from their and carried off to London to be sold to work on the cotton plantations in London.

He had a little white hankercher and arter he'd done talkin', he wipt his face with it, and he took a drink o' water out of a tumbler.

Then he begun agin and he went on, and he telled about the savageous folkes there in teekus, and he said that everybody there was gamblers and their was nothing done there only to run races with hosses, and everybody was playin' 9 pins all the time.

Arter we heered that speech, we all declared rite off

that we would'n here to havin' teekus naxation at no rate at all. Sister Patience and Ruth Jonson hav' been forming a sassiety agin the naxation of teekus and they will except the smallest fovoirs in munny and close to go agin teekus and to highre fokes to preach agin teekus and tell about the snopping turcles and wizards that lives there and how the pope is goin' to liv' in teekus and how they will bring the popes imidge to the villidge and sell 'em for us to wuship.

The gals has agreed that theywont marry annybody that likes naxation of teekus. So all the young fellers has 'greed to go agin the naxation.

Everybody has sot out on it and they've got the minister to rite a letter to Mr. Jacobs hoo was a member of the legislatour, and they are goin' to git him to vote agin it and to speechify about it, and that will stop the naxation.

We are goin' to giv' a dinner to Mr. Pease the lawyer, and we're in hoaps that that will stop the proseedng and so they won't hav' no naxation.

Sal Huke is goin' to hav' a naxation party nixt week and she wants that you should cum up hear and 'tend the party, and bring yer wife with yer. Their will be as much gingerbread as you can ete and sumthin' to drink, and you may fill your pockets and yer wife may fill her bag full.

Betsy Drakes sends ber luv to you and wants you to cum up. Mary Jones has got a little book that she calls a alumb and wants you to rite sumthin' in it. I rit in it myself, and every body up hear sez the lines is most butiful. These is the lines:—

"I rite in love in grate degree
And hope you will remember me
Ween i am dead and gone
Then i will think of Mary Jones,

i hope in all good ways you'll live
And hope in flesh you'll always thrive,
till fat as sister Patience you will be
And dwell in health wherever that you be."

This poetness was showed to the minister and the schoolmaster and they sed it was fust-rate. All the gals brort there albombs for me to rite in 'em and i axed fourpence a-peace to rite in the albombs.

Yours to sarve,
RICHARD HODGE.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall put you von text. It shall pe in tese vords:—

"Long shadows around us ere streaming
Away from the chambers of dawn;
From the peach tree in loveliness gleaming,
Or the cowslip that laughs on the lawn."

Te text shall told you tat shadows vash streaming. Te shadows upon te streams as you shall see your face in te vaters. Teir shall pe te chamber of dawn. Vat-chamber shall tat be? Teir is te chamber of peers, te chamber of vere you shall sleep and te star chamber, but dish shall pe te chamber of dawn. I tink it shall be von chamber vere you shall climb up von ladder to see te sun rise. It shall pe te chamber of dawn.

Te todder part of te text shall told you, tat teir ish von cowslip laughing on the lawn. I shall never hear te cowslip laugh. Tat shall pe von lie, I shall tink. You shall understand it von otter vay. If shall pe tat te cow shall slip down on te lawn, and te people shall laugh at her sure enough. Vat shall tey laugh. Tey shall some times laugh at your minister, ven he shall slip down. Von day von dog shall bark at your minister, and your minister shall try to run, and he shall run so slow, tat te

dog shall pite your minister very bad on te preeches, and your minister shall slip down, and teir shall pe two Yankee ladies teir, who shall laugh at your minister ven he shall fall in te mud. But tey shall laugh mit teir nonsense for teir trouble, for te mud and woter shall not come through all te preeches of your minister. It only come through five pair, and te otter two pair shall be dry as myneer Venderblans, ven he shall have no schnapp for von whole week.

Tierpore you shall see tem have teir pains to laugh for notting at all. If tey laugh ven von cow shall fall down, it shall pe von great sin; it shall pe blasphemies. If you laugh ven te cow slip down on te lawn, it shall pe all vel enough. If she preak off her tail ven she slip down, you shall laugh te more; but teir shall pe von difference between a minister and a cow, I shall tell you. Suppose a minister fall down and preak his neck, ten you shall have no preach, and vere shall you all go, if you shall have no preach?

Te text tell you dat from te peach tree shall pe loveliness gleaming. That shall mean tat one pretty gal shall pe up in te peach tree. Vou shall look up in te tree and see loveliness gleaming, as her eyes shall pe so bright, sure enough. Now you shall put everyting in the plate, all tat you shall got in your pockets, except your handkercher, sure enough; and ten te church ish out till you come again.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis olfactory 'casion your 'spected preacher will delude yon wid de follerin' 'portant text ob 'criptur, rit by de 'possle Massa Greely:

"Hinx, finx, the devil winks,
The fat begins to fry!"

Dia 'portant text 'spress the vanity ob the fair sec', and

'lude 'ticklarly to Patience Phillips and Luke Jonsing's widder. Dis passage ob 'criptur is diwided into two parts; de top part, and de under part—dar is a middle part too, but dat is too tedious to mention. De top part 'spress de parpendicklars ob de debble, and de under one 'spress de 'ticklars ob fat; darfore de fust part is de fust diwision, and de second part is de second diwission.

Darfore your spected preacher will diwide de word like a apple cut in two haffs, and throw away de core wich is de third haff and wich is to tedious to mention; de fust diwission is de perpendicklars ob de debbil. Hinx finx is de speritual name for your 'spected preacher. Whenebber de debble looks at your 'spected preacher he winks, for de sight ob him makes de debble's eyes sore. He knows dat your 'spected preacher is a sledge-hammer to knock his old brains out, and to 'stroy his kingdom wich he is tryin' to bild up among dis 'spectable flock ob color. He darfore hate de sight of your 'spected preacher—darfore de fust diwission ob de text 'spress de fact dat your 'spected preacher makes de debble wink.

Now de second diwission is de second part, and 'spress de 'portant fack dat de fat begins to fry. You under'tan' de meanin' ob dat. When Cesar Widgeon fries clam in de sullar, you know dat he put in a little fat. If he put in no fat, he no fry de clam; dar am warous kinds of de fat—dar is mutton fat, fat ob mutton, fat of beef, and fat ob lobster, wich is green. But dar is a speritual fat. Massa Faro (Pharaoh?) had seben beasts dat was called kind, but dey wa'n't kind at all, for dey eat up dem odder seven kind dat was lean. When annybody wants to git away houses dat b'longs to sumbody else, dey say dat dey hab a *lien* on dem houses; dese is like dem kind dat eat up odder fokes. Darfore de speritual meanin' ob fat signify de natur ob de debbil.

Now when your 'spected preacher 'tand up in de pulpit

he put de debble in his frying-pan, and de fat begins to fry. If your 'spected preacher preach much longer, he 'spect dat de old feller will be dead soon. You glad to hear dat, you brack scoripins? No, I guess not—I guess dat you mourn for him? I tink you 'tend his funeral, you dark-complected rascal!

De debble is diwided into seven parts. De first diwision am his horns; de second am his tongue which is like a fish-hook. De third diwission is his tail which is as long as a cable ob a ship! I tell you all dis for your saxifaction and your destruction in righteousness. I hope you tink on 'em.

Your 'spected preacher 'form dis congregation ob color dat he has got a letter from his aunt Sally of Peekskill, and dat she 'quest your 'spected preacher to spend de monf ob August at dat 'lightful sittivation, if dis much 'bused congregation ob color wood spare de money to buy soot o' close and pump and white 'tocking and ruffle, and pay de axpense ob de jerney. Your preacher will take de rale-rode and will get whitewashed before he start, so dat he can ride in de genteel cars 'cordin to de dignity ob ob his cloff; for he will 'fuse to ride in de Jim Crow car on 'count ob de 'portance ob your 'spected preacher; for a gemman ob his 'stinguished piety and humility is 'titled to de best place.

Now I'm gwoine to prove upon de 'hole; de text tell you 'bout fat, dar is no fat dat is ekal to possum fat; possum fat and hominey is de pride ob de poppylation ob color. Kate Widgeon tink she do grate ting when she gib your 'spected preacher a plate ob lobster fat. But possum fat is no more like lobster fat dan de debble's tail is like a sassage.

Some people ob color is fat; and Sam Jumbo hab got a fat leg; and dey call it de gout, bekase he lib too high; he lib up in a garret tree stories high. When you lib high like dat, you must 'spect to hab de gout.

On dis 'tickler 'casion your preacher will pass 'round de hat heseff, as he wants to see who puts in cents into de hat; and when he find out who don't put in cent, he will leaf dem out in his prayers, and dey will nebbar get dar sins saved.

Eberybody is 'vited to a ball in de sullar to-morrow night. Your 'spected preacher hope dat dey buy sumting to drink to pay de axpense. White fokes will be 'lowed to cum, if day 'have darseff. Your 'spected preacher under'tan' dat Hepsey King hab reported dat your belubbed pastur kissed her todder night: darfore your 'spected preacher will sue her for breach ob promise, bekase it is all a lie.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Editor: i had heered so mutch about that air de-king Snowball that prints his sarmonts in your paper, so i intarmined to go to bostown and sea him; becus we was both consarned in helpin you along with our ritins, and i thort it wood be verry well for tue sich 'spectable people to get akawinted. So i put tue apple dumplings in each cote pocket and a hunk of bread in my breaches pocket, and sot out in uncle Josh's wagging to cum down to bostown and sea the deking.

When i got to bostown i thort that everryboddy need where the deking lived, as he was such a grate man. so i went into a shop and axed 'em where the deking Snowball lived, and they axed me what i wanted and where i cum from, and so i got mad and went out. Then i went into a place in Corns hill where i seed the picktur of sum niggars up to the winder, and i thort, to be sure, they'd noe; but they looked as mad as a parched pee, and sed that Snowball was a man and a brother and awl that sort o' thing. So i cleered out from their, and i went up into

Brattle street and their i seed sum niggars out at the dore and they had close to sell. Then i felt shure, i shood find out where the decon lived, and i went into one shop and it was kepp by a big niggar and he axed me what i wanted to by, and i telled him nothin'.

Then sez he—"Praps you want to sell sumthing?"

I telled him no—but i wanted to ax him where decon Snowball lived.

Then he got as mad as seven men, and telled me to go long out of the shop or he wood lick me rite off. I thort it wood be a disgrace to fite a niggar, and so i cleered out. So i thort it was no use to inquire any more as the decon was not to be found.

Then a brite thort cum into my head, and when i met a little niggar down by Fuunil market, i axed him where Sam Johnson's sullar was. Wall, he stared at me a minnit, and then sez he—"There aint no sich man. He's ded. But there's sich a feller as Cesar Widgeon, and he keeps his clam soup sullar in Cat alley."

"That's the verry plaice," sez i, "and if you show me where it is, i'll giv yer a glass of root beer." So he cum along with me and showed me the plaice. It was a little sullar without any floor under a little house in Cat alley. The fokes in the house above takes in white-washin', and there is a family that bords with them and blacks boots. There was a little pole in front of the sullar, and a little red lantern wos on this pole, and CLAM SOUP was rit on the lantern. Besides that, i was told that *clam soup* was rit on the outside of the sullar door, but nobody could see that except the shop was shut up.

We went down five wooden steps, and one of the steps was so rotten that it slumt threw and broke down when i trod on it. Then the man that kepp the place flew out at me and called me ever so many hard names for breaking down his step.

I told him it was not my falt, for the step broke down when i trod on it. He sed that everrybody who knowed anything, knowed that whenever you cum down sullar, you must step over that step, and that i must be sum green feller from the country, or else i should have knoed all about it.

Theh i axed him if he was Cesar Widgeon, and he sed he was. So i lookt at him and eggssamed him all over. He was a short thick niggar and haff his hare was gray and haff was black and it curled up like wool. He had a kuppel of little tables their and a long bench; a big sugar-box put on two logs of wood served as his bar—so i treeted the other niggar to his root beer, and took a big chunk of gingerbred for myself. So when Cesar Widgeon seed that i had money, he was wunderful good. Then i axed him where deking Snowball lived, and he sed he expected the deking Snowball and sed he was more talked about than any other minister in the hull town. Pretty soon, i heered a kind of bustle at the sullar dore, and i seed a little short niggar cum down, with 3 or 4 wimmin hollerin arter him. He was not so black as Cesar Widgeon, but he wos about the kuller of a chesnut. He had ruffles in his boozum, and had on small close and nee buckles, and a long pointed cote that cum away down to his kaffs.

So i goze up to him and sez i, "Be you the decon Snowball that prints his leekturs in the paper?"

So he lookt at me and axed me if i noed that when i spoke to de cloff, i ort to take off my hat. That stumt me: but, sez i—"don't you noe me that rites letters from our parts to the paper, and hadn't we ort to noe won another."

Then he axed me my name, and i telled him it wos Obadiah Stone; and sez he, "i nebbar heered oh yer before go 'way, white foke—when you cum into de sullar heah,

you must larn to treet a gemman like a gemman!" Then he marched off to tother eend of the sullar and he tocked with the wimmin.

I was so mad at this that i won't speak to a niggar agin as long as i live, and if yer want me to keep on ritin' for yer paper, i shall charge a ninepence more for being 'bliged to put my ritins along side of a niggar's.

Yourn, OBADIAH STONE.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall gave you dish text, sure enough:—

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Te text tell you he shall be thrice armed. He shall be armed tree times. He shall had tree muskets instead of one, three cartridge box, tree bayonet, and tree rations of provision. Tat shall pe like te soldiers in mine country. Tey shall had so much arms and so much breeches tat tey shall not walk more tan haff a mile in von day. Ven tey shall march to meet te enemy, den te enemy shall not know if tey shall go backwards or forwards. But ven tey shall beat von retreat, den tey shall show you how to run, sure enough. Ten dey shall trow away te arms and pull off five pair of preeches and run faster tan te Yankee soldier shall in five days.

Te text tell you he ish naked ven locked up in steel. Ven you steal you shall pe locked up, sure enough; and ven you shall have no clothes and shall pe haff naked, you shall steal. Tat shall pe te meaning of te text.

It tell you his conscience shall pe corrupted. Dat shall pe like Mynheer Von Dunnkstat who shall not pay me for te young cow he shall steal from me last vinter. I tink

his conscience shall pe corrupted, sure enough. Vat shall he have his conscience made of? It shall pe von conscience made of damaged leather, burnt. It shall pe von pad conscience like von old shoe put in te fires. I shall not have such von conscience. I shall have von conscience like schnapps vat shall pe like von schmoke pipe. Mine vrow shall have conscience like von proomstick. It shall pe little and long.

Dish text tell you he shall pe armed mit his quarrel just. Ven you shall had your quarrel just, ah! tat shall pe te quarrels, sure enough. You shall have your quarrel just when a horse shall run away mit you and kill himself, pecause you shall not pay for tat horse vich shall pe killed of his own accord. Te horse shall pay for himself ven you shall take off te skin, and te shoes. If you shall quarrel mit te owner of tat horse, he shall not have his pay because te boss shall pe skined and you shall have no quarrel just. Tat ish de same ven te tuivyl shall come for your soul. He shall have his quarrel just, pecause you shall have von big sinner, sure enough; because you shall been stingy to put money into te plate and shall pay for your schnapps and not treat your minister ven he shall pe dry like von corn cob.

I shall have mine quarrel just ven I shall fite mit mine vrow, ven she shall take up more tan haff te bed and shall stick her knees into de bowels of your minister, pecause it shall not be just tat she shall get more tan haff te bed. Teirfore your minister ish have his quarrel just mit his vrow. She shall take te proomstick, and I shall take te schmoke-pipe and shall preak her head.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Bellubbed Bruddren: Your 'spected preacher will 'spostulate on dis judicious 'casion upon de follerin' language ob 'criptur:—

"Some says de debble's dead, and buried in de harbor,
Some say he's rose again, and 'prenticed to a barber."

De language ob de text is berry 'splicit. It tell you dat some say de debble is dead. Dead is diwided into two parts. De fust part is when you are dead for sartin and de todder part is wen you make blieve dat you are dead, and keep one eye open all de time. Your 'spected preacher hab seen a spider dat would curl up in a heap and make blieve dead when you held a candle to his nose, for fear dat you kill him true enough. Bed bug will do de same ting. Praps de debble do dis way sometimes as he is de fadder of lies; and praps dat de text 'lude to dat fact dat he inform hisseff into a angel ob light, and make blieve dat he was dead. If he purtend to be dead in de presence of your 'spected preacher he would tread on de eend ob his tail, and if dat didn't start him, he would tick darning needle into him. Guess he jump and squeal den!

But your 'spected preacher hab 'ticelar reason to blieve dat de debble is not dead yet. In de fust place, dar is Rachel Jumbo dat 'greed to mend your 'spected preacher's breeches yesterday afternoon, and she no do 'em. Your 'spected preacher paid her de money in advance, de sum ob four pence happenny which she 'pend for obster in de sullar, and your 'spected preacher was 'bliged to lay abed tue days before he could get his breeches mended, and de tanks ob dis congregation is giben to Mary Jonsing for mendin' your 'spected preacher's breeches. Annudder reason why your 'spected preacher don't blieve de debble is dead, is bekase when your 'spected preacher was 'tandin' in 'tate 'treet todder day, dar was a wite feller dat come along and ketched hold ob your 'spected preachers heel and squealed like a dog which made your preacher jump about tree foot in de air. Your 'spected preacher turned 'round and cussed him in hope dat two she-bears would come out de Bost Office and eat up forty five ob

dem white chaps. But de bears didn't come. Darfore your 'spected preacher 'spose dem to dis congregation ob color.

Darfore dese am reasons enough to show dat de debble isn't dead, as dem dat 'sult your 'spected preacher am tosicated by de debble. De same was de case when Rachel Jumbo 'fuse to mend your 'spected preacher's breeches.

De second part ob de text tell you dat de debble is buried in de harbor. Praps he might hab been shut up dar lass winter till dey cut a big hole in de ice and den he creep out again.

Todder diwision tell you dat he hab come to life and turned into a barber. If dat be de case, I 'wise you to be berry keerful who shave you, bekase he may put brimstone in de lather. If you should happen to get shaved by de debble in de shape ob a barber, you will get someting wuss dan de Jackson scratches. Praps he put lime on your head and make you blieve it is powder, and take off all de wool, as a gemman of color dat your preacher was acquainted wid once did. He shave you wid a dull razor and 'crape all de brack skin off your face and make you look like white fokes.

Now I'm gwoine to 'prove upon de 'hole. When de debble is dead, he will hab a berry long funeral, bekase dar is many dat will grieve for dar ole massa. He is a 'ticklar friend ob de lawyers, and help dem along more dan dar big books. Your 'spected preacher use to kin-dle de fire and sweep out de offfiss for him. It was afore your 'spected preacher got to be one ob de cloff, and so he make fire for dat white lawyer. Ebery time he make fire dar de room smell 'trong ob brimstone, and sometimes de grate burn blue, and your 'spected preacher put a prayer-book in a cheer and set on it to keep off de debble who was gwoine about like a sly serpent and roaring like a lion to 'quire who wanted to be devoured. Darfore

you better mind your eye, all you young niggas women dar in de gallery, for fear de debble will cotch you by de heel! Now den, fork ober tin mitey sudden!

YANKEE LETTER.

Respectful Sir: their is a coartship that has ben up heer witch the peeple down to bostown ort to heer about as i spose that sum of them will cum up heer to see about it, becase it is so astonishin' to the human mind.

It were the skulemistress, and her name is Abigal Primp. She tuk and sot up the skule heer and fell rite a foul of teechin' the skollards. Sum larnt there a—b abs, sum larnt there catty-kise, and other sum larnt to spell wurd. Evveryboddy sed that she were fust rate at it; and as soon as the fellers heered how she were good at teeching the yung idees how to shute, they begun to hav a sort of noshun arter her.

Peter Hanks went up fust to the house and axed if Abagal was in. Her muther lookt very hard at Peter, for she had a idee that he was arter her darter, and she noed that all that fammily was kinder low and ignarrant, and she noed that Abagal was good enuff for sumthing better nor setch like he was. Fust she was goin' to tell him Abagal was gone out, but she thort she wood like to see how he wood akt, and so she let him cum in. So he went into the rume whare Abby wos, and he tuk off his hat and sot with it on his nees, and lookt rite at her. She was darn-in' her stockin's, and she diddent hardly look up at him: but at last sez he—"Miss Primp, mebbly you doant want to coart nor nothin'. Do you?"

Then she speeks up as if she was verry much surprised and sais, "Law! what are yon talkin' on?" jest as nat'ral as cood be.

Then he got kinder scared, and the old woman lookt at

him so sharp tue that he soon ketched up his hat and he cleered not as if he had ben scent for. Peter never went there agin, and evveryboddy is laffin' at him about it.—Sense then he tryed to git Sukey Frolicks; but she toled him to go about his bizziness, for he was tue lazy to eat. i doant noe what Peter will do; for i spose he ort to git a wife of sum sort to be shure.

Tue or three dais arter Peter was gone, their was an-uther feller thar tuk a noshin arter Abagal, and he thort himself big things as he'd got straps on his panterloons. So he seed her in chnrch, and when church was out he run rite out to her and begin to tell her it wos a fine day; but she telled him that she noed all that be4, and that he needent tell her nothin' about the day. But he spunked up, and sais he, "I'm akquainted with your brother, Miss Abagal."

Then she lookt rite at him and sais, "Mebby, then, it wos you that stoled his jack-knife tother day."

When he heered that he was dredful surprised, and he lookt down at his pantaloons straps and thort she hadn't scene 'em yit. So he tuk panes to stick out his fut in site, so that she mite see 'em plane. She hocked and spit, and she spit rite on his shew, and that maid him so mad that he up with his fist and nocked her bunnit off, and that was the last of his coarting.

Then the fellers all gut kinder skeered about Abagal, and thort it wos of no use to get a coarting of her. And besides she is a dredful big, strong gal, and they wos a leetle afeared that she wood giv' them a licking. The skollards tue sed that she shode a grate deel of grit in the skule, and hit won little chap til his head struck a big gal in the bowels and haff choked her.

But their was won feller that had jest cum into the vil-lidge, and was studying law of the squire; and he was in-tarmined to find out about this gal, and to no what she

was maid on. So he goze and dressis in his best close, and nocks at the dore of the house. Abagal had seed he was coming, and she was orfully tickled becus she noed he'd got plenty of munny and alwas wore good close. She went up to the dore and she scent her mother to open it. The fust thing he axed for was Abagal, and her mother was dredful perlite to him and tuk him into the rum ware she was. So they wos both together, and the old woman run out and telled the fokes in the house that now her darter had gut a bo hoo wood marry her rite off, and that she wood be a grate lady and liv' in her coach and all them fine things.

As for Abagal, she lookt down and was dredful modest; but he spoke up; for he had larned to use his toung in the lawyers offiss. He telled her she was pretty as hony and sweet as a bee, and that he wundered sitch an angle was allowed to live in this world at all.

So she thort he was the dredful finest feller that ever wos; and she telled her muther evvery word that he sed when he was gone. So they was all dredful stuck up and the hull family maid there brags that Mister Snaps was goin' to hav' Abagal.

He tuck her out to wock with him every Sunday, and they went into the woods together and soddoun there aud tocked, and was as thick as tue pickpockets; and Abby was so stuck up that she wouldn't speek to any of the other gals, and wood hardly speek to the skollards themselves. When her muther spoke to her, she ansured the old woman as short as if she were a nigger; and as for her farther, she woodn't speek to him at all. They went on that weigh for as mutch as sick munce, and at last they wos published trew enuff, and then Abby was so stuck up that you would have thought her a little quean of Amerrikky. The day arter they wos published, they sed that he'd gone to town; but he didn't cum back, and

at last Abby gut a leter sayin' that he woodn't cum back at nll. Sunesever Abby red that leter she turned as red in the face as sevven rooster's combs. Abby's muther got as mad as fire with Abby for tellin' 'em they wood all be grate fokes, and sitch a fuss as there was noboddy nevver seed before. Abby went and locked herself into her chamber rite off, and their she stade till her muther busted open the door, and maid her cum down and go off to her skool. All the fellers was dredful glad, and so was the gals, bekase she had been so stuck up. That serves the critter jest rite for being so stuck up.

Yourn to sarve,

BETTY DONE.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: On dish big subject what shall be talked apout to-day, you shall hear vot I ish told you apout it. It shall been give te text in dese few words:—

"But time has passed, those days are gone—
Ay, more, long years have fled!
And lying o'er the little brook
A withered trunk and dead."

Te text shall teld you tat time ish past and long years have gone away, sure enough. If te long years been gone away ten times shall pe passed. Fourth of July shall be gone away; but he shall not pe passed because he shall come back every year. Tey shall call it von Fourth of July ven it shall come back.

Te text shall tell you tat long years have fled. Perhaps tey shall pe fled to Texas, sure enough. Every one tat ish fled shall pe gone to Texas vere tey shall fight to Mexicos. Arter tat tey shall pe fled somevere else, and dat ish all tat vas done, sure enough.

Ten long years shall pe fled ven tey shall have long legs; so tey can pe fled very fast, ven tey shall have te

long legs. I shall have years tat vas fled too like vat never shall pe. Ven I shall pe a young man, ten I shall have years vich shall pe fled now and ish gone all away, sure enough. In tem days, I shall pe one great man among te girls and shall have plenty of sweetheart. I shall pe so handsome and fat as never shall be, in tem days. I shall pe so fat tat all de ladies shall fall in love mit him, and come to court him, and ax him tat he shall marry tem. But he shall vant to marry none but tem vat shall had te monish and von goot house to put him in. Tat shall pe de only vay vat he shall get married. At last he shall find his goot vrow who shall vant him very pad because he shall wore ten pair of preeches in tem days.

Te text ish said he shall lie over te little brook all withered and dead. Very well. Te prooks ish von vater vat shall pelong to te cold vater society, and he shall lie over te little prook all withered and dead ven he shall get drunk and lie teir sure enough. Ven Mynheer Stratton shall see him lay teir, he shall come and pick him up to carry him off add ten he shall pe put in te house of correction, sure enough. Tat shall teach him to lie upon te prooks and get drunk like von hog in te street. He shall lay down dead drunk just like von beast. Very vell, tat shall pe him vat shall lay over te prooks like von tree.

Long years shall run away, and a man shall got drunk and lie over te prooks, and tat shall pe te whole matter. Mynheer Von Staught, Mynheer Von Stacle, and Mynheer Von Grunt shall come to mine house last week to eat dinner, pecause teir vrow shall not cook tem no dinner at home. I shall lick mine vrow ven she shall cooked no dinners, and shall not go to eat up te sour krout of nobody else.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mr. Editor: i spose yu've heered of the wunderful rane stawms wea've had up hear: we had so mutch rane that sum ov the Millurs' men sed tha actually bleaved ther wurd was a goin' for to bee swallowed up by the phlud. Soe tha wos rejoisin bekos tha wood hav there oane way arter oll, and bekos awl the blasfeemers and the scornors wood awl be yoused cupleatleigh.

Simun Juniper, hoo is the biggest Millurite hear, sot to wirk and cut down a hull passle of treez and wos goin to wirk faugh to bild a ark, and he went up 2 C Mistre Jacqueth the karpintur to git him tue higher 001 men to bild the arck. Mistre Jackqueth telled him he wood as live wurk for him as 4 enna uther man, onq he shud lyke fawter noe hoo was gowing to paigh him. Then Simun Juniper telled him it wos noe matter abowt that, as their wood be nough paigh in the kase; beuz the phlud wood distroya 'em awl be4 thair pa wos needed. Jacqueth sed he wood rather not injaige to dew the gob; bkuz iph the phlud shooddent happn to droun him, he wood want ther munneigh, and as know munneigh wood cum, he woodn't git his pa for his wirk, and soe the coodn't triade. Then Simun phlue owt in a dredphul pashion and telled Jacqueth he was an onskrupolus sinnor, becoz he wooddent aggreigh to doo the Lord's wirk, und haou when the flud cum he wood be the verra fust man that woz drouned in the phlud.

As fer the gals up this weigh, they R farela raivin arter husbands. Sum on 'em runs agin a phellur wen u cum out oph church, so as ter git u tu ophur to ger hum with 'em. Sally Widge is the most furse ov awl fur gittin marrid abowt thease times; and she trize to get evvera phellur that she seez.

Pshea cum down to ougher hous to se sister Cordiality the uther nite, and she braught Purseverance Wunder with her; and tha both sot and sot till bed-time, and tha

egspected me to ax to set up with wun on 'em: or mebbe tha thawt i wood ophar ter go hum with um; but i sind oph to bed putty kwic, and sister Cordiality kum up into mi rume tue sea iph i wos goin hum with them gals. ie telled her ie wooddent dao noe sitch a thing, and then tha wos dredful mad; and i heered um jaughin down stares a grate wile abowt me, beuz i woodent go hum with um. Iph tha'd stade at hum, tha woodent hav wantid nobud-da to go home with um uv korse.

Sister Cordiality had to ger hum with um herselph; and eye gess tat diddent git khur tue set up with um. muth-er sais that pshe glories in my spunc, fur pshe doant want meigh tu git marrid to them; but egspects meigh for to hav sum Bosting lady, as tha will be er coughm-ing up heir B4 long, hull lots of um to C the butees oph nater.

I spose u've ol heerd of Susan Peters. She's been courted by Silvenus Wares. Nobody thort that she wood evver git a bo, bekase she wos so pesky cross, but Silvenus had the nack to maik sumthing out of the critter. When he first went their to the house, she woodn't hav nottin' to say to him. She run and hid herself under the bed. Her muther wanted her to hav' sumboddy bekase she etes so much that it costs a grate deel to keep her. So her muther run and cotch holt of wun leig and holled her out from under the bed. When Silvanus seed her muther snaking her into the rume, he run and goddown on his niece and lade his hand on his heart and telled her that he loved her as he did his tue ize.

But her muther bad her by her tue arms holding her fast and so she kicked out at Silvanus with her feet to drive him off. At last they sot her in the arm cheer, and her muther tyed her in the cheer so that she couldn't git away and so as to make her court Silvenus. Then Silvenus sot up close to her and telled her how she took his i

most dredful, and that he wanted to make her his luving wife. Then she spit at him, and he dodged it and axed her if she want ashamed ef herself, and then she busted into tiers and they had a most dredful time of it. When she got to cryin he seed there was sum hoaps, and so he kep on and tocked to her and axed her how she could evver expect to git marrid if she akted so mutch like a heethen. At last she begun to cum round a leetle and her muther held her hands while Silvenus kissed her, and he sed that she was quite sweet, and then she lolled out her tung at him.

That maid Silvenus mad, and he telled her that he wos a good mind to slap her mouth. Arter a while she cum round and sot in Silvenus's lap; so that fokes think they will be a match.

As for me, i've gut a gal that lives up in Pinktown—i've gut that gal bekase she's a peeler. She's as big around as an mare and has got a foot that woodnock a boss down. Sitch a wife as that is worth having bekase their is a plenty of the critter, and she can be of grate yuse to won. She can kill a sheep, and skin him as well as any other man in these parts; and as for rassling, she throwed down a big niggarr the other day jest as easy as nothin at all.

All the other fellers is arter that gal, and her name is Exalted Swamp. Bill Russells, has been arter her and tryin' for to git eer all the time, but she won't hav' nottin' ut all to say to him bekase he's gut small hands. Then their wos a hull lot that went up to see her ou Thanksgiving and she sent 'em all off as fast as they could go, bekase she had true luv in her hart for me; and all the gals is arter me evver sense i got on my salt and pepper cote. Susannah Bush sed that she neuver heered of setch a fine feller in all her hull life, and was cumming up to our house to git akkuainted with sister Cordiality all on

my akkout, but i shant hav' nottin' to do with the gals only jest as fur as to treet 'em with servility wich we otto treet evvery boddy.

JOSHUA V. BRIM.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: I shall give you for te text in dese vords, sure enough:—

"The woods re-echoed as they sang:—
About the old ourang outang."

Dish shall pe von text apout te ourang outang, vich shall pe von big nagur tat shall live in te voods mit hair all over his plack body. Dish shall pe te foolishhest nagur of te whole of te nagurs; for he shall not know how to spehak at all, and he shall pe te stupidest of all te otter nagurs put togedder. I shall see von of tem nagurs, and he shall pe in te museums, sure enough. Ven I shall say how do you do to tat nagur, he shall not answer me nor take off his cap. Who shall pring up tat nagur. I shall never see such nagur.

Ven I shall puy von nagurs to do mine vork, I shall not give three dollars for tat nagurs, pecause he shall peen nagur as shall be got for notting; but otter fokes shall pay more for tat nagur mit hairs tan I shall pay for te nagurs mitout te hairs. Te nagurs mitout de hairs shall be almost like von man ven tey shall spehak to you and shall take off te hat as polite as von ghentlemans sometimes; but te nagurs mit te hairs shall peen brought up in te voods and shall never learn vat shall pe te good manners. It shall pe pecause tey shall never go to church uere you shall learn vat shall pe te goot manners and shall never put von cent into te plate. Ven I shall put mine hand to shake hands mit tat nagur of te woods, he shall open his mouth to bite me, sure enough.

Vat shall be te nagur vat shall bite von minister? I shall like to see such a von in mine country, sure enough. If he shall pe in te museum ven he shall pite von minister, ten he shall be hanged, and te museum shall pe hang-ed too. Tat shall serve him right for pite von minister, sure enough.

Some otter nagur shall have wool on te head like von sheeps, and von long head and long heels. It shall pe von foot on both sides of te leg, so tat ven tey shall go to fite tey shall run backvards ven tey make von retreat. Tey shall not hav te trouble to turn 'round at all, sure enough.

Ven your minister shall run away from te pattles, he shall have te trouble to turn 'round, and shall lose much time in tat vay, and shall make te time so long tat von soldier shall stick von baggonet through his ten pairs of preeches.

Tat nagur of te voods shall sot himself for von show and tey shall give more to see tat plack nagur mit hair all over his pody tan to see your minister mit ten pair of preeches and hear te preach all togedder. You shall put in more monish to see tat nagur tan you shall put into te plate to hear te preach. I vish shall pe von nagur in te voods, yourself.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: Your 'spected preacher hab provi-ded de follerin' text for dis oilfactory 'casion, dat will de-rogotate for your edication in de clamorous words ob de architect and 'posse Dan'el Webster;

"Hear ye! hear ye! whereas certain persons
have stolen a pig!"

De text begins wid de words, hear he, bekase sum fokes

are so deaf dat dey can't hear; and it is a true word dat "nobody is so deaf as dem dat can't hear." De word is 'peated twice in de beginnin' ob de text, bekase somebody hab not heered dem de fust time, and if dey don't hear dem de second time, dey may go widout. De text 'lude to de fack dat somebody hab stole a pig—tink ob dat—sumbody hab took away one ob de swine genious widout axing leab ob de owner heseff. Darfore a pig hab been 'tole 'cording to de text; dis is a solemn warnin' to dis congregation ob color to be keerful how dey 'teal pigs, as de law is berry 'ticklar on dis subjeck.

De uses ob de pig is warious and ob warious kinds. You make sassage ob pig—you make head cheese ob pig, and you eat pickled pigs' feet. If you cum honestly by a pig, den you 'joy a pig; but if you hook him, you tink de sassage is made ob dog, and dat de head cheese is made ob Morphy chess-boards. Darfore all flesh is grass, and pig is grass too, only de fat which is on pig, and dat is taller.

Your 'spected preacher 'joy roast pig berry well, 'kase he pay for him, and use de money dat is in de hat. Suckin' pigs' feet edify him and do good to de inner man; darfore your 'spected preacher 'mine de pig.

Your 'spected preacher must now put de question wedder any ob dis congregation ob color eber stole a pig? dar is a gemman ob color libbing in Charlestown dat hab lost a pig, and he tink it hab ben 'toled. He 'quest your 'spected preacher to 'quire ob dis conjugation ob color if any ob dem hab took de ting away.

Any one dat hab 'tole dat pig, will please to hold up dar right hand.

Nobody hold up de hand; dat show dar bringin' up. If you hab 'tole de pig, I 'quest you to say de truff. What! do you tink dat nobody 'teal de pig? do you tink he went away widout hands?

Now I tell you 'bout dat ting: dar is a 'pinion on dis subjeck, 'spressed by de brudder dat lost de pig. He tink dat Mary Jonsing and Jim Phillips hab took dat pig. You needn't turn up de wite ob your eye and pout at your 'spected preacher. You am 'spected to hab took de pig, and I ax you to prove yourseff innocent 'fore I blieve yer. In de fust place, when the bereaved brudder shut up his pen, he counted de pigs, and dar was seben in de pen. In dar was one little ring-tail pig dat he notiss in a 'ticklar manner. Dat pig had been complainin' ob want ob appetite for two or tree week and wood eat nossin but cabbage-stalks: darfore de colored gemman dat owned him took 'ticklar notiss ob dat pig. Next mornin' he was gone out ob de pen. He racolleck dat he see Mary Jonsing an' Jim Philips go up de street toward de monument late in de ebening. Dey was talkin' and laffin' loud onbecuming for two members ob dis church. A wite fellur dat lib by de place, heah a pig 'queal about twelve o'clock in de night. He look out de winder and see sumbody gwoine off wid a bag on dar shoulder. Tony Jumbo meet de same person; it was so dark he coodn't see the bag, and he coodn't tell wedder it was a man or one of the fair sec' only he was sure it looked berry much like Mary Jonsing. De white fellers tort dat it looked like Jim Philips. Now dem two ob color is called upon to prove dar innocence rite off.

Cesar is 'quested to stop dem two delinquents if dey go to de sullar wid pigs head or anyting of that sort to sell. It is sposed dey will set up de sassage bizness wid de pig. Everybody is 'quested to 'quire into de 'ticklars and try to convict dem if dey can.

Now I'm gwoine to 'prove upon de 'hole. De 'criptur tell you not to 'teal. What you tink will cum ob you if you steal; dat is de question for you to tink about; and now I am gwoine to Fresh Pond on de Fourf of July.

We shall hab a piek nack in dat place under de trees: an invitation has ben sent to Massa Greely to cum and take a bowl ob clam soup wid us.

Ebery one will carry dar dinner and bottle ob root-beer in his pocket. Cesar will now pass 'round de hat.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mr. Editor: We had a grate prodigious experience up hear in the most wonderful things and we believe that our villidge will take the leed herearter in everything, for this is 'mazing to every boddy in these parts.

It was a man that cum hear for to lectur. He is the greatest jintleman in the hull world. You ought to a scene the close he had on. Mister Flink who is a clark in the store, sed he wood hav' a cote maid rite off arter his pattern. The minister axed him to his house to dinner, and all the gals was fritened to death. He gin out that he was goin' for to lectur on animal magnetics. No boddy noed what that was; but we all noed it must be sumthin' dredful, bekase it had such a wunderful curious name. So he went all 'round to the housens, with the minister and the ckool master and he was introduced everry ware by them, and he axed 'em all to cum to his lectur. So evvery body was afeared to speak to him, and the men sed they'd cum to the lectur in coarse, and the gals curched and sed, "yes sir."

Then he went and highered the town hall for to deliver the lectur, and when the times cum, evvery boddy sot out to go their. Our gals was in a dredful teaze. There was Sophia, she didn't noe which gowud she aught to ware, and as for Consideration, she thawt she must borrow a new silk of the ministers darter, but that gal had only one new silk, and she wanted that to ware herself. So sister Consideration was obleeged to ware the best calico she had gut.

All the fokes byumby crowded into the plaise, and then the man that lectured got up to the desk and he begin to tock and he red it all off a peace of paper. They all sed it wos iligant, and we couldn't understand a word of it, bekase it was so high-larn't, but the minister explained it all to us arterward.

He sed that the lectur was all about the way to put fokes in sleep. He sed it was very hulsome bekase sumtimes you couldn't git to sleep, and another sed she gessed the minister was sumthin' of a magnettic's himself, for when he preeched his sarmont, she always felt pesky sleepy.

Arter this big jintleman was dun lecturin', he axed a little boy that was with him to set in a cheer, and then he set down before the boy, and he maid up the most dredful faces, like a mad bull when he is goin to put his horns into you. He went on that way till he skeered the boy to sleep. And the boy sot stock still like a post, and then he trod on the boy's foot and he didn't start a bit, and then he held out the boy's arm and you couldn't bend it.

Then Aunt Patience jumpt up and sed it was witchcraft, and she wouldn't have any sich things dun, if there wos any law in the villidge. Then the lecturer preeched a hull passle of high-larnt to Aunt Patience, and sed he wos surprised that so beautiful a woman as Aunt Patience should git into sich a passion, and he splained it all to her, and that Aunt Patience was as good natured as a soaped eel bekase she likes to be praised for her beauty and to be called a fare seck, tho' none of us ever corted her yit nor telled her about her handsumness.

Arter that he wanted to put a gal to sleep, and he cum along to sister Consideration bekase she lookt at him so sharp, and he axed her to cum up and be put to sleep, and she squeeled and run off and hid behind mother. He

chased her a good while, but couldn't ketch her. Then he went arter Charity Whipple and she didn't run so fast as sister Consideration. So he cotch her, and carried her op to the desk. So he sot down and lookt at her and maid up all sorts of faces, and she couldn't go to sleep for laffing. She stuck her finger in her mouth and turned her head to look at her bo and then she snorted out a laffing, and then her bo he busted rite out tue.

Arter a wile, every body got tired, when they purseev-ed that she wouldn't go to sleep, and so they begin to bundle out and go home, and i tuck Sally Haninel up behind me on the hoss and away we rid hum to her house, and when we went in, i begun to try to put her to sleep. So i sot and lookt at her in the eyes and she lookt at me til she sed she felt wonderful curious, and begun to hug me and kiss me. O lordy! how skeered i wos then! i hopt up and run, and got my hat and cleered for hum as hard as i could go, and that's the last time i ever tried to maggittize the gals, for feer i should be hab up for witchcraft, seein' thot it maid 'em so dredful strange.

Yourn to sarve,

EZEKIEL DANIELS.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Bellubbed Bruddren: On dis 'ticklar 'casion, your 'spected preacher will erudite upon de follerin' 'portant conjunction ob de 'posse Saltpetre:

"Bubble, Bubble!
Toil and trouble."

Here is four diwisions; de 'wision ob bubble is diwided into two ob dem; and de todder is diwided into toil and trouble, which hab nefarious diwisions and sub-diwisions and propogations.

Fust is bubble. A bubble is made of water and sometimes he am made ob someting else. A bubble 'tand on top of de water like a little house wid a round top. Now dar is two bubbles in de text; de fust bubble is bubble, and de todder is bubble too—and so dat makes two bubbles.

Dese two am toil and trouble, and dat 'lude to making 'lasses candy. Rachel Mones is 'ployed in de business, and she find it all toil and trouble. In de fust place, she hab to giv de boys sticks to go down to de wharf and get de 'lasses out ob de hoxit dar. They bring it home, and den she hab to pay dem and bile um. She put de 'lasses into de dust-pan and set um on de fire, den she 'bliged to stir him till he bile up, and den he bile up agin. She den is 'bliged to keep him from biling over, and dat is bubble 'cordin' to de text.

In biling clam soup dar is also bubble, toil and trouble, fust you hav' to put on de water to bile, den you peel de 'taters and cut him into slice, den you put in de clam an' bile dem all wid red pepper. All dis 'quire toil and trouble; and you tink dat Cesar can afford to trust you for all dem ting, and bit ob lobster into de bargain. It is toil and trouble to make clam soup and he 'spect to get pay for him—dat is de fourf diwision ob de text.

In de next place, your 'spected preacher hab grate toil and trouble to 'splode de bubbles ob his text and gib you saxifaction in de 'spounding of de word. He 'specks to be paid for all dis toil and trouble, and dat you put money in de hat.

Fiffly is de trouble ob tryin' to wash a colored gemman white. To 'form dis operation, you hab to use grate deal ob soap and scrubbin'-brush. You find it is berry hard work. Berry few niggars hab ben washed white. Wool can be got off by using a little powdered lime; but it is berry hard to 'traighten it out.

Your 'spected preacher hab been 'quested to 'stablish a library belongin' to dis church, for de purpose to 'prove your mind in larnin' out ob books, and hopes dat dey will prewent de niggars gals from spendin' dar time runnin' 'bout de 'treets.

All dem poppylashun ob color dat hab books will leav' dem inde sullar, to de keer ob Cesar. We hab got a Almanac for de year 1840, and we hab got de history ob Blue Bad in two wollumns, and a Jim Crow song book. Besides dese, we hab got some old newspapers and two or tree new year address dat hab ben kindly furnished by Peter Jumbo who blacks boot in de sullar.

All dese precious wollums will be hired out to de members ob dis church, for de perusal of people ob color.

A raffle will take place in dis house, on de forty-fust day of nixt July, when de follerin' tings will be raffled for—one flannel petticoat, two cards of gingerbread dat has been in de sullar ever since Cesar took possession, I side of a pare of belluses, a turcle-shell comb widout de teef which has been broke off, a pearl handled knife widout de handle, a beautiful story book wid all de leaves tore out, and a pare ob breeches widout any legs.

De raffle will begin at haff past ten o'clock arter wich dey will 'journ to de sullar and partake ob a elegant col-oration wich ebervy one will bring dar wittles darseff in his pocket and suit hisseff.

On de next day, in de arternoon your 'spected preacher and six odder gemmen ob color will go to de back side of Bunker Hill to play at de game ob leap-frog. We expect you to put 'nuff munny in de hat to pay de axpense of riding in de stage of your 'spected preacher and de tod-der gents of color.

On de sebenteenth of June we shall hold a fast in dis church on 'count of the wictory ob New Orleans wich was gained by jeneral Washington. On dat 'casion your 'spec-

ted preacher will deliber a speech on de beauties ob lite-ration, and take up a collection in de hat.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: I shall give you von text, vat you shall hear in dish vords:—

"They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems."

Te text tell you of te first love. Ah! your minister shall know very well what tat shall pe, tat first love. He shall remember te first time tat he shall love sure enough. It shall pe ven lady in mine own country—in te Hollands sure enough vere he shall love. I shall see in te house of dish lady a plenty of cabbage, and cold slaw, and pot cheese, and I shall know tat she ish got a plenty of goot clothes, and horses and cow. Ten I shall fall in love wit dat lady, and it shall pe te fust love, pecause I shall love te pot cheese and te schnapps in te house of tat lady, more petter as I shall love any more schnapps and pot cheese. So you shall see. Tat shall outlive all after dreams. I shall dream apout nothig else only tat lady mit te goot pot cheese and schnapps, sure enough. I shall remember tat fust love venever I shall see pot cheese or cold slaw or schnapps. But I shall forget te lady her self, pecause she shall get married to Mynheer Schraup of Amsterdam, and I shall not think of her; but te fust love shall not forget te schnapps and cabbage.

Te otter part of te text shall told you tat von great grief you shall remember long too, just te same. Oh! tat ish te ting, sure enough. I shall have von great grief vich I shall remember a great vile too. It shall pe ven I shall be von young man, and teir ish von otter young man

who ish had a plenty of schnapps in his cellar, and I shall think to get acquainted mit tat young man sure enough. I shall wish to know him on account of te schnapps, vich is very goot ven you shall be asked to trink vitout paying no monish, sure enough.

Te say I shall try to get acquainted mit tat young man I shall often see him speak to von young voman, and shall think it ish his own sister. So von day I shall see dish young voman carry von basket on her head, and I shall run to her and make her very low bow, and shall ask to carry te basket, sure enough. She shall say, "O, yes—you shall carry te basket on your head too." Ten I shall take up te basket and put it on mine head, and ish carry te basket along te street and she shall valk by mine side. At last ve shall see te young man vat I shall think is te brother, and he shall pe te sweetheart, and not te brother at all. He shall ax me vot I shall speak to tat young voman, and shall nock me down mit te basket and kick me very bad. Oh! I shall never forget tat grief, how I shall pe kicked by te fellow tat own all te schnapps.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: De text dat your 'spected preacher hab chose for dis 'portani 'casion am found in dese words ob de 'possible Barrabas:—

"There was an old man in a velvet coat.
He kissed his maid and gave her a groat;
The groat was cracked and wouldn't go;
Wasn't he a rogue to serve her so?"

Dis text am berry portant in de meanin' ob de same, which is berry 'ticklar to your eddication; it is de part ob your 'spected preacher to 'pound it for you. And it is your part to 'tend to what your 'spected preacher tell you.

Dis text is diwided into fifty-tree parts, and dem parts diwided into sebenteen diwisions, and dem diwisions is diwided into forty-five sub-diwisions. When you get home you must 'member de text, and 'lapse all de diwisions in your mind, or you will neber sabe your sins.

What youttink is de old man in dewelvet coat? Ha! now I got you fast! You can't tell him, hey? Dat shows how you was brought up. You nebber know nossin widout I tell him to you. You better go out ob de church, and let somebody come in dat can undertan' de words ob your 'spected preacher.

Dis ole man in de welvet coat is dat whiteheaded niggardat libs up in Cat Alley. He had a gal to lib wid him, who was called Porcia Emeline Clarissa-Ann Congo. She was about my color, only about seben shades blacker. She wasn't so dark complected as dat little hump-backed nigger dat sets on top ob de 'tove, and she would hab been a good lookin' wench only she had cross-eyes, and one leg was shorter dan de todder, and todder was longer dan de todder.

She had six fingers on one hand and todder hand was de biggest. Besides, she had a wooden leg made ob cork. Her nose had been bit off in a fite that she had wid Luke Johnson's sister, and her front teeth was knocked out. But she made up for dat, bekase she had two eye-teeth dat was twice as long as todder teeth and stuck out ob her mouth. So dat she showed she had as much ivory as odder fokes, and made up in de eye-teeth what she 'lacked in front teeth.

Dat white-headed niggardat hired her is named Solomon, and he wears a welvet coat when eber he can get one, which is not perry often. He seed dis maid, one day 'tandin' in de entry, and he went up to her, and says he, "lubly, Miss Porcia Emeline Clarissa Ann, I 'mire you berry much." Den he laid his hand on his belly whar his

heart is, ob course, and he lookt at her so kinder sly dat she felt her soff' bosom all in a flame ob fire. Den he beg de favor to squeeze her sweet lip again his own, and she was so modest dat she lookt right down and didn't say a word.

Den he tried to kiss her on de lips, and one ob dem eye-teeth stuck into his cheek, and made him jump right up in de air.

Den she was so skeered dat she run up to put a plaster on de place whar he was 'cratched; and she knocked her cork leg agin his shin; and den he was dredful 'larmed sure enough, and thought dat he was dead.

So he turned her out ob de house, and when she went to him for her wages, he 'gin her a fourpence happenny; and when she went to de sullar to get bowl ob clam soup Cesar found dat it was a tin fourpence.

Dis was berry bad for a 'spectable gal ob color like dis dark-complected young lady, and she come and told your 'spected preacher. So your 'spected preacher couldn't do nossin for her, and she leff de tin fourpence wid your 'spected preacher, and he passed it off to white fokes for crab, ober to Charlestown.

Your 'spected preacher had been 'quested to ax de prayers ob dis congregation ob color for Nancy Philips and Obed Jumbo who hab taken darsseff for better and wuss in de hands ob widelocks, and as boff ob dem tink dey hab run a great risk in marryin de odder, dey 'quest de prayers ob dis congregation ob color.

Your 'spected preacher was a 'wited guess at de weddin', and he hab 'ticklar obserwation ob de lubly bride. She look blooming as de blossoms in autumn when de fruit is ripe for de sickle; and on one 'portant 'casion, she faint away when she cotch sight ob dat short niggarr what use to court her—the same one dat she 'gin de bag tree months ago, bekase he 'fuse to buy her kid glove. She

faint away in de arms ob your 'spected preacher and she kicked so dat your 'spected preacher couldn't hold her up and he was 'bliged to let go, and den she cum to herseff right off, bekase she didn't want to fall on de floor.

Darfore dat is de 'provement on de 'hole and Cesar will pass 'round de hat.

Dar will be a raffle in dis house on de thirty second day ob dis month, when your 'spected preacher will expose of a pair ob white-top boot. Arter dat Cesar Wid-geon will hab a raffle for a pair ob flannel drawers.

YANKEE LETTER.

Respectful Sir: their is a thing that has cum up heah to this villedge, and it is cawled a minnadgeory! There is thousands and thousands of venemous beastesses and tha ar awl in kages except sum two-legged hairy things wich are cawled munkeys. I took sister Jerusha their, and Patience, and both of them was dredful tickled. The wild beastesses lookt so quere that they kepp 'em a laffin' the hull time. But they lookt at the munkeys the most, be kase they had such funny ways about them, they had little hands, and did all sorts o' things with there hands so funney. They wood run 'round on there hands and feet, and jump like nothin' at all. Then they wood turn over, and lay down, and jump over theirselves and turn 'round and clime up a rope, and ete things and they held 'em in there hands like fokes when they ete a appel.

The biggest thing was named L. E. Fant. He was ug-lay as sin and as big as a tree. He had a long thing like a pesky grate horn onla he cood twist it about like a cork-screw, and they purtended that it wos his trunks. I wanted farther to by him to plow with, but he sed they axed tue mutch for him.

There was another cretur and it lookt like a pesky big

goose and they called it a graft. I spose it was bekase the cretur had ben grafted; for his neck diddent belong tu his little short body, and i thort it had ben tuk oph of sum other animale and grafted on to his body. He 'pear-ed to be of no sort of use only to look over fences, tho' he mite hav' ben sot up on top of a meetin'-house for a steeple.

Then ther was a spotted leprosy and he was dredful furse. i never seed one be4, though i've red of 'em in the scripters.

Their was a lyon ther in a big kage with up and down sticks to it, and so this lyon lookt at me with his two ize, as if i owed him sumtnin' tho' i'd never seed the critter be4. When i went along by his cage he stuck out his por threw the sticks, and cotched hold of my sholder and tore my nae cote haff off.

Patience was so mad she diddent noe what tu doo, and she was going to lick the lyon with a stick, but he lookt at her and maid a kinder noyse and she cleered out pretty quick and went back to the mukeys, for she coodent keep her ize off of them, they was so funny in all their do-in's.

*Patience axed the man that oaned these beastesses tu lend me his cote to ware home, bekase his lyon had tore mine, but he vowed he wooddent do it, and so i was obliged to go hum jest as i was, wich maid me verey mad, bekase we met Ruth Dobbins, the gal that i'm payin' attention tue. She lookt at my cote all tore to peaces and she only haff spoke to me, which i took very unkind as i had treated her to as much gingerbred as she cood ete, only a weak be4 that day.

Sighlass Wilcox has gut married. He married Susan Richardson. Praps you've heered on her. She was the gal that slapt Joe Tomson in the chops at a bawl the other nite, and that maid Sighlas fall in luv with her, on ak-kount of her spunk

All the gals send there luv to you and hoap to see you up heer when peaches are reype. You may hav all yew can ete, if its a bushel. Muther wishes you'll put the price of stockins in your paper, as she wants to by a pare for Jeemes, and meens to send to Bostown arter 'em, wen farther was in town last spring, he got a bad fopence of a man down by the Funny Hall, where they hav a mark-it. He wants you shood go down and git a good one and send it up to him.

All the gals up hear is ravin' arter youre paper and tha want to noe if you won't send it up to them, as tha spose you want to distriobet it round like, for that is the way they duz tracks, and they sai that when you git the tipes sot, it don't cost nothin' to print the paper. G. S.

ENN BEE. Does you noe a man in a gray cote that livs in Bostown i wish you wood tell him that farther wood liee to see him about that dung-hill fowl he wanted to cell him, praps farther will by it, if he will cum up hear and trade.

Postscript. If there's any gals in Bostown that wood like to git married, you may tell 'em that their's a plenty of fellers hear that wood like to be married too, and if they'll rite to us we'll send the boys down to 'em.

Yours to sarve,

GIDEON SHOOKS

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall take dish text to-day:—

"Our earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflowed,
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide extended field of blood."

Dis text shall tell you apout te vickedness all over te

world. Tat shall show you tat you shall vant plenty of preach to put away te wickedness.

Te text shall told you tat he lament to see te earth; if he shut up von of both his eyes, he shall not see it, sure enough. He shall not like to see te earth ven it shall be overspread.

In de first place, it shall be overspread mit wickedness. Tat shall pe te preaking te sabbath ven you shall not come to church to put your monish into te plate. It shall ye von very big wickedness tat shall overspread te whole land. It shall pe von piece of bread ven you ish spread te butter all over te bread. Dish wickedness ish spread over te whole world like te carpets on te floor. It shall be called "floods of wickedness." Te wickedness shall pe floods; tat ish like te time tey shall build up te ark and put in te floods ven it shall rain like not never shall pe.

Te text shall ax you cruelty, violence, and wrong. It shall be very bad to have wrong too, ven you had cruelty and violence pefore. Vat shall pe te cruelty? It ish been cruelty ven you shall get te milk tat you vas bought and shall find it half vater, sure enough. Tat shall pe von of te cruelties. It shall pe cruelties ven your schnapps shall pe bad gin mit water in it, and ven you shali broke your schmoke pipe.

Te violence is very pad too. It shall be violence ven you shall have a yrow tat shall take up te broomsticks. Tat ish violence in te house. Violence outside of te house shall pe ven te dogs shall chase you in te street and shall catch you mit te teeth in te legs and tear three pair of trowsers.

But te text shall told you tat teir shall pe wrong be. Vat shall pe te wrong? It shall pe wrong ven your clock ish run down and give te wrong time. It shall pe ven tey shall charge too much against von mit piece of chalk

in te tavern. It shall pe all wrong, sure enough. Teir is much of tat wrong, and violence, and cruelty, and te world shall pe covered all over mid floods, and shall pe "von vide extended field ob blood." Tat shall pe te slaughter-house vere ish all over blood. Ven you walk in te street be careful you shall not slip down pecause it shall pe blood all over te world.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis 'ticklar and 'portant occasion, your spected preacher will abrogate and delectate on de follerin' text ob 'cripter, from de 'possle Dinah ob de Feezhans:

"Strange that such a difference there should be
"Twixt tweedle dum and tweedle-dee!"

Dis is diwided into fifty parts; arter dat it is diwided into two parts; de fifty two parts is too tedious to mention. Now, we will take hold ob de two parts—dey are tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. De fust part ob de one is like de todder, and de fust part ob de todder is like de todder. Boff am tweedle in de beginning, and de fust one is *dum* in de ending and de todder is *dee* in de endin'. But de text tell you it is berry 'trange dat dey aint boff alike; dey might as well hab been de same ting. It must hab ben made by white fokes and darfore dey hab um different. But de text is 'stonished bekase dey is boff different. Darfore, you must find out what is dese words? Your 'spected preacher hab lookt in de dictionary and he can't find dem; dis is bekase dey hab speritual meanin's and must be 'splained by your 'spected preacher. Tweedle-dum 'ply to de sullar kepp by Cesar Widgeon, and tweedle-dee 'ply to de sullar dat is kepp by Peter Widgeon.

Now it is berry strange dar should be so much difference 'tween de two. In de sullar ob Cesar you get clam

soup for fourpence; and in the sullar ob Peter, you hab to pay a fourpence too, but you get no cracker in de soup. Tree cents is charged for root-beer in Peter's sullar, and don't blow off de froff from de top; but dey charge de same price in Cesar's and blow off de froff into de bargain—grate difference is 'tween de quantity when de tumbler is haff full of froff.

* De froff is the third diwision ob de text; froff ob root-beer is speritual and 'lude to de speeches in 'lection time. *Speeches is de froff, and de lectur's ob your 'spected preacher is de beer.

De fourf diwision 'lude to dat report lass week about your 'spected preacher and Clarissa Sims. It was spread by Emeline Mones, Miss Jane Porel, and Phillis Jumbo. Dey purtend dat your 'spected preacher pay 'sclusive 'tention to Clarissa wich am false in de fust place; de 'ticklar particklars in dis conjunction am in de follerin' manner: dey say dat Clarissa took your 'spected preacher on a 'skursion of pleasure, and dat dey hired a hoss and shay to go down to Nahant. It is also said dat your preacher pop de question to Clarissa and dat she 'fuse your 'spected preacher—de fax am dese: your 'spected preacher put his arm 'round de neck of Clarissa, and she gaped and opened her mouf like a duck and lookt at your 'spected preacher wid her eye in de most 'fectin manner. Your 'spected preacher was feared dat she was gwoine to faint and he begun to fan her wid his handkercher; den she say dat nossin was de matter only she feared dat de sun would spile her 'plexion. Dat was all dat passed on dat 'portant 'asion, and she nebber 'fuse your 'spected preacher bekase he nebber ax her to hab him—dat is de truff.

De prayers ob dis congregation ob color is 'quested for Eliza Pinkum who wants a husband berry bad and can't get none. So your 'spected preacher offers a reward ob one biled lobster and bowl ob clam soup to any gemman ob color dat will find a husband for Miss 'Liza.

Now I'm gwoine to 'prove upon de 'hole, when musquetoe bite you on de nose, it is tweedle-dum. When he bite you on de ear, it is tweedle dee. Dar is de obvious difference.

Cesar hab got a passle ob redishes in his sullar; dey is ripe and mellor as a peach. He charge one cent a bunch to de poppylashun ob color; and two cent a bunch to wite fokes. Niggars gals is 'quested not to 'teal onions from de sullar when dey pass out and in.

Your 'spected preacher am 'quested to make de observation dat sister Flunks will hab her bawl on two weeks is a Sunday in de arternoon at twelve o'clock concisely. All dem dat wish to cum will leave dar name in de sullar wid de money for de tickets wich will be giben out at de door. Luke Johnson will not be 'mitted to de bawl 'cept he get a new coat, as his elbow 'tick out berry exceedin'ly.

On dis 'ticklar 'asion de hat will be passed 'round by July Tucker, in de hopes dat you will put in more money when a lady ob color takes 'round de hat; all dem dat puts in a fourpence apeace is 'titled to a 'tick of 'lasses candy.

July now will pass 'round de hat, and I hope dat dis congregation will gib sumting to dis lubly lady of color.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mr. Editor: They has a monstracions, dredful thing happent up hear, it is a old woman that is a witch! i never seed won be4, and never noed what a witch was till i sead her.

We was awl settin' down to super when Abagil Peck cum rite in, and sez she—'Seir's gitting to be grate do-in's in this burrhude, i never heered of sitch wickedness."

Then muther sot down the t-pot, and lookt rite at her, and held up both her hands and sez she—"mercy on me! what has happened now, and what is it that is to pay, sure enuff?"

Then we left off etein' to see what was the matter. Then Abagill pulled oph her bunnet and lade on the arm cheer, and she sot up close to mother and sez she—"i thort it was bad enuff when Lucy Brown got into a scrape with that Aldritch feller; but there's sumthing wuss than that now!"

"Law suz-a-daisy!" sez mother—"is it possible that this miller book has cum true, and we're all goin' to be burnt up?"

"No, it's sumthin' wuss than that!" said Abagill, "it is a which!"

"A what?" sez mother.

"A which!" sez she.

"Well, now, did you ever?" sez mother, "and a dredful thing is this which i'll be bound to say,"—sez mother, "what is a which like?"

"Why it's that old Dinah Spooner," sez Abigall, "and a horrid thing it is. It's a woman that has a sperritt in side of her."

"A woman with a sperritt inside of her," sez mother. "O dredfull and what does this sperritt do there? Is there no weigh to git it out?"

"Yes, they say theirs a weigh," sez Abigall—"if you draw out six ounces of her blood and hav' it all biled away in a skillet, it will kill the evil one and her too."

Then Abigall went on to tell about the which, and how their was noises maid, and how the lites burnt blew, and a gray cat was seen settin' in her winder every day at 21 o'clock. Then he telled how Mr. Richardson's children had been bewitched by her and had red pimples broke out all over there face and hands. The doctor sed

they was poisoned by goin' into the swamp, but Abagill sez she don't think it is pison at all. She thinks they are bewitched by this old missus Spooner, 'specially when the cat was see, tother day, playin' with won of Mistur Richardson's children.

Soon as ever Abagill telled us this, we wos all of a trimble for fear of bein' bewitched, and sister Dorothy sed she began to feel strange, and so mother and Abagill looked over her face and neck, and true enuff, they found a pimpal jest under her ear. Then Abagill held up both hands and sed that the which aught to be shot rite off, for she didn't bleève but what the sperritt that wos in her had ben bewitched, and then sister busted rite out a crying, and mother and Abagill axed her what aled her, and she sed that tother day, when she was goin' cross lots, there was a cat that run down into the holler amungst the bushes and she seed her as plane as day.

Then we wos all skeered to deth, for sister had seed a cat and had got a pimpal under her ear, and we noed she wos bewitched sure enuff. So farther put on his hat and cote and sot out to go rite up to the minister and ax him to cum down to the house. Mother begged him not to venture his life by goin' out of doors when ther wos a which in the villidge; but he sed it was his duty and when anything wos his duty he won't afeered of northing. So he went up and brought down the minister.

The minister heered what Abagill and mother sed, and then he lookt at the pimpel under sister's ear and axed her how long it had ben their, and she couldn't tell; but she told about the cat that she seen when she wos crossing the lot.

The minister lookt very serious, and arter a wile, he sed he dien't bleève that Missus Spooner wos a which, but he told sister it ought to be a warning to her, and teeched her to consider her latter end.

Then the minister went hum agin, and Abagill, she sed that the doctor and the minister had larning and sot up upon it; but she noed that Missus Spooner wos a which, for she had bewitched Mistur Richardson's children.

We all concluded to set up that nite and watch, and we called in tue neighbors to set up with us, and won on 'em was Mister Pussy, the sope biler, and he sed that their ought to be a town meetin' called to see about it, and he sed that he felt a kinder strange himself ever sense he had heered about the which, and he bleeved he seed a cat a week be4. Then he telled a most beautiful story about a woman away up to the country wher he lived when he was a 'prentiss, and how she wos bewitched and every time she saw a cat, she sed her prayers till it cured her.

Nixt day, we got a few fokes to go over to Missus Spooner's with us, and we peaked at her while she was washin' out her apurn, and every one sed she acted proper strange, and she kepp wipin her forrid with a handkercher, though there wasn't a drop of swett to be seen on it. We dassent speek to her, but we lookt at her as much as haff an our, and farther sez that sumthing aught to be dun about it, and if she has got a sperritt, it ought to be perjured to cum out of her.

Yours to serve.

NICHOLAS PETERS.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall give you von text to-day, vot you shall hear rite off:—

"Hark! bark! the dogs bark,
The beggars come to town;
Some in rags, some in tags,
Some in old velvet gowns."

Dish is von verry Yankee text. It shall tell you tat te togs shall bark. You shall see tem bark on Sunday too. Vat for you shall let te togs park on Sunday in dish place? Te text tell you tey shall park at te peggars, as ish come to town. Oh! it shall pe te beggars, sure enough, as shall make te togs bark. Ven te peggars, shall sed stuboy to te togs, ten tey shall park like von pig cannon ball in te house. Dey shall make so much noise vot never shall vash peen.

Te peggars comes to town in te rags, and ten te dogs ish park sure enough, pecause tey shall see te rags. Tey

shall think te rags ish von flag flying ven tey shall park. In mine country, tey shall put te beggars into te prisons mit teir rags; but in dish country, tey shall let te peggars disturb all te togs, sure enough. In mine country, te togs shall park, ven te sogers shall come to town, and teir shall pe no beggars only shut up in te prisons. Tey shall know vat to do vith te peggars in mine country. Ven te tog shall see von beggar teir, he shall not park, but he shall pite te peggars. Te Yankee dog shall try to pite von gentlemen. Your minister shall be going along te street, ven von Yankee tog shall come out and take hold of his leg mit his teeth; but he shall not do nothing only to tear te preeches von little pits. He shall stick in his teeth like von fool vere tere shall pe ten pairs of preeches. His teeth shall pe as long as te long embargo, before tey shall reach through all te preeches, sure enough.

Your minister shall go up three pair of stairs, to see te man vat shall own te tog, and ax te dog to be killed; and te man vash ax your minister if he shall sell sausages, tat he shall vant von dead dog. So your minister shall go away mit contempt at such a dog as tat an te owner of te tog. In mine country, if von man shall say such ting to a minister, you shall put him in te prisons, and his dog too, sure enough. Teir tey shall know how to speak to von minister more petter as dat. All tem peoples tat ish not good shall pe made goot ven tey shall come to church. Hol tat shall pe te country vere your minister shall live! If you shall have te Dutch soldiers to come over here to fite for you mit te Mexicans, ten you shall do something. Tey vil go teir to Mexicos mit te pipes and schmoke tem all out of teir place. But te Yankees shall never do notting. Tey shall all run away rite off ten tey shall see te bullets fly at teir head.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: I shall heard of te young gemman vot you shall call Tom Fiddle-faddle, as shall know more as his fadder and mudder boff alike, sure enough. But your minister shall pe more as dad; he shall know, and you shall put von monish in te plate to pay for such:—

"Johnny boy, I'll see you righted,
Johnny boy, my fellow."

Dish text shall told you apout Johnny boy, who shall be some big gentlemen, vot he shall got into troubles, and shall see you righted. Johnny boy shall pe von fellow too. Tat shall pe von tat he shall. But he shall pe righted for all his troubles. Te vay tat you shall pe righted, I shall tell you very soon. If you shall go into von house, and ask for von glass of schnapps, and tey shall give you some poor gin, instead of te Hollands, ten you shall preak te pottle over his head. If you shall came to church every day, and shall put notting in te plate, ten if you shall come and put in von white dollar, ten your minister shall pe righted like vot never shall pe. Tat ish te vay tat you shall make it all right mit your minister, sure enough. Ven your vrow shall give you cold coffee in te morning, and you shall upset te tea-kettle over te floor and hit your vrow on te head mit te tea-cups, ten you shall pe righted for te cold coffee, sure enough.

I shall pe righted in mine own country a great many times, as never shall pe so often. Tat shall pe te countries vere you shall pe righted. If any one shall look at you teir, you shall go to von burgomaster and tell him, and he shall right away, put te fellows in te prisons sure enough; and if he shall pe saucy ven he ish going teir, he shall have te brains knocked out mit a sword.

Now ve shall had dish church righted right too. Ve shall hae te place vitevashed, pecause te flies shall come on te walls mit teir nonsense, and teir ish plenty of spi-

ders in te corners of te walls, as I never shall see. Ve shall have von committees to see te house all cleaned up, and you shall put von pottle of good Hollands in te pulpit, vere I shall take von trinks ven I shall pe dry. It shall help along te preach very much, to take one little schnapps, once in a while, sure enough.

Now you shall pass round te plate, and remember to put in all te monish you can spare for te minister, who ish more goot as you.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: You shall have te text, vich I shall give you in tese vords:—

'Here's to the wind that blows,
The ship that goes
And the lass that loves a sailor'

It shall be a text, for vat shall you call him—vat shall you call him ven you shall pe gone for te doctor—Oh! I tink it shall pe for health. Ven you shall trink te health, den you shall speach te text. You trink one health to te wind tat blows; but you shall not trink te health of te wind tat shall not blows—Tat ish te von health, ish to te wind.—But te wind shall not stop to hear you, because he shall pe always going fast, and shall make so much noise himself, he shall never hear vat you shall said to him.

Te otter health ish petter as that, and shall pe to te health of te ship vich shall go. Te ship shall vent, because te wind shall went too. You shall trink von goot health to te ship den, because te ship shall go ven te wind shall blow, but tat shall pe no health to te shteam poats vich shall not go ven te winds shall plow, because tey shall not care for te winds no more tan von house, which shall not sail on te land, ven te winds shall plow sure enough. But te other ships vich shall not pe von shteam poat, ish going all te time ven te wind shall blow as never shall be. Hein!

Te otter health shall been to te lass tat shall love von sailors. I know not vat lass shall care for te sailors. If te lass shall love te ministers, it shall pe very goot, because it shall pe te duty of all the womens to love te ministers. But I shall not trink te health of any lass tat ish in love mit von sailor, whose breeches shall pe all over with tar, and his hands shall pe as black as mine hat.

But if it ish von sailor of mine own country, ten I shall trink his health as never shall pe, because the Dutch sailors shall fight on te seas, and shall whip te English and American sailors both put togedder. Admiral Von Trump shall sweep te seas mit a broom, and all te English shall run away ven tey shall saw him come mit te broom.

Mine Uncle Mynheer Von Haas shall pe von goot sailor too; and he shall flog all te other ships on te seas. Ven I shall hear from him last, he shall write me tat he ish going to have von line of Dutch packet, to beat all te steam ships, and pring te passengers to America.—Ten you shall see te short passage, ven te Dutch shall have te steam ships, sure enough.

Mynheer Van Slawkenbergires and Mynheer Von Slaughen, shall pe von committee, to see who shall put money in te plate; and all tem that shall put nothing in te plate, shall pe turned out of te church after to-day. Now you shall pass him round, and te committee shall look on and see.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mr. Edeator: Ant Jane has got a baby and we don't noe whot to name the little critter, and so we thort we wood right to you about it and find out what was the best name for it.

You see Ant Jane was a vissitting up to Ant Hepsey's, and when she was their she seed a man what took her i. Ant Jane was about 04 yeer old and hadn't never been

coarted, and never sot up with no fellers in her life. So this man was named Peter Pinch and he was their at Ant Hepsey's to see about gitting a pare of trowsis maid bigger. Ant Hepsey is a tayleress. So he lookt at Jane when she cum in, and Ant Jane lookt at him, and then they both lookt tother way—then they lookt at one another agin, and he kinder took Ant Jane's i, and she kinder took his i, and Ant Jane sed she had a feelin' cum over her that she never felt be4 in her life when she lookt at a man. She felt a kinder tender in her boozum and when Peter Pinch cum along and stood clost up to her, she trimbled all over, and that was a four-runner of love, they say. So she felt skeered and she sot down. Mister Pinch sot down in another cheer, and arter he had lookt at her awhile as if his ize wood bore a hole into her, he spunks up and he sed, "hem!" Then she kinder koffed, for she sais that her hart cum rite up into her throte, as if it wood a choaked her.

With that Peter begins to tork rite out plane. Sez he, "mebby you don't belong in these parts?" Then she squeezed up her lips so as to speak as fine and perlite as she cood, and sais she,—“Yes, sir, i thank you,—very much in these parts.”

Then he was haff tickled to death, bekase she spoke so kinder 'fectionate like; and he put fust one leg on the nee of the tother and then he changed it over and put tother leg on tother nee, and after he had done it 3 or 4 times, he spoke agin and sez he—“i cum in heir to git my trowsis maid bigger. They used to pinch me so when i wauked.”

Then Ant Jane held up both her hands and sez she,—“you don't say so! That must be dreadful! How did you stand it?”

Then he shook his head and says he—“it was a grate trial to me, i asschure you. Tother day i was layin' stun-

wall down in mister Dickson's pastur', and when i stoopt down to pick up a heavy stun, my trowsis was so tite that they busted all out behind.”

“O dredful!” sez Ant Jane, and he kinder collured up. So they kepp a tocking; and he telled her how he had respectable relations—how one of his uncle had a offiss and was reckoned very smart, and how he cood lay more stun-wall in a day than Sam Phillips, the big nigger from Varmount.

Then Ant Jane thort she should have died for his love, and when he laid his hand on her nee 'fectionately, she wiggled so that she didn't noe what was the matter with her. So she went to Ant Hepsey's every day arter dat; and Peter called every day to see if his trowsis was done; and Ant Jane telled Hepsey that she'd better not hurry with the trowsis; and one day she ketched Ant Jane picking out the stitches when her back was turned.

So he kepp coming every day to see about his trowsis, and then he sot and tawked with Jane haff an our at a time, and then Jane telled him that she had a peace of gray cloth at home that was jest about big enuff to make a new seet for his trowsis, and if he thort best she wood taik the trowsis to her one house, and sow it on. So he was tickled haff to peaces and was very glad. So she took them home and sowed on the seat, and then he axed leaf to go to Church with her on the next Sabbath.

So they went together, and he had on them trowsis with a new seet, and as soon as he sot down by the sled of Jane in the pue, he jumpt rite up and squalled out like a cat, and begun to hop about in the pue-like awl possessed; and Ant Jane thort that love was in his hart; but it wasn't that. It was Jane's needle wich she had left in the patch, and it run into his behind about haff an inch. So she held her smelling-bottle to his nose and he got over it, and she was so affectionate that he got all in love with her, and they was published and married.

Arter they had been married awhile, mother and sister Rute woke me up won nite in a hurry and telled me to tackle the boss in the wagging and they driv oph and woodn't tell where they was going.

So when they cum back, they sed that Ant Jane had a baby.

Nixt day everbody went their to see the baby, and they sed it was the handsomest baby they ever seed, and they all sot to work to find a name for it, but they coodn't find one. Ant Merab sed that Lucifer was a pretty name as they cood call it Lucy for short. So we are all amazed and don't noe what upon airth to name it. Fayther sez if they call it Henry Clay it'll be president won of these days, it's such a pretty baby. Its mother is very fond of it and wants you to name it rite away.

OBED MILKER.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mr. Printer: As Susan Skures and Judith Promontory was goin' down to Bostown, i thort i wood rite you a word for to tell you how we git on in this plaice which is warm wether at prezzent with water melions and apples and punkings. Susan Skures is comin down to bostown tue git a new bonnit and she hopes that yieu will go round with her, and show her where it can be got cheep as she has gut a bo and wants to look well. As for Judith Promontory she is goin to town for to git a bo, as she wants to marry a bostown jentleman, so that she can be a lady and not hav to do any work and can play on the plane. So if there is any bostown jentleman that wants a wife, you can just send him to Judith hoo will be very glad to hav' him.

The times up here is very bad, tho' yue can git work enuff to do, but who wants to do it? It isn't the thing for me to have to do the work when i noe how to rite for the newspapers, and hav gut tallents like i gut.

i've had a idee that if i had a bostown lady for a wife i cud git a long better, and if you noe of won that has gut a plenty of munny, jest send her up to me, and i will hav her. But she must be pretty, and she must hav a plenty of hansum close.

There has been a grate axident up hear and i spose that you have heered all about in bostown. It was a feller that cum up hear from the sitty, and he fell in luv with won of the gals up in this villidge. Her name was Abigal Flukes. All the rest of the gals was very mad bekus he fell in luv with her for she aint half so pretty as the rest of 'em; and she haint gut no munny. She has gut grate big ise and little bits of hands that dont look as if they could do any work; and then she has gut little bits of feet that aint big enuff to do much walkin. So Ruth Codger was mad enuff that he fell in luv with Abi-

gail, for everybuddy always called Ruth the hansumest gal in the villidge; for she is tall and slim and has got red cheeks and black eyes. So when this feller, and his name is Brown, when he was at a party where Ruth was she gav him such hints 'bout it, as i gess he didn't like it very well.

She sot down in a cheer opposit to Brown, and pretty soon she begun. Sez she, "i giss sum fokes hav curious kind of taste about gals." So he lookt at her, but he didn't say a word. Then Silas Smith cum along and kist Ruth rite before him, and then he lookt at Silas, and Ruth sez she—"Now i giss you'd better go and kiss Abigail Flukes, for some fokes thinks that she is better than everybuddy else."

When she sed that, she lookt rite at that air Brown, and he a kinder colored bekase luv was in his heart for Abigail Flukes.

So nixt nite, Brown went to see Abigail. Her father and muther was in the room, and her father sez he—"So you've got a kindder notion arter my darter; and yieure a grate sitty jintleman, and yieu think that you'll hav her tender hart."

So Brown he sed yes, he had a kinder notion arter the gal.

"Well," sez he, "i don't no yieu and i dont no as you are worthy to hav darter. Do you noe your kate-kise?"

He sed yes, he noed it ever sense he was a boy. Then her farther axed him if he noed gramar and he sed yes. "Well, that aint mutch, for i never larned gramar and i never could see no use in it," says he.

Howsomever he let Brown set up that nite with his darter. So the old fokes went to bed and they sot up. He axed Abigail how she wood like to liv' in the sitty, and she sed she wood like it very well and axed him if he

owned a coach, and when he telled her no, she sed that if she married him, she should expect to hav' a coach and six white horses like Cinderriller.

Brown telled Abigail that he wood hav a coach with seven horses, and that wood be better yet.

Then she was tickled up to her eyes, and sed that as soon as he brot the coach and seven horses to the door she would get in and go off with him.

Then he sed that they wos as good as married already, and he went up to her to giv her a hug, and he smacked her on the lips, and she tried to push him away, and she wos so strong, she pushed him backwards, and he tumbled over into a great pan of milk and squashed it. When he fell he cotch hold of the gal to hold himself up and she tumbled over atop of him and it maid such a racket that it woke up the old fokes and Abigails father cum runnin' down stairs in his shirt-tale, and so Brown got up, and he stood their lookin as red in the face as a wrienster, and so her father telled him he must pay for the milk he had spilt. So he gut rite down on his neaze and swore that he hadn't a cent in his pocket, and sed that he had spent his last sixpence for a jinteel siggar. Then Abigail begun to cry, for she seed that she wouldn't git her coach and seven hosses, and Brown scampered, and he's never been seen sense.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: On dis useful 'casion your 'spect-ed preacher will edify de obloquy ob dis congregation ob color, wid de follerin' 'portant text ob de possible Holof-ernes:

"I can't be a nun,
I won't be a nun,
I'm too fond of pleasure
So I won't be a nun."

Dis text 'lude to nun. You hab all heered ob Joshua, the son ob Nun. Now dis nun is de same character dat you read 'bout in 'cripter. Dem dat is fond ob pleasure tell you dat dey can't be a nun. Berry well; darfore you musn't be fond ob pleasure—de follerin' ting consists in pleasure—to tink dat you muss always hab cracker in de clam soup. You tink Cesar hab nothin' else to do but buy cracker to put in your soup. Some ob you don't get soup to eat in your own house and you cum dar to be 'ticklar 'bout cracker! Cracker in soup is for your 'spected preacher, 'case he 'longs to de cloff. Anudder kind ob a pleasure dat I 'peak on dis 'ticklar 'casion is suckin, de claws ob lobster. Lobster is a quadrupid 'tended for dey dat am rich and got money to 'ford him. Your 'spected preacher eat lobster and suck de claws ob de same; as for you lower class ob niggars you must be 'tent wid wat you can get.

Dat is odder kind ob pleasure, but your 'spected preacher no 'peak 'em on dis 'portant 'casion. Your 'spected preacher 'lude 'ticklarly to de pleasure ob kissin' a dark-complected lddy ob color, but he say nossin 'bout dat on dis 'casion.

For to be a nun you muss be diwided into sebenteen diwisions.

De fust diwision 'lude to de fack dat your 'spected preacher heb jest 'rived from de town ob Charlestown whar he had a glass ob root beer at de house ob his 'spected fren' Massa Fowler. He is a gemman ob color not so brack as Jumbo Philips; but about de color ob Ruth Johnson, and he treat your 'spected preacher to a glass ob as good beer as he eber taste. If you want to find good beer, you got to go to dat place. When your 'spected preacher was in Charlestown, he see Kate Widgeon who was dar too. At fust your 'spected preacher thort that she had follered dis niggar and was arter him; but afterwards he seed that

she only cum ober dar to look at Bunker Hill monument.

Darfore your 'spected preacher lookt out ob de cornor ob his eye at her, and she blushed like de rainbow and made him a curchee, and sez she—"I thank you kindly, sir."

Dat lubly young lady ob color drapt 'her handkercher on de ground dar, and den your 'spected preacher 'tooped down to pick it up; but he seed it want berry clean, and darfore he took it up on the end ob his cane and reach it to dat lady ob color, bekase he didn't want to touch it wid his finger.

De second diwision 'lude to de circumstance dat your 'spected preacher's brudder hab got heat from Long Island, and he want to find sumting to do in his line. He hab ben used to mowing and 'pickin' apples, and milking cows, and as his business was dull in de country, he hab cum to Boston to git a sittivation and hopes you will inquire if dar is anyting for him to do.

De third diwision is de 'portant fack dat de hour of sarving clam soup is changed, and now you will hab it at five o'clock in de arternoon in'ted ob six; till further notiss—price 4 pence a bowl widout crackers, 6 pence wid dem. Cesar will close up on Sunday bekase he tink dat he aughtent to sell nossin den, 'cordin'ly he hab a back-door to de sullar and you can cum in dar if you please and you will find dat niggar all reddy for you.

De fourf diwision is 'specting de Post Offis. Your belubbed pasture hab some hopes dat he will get elected to be postmaster. He like dat sitivation berry well, bekase dar is a grate many letters sent dar wid money in dem, and all dat is for de postmaster. He hab 'poke to de jeneral 'bout gitting dat place and he tink he cood git it, 'kase de jeneral is berry thick wid de prezident and will 'peak to him 'bout dis 'nekler 'casion; 'case it wood be much better to hab a 'spectable gemman ob de cloff for a post-

master, dan dem dat's got no religion. When your preacher gits dat offiss, he will hab a church in upper part ob post offiss and hab lecturs dar every week.

Tadder diwisien 'lude to de wacancy ob saxon in dis church. Brudder Cole 'peak ob goin' a fishin' to ketch mackareels, and we want sumbody to take de place ob dat gemman. You may hab de place for five dollars and dat is de lowest cent—de duty ob de saxon is to sweep out dis rume, to make fire in de stove, to hit boys wid rattan when dey eat peanut, and to pass 'round de hat; for dis sarvice, he hab pay in de follerin' manner: whenever a lady ob color drap her hankercher in de church, or lose her bussle on de floor, de saxon hab right to pick it up and keep it for heseff till he gut enuff ob dem ting to hab little vendoo and sell dem off. Besides dat, he hab de privilege ob bowl ob clam soup once a week in de sular.

Cesar will pass 'round de hat on dis 'portant 'casion, when collection will be took up for your 'spected preacher's brudder. Besides dat he wants sumwhere to sleep to-night.

L. LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Your minister shall preach to you von time apout dese tex:—

"Two heads are better than one."

Dish is de word tat says two heads is more petter as one! Ah! you cant see into tat, and te meanings of te word. You read in te papers tat a shild was porn mit two heads and tey keeps him for a show. Tat is perry well. Much monish tey make mit te shild mit two heads, and if he shall have one head tey make no monish at all and can't keep de ting for a show, pecause noboddy care apout you, if you have only one head; put if you shall

have two heads then every pody shall call to see you, and pay te monish into te pargain.

Dish is a miracle: te two heads ish von miracle, and ish perry goot for much ob te prains; but it is perry bad for de vittles; pecause tar is two mouth to feed, as each of te head have von mouth for ete de vittles. When you shall treat yourself to schnapps, you will pay for two glasses of schnapps, for bote of te mouths which is dry and want to drink. Ten von head can drink a health to todder head, and tey can trink te health of one another.

Ven you shall have te two head, and you go to te teatre or te museum, tey charge you te tubble prishes pecause te four eyes shall see te play. If von head tink he shall jine dish church and te odder head go for jine some otter church, ah, tat would be te tuivil all over, because te two heads quarrel togedder, and notting shall pe so pad as quarrel between two neighbors tat shall live so close togeter.

Putt te text shall say tat two heads is better as von, and you must pelieve te text, or you shall pe turned out of tis church.

Darfore, pefore you come into tis world, you ought to bray tat you pe porn mid two heads, pecause te two heads is more petter as von. Dere vos von pig ghost in te Hollands tat was seen py mine grandfadder Von Dien. strecht, tat had seventeen heads—tat von ghost. Putt te text shall say notting apout te seventeen head, and it dont say tat te seventeen heads is petter as two; put you shall know tat if two ish petter as von; den tree shall pe petter as two; and a tousand heads vos petter as all of tem put together. Tat is te reason we shall have so many heads to te sermons. Te more heads te petter.

DEACON SNOWBALL'S LECTURE.

Belubbed Bruddren: As your 'spected preacher hab cotch a bad cold by sleepin' wid one eye open todder night he will gib you de follerin' text for de 'wantage ob de poppylation ob color, in dese words:—

"In Scotland I was bred and born;
On Stephen's green I died forlorn.
At sixteen years I took a wife,
I loved her as I loved my life,
And to support her both fine and gay
I took to robbing on the highway."

Dis text 'form you dat he was bred and born in Scotland. I bleeve dat place is somewhar down East whar so much timber and boards come from. De 'cripter tell you 'bout bein' born agin. Dis gemman was born only once. Nixt time he be born, I 'spose he be born on Long Island whar grate many fine niggars hab been raised.

On Stephen's green he die forlorn and dat is de second diwision ob de text. Forlorn is de speritual name for rope, bekase he was hung. Darfore he was hung on Stephen's green which I tink was named arter de great Kurnil Green ob de Post.

De text tell you dat at sixteen year he took a wife.—Your 'spected preacher neber tink ob a wife at dat age. When your 'spected preacher was dat year old, he tand on de 'taps ob de meetin' house and look at de gals ob color out ob one eye, and Ruth Blue's eye 'tick out like a lobster when she see me 'tanding on de teps. I was fine young feller at dat time and curl de hair wid bit ob lead and wear ruffle dat 'tick out ob de boosom. But dis indi-widdle in de text take a wife at de 'ferior age ob sixteen, and lub dat lady as he lub his life. I 'spose de gal berry glad dat he lub her so much. He 'queeze her up and put kiss on her pouting lip. He pat her on de cheek and he say, "Oh! you lably ting as sweet as sugar candy," and

den she kiss him and make a curchee and say, "tank you sir, kindly."

De founf diwision ob de text 'lude to de fack dat he support her both fine and gay. He put pretty bonnet on her head; and hab her hair curled by de barber, he hab pretty brass finger rings in her ears, and he put silk frock on dat white lady. All dem ting 'quire money, and instead ob doin' like our 'spected friend Cesar Widgeon who open sullar to sell clam soup, he gwoine to 'teal on de highway. He run arter de rail road cars and when he cotch up wid dem, he 'mand dar money, and take off dar fine, close to put on dis white gal. At lass, he get find out and 'trech his neck for him. Den I gess he feel berry sorry for 'teal in' dem ting.

I hope dis be a solemn warnin' to all dis congregation ob color how dey 'teal ting and pend dar money to buy close for dar gal. Your 'spected preacher 'lude in 'tick-lar to Luke Jumbo who is payin' tention to Phillis John-sing and hab got her a new frock and petticoat. I hope dat Luke cum honest by de money, and dar is some 'spicion dat he come dishonest by it. Darfore I hope de gal will fuse to take dem ting dat Luke bring her, bekase de deceiver is bad as de tief.

You recollect berry well when dat little yaller niggars from down East 'tole a card ob gingerbread out ob de baker's cart in Union 'treet and make him present to Nance Larkins, and dat gal wink at dem backslidings ob dat colored niggars and make blieve she tink dat he cum honest by de gingerbread: darfore we will take up de seven-teenth diwision ob dis text wich 'lude to bilding a 'teeple on de top ob dis house.

Dis church hab neber had a 'teeple on de top ob it; so if it hab a 'teeple, it will be more 'spectable on all 'por-tant 'casions—de 'teeple will be four feet in scumference, and ten foot high. Cesar tink he can furnish de material

out ob de back part ob his sullar, whar dar's sum wood he pick up at de time ob de lass great fire. We hab invited de Emperor Solouque, General Geffard, and Massa Greeley to lay de corner-stone ob dis 'teeple, de next Fourf ob July.

We muss hab a bell in de 'teeple, and as de odder kind ob bells is dear, we shall hab a wooden bell. Brudder Luke hab got a big mortar wich he will hang up dar, and de pessie will do berry well for tung. We want sum one to ring de bell, and your 'spected preacher hab 'pointed heseff to dat offiss, 'cordin' to de text which says:

"A sounding brass and a tinkles ob de simble."

So your 'spected preacher will ring de bell and charge you haff a dollar a day, de money to be left in de sullar. Now I'm gwoine to see if you leab de money dar—if you no leab dem, I no ring him.

A wind wane has got to go on de top ob de 'teeple, so brudder Tucker tink he can get de codfish dat hangs up in de big room ob de 'Tate house.

Now I'm gwoine to 'prove on de 'hole. I 'spect dat you put good lot ob money in de hat on dis 'portant 'casion, bekase your 'spected preacher am gwoine to Fresh Pond in company wid Frirey Jumbo and odder ladies ob color on dat 'portant 'casion, dat has wolunteered to ride with your 'spected preacher.

Brudder Widgeon will pass 'round de hat, and sister Charity will pass round her bonnit 'mong de lubly ladies ob color.

YANKEE LETTER.

Mister Editer: Uncle John and farther and me and cuzzen Obed hav' jest got hum from going in the steem-bote.

We had heered a grate deal about the steme-bote from peepke that was in them, and at last we had a man hoo

cum to our house to work at mowin' and he had ben in a steme-bote and he telled us all abowt it, so then we intarmined that we wood see the critter and hav' a ride in it.

We had never had a ride on the water, only in a canal bote abowt ten mild, and we heered it want no more dangerous to ride in a steme-bote than in won of them air.—At the time we rid in a canawl bote their was a grate many gals in with us, and that maid it more dangerouser than ever, bekase if we had ben cast away, the gals wood hav' clinched hold of a feller, like a cat, and held them down under water till they gut drowned. Howsumever we intarmined to go in the steme-bote. We tackled up the wagging and bid good by to all our relations and we went down to Portland and their was a steme-bote there, and we noed that we cood all go in it. So we went up to the place where it was tyed fast to three all-fired grate posts. We axed a man hoo was takin' big boxes into the boat, how to git in. He telled us we must woock down into the bote on a big bord that was their with one end on the bote and tother on the airth.

Then we woocked along on that air bord and i was pesky afeared i shood fall off and be ete up by the big wales that swims in the raging mane. As to farther he sed we must trust to Providence, and that he believed we shood git safest into the bote if wa kept stedly. At last we all got in safet, and then we enquired hoo was the driver, as we wanted to ride on the water.

Noboddy wood tell us for a grate wile, and at last a man cum up and sed he was the captin, as he called hisself.

Then farther and i and uncle John and cuzzen Obed tuk off our hats and maid a low bough, and we sez; "We hope you are well, and all your family."

He lookt at us very sharp, and he diddent say nothing at all, and there was an irishman their hoo snickered rite

out, so i am glad their is a native party to put down the irish, hoo awt to all be sent back to Africa whair they R from.

Arter a wile, this capting asked us what we wanted of him. Farther and Uncle Obed telled him that they wanted to ride on the water; and if he was the driver, they wood pay him any munny to git a chance to ride. He telled us that he was goin' down to Bangyor and wood ax us a dollar a peace to ride there, and another dollar to ride back, and we should be obleeged to stay all night in Bang-yor.

Farther telled him that he wood hav' no 'jections to stay all night, if his wife new he was out; but she hadn't sposed he wood stay all nite and she mite be jellus. Then the capting sed we might do what we was a mind for to do, dnd he went into a little clozzet and begun for to rite; and uncle Obed sed he sposed that the capting was riting to farthers wife to tell her that he wood be gone all nite.

So we stade in the bote, and the fust we noed, we heer-ed something røre like a pesky grate tickkittle a biling, and we looked up and seed a big black thing, bigger than the nose of a blacksmith's bellusses and the smöke and steem was goin' out on it like all natur, and it went whiz whur—r—r—r, and maid all sorts o' noises. Then we see a hull passle of people hurryin' into the steam boat and they cum with ban-boxes and trunks, and then, in a minnit, the bote begun to ride, and the ropes was ontied from there big posts, and a little iun gallus begun to go up and down, and there was a dredful hissing and smoking, and the steemboat rid out into the seize where the water was deep and the waves lookt as white as a guce.

There was tue wheels to the bote, and they kept a turnin' round and maid a heap of dust in the water. Far-

ther's wagging has gut four wheels, but this thing had only tue. So we rid all the way to Bang-yor, it was nite. So then we found a plaice to sleep in, and the nixt morn-in' we cum back to Portland.

We got into the wagging and rid hum, and mother was so glad to sea us cum back safet that she upshot a pan-cake into the fire, and telled uncle Obed to run hum to his wife who was wurried to deth for fear he was cast away and got drowned on the raging mane.

Arter this i think i shall stay on the airth for i've gut enuff of riding on the water.

ZEBULON PRINCE.

LAGER-BLATTER'S LECTURE.

Mine Goot Peoples: Te text I shall give you shall pe in tese vords:

"On a broken hogshead,
Weeping all forlorn,
Sat a busted loafer—
All his glory gone!
Two large tears were streaming,
Down his solemn face,
E'en like Free and Jackson,
Running their great race."

Teir shall pe many kind of seats, and hear shall pe te von vich te gemman is setting on—von proken hogshead, sure enough. He shall set down dere pecause all his glory shall pe gone. Tat shall pe bad mit his glory gone, as if it shall pe tat all his monish ish gone. Tat ish pad too ven all te monish shall been gone!

It vash von busted loafer. He shall had monish vonce, and now it shall pe gone, and tat shall pe von busted loafer. He shall weep all alone, pecause ven his monish ish gone who shall vant to see him ten. Ven he shall had no more monish to pay for te schnapps who shall vant to be mit te man vat shall treat you no more? Vat ladies shall

vant to see te man ven he shall not buy tem no more ice-cream? I shall not vant him in te church, ven he shall have no cent to put into te plate, as you shall see ven notting shall pe in te pocket, and he shall set on von proken hogshead.

Their shall pe two large tears on te face of tat loafer. Vat shall pe te goot to drop down te tears? I shall not drop down any tears ven I shall get married to mine goot vrow, and tat shall pe te vorst tings tat I shall ever did, ven I shall got married, sure enough.

Their shall pe von man in mine country I shall hear apout and his tears shall pe von shilling—von silver shilling shall pe every tear. I shall have him here to cry into te plate, it shall pe goot. Oh! he shall shed as many tear as he shall please. I shall like to see him weep a plenty, sure enough. He shall come here to weep venever he shall please.

Te text shall say apout Fogg and Ellsworth tat run teir great race. Tey ish shed tears I suppose ven tey run. I shall pelieve tey shed tears ven tey shall lose te vager, and shall laugh till tey cry ven tey shall vin te vager. Tat shall pe te vay tey shall shed tears ten.

I shall never shed tears but vonce in mine life. It shall pe ven I shall fill mine schmoke-pipe and sot down to schmoke, and von horse and cart shall run away vere I set in my door, and pefore I get out of te vay, te cart shall run against mine pipe and break it all to pieces and spill all te tobaccos.

THE END.