

JOSH BILLINGS

THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF JOSH BILLINGS

Josh Billings

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Billings J.

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The Complete Works of Josh Billings

BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION. ADAPTED FROM THE LONDON EDITION

In the United States of America a “show” is the generic name comprising every description of entertainment, being equally applied to an equestrian performance, a dramatic company, an operatic concert, a political oration, or a lecture on the geology of the oil district of Pennsylvania. A few years ago, when I did not know America quite so well as I do now, I was asked by Mr. Barnum to meet him on a matter of business at his celebrated Museum on Broadway. Every one who has visited New York and called in at that strangely-jumbled exhibition, will remember a small room on the first landing, with “Mr. Barnum – Private” painted on the door. I don’t know whether any show-case in the Museum was as attractive to the crowds of country visitors as that little room proved to be. Though privacy was written on the post, publicity was ever peeping in at the door. Shrewd, astute, and *rusé* as Barnum is, none knew better than he that the greatest object of interest in the Museum was himself. Hence he arranged to have his private room immediately in front of the public staircase, with the door always a little open, to pique curiosity, unless really important business required absolute seclusion. In this room, or rather in this glass-case, for its three sides were of glass, like the cases containing the wax-figures and the stuffed animals, Barnum and I met. He conversed about different speculations he had on hand, and various ideas which he wished to carry out. Some of them were very characteristic of the man and his spirit of enterprise. One, was to organize an expedition to the mouth of Davis’s Straits at the proper season, select a very large iceberg, bring it down in the tow of two or three steamers to New York Bay, put a floating fence around it, exhibit the iceberg at twenty-five cents admission, and realize a large profit by making and vending sherry cobbles with ice from the real iceberg! Another idea suggested by the man of many shows was to get the American Minister at the Court of Constantinople to apply to the Sultan for a firman to permit Barnum or his agent to visit the mosque at Hebron, traditionally asserted to be built over the Cave of Machpelah, in which the remains of the patriarchs were buried. “If we could only get the remains of Abraham and bring them to New York!” exclaimed the *deus ex machinâ* of the Museum, rubbing his hands with delight at the ingenuity of the thought. Then, after a moment’s reflection, and knowing me to be well acquainted with England, he remarked, inquiringly, “What do you think of Spurgeon for a show? Could he be got over here?” To me unused as I then was to American can manners, the association of a clergyman with Bartlemy Fair and Barnum’s Museum seemed ludicrously incongruous. Subsequently my experience taught me to believe that some of the preachers of the United States look at their position from the same point of view as did Mr. Barnum in wishing to speculate in Spurgeon.

A “showman,” as well as an author, *Josh Billings* is now regarded in the cities of the Union. In England we would style him a facetious lecturer, but the lecturing business in America is carried out with all the arts, formulæ and appurtenances of showmanship. There are the large posters, the puff advertisements, the agent in advance, and the lithographs plain or colored, all brought into requisition. It is quite true that if Charles Dickens visited Manchester or Birmingham to read “Doctor Marigold” or “The Christmas Carol,” he also had his agent and his yellow window-bills with the black and red printing; but the window-bill is limited to a size and is printed in a style fitting to the superior class of entertainment; while, in America, the posters of the popular lecturer are as showy and as exciting as those of Van Amburgh with his wild beasts, or the Hanlon Brothers with their feats on the trapeze. Quaintness, however, is an essential requisite in the placard of the facetious lecturer. *Artemus Ward*

used to announce in large letters on the walls that he would “Speak a Piece” at a certain place and on a certain date. *Josh Billings* announces in a still more mystic manner, strongly reminding the observer of Ruskin’s bizarre, grotesque, enigmatical titles. I have before me, as I write, a printed notice which reads thus: —

“ALLYN HALL, HARTFORD

JOSH BILLINGS,

On the 7th,

With his

HOBBY HORSE.”

The reader who is anxious to know what *Josh Billings* means by an advertisement so eccentric in its character can have his curiosity satisfied by turning to page 404 of this work. The chapter is headed “How to pick out a good Horse,” and the caption is assuredly none the more inappropriate or infelicitous than are the titular conundrums of the “Seven Lamps of Architecture,” “Unto this Last,” or “A Crown of Wild Olives.” John Ruskin and *Josh Billings* understand with equal clearness the value of a title which shall arrest attention by not being too easy of comprehension.

I first heard of *Josh Billings* several years ago when crossing the Isthmus of Panama by that remarkable railway which connects the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. When Nuñez de Balboa in the olden time had his first peep of the Pacific, and beheld the ocean which no European had before seen, from an eminence which is now a station of the railway, he little thought that in a few centuries hence the steam engine would haul thousands upon thousands of Christians up to the same summit, and allow them to enjoy the same sight at so many American dollars each. Terribly prosaic is this earth becoming! And, despite Schiller and Coleridge, it is scarcely Jupiter who “brings whate’er is good,” or Venus “who brings everything that’s fair.” A locomotive or a steamboat will bring or take you to both; and a railway it was which brought me to know of *Josh Billings*. The incident was simply this:

Midway on the Panama railway there is a station at which travellers alight while the engineer looks after his supply of wood and water. A beautifully picturesque station it is, looking from it along the road which you have come, or adown that portion of the railway track which you have to go — a luxuriance of tropical vegetation meets the eye, overpowering the mind with the wild profusion of its beauty. Nature seems to revel in a wealth of verdure. Palms, bananas, and trees innumerable of every graceful form tower upwards to the unclouded sky, or arch over the flower-garnished earth. The trunk of each is invisible; for creeping plants of the most delicate growth entwine around the wood, hang in loops from the boughs, connect tree to tree with a lace-work of exquisite elegance and sun-dyed brilliancy, and sway in wreaths of natural arabesque to and fro in the fragrant, moist, and enervating air. The station lies back from the road, and, if I remember rightly, is thatched with palm leaves. As I alighted at it, groups of native New-Grenadians clustered around me, the younger ones being almost in a state of nudity. Some offered me oranges, some bananas, some milk in a green-glass bottle, and one of them wished me to buy a monkey. Pushing through them, I made my way for the station, the sultry atmosphere having rendered me languid and a gentle stimulus being desirable. I

expected to find the refreshment department in the care of a native, or, at any rate, of a Spaniard; but the ubiquitous Yankee was master of the premises, and a forlorn ague-stricken, quinine-and-calomel-looking master he seemed to be. His whiskey was something not to be forgotten; nor were his dogs, half a dozen of which were running about the place, the greatest burlesques of the race canine I had hitherto seen. They were all lean, hungry, and wolfish-eyed. Their tails drooped mournfully, as if the seething heat had melted the sinews and softened the bones; they whined peevishly, but bark there was none – their owner required it all to keep the ague away. I had drunk my whiskey, become Christian in my feelings, and was silently pitying the poor animals, when the proprietor of the miserable dog-flesh, stationing himself beside me, and placing his hands on his hips, sententiously observed, —

“Them critturs are the pride of the Isthmus. They’re a pair of the most elegant puppies in this State. Nary one of ’em would flunk out before any dog.”

“They look very cowardly about the tail,” I remarked.

“That’s the way of dogs’ tails on the Isthmus,” was his response. “Do you know what *Josh Billings* says about dogs’ tails?”

I frankly confessed that I did not; adding, that I was profoundly ignorant of *Josh Billings*, and pleasantly intimating that I supposed him to be one of the guards on the line.

“I guess you haven’t read the papers lately,” continued my new acquaintance, as though pitying my ignorance. “*Josh Billings* knows that there are some dogs’ tails which can’t be got to curl no ways, and some which will, and you can’t stop ’em. He says, that if you bathe a curly-tailed dog’s tail in oil and bind it in splints, you cannot get the crook out of it; and *Josh*, who says a sight of good things, says that a man’s way of thinking is the crook in the dog’s tail, and can’t be got out, and that every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace.”

That my Yankee acquaintance was partial to *Josh Billings*, and that anything which related to dogs was congenial with his tastes, I furthermore ascertained by noticing two scraps of paper posted on the rough wall of his cabin. I copied both. One was in prose and the other in rhyme. Here is the prose one: —

Dogs.

“Dogs are not vagabones bi choise and luv tew belong tu sumbody. This fac endears them tew us, and i have alwas rated the dog az about the seventh cusin tew the human specious. Tha kant talk but tha can lik yure hand; this shows that their hearts iz in the plase where other folks’ tungs is. — *Josh Billings*.”

Thus it was that I first heard of *Josh Billings*. In the course of my voyage from Aspinwall to New York, while seated on the deck of the steamer, listening to the drolleries of a group of very convivial passengers, and gliding along the coast of Cuba in the brightness, sheen, and splendor of a tropical night, I heard many of his best things recited, and his name frequently quoted as that of one who had already taken his place in American literature. Oliver Wendell Holmes I had known for years, Artemus Ward was a household name in California, James Russell Lowell had become a familiar acquaintance through the “Biglow Papers;” but who was *Josh Billings*? I asked my *compagnons de voyage*, but all they knew of him was that he was a very clever fellow who had written some very clever things. Whether he lived in New York State, Pennsylvania, Vermont, or Missouri, no one could tell me, nor could I get any satisfactory information as to the journal in which his articles had first appeared, what his antecedents were, or whether the name attached to his writings was that of his parentage and christening, or merely a whimsical *nomme de plume*.

Long after my arrival in New York the mystery remained unsolved. I applied to literary friends for its solution, but all they seemed to know was that various smart things had run the round of the papers with the signature of “*Josh Billings*” to them, but in what paper they had originated or by whom they were written none could give me information. My friend George Arnold, a well-known wit of the *New York Leader*, knew of my anxiety. Meeting me one day at Crook and Duff’s Restaurant, the mid-day rallying point of most of the genial spirits of New York, he drew me aside and gravely asked —

“Have you found out yet who *Josh Billings* is?”

“I have not,” I answered. “Do you know?”

“Yes; but keep it dark. Only five of his friends have been let into the secret. It would not do to let the world know. His position would be damaged.”

“Who is it?” I demanded eagerly. “Is it Hosea Biglow under a new name?”

“No; somebody better known.”

“Horace Greeley?” I suggested, interrogatively.

“No. A still greater man. Can’t you guess?”

“Really, I cannot. Don’t keep me in suspense. Tell me.”

“The author is – ” and my friend paused – “the author of *Josh Billings* is none other than – President Lincoln!”

My informant made the communication so gravely, that for the moment I believed it; especially as some few days previous, being down in Washington, I had occasion to know that Barney Williams, the actor, was summoned to the White House on a Sunday afternoon, that he spent some hours with the President, and that on his return in the evening to Willard’s Hotel he assured me that the President had beaten him in telling funny stories, and had said the drollest things he had heard for many a day. That my information was nothing more than a hoax the reader will readily suppose; but I felt bound to “pass it on” to my acquaintances, with a like injunction to secrecy, until at length I had the amusement of hearing that it had reached the ears of Mr. Lincoln, who laughed heartily at the joke, and pleasantly observed that his shoulders were hardly broad enough to bear the burdens of the State, without having to carry the sins of all its wits and jesters.

Time passed on and business called me to take a trip one day up the Hudson River to the pleasant little town of Poughkeepsie. What a quiet, charming little town it is, those who have visited it can well remember. I selected the steamer *Armenian* for my trip up the river. The Rhine of America never was seen to more advantage than it was on that bright summer’s day, and Poughkeepsie never looked fairer than as I saw it from the middle of the stream. I landed at a town on the left bank, crossed the river, went down to Poughkeepsie by rail, and arrived there late in the evening, I knew of only two staple products of the place, and they were – whiskey and spiritualism. The whiskey I tasted, and the spiritualism I went in search of in the person of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Swedenborg of the United States, whose books on the unseen world have been introduced to the British public by Mr. Howitt. A kindly Poughkeepsian volunteered to conduct me to where the great mysticist had lived; but I found, to my disappointment, that he was then absent from the town. To console me for my ill-luck, in not being able to see so great a celebrity, my guide soothingly observed that there was another great writer resident in and belonging to Poughkeepsie.

“Who is he?” I asked.

“Why, *Josh Billings*!” was the reply.

Eureka! I had found him. I had unearthed my game at last and discovered my eremite in his mystic seclusion. I lost no time in inquiring who *Josh Billings* was and where he lived.

“His name is Shaw – Henry W. Shaw. He’s an auctioneer, and I’ll show you the way to his house,” volunteered my friendly guide.

We went to the house; but like Mr. Davis, Mr. Shaw was not at home. All that I could then learn about him was that he belonged to Poughkeepsie, that he had been *the* Auctioneer of the town for many years, that he was by no means a young man, that his address for the general public was “Box 467” at the Post-office, that he was a very business-like person, and that he wrote articles for the newspapers, as well as sold property by auction and acted as agent for the transfer of real estate. The reader will therefore fully comprehend how much Mr. Shaw felt himself to be in his element while writing the chapter headed “Advertizement,” in which he offers

“To sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks of the Hudson river, containing 85 acres. Walls ov primitiff rock, laid in

Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward, the eye catches far away, the magesta and slow grander ov the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a cutting of silver from the blue brest of the ski, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B. The angel goes with the place).”

Better fortune led me at last to meet Mr. Shaw in New York City. We were introduced to one another at Artemus Ward’s Mormon entertainment on Broadway. I found a man rather above the middle height, sparse in build, sharp in features, his long hair slightly turning gray, and his age between forty and fifty, reserved in manner, a rustic, unpolished demeanor, and looking more like a country farmer than a genial man of letters or a professed wit and a public lecturer on playful subjects. I can vouch for his geniality, for, on the evening of our first meeting, we adjourned from Dodworth Hall to the St. Denis Hotel opposite, and, in the company of a few friends, spent a mirthful hour or two. The night was bitter cold; but warm sherry, excellent Bourbon, and jovial spirits made the bleak wind which whistled up Broadway from the Bay, as melodious as the music of lutes.

Mr. Shaw informed me that he was born in the State of Massachusetts, town of Lanesboro, county of Berkshire, and came from Puritan stock. He said that his father and grandfather both had been members of Congress, and each one had left so pure a political record, that he himself had never dared to enter the arena of politics. His first literary efforts in the comic line were published in the country papers of New York State; many of them first attracted attention in the columns of the *Poughkeepsie Daily Press*. In America a popular author has much more scope for gaining publicity and popularity than he has in England. The newspapers of the Union are always ready to receive pithy paragraphs from clever men, and to attach the authors’ name to them. The great secret of the popularity of *Artemus Ward* and of *Josh Billings* is simply that which the late Albert Smith of England so well understood years ago, never to publish any article, however trivial or lengthy, without the signature or the initials of the writer to it. A smart, terse, pungent paragraph inserted with the author’s real or assumed name attached, in one of the journals of the United States, soon finds its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. With comparatively little trouble, except to worry his brains for comic ideas – no slight trouble, nevertheless – the wit of the Western world soon gains notoriety, if not fame. His racy article of a few lines is copied into paper after paper, until his name becomes familiar in all the cities of the Union. This accomplished, a new field of enterprise opens up. Some speculative man in New York or Boston thinks what a good and profitable enterprise it would be to engage the funny man whose printed jokes circulate everywhere, engage to give him so much per month for a year or two, have some large woodcuts engraved, some showy posters struck off, some smart advertisements written, halls taken throughout the country, and the man of many jokes made to retail them all over the land at an admission fee varying from one dollar down to twenty-five cents. Only a few years ago the business of joking in public – the joker himself appearing before the audience – was pretty well confined to the clown of the circus and the “middle-man” and “end-man” of the negro minstrel troupe. Things change rapidly across the Atlantic, and at the present day the clown in motley and the minstrel in burnt-cork have their vocation superseded by the facetious lecturer, dressed in evening costume, travelling with gaudy show-bills, and having a literary as well as an oratorical reputation. Not a single writer on “Punch” or “Fun,” if he had been trained in America and had written there, but would have thrown the desk aside for the rostrum long ago. Simply to write is not excitement enough for your ardent American, if he can enjoy the applause of an audience, and make dollars at the same time, merely by being the mouthpiece of his own jokes.

Bowing to the fate of nearly all comic men in his native country, Mr. Shaw was ferreted out in his Poughkeepsie home, and urgently solicited to accept an engagement as a public lecturer. He tried the experiment in the Athenæums and Lyceums of his own State, and succeeding, followed up his new calling until now he is recognized as an established, legitimate, and lucrative “show,” having his proper value in the market, and is assigned status on the rostrum. He travels over the United States

with his Lectures, entitled, “*Hobby Horse*” – “*Specimen Brix*” – “*Sandwiches*” – “*What I know about Hotels*” – etc., and is making money more rapidly than ever he did with the hammer of an auctioneer. Many good stories are told of him. One is that being in Washington, and asked by a politician there relative to his opinion of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who opposed President Johnson so hotly in the Government, and who figured as a thoroughly ultra-radical, Mr. Shaw replied, “Give me leave to recite a little dream I had last night. I fancied that I was in the lower regions, and while engaged in conversation with the proprietor, an imp announced that Thad Stevens was at the door desiring admission. Old Nick promptly and emphatically refused him entrance on the ground that he would be continually disturbing the peace and order of the place. The imp soon returned, saying that Thaddeus insisted on coming in, declaring that he had no other place to go to. After much deliberation, Old Nick’s face suddenly brightened with a new idea, and he exclaimed, ‘I’ve got it. Tell the Janitor to give him six bushels of brimstone and a box of matches, and let him go and start a little place of his own.’”

Having described who *Josh Billings* is, it may be fitting to add a few words relative to his writings and their position in the comic literature of America. Fun is indigenous to the soil, it wells up from the Western prairie, sparkles in the foam of Niagara, springs up in the cotton-fields of the South, and oozes out from the paving-stones of the cities of the North. The people of the United States are fun-loving and fun-makers. Of the peculiar character of the fun a word or two may be written presently. There is always some popular man wearing the cap and bells, and reflecting the humor of his land. At one period the author, whom all the papers quote, is Sam Slick, Doesticks, then John Phoenix, then Major Downing, then Artemus Ward, then Orpheus C. Kerr, and then Josh Billings. As fast as one resigns the position, another takes his place – “*Uno avulso non deficit alter.*” During the war, joking went on at a faster pace than ever, and even those who did not esteem President Lincoln for his patriotism valued him immensely for his jokes. The jingle of the bells in the hand of Momus and the clank of the sabre attached to the waist of the modern sons of Mars, were ever mingled throughout the long and fiercely-contested conflict.

Take a little of Martin Farquhar Tupper, and a little of Artemus Ward, knead them together, and you may make something which approaches to a *Josh Billings*. That Mr. Shaw aspires to be a comic Tupper is evidenced in the various chapters headed “Proverbs,” “Remarks,” “Sayings,” and “Afferisims.” That he has had Artemus Ward before him is demonstrable by comparing the chapter in which “*Josh Billings Insures his Life,*” with Artemus Ward’s celebrated paper, entitled “His Autobiography.”¹ But Artemus is great in telling a story, having an imaginative power to conceive an accident, plan the action of a piece of drollery, invent an odd character, and describe his creation with infinite humor and force. The talent of Mr. Shaw is of another kind. He is aphoristically comic, if I may use the phrase. He delights in being ludicrously sententious – in Tupperizing laughingly, and in causing an old adage to appear a new one through the fantastic manner in which it is dished up. He is the comic essayist of America, rather than her comic story-teller.

His first book was issued May 19, 1866, in New York, by George W. Carleton, the publisher of Artemus Ward’s Works, and was entitled “*Josh Billings, His Book.*” This volume had a large sale, and was followed in July, 1868, by a new work entitled “*Josh Billings on Ice.*” But his greatest success, in a literary line, was the publication of

Josh Billings’ Farmer’s Allminax,

of which the *New York Tribune*, in 1875, says: —

“Several years ago Mr. Carleton, the publisher was seized with the belief that a burlesque of the popular almanac, such as the “*Old Farmers’ Almanac,*” to which New England pinned its meteorological faith, would be remunerative. He suggested the idea first to “Artemus Ward,”

¹ “Artemus Ward, His Book,” p. 316.

afterwards to “Orpheus C. Kerr,” and next to “Doesticks,” but none of them thought favorably of it. An arrangement was at last made with “Josh Billings,” and so the “Allminax” came about. Nearly 150,000 copies were sold the first year, 1870, and almost as many since, and though the retail price is only a quarter of a dollar, Mr. Shaw is said to have received nearly \$5,000 the first year, and over \$30,000 in all.”

It has been said of *Josh Billings* by one of the critics of his own land that “His wit has no edge to betray a malicious motive; but is rather a Feejee club, grotesquely carved and painted, that makes those who feel it grin while they wince. All whom he kills die with a smile upon their faces.” In directing his shafts against humbug, pretension, and falsity he worthily carries out the true vocation of the comic writer. Many authors there are who write funnily merely to amuse. There is always a higher purpose peeping out from among the quaint fancies and odd expressions of *Josh Billings*. Just inasmuch as America is prolific of humorists and satirists, does she require them. The bane and the antidote grow in the same garden.

Were it not for the satirists of America – of whom *Josh Billings* is one as well as a humorist – it is difficult to imagine to what ludicrous eccentricities the people would lend themselves. Too self-sufficient to listen to argument, they are keenly sensitive to ridicule, and a little of *Josh Billings* is more effective in doing good than the best sermon a foreign friend could preach them. Burlesque their salient, amiable weaknesses – that is, let them be burlesqued by one of their own people, not by a foreigner – and they at once see the point of the joke. In illustration of this, there was a paper in Cincinnati which was very much given to use the phrase, “this great country,” and carried the use of it to an unwarrantable extent. It ceased to do so when the following appeared in a neighboring journal: —

“This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else’s rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger, and longer, and thicker, can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit further than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth.”

Burlesques, such as the above, whether written by Artemus Ward or *Josh Billings*, have not been without their good effect in the United States. The genius of “hifaluten” as the Americans call it – the word is derived, I believe, from “hyphen-looping” – has received many mortal wounds lately from the hands of the satirists and good results have ensued.

The writings of *Josh Billings* cannot be read with out exciting mirth, without sometimes hitting home, nor without the reader becoming satisfied that America has added to her humorous authors one in every way well qualified to take foremost rank.

For real side-shaking fun, the reader may turn to many pages of this volume and find a copious supply; but, if he is desirous of humor and pathos allied, let him turn to the chapter on “The Fust Baby,” page 383. He will there find that, underlying the caustic wit of *Josh Billings*, and a stratum or two deeper than his quaint fun, is a quiet layer of genuine feeling capable of comprehending and of originating the power to express the very poetry of pathos. The “fust baby” born “on the wrong side of the garden ov Eden” is invested in this humorous essay with all the interest which babyhood is susceptible of acquiring.

There is little that remains to be said relative to Mr. Shaw, except to express the opinion that he has taken a very worthy position among the authors of his own country, and is likely to become a general favorite in England in his character of “*Josh Billings*.” Some of his latest papers were contributed to the *New York Saturday Press*, under the head of “Cooings and Billings,” with a commendatory notice by the editor of that paper, Henry Clapp, jun., whose name is not altogether unknown to the literary men of London and of Paris.

KONTENTMENT

Kontentment is the gift ov God, as it kan be cultivated a little, but it is hard tew acquire. Kontentment is sed to be the same az happiness, this ackounts for the small amount ov happiness laying around loose, without enny owner. I don't beleave that man was made tew be kontented, nor happy in this world, for if he had bin, he wouldn't hav hankered enuff for the other world.

When a man gits perfektly kontented, he and a clam are fust couzins.

Contentment iz a kind ov moral laziness; if thare want ennything but kontentment in this world, man wouldn't be any more of a suckcess than an angleworm iz.

When a man gits so he don't want ennything more, he iz like a rackcoon with his intestines full ov green corn.

Contentment iz one ov the instinkts, i admit it tew be happiness, but it iz kind ov spruce gum chawing happiness.

We all find fault with Adam and Eve, for not being kontented, but if they had bin satisfied with the gardin ov Eden, and themselves, they would hav been living thare now, the only two human beings on the face ov the arth, az innocent as a couple of vegetable oysters.

They would hav bin two splendid specimens ov the handy work ov God, elegant portraits in the vestibule ov heaven, but they would not hav developed reazon, the only God-like attribute in man.

When a man iz thoroily kontented, he iz either too lazy to want ennything, or too big a phool tew enjoy it.

I hav lived in naberhoods whare everyboddy seemed to be kontented, but if the itch had ever broke out in them naberhoods, the people would have skrated to this day.

I am in favor of all the vanitys, and petty ambishuns, all the jealousys and backbitings in the world, not bekauze i think they am hansome, but bekauze I think they stir up men, and wimmin, git them onto their muscle, cultivating their venom and reazon at the same time, and proving what a brilliant cuss man may be, at the same time that it proves what a miserable cuss he iz.

I had rather see two wimmin pull hair, than tew see them set down, thoroughly satisfied with an aimless life, and never suffer eney excitement, greater than bleeding tears together, through their noze, for a parcel of shirtless heathen on the coast ov Madagaskar, or, once in a while, open their eyes, from a dream ov young hyson contentment tea, tew sarch the allmiknak, for the next change in the moon.

Contentment, in this age of the world, either means death, or deokay, in the days ov Abraham, contentment was simply ignorance.

The world iz now full ov larning, the arts, and sciences, and all the thousand appliances ov reazon, these things make ignorance the exception, and no man haz a right tew cultivate contentment, enny more than he haz tew cut oph hiz thum, and set quietly down, and nuss the stub.

Show me a thoroughly contented person, and i will show yu an useless one.

What we want iz folks who won't be kontented, who kant be kontented, who git up in the morning, not simply to hav their bed made, but for the sake ov gitting tired; not for the sake ov nourishing kontentment, but for the sake ov putting turpentine in sum ded place, and stiring up the animals.

Contentment was born with Adam, and died when Adam ceased tew be an angel, and bekum a man.

I don't say that a man couldn't be hatched out, and, like a young owl, set on a dri limb, awl hiz days, with hiz branes az fasst asleep az a mudturkles, and at last sneak into heaven, under the guize of kontentment, but i do say, that 10 generashuns ov sich men would run most of the human race into the ground, and leave the ballance az lifeless, and az base, as a currency made out ov puter ten cent pieces.

I would like jist az well az the next man, tew crawl into a hole, that jist fitted me, hed fust, and thus shutting out all the light, be contented, for i know how awfully unsoothing the aims, and ambishuns ov life are, but this would only be burying mi few tallents, and sacrificing on the ded alter ov kontentment, what war given me, to make a fire or a smudge with.

Thare aint no sich thing as contentment and reazon existing together; thozе who slip out ov the crowd, into sum alley, and pretend they are chawing the cud of sweet kontentment, the verry best specimens ov them, are no better than pin cushions, stuck full.

They have jist az menny longings az ennybody, they have jist az menny vices, their virtews are too often simply a mixtur ov jealousy and cowardice.

Contentment is not desighned, as a stiddy bizziness, for the sons ov man, while on this arth.

A yeller dogg, with a tin kittle tew his tale, climbing a hill, at a three minit gate iz a more reasonable spektakle for me, than a slimy snail, contented and happy.

MARRIAGE

Marriage iz a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But thare iz quite too often put up jobs in it.

It iz an old institushun, older than the pyramids, and az phull ov hyroglyphicks that noboddy kan parse.

History holds its tounge who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised tew work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote.

But whoever they waz they must hav made a good thing out ov it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hav harnessed up since and drov out.

Thare iz a grate moral grip in marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the soshull bricks together.

But there ain't but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and giv a good written opinyun whi on arth they cum to did it.

This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov acksidents that must happen, jist az birds fly out ov the nest, when they hav feathers enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Sum marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake; this iz lucky.

Sum marry for money, and – don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skimmilk.

Sum marry tew pleze their relashuns, and are surprized tew learn that their relashuns don't care a cuss for them afterwards.

Sum marry bekauze they hav bin highsted sum whare else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop ov pedigree. This looks desperate, *but it iz the strength ov the game.*

If marrying for love ain't a suckcess, then matrimony iz a ded beet.

Sum marry bekauze they think wimmin will be skarse next year, and liv tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry tew git rid ov themselves, and diskover that the game waz one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the seckond time to git even, and find it a gambling game, the more they put down, the less they take up.

Sum marry tew be happy, and not finding it, wonder whare all the happiness on earth goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they kan't tell whi, and liv, they kan't tell how.

Almoste every boddy gits married, and it iz a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it careful over.

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This iz like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the ballance ov yure days tew clear oph the mortgages.

Married life haz its chances, and this iz just what gives it its flavour. Every body luvs tew phool with the chances, bekauze every boddy expekts tew win. But i am authorized tew state that every boddy don't win.

But, after all, married life iz full az certain az the dry goods bizziness.

No man kan swear exackly whare he will fetch up when he touches calico.

Kno man kan tell jist what calico haz made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't kno even herself.

Dri goods ov all kinds iz the child ov circumstansis.

Sum never marry, but this iz jist az risky, the disease iz the same, with no other name to it.

The man who stands on the bank shivvering, and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold, than him who pitches hiz hed fust into the river.

Thare iz but phew who never marry bekauze they *won't* they all hanker, and most ov them starve with slices ov bread before them (spread on both sides), jist for the lack ov grit.

Marry yung! iz mi motto.

I hav tried it, and kno what i am talkin about.

If enny boddy asks yu whi yu got married, (if it needs be), tell him, *yu don't recollect*.

Marriage iz a safe way to gamble – if yu win, yu win a pile, and if yu loze, yu don't loze enny thing, only the privilege ov living dismally alone, and soaking yure own feet.

I repeat it, in italicks, *marry young!*

Thare iz but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that iz —*a second marriage*.

FASHION'S PRAYER

Kind Fortune may thi mersys endure forever; smile thou out ov thi loving eyes upon this fine bust ov mine.

Strengthen mi husband, and may hiz faith and hiz money hold out to the last.

Draw the lamb's wool ov unsuspecting twilight over hiz eyes, that mi flirtashuns may look to him like vikторыs, and that mi bills may strengthen hiz pride in me.

Bless, oh! Fortune, mi crimps, rats, and frizzles, and let thi glory shine upon mi paint and powder.

When i walk out before the gaze ov vulgar man, regulate mi wiggle, and add nu grace tew mi gaiters.

Bless all dri goods klerks, milliners, manty-makers and hair-frizzers, and give immortality to Lubin and hiz heirs, and assignns forever.

Lead me bi the side ov colone waters, and fatten mi calves upon the bran ov thi love.

Blister, oh! Fortune, with the heat ov thi wrath, the man who treds upon the trail ov my garments.

Take mi two children oph from mi hands, for they bother me, and take them to be thi children, and bring them up to suit thiself.

When i bow miself in worship, grant that i may do it with ravishing elegance, and perserve unto the last the lily-white ov mi flesh, and the taper ov mi fingers.

Smile thou graciously, oh! Fortune, upon mi nu silk dress, now in the hands of the manty-maker, and may it fit me all over like unto, as the ducks foot fitteth the mud.

Destroy mine enemys with the gaul ov jealousy, and eat thou up with the teeth ov envy, all thoze who gaze at mi style.

Save me from wrinkles, and foster mi plumpness.

Fill both mi eyes, oh! Fortune, with the plaintive pizon ov infatuashun, that i may lay out mi viktims, the men as knumb-images graven.

Let the lily, and the roze, strive together in mi cheek, and may mi nek swim like a goose on the buzzum ov krystal waters.

Enable me, oh Fortune, to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all korns, and bunyons.

Bless Fanny mi lap dog, and rain down bezom ov destruckshun upon thoze who would hurt a hair ov Hektor mi kitten.

Remove far from me all the wails of the sorrowful, and shield mi sensitiff natur from the klamours ov the widder.

Shed the light ov thi countenance on mi kammel's hair shawl, and mi necklace ov dimonds, I beseech thee.

Enable the poor to shirk for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

I hav always ben a friend to thee, oh Fortune, therefore bless me for ever, and ever.

THE BIZZY BODY

I don't mean the industrious man, intent, and constant in the way of duty, but he who, like a hen, tired ov setting, cums clucking oph from the nest in a grate hurry, and full ov sputter, az fat spilt on the fire; scratching a little here, and suddenly a little thare; chuck full ov small things, like a ritch cheeze; up and down the streets, wagging around evry boddy, like a lorst dorg; in and out like a long-tailed mouse; az full ov bizzness az a pissmire, just before a hard shower; more questions tew ask than a prosekuting attorney; az fat with pertikulars, az an inditement for hog stealing; as knowing az a tin weathercock.

This breed ov folks do a small bizznes on a big capital, they alwus know all the sekrets within ten miles, that aint worth keeping, they are a bundle of faggot fakts, and kan tell which sow in the neighborhood haz got the most pigs, and what Squire Benson got for marrying hiz last couple.

All ov this iz the result ov not knowing how to use a few brains to advantage, if they only knew a little less they would be fools, and a little more would enable them to tend a fresh lettered gideboard, with credit to themselves, and not confusion to the travellers.

The Bizzy Body iz az full ov leizure az a yearling heifer, hiz time, (nor noboddy else's) aint worth nothing to him, he will button hole an auctioneer on the block, or a minister in the pulpit, and wouldn't hesitate tew stop a phuneral procession to ask what the corpse died of. They are az familiar with every boddy az a cockroach, but are no more use to you, az a friend, than a sucked orange.

Theze bizzy people are of awl genders – maskuline, feminine and nuter, and sumtimes are old maids, and then are az necessary in a community as dried herbs in the garret.

One bizzy old maid, who enjoys her vittles, and dont keep a lot ov tame kats for stiddy employment, is worth more than a daily paper; she iz better than the "Cook's Own Book," or a volume of household receipts, and works harder and makes more trips every day than a railroad hoss on the Third avenue cars.

The bizzybody iz generally az free from malice az a fly; he lights on you only for a roost, but iz always az unprofitable to know, or to hav ennything to do with, az a jewelry peddler.

Thare are sum ov the bizzy folks who are like the hornets – never bizzy only with their stings. These are vipers, and are to be feared, not trifled with; but my bizzybody has no gaul in his liver; his whole karackter iz his face, and he iz as eazy to inventory az the baggage of a traveling colporter.

They are a cheerful, moderately virtuous, extremely patient, modestly impudent, ginger-pop set ov vagrants, who have got more legs than brains, and whose really greatest sin iz not their waste ov facultys, but waste ov time. But time, to one ov theze fellows, flies as unconscious az it duz tew a tin watch in a toy shop window.

They are welcomed, not bekauze they are necessary, but bekauze they aint feared, and are soon dropt, like peanut shells, on the floor.

Thare iz no radikal cure for the bizzybody, no more than thare iz for the fleas in a long-haired dogg – if yu git rid ov the fleas yu hav got the dogg left, and if yu git rid ov the dogg yu hav got the fleas left, and so, whare are you?

Bizzyness and bissness are two diffrent things, altho they pronounce out loud similar.

But after all i don't want tew git shut ov the Bizzy people; they are a noosanse for a small amount, but sumboddy haz got to be a noosanse, and being aktive about nothing, and energetically lazy, iz no doubt a virtuous dodge, but iz 10 per cent better than counterfitting, or even the grand larceny bizzness. Thare iz one thing about them, they are seldum deceitful, they trade on a floating capital, and only deal in second-hand articles; they haint got the tallent to invent, they seldum lie, bekauze their bizzness don't require it; thare iz stale truth enuff lieing around loose for their purpose.

Don't trust them only with what you want to have scattered, they will find a ready market for every thing that a prudent man would hesitate to offer, and they always suppose they are learned, for they mistake rumors, scandals, and gossip for wisdom.

It is a sad sight to see a whole life being swapped off for the glory of telling what good people don't love to hear, and what vicious ones only value for the malice it contains. I should rather be the keeper of a rat pit, or catch cats for a shilling a head to feed an anaconda with.

FASTIDIOUSNESS

Fastidiousness iz merely the ignorance ov propriety. I hav saw people who had rather die and be buried than say *bull*. They wouldn't hesitate tew say *male cow*. If the thoughts are pure and the language iz chaste, it will do tew say almoste ennything.

The young lady who, a fu years ago, refused tew walk akrost a potato field, bekauze the potatoze had eyes, ran away from home, soon afterwards, with a jewelry pedlar.

Fastidiousness, az a general thing iz a holyday virtew, and i hav frequently notissed that those individuals who are alwus afrade they shal cum akrost sumthing hily improper, are generally looking for it.

Fastidiousness and delikasy are often konfounded, but thare iz this difference – the truly delikate aint afrade tew take holt ov things that they are willing tew touch at all with their naked hands, while the fastidious are willing tew take holt ov enny thing with gloves on.

Delikasy iz the coquetry ov truth; fastidiousness iz the prudery ov falsehood.

LOVE

Love iz one ov the pashuns, and the most diffikult one ov all tew deskribe.

I never yet hav herd love well defined.

I hav read several deskripshuns ov it, but they were written by thozе who were in love, (or thought they waz), and i wouldn't beleave such testimony, not even under oath.

Almoste every boddy, sum time in their life, haz bin in love, and if they think it iz an eazy sensashun tew deskribe, let them set down and deskribe it, and see if the person who listens tew the deskripshun will be satisfied with it.

I waz in love once miself for 7 long years, and mi friends all sed i had a consupshun, but i knu all the time what ailed me, but couldn't deskribe it.

Now all that i kan rekolekt about this luv sickness iz, that for thozе 7 long years i waz, if enny thing, rather more ov a kondem phool than ordinary.

Love iz an honorabel disseaze enuff tew hav, bekauze it iz natral; but enny phellow who haz laid sik with it for 7 long years, after he gits over it, feels sumthing like the phellow who haz phell down on the ice when it iz verry wet – he dont feel like talking about it before folks.

FEAR

Sum pholks think fear iz the result ov edukashun, but i dont.

I notiss that thozе who are edukated the most, and thozе who are edukated the least, are troubled with fear just alike.

Fear and courage are instinkts.

A man who iz a koward iz born so, and, when he iz full ov skare, hiz hare on hiz hed will git up on end, I dont kare how mutch edukashun yu pile on top ov it.

The gratest kowards in the world are the men ov the most genius – they are the most silly kowards.

One ov theze kind ov men will quake with fear when a mouse knaws in the wainskote at night, but they will face an earthquake next day with composure.

I dont kno ov a more terrible sensashun than fear; it iz deth when it exhausts itself and ends in despair.

I am a grate koward miself, and beleave i waz born so, and yet thare is nothing which i despize so mutch as kowardice.

I would give all the other virtews i hav got (provided i hav got enny), and throw in a hundred dollars in munny besides, for an unlimited supply ov courage.

I would like tew hav courage enuff tew face the devil himself, if he waz the least bit sassy tew to me.

I am satisfied that courage iz an instinkt, for i notiss all the animal kreashun hav it well defined.

BUTY

Buty iz a very handy thing tew hav, espeshily for a woman who aint hansum.

Thare iz not mutch ov enny thing more diffikult tew define than buty.

It iz a blessed thing that there ain't no rules for it, for the way it iz now, every man gits a hansum woman for a wife.

Thare iz grate power in female buty; its vikторыs reach klear from the Garden ov Eden down to yesterday.

Adam waz the fust man that saw a butiful woman, and waz the fust man tew acknowledge it.

But beauty in itself iz but a very short-lived viktory – a mere perspektive to the background.

Thare aint noboddy but a butterfly kan liv on buty, and git phatt.

When buty and good sense jine each other, yu hav got a mixtur that will stand both wet and dry weather.

I hav never seen a woman with good sense but what had buty enuff tew make herself hily agreeable; but i hav seen 3 or 4 wimmin in mi day who hadn't sense enuff tew make a good deal ov buty the least bit charming.

But, az i sed before, thare ain't no posatiff rule for buty, and i am dredful glad ov it, for every boddy would be after that rule, and sumboddy wouldn't git enny rule, besides running a grate risk ov gitting jammed in the rush.

Man buty iz a awful weak komplaint – it iz wuss, if possible, than the nose-gay disseaze.

If there iz sitch a thing az a butiful man on earth, he haz mi simpathy. Even mithology had but one Adonis, and the only accomplishment he had waz tew blatt like a lamb.

FAITH

Faith iz the rite bower ov Hope.

If it want for faith, thare would be no living in this world. We couldn't even eat hash with enny safety, if it want for faith.

Human knowledge is very short, and don't reach but a little ways, and even that little ways iz twilite; but faith lengthens out the road, and makes it light, so that we kan see tew read the letterings on the mile stuns.

Faith haz won more viktorys than all the other pashuns or sentiments ov the heart and hed put together.

Faith iz one ov them warriors who dont kno when she iz whipped.

But Faith iz no milksop, but a live fighter. She dont set down and gro stupid with resignashun, and git weak with the buty ov her attributes; but she iz the heroine ov forlorn Hope – she feathers her arrows with reason, and fires rite at the bull's eye ov fate.

I think now if i couldn't hav but one ov the moral attributes, i would take it all in faith – red hot faith I mean; and tho i mite make sum fust rate blunders, i would do a rushing bizzness among the various dri bones thare iz laying around loose in this world.

BRANES

Branes are a sort ov animal pulp, and by common konsent are supposed tew be the medium ov thought.

How enny boddy knows that the branes do the thinking, or are the interpreters ov thought, iz more than i kan tell; and, for what i kno, this theory may be one ov thoze remarkable diskoverys ov man which aint so.

Theze subjeks are tew mutch for a man ov mi learning tew lift. I kant prove any ov them, and i hav too mutch venerashun tew guess at them.

Branes are generally supozed tew be lokated in the hed, but investigashun satisfys me that they are planted all over the boddy.

I find that a dansing master's are situated in hiz heels and toze, while a fiddler's all center in hiz elbows.

Sum people's branes seem tew be placed in their hands and fingers, which explains their grate genius for taking things which they kan reach.

I hav seen cases whare all the branes seemed tew kongregate in the tounge; and once in a grate while they inhabit the ears, and then we hav a good listener, but theze are seldum cases.

Sum times the branes ain't enny whare in partikular, but all over the boddy in a minnit. These fellows are like a pissmire just before a hard shower, in a big hurry, and alwus trieing tew go 4 different ways tew once.

Thare seems tew be kases whare thare aint enny branes at all, but this iz a mistake. I thought i had cum akrost one ov theze kind once, but after watching the pashunt for an hour, and see him drink 5 horns ov poor whiskey during the time, i had no trouble in telling whare hiz branes all lay.

I hav finally cum tew the konklushun that branes, or sum thing else that iz good tew think with, are excellent tew hav: but yu want tew keep yure eye on them, and not let them phool away their time, nor yures neither.

SPRING AND BILES

Spring came this year az mutch az usual, hail butuous virgin 5000 years old and upwards, hale and harty old gal, welcum tew York State, and parts adjacent!

Now the birds jaw, now the cattle holler, now the pigs skream, now the geese warble, now the kats sigh, and natur is frisky, the earnest pissmire, the virtuous bed-bug, and the nobby cockroach, are singing Yankee Doodle, and “coming thru the rhi.” Now may be seen the muskeeter, that gray outlined critter ov destiny, solitary and alone, examining his last year’s bill, and may now be heard, with the naked ear, the hoarse shanghigh, bawling in the barnyard.

Kittens in the doorway, the pupys on the green, neighbor chats with neighbor, and the languid urchin creeps listless toward the school. These things are all fust rate in their place, but spring brings pesky *biles*, and plants them carelessly, sometimes among the maiden’s charms, and sometimes among the young men’s. I kan tork like a preshure poet about biles, just now, for i have one in full bloom growing on me, almost reddy to pick, az big az an eggplant, and az full ov anguish az a broken heart.

Biles are the sorest things ov their size on reckord, and az kross tew the touch az a setting hen, or a dog with a fresh bone. Biles alwus pick out the handyest place on youre boddy tew bild their nest, and if you undertake tew brake them up, it only makes them mad, and takes them longer tew hatch out. Thare aint no sutch thing az coaxing, nor driving them away. They are like an impudent bed bug, they won’t move till they hav got their fill.

Biles are az old az religion. Job, the proffit, waz the first champion ov biles, and he iz currently reported tew hav more biles, and more pashunce, to the square inch, than enny one, two very rare things to be found, in enny man.

Biles and pashunce! i should as soon think ov mixing courting and muskeeters together, for luxury.

I hav got a grate deal more faith than i hav pashunce, but i hain’t got enough faith in biles. I wouldn’t trust a bile, even on one ov mi boots.

I think faith iz a better artikle than pashunce. Faith sumtimes iz an evidence ov brains, and pashunce quite often iz only numbness, but i don’t thinkin these smoothe shod times it iz best to have too mutch capital invested in either ov them.

But i am out ov the road. I must git back onto biles agin.

If a fellow begins tew wander, and git out ov the straight and narrow path, it is curious how quick he will begin to go to the – . Biles are very sassy; sumtimes when yer go to set down, they will get between yer and the chair; this iz one evidence ov their ill-breeding, and i had one once plant herself on the frunt end of mi noze, which was a most remarkabel piece ov bad manners, for there iz no room on mi noze ennywhere fora bile, for when it iz even ebb tide with mi noze, it covers half ov mi face. Biles are sed tew be helthy, and i guess they am, for i hav seen sum helthy old biles, az big az a hornet’s nest, and az full ov stings. I always want to be helthy – i am willing tew pay the highest market price for a good deal ov helthy – but if i had to hav 2 biles on me, awl the time, in order to be helthy, i should think that i was bulling the market.

There iz one more smart thing about biles; they are like twins; they hardly ever cum singly, and i hav known them to throw double sixes.

What! twelve biles on one man at a time! This is wus than fighting bumblebees with your summer clothes on.

Biles are sed, by the edukated and correkt spellers ov the land, to be an operashun ov natur tew git rid ov sumthing which she wants to spare. This is so without doubt, but it don’t strike me az being a very polite thing in natur, tew shov oph her biles onto other folks. I say, let evry boddy take care ov their own biles.

But say aul yer kan about biles, call them all the mean names current among fishmungers, revile and persecute, and spit on them, groan, grin and swear when they visit yer, hit them over the head and set on them if yer please, there iz a time in their career when they concentrate aul the pathos ov joy that a man haz on hand to spare, and that iz – when they bust!

This iz bliss, glory, and revenge on the haff shell. A man leans back in rektified comfort, az innocent and az limber az a mermaid.

This pays for the fretful nights and nervous days while the bile haz been hatching. Exit Biles.

TIGHT BOOTS

I would jist like to kno who the man waz who fust invented *tite boots*.

He must hav bin a narrow and kontrakted kuss.

If he still lives, i hope he haz repented ov hiz sin, or iz enjoying grate agony ov sum kind.

I hav bin in a grate menny tite spots in mi life, but generally could manage to make them average; but thare iz no sich thing az making a pair of tite boots average.

Enny man who kan wear a pair ov tite boots, and be humble, and penitent, and not indulge profane literature, will make a good husband.

Oh! for the pen ov departed Wm. Shakspear, to write an anethema aginst tite boots, that would make anshunt Rome wake up, and howl agin az she did once before on a previous ockashun.

Oh! for the strength ov Herkules, to tare into shu strings all the tite boots ov creashun, and skatter them tew the 8 winds ov heaven.

Oh! for the buty ov Venus, tew make a bigg foot look hansum without a tite boot on it.

Oh! for the payshunce ov Job, the Apostle, to nuss a tite boot and bles it, and even pra for one a size smaller and more pinchfull.

Oh! for a pair of boots bigg enuff for the foot ov a mountain.

I have been led into the above assortment ov *Oh's!* from having in my possesshun, at this moment, a pair ov number nine boots, with a pair ov number eleven feet in them.

Mi feet are az uneazy az a dog's noze the fust time he wears a muzzle.

I think mi feet will eventually choke the boots to deth.

I liv in hopes they will.

I supposed i had lived long enuff not to be phooled agin in this way, but i hav found out that an ounce ov vanity weighs more than a pound ov reazon, espeshily when a man mistakes a bigg foot for a small one.

Avoid tite boots, mi friend, az you would the grip of the devil; for menny a man haz caught for life a fust rate habit for swareing bi encouraging hiz feet to hurt hiz boots.

I hav promised mi two feet, at least a dozen ov times during mi checkured life, that they never should be strangled agin, but i find them to-day az phull ov pain az the stummuk ake from a suddin attak ov tite boots.

But this iz solely the last pair ov tite boots i will ever wear; i will hereafter wear boots az bigg az mi feet, if i have to go barefoot to do it.

I am too old and too respektable to be a phool enny more.

Eazy boots iz *one* of the luxurys ov life, but i forgit what the other luxury iz, but i don't kno az i care, provided i kan git rid ov this pair ov tite boots.

Enny man kan hav them for seven dollars, just half what they kost, and if they don't make his feet ake wuss than an angle worm in hot ashes, he needn't pay for them.

Methuseles iz the only man, that i kan kall to mind now who could hav afforded to hav wore tite boots, and enjoyed them, he had a grate deal ov waste time tew be miserable in, but life now days, iz too short, and too full ov aktual bizzness to phool away enny ov it on tite boots.

Tite boots are an insult to enny man's understanding.

He who wears tite boots will hav too acknowledge the corn.

Tite boots hav no bowells or mersy, their insides are wrath, and promiskious cussing.

Beware ov tite boots.

THE LAM AND THE DOVE

The lam iz a juvenile sheep.

They are born about the fust ov March, and menny ov them die just az soon az green peas cum.

Lam and green peas are good, but not good for the lam.

Lam are innozent az shrimps, they won't bight, nor skratch, nor talk sassy.

They don't kno mutch, only to skip, turn summersets on the grass, kik up their heels, pla tag, plauged their mothers and hav phun generally.

I luv the lam, i even luv them after they bekum mutton, i luv lams ov all kinds, i had rather hav one lam than 4 wolfs. This may look like oddness in me, but it iz mi sentiments enny how.

Mary had a little lam. I wish i had a little lam, and if i had a good deal ov lam it wouldn't diskourage me.

Mary waz a good girl – an ornament tew her sekt.

Mary's lam waz a good lam – an ornament tew hiz or her sekt, i don't remember which.

It iz plezant tew reflekt that theze things are stubborn fakts.

When a lam gits thru being a lam, they immejiately bekum a sheep. This takes all the sentiment out ov them.

There ain't mutch poetry in mutton.

Sheep are mutton.

Mutton iz sumtimes prekarious.

When youth and innosense ov enny kind groze old, it loozes most all ov its lamness.

This fakt iz too well known tew require an affidavit.

The lam iz an artikle ov trade, az well as diet, they are wuth from four tew 10 dollars, ackording tew the way things am.

It iz strange that so mutch innosense az the lam iz possessed ov should be for sale.

It iz jiss so with most all the innosense and purity in this world – it iz too often brought to the shambles.

I suppoze if i could hav mi way, the lam would stop growing when he got to be about 8 weeks old; but then, cum tew think ov it, this would make mutton awful skarse.

It would also make lams dredful plenty.

It would also inkrease wolfs much, for i hav alwus notissed since i begun bizzness in this world that just in perposhun az lams got numerous, wolfs got numerous ackordin.

The lam haz a short tail. Their tails are not short bi natur, but short bi design.

During their early lamkinness, in an unsuspekting moment, and quicker than litening, their dorsal elongashun iz nipt in the bud.

Not to be mistaken in this matter, and tew plase the responsibility jist whare it belongs, lam's tails are kut oph bi man.

This iz a mean thing for man to do, but man iz capable ov doing dredful mean things, jist bekauze he iz a man.

Man aint satisfied tew leave ennything in this world az he phinds it.

Lams are ov the mail and femail perswashun.

There are none ov the animals, that i kan remember ov now, that are ov the nuter gender except the mule.

I hav often seen men ov the nuter jender. If yu don't beleave this, cum down whare i liv and i will point them out to you.

The femail lam iz the dearest little package ov innosense and buty known to natralists.

A femail lam iz mi pride and hope. I luv the whole entire congregashun ov them. The mail lam soon gits ruff. They hav horns which burst out ov their heds, and when they git advanced in the journey ov life, these horns are a hard thing tew kontradicket.

I hav seen an aged mail lam knock a 2-hoss waggon into splinters with one blo ov their horns.

This iz terrible if true.

The mail lam when he arrives at hiz majority iz called a ram.

The lam iz kivvered from childhood with a softe coating called wool, from whitch cloth iz sed to be made, and also from whitch yarn iz sed to be spun.

There iz a grate deal ov yarn spun in this world that has no wool in it; these yarns are called phibs.

Phibs are not konsidered feroshus. A phib iz a lie painted in water kullers.

Thare haz been more phibs in market since the formashun ov man than thare haz been truth.

Phibs are often ingenious, sometimes quite pretty, but are alwus dangerous.

Phibs are sumtimes a grate deal more plauzable than truth.

Look out for them.

Phibbers hav been known tew bekum liars, just az hot lemonade drinkers, with a leetle port wine in it just for effekt, hav been known tew bekum our most reliable whiskee drinkers.

THE DUV

The duv iz the lam among birds.

They are az harmless az a dandy lion.

They don't do enny hard work, but eat oats and bill and coo.

They luv each other like a nu married kupple.

The duv alwus hav a good appetight; they will eat from dalite tew dark and seem tew be sorry they didn't eat sum more.

They are a long lived burd, and like the bumble bee, are the biggest when they are born.

I never knu a duv tew la down, and di ov old age.

They are very thrifty, they will inkrease phaster than the multiplikashun table.

They are like the meazles, if yu hav them at all, yu hav got tew hav a good menny ov them.

The duv haz existed a long time, and was one ov Noahs pets, when he sailed.

The fust duv he sent out ov the ark brought bak an olive branch, and the next time he sent her out, she didn't bring bak enny thing.

She even forgot tew cum bak herself.

Noah had but one pair ov each breed ov duvs in the ark, and the one he sent out, and the one he had on hand, must hav found each other, this explains the lov, and effekshun, ov the duv.

The duv iz more ornamental than useful.

They are too inosent tew be very useful.

Sumtimes too mutch inosense interferes with bizzness.

I hav known half a dozen duvs tew git into a pie together, and make themselves useful for a fu minnits.

I don't hate duv pies.

The duv hav alwuss been a kard tew define inosense.

The bible tells us, "to be az wize az a sarpent, *but harmless* as a duv."

This iz fust rate advice, but it means live bizzness.

Enny boddy who iz az wise az a sarpent, kan afford tew be az harmless az a duv.

The rite mixtur ov duv and sarpiet in a man's natur iz a good dose.

If a man haz got too much snaik in him, he iz liable tew overdo things, and if he haz got too mutch duv in him, he aint apt tew cook things enuff.

The duv iz a homemade kriter; they are as effeckshionate as a cockroach iz.

The nearer they kan liv tew whare man duz, the more they are apt tew do it.

Lams and duvs hav a grate menny weak points; but i wouldn't like enny better phun than tew liv whar thare want ennything else but duvs and lams. But this place aint laid down on enny of the maps in this world.

Hawks and wolfs hav made the duv and lam trade dredful unsartin.

I guess, after all, that the evil things in this life help tew make the good things more desirable, and all things that are natral must be right, be they lam, duv, wolf or sarpiet.

THE OLD BACHELOR

A chronick old bachelor iz invariably ov the nuter gender, i don't care how mutch he may offer tew bet that it ain't so.

They are like dried apples on a string, want a good deal ov soaking before they will do to use.

I suppose thare iz sum ov them who hav a good excuse for their nuterness; menny ov them are too stingy tew marry; this iz one ov the best excuses i kno ov, for a stingy man ain't fit to hav a nice woman.

Sum old bachelors gits after a flirt, and kan't travel az fast az she duz, and then konklude all the female group are hard tew ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt iz a tuff thing to overhaul, unless the right dog gits after her, and they are the eazyest ov all tew ketch, and often make the best ov wives.

When a flirt really falls in love, she iz az powerless az a mown daizy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning-hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt iz to travel the other way from which they are going, or set down on the grass and whissell sum lively tune till the flirt cums round.

Old bachelors make the flirts, and then the flirts git more than even, by making the old bachelors.

A majority ov the flirts get married finally, for they have a grate quantity ov the most dainty titbits ov woman's natur, and alwus hav shrewdness tew back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in poetry and water grewel; they hav got tew hav brains, or else sumboddy would trade them out ov their capital at the fust swop.

Thare iz sich a thing (i hav bin told bi thozе who know sum more ov these things than i do,) az old bachelors being manufackterd out ov dissappointed love.

This iz a good deal az sensible, az a man's staying put in the cold all night, on the wrong side ov a river, bekauze he haz made up hiz mind tew ford it, in jist sich a place whare he knows the water iz over hiz hed, when if he would go a little further up or down the creek, he would find the crossing easy, and a sweet little critter, with outstretched hands to beckon him acrost.

Dissappointed luv must ov course be all on one side, and this ain't enny more excuse for being an old bachelor than it iz for a man tew quit all kind ov manual labor, jist out ov spite, and jine a poor house, bekauze he kant lift a ton at one pop.

Old bachelors, others tell us, are made so bekauze they fear the *burden* ov a family.

This would be a good excuse if there waz enny truth in it; the fackt iz, if such men had a family, they would be the grasshoppers themselves that the bible speaks ov, as weighing so mutch to the pound.

An old bachelor will brag about hiz freedum to you, hiz relief from anxiety, hiz independance. This iz a dead beat past ressurection, for evryboddy knows there ain't a more anxious dupe on earth than he iz. All hiz dreams are charcole sketches, ov boarding-school misses; he dresses, greases hiz hair, paints hiz grizzly mustash, cultivates bunyons and corns, tew please hiz captains, the wimmin, and only gits laffed at for hiz pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till i waz about twenty years old, and cum very near dieing a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than i have had since, put it all in a heap; i waz in a lively fever all the time.

If a man haint got ennything in hiz natur but vanity and self-love, he iz very apt tew want to be an old bachelor, and generally makes a good specimen ov the critters; but what more disgusting traits can a man have than these? – and thare iz no stronger argument in favor ov gitting married than the fackt that thare aint nothing that will kure these komplaints so thoroly az a wife and fifteen or twenty babes.

There iz only one person who haz inhabited this world thus far, that i think could hav bin an old bachelor and done the subjekt justiss, and he waz Adam; but since Adam saw fit to open the ball, i hold it iz every man's duty to selekt a partner, and keep the dance hot.

HORNS

In writing the biographi ov *horns*, i am astonished tew find so menny ov them, and so entirely different in their pedigree and pretenshuns.

“*Cape Horn.*” – Cape Horn iz the biggest horn known to man.

It iz a native ov the extreme bottom ov South Amerika, and gores the oshun.

Cape Horn iz hollow, and akts az a phunnell for the winds, which hurry thru it in mutch haste, cauzing the waters ov the sea for a grate distance tew bekum crazy, which frightens the vessells that go by thare, and makes them rare and pitch tremenjus.

This horn iz like a sour old bull in the hiway, and dont seem tew be ov enny use, only tew make folks go out ov their way tew git round it.

“*Horn ov a dilemma.*” – Dilemma iz derived from the siamese verb “*diloss*,” which means *a tite spot*, and haz a horn on each end ov it.

Thare iz no choice in theze two horns; if yu seize one ov them the other may perforate yu, and if yu dont take either both of them may pitch into you.

I always avoid them if possible, but when possibility gives out, mi rule iz tew shut up both eyes, and fite both prongs with mi whole grit.

Nine times out ov ten this will smash a dilemma, and it iz alwus a good fite if yu git licked the tenth.

Yu kant argy or reason with the horn ov a dilemma, the only way iz tew advance in and fight for the gross amount.

“*Cow’s Horn.*” – Two bony projeckshuns, curved, crooked or strate, worn bi the cows on the apeks of their heds, for ornament in times ov peace, and used when they go into war tew stab with.

Theze horns are a kind ov family rechord.

At three years old a ring appears on the bottom ov the horn next tew the hed, and each year after a fresh ring iz born.

In this way the cows kno how old they are.

Sumtimes theze rings fill up the whole horn and grow off onto the adjoining fences in the pasture lot, but this only happens tew very old cows.

I never knu it tew happen in mi life, and I dont think it ever did, it iz one ov them venerable lies that are handed down from father to son, just tew keep the stock ov lies from running out.

When I waz a boy and had just begun tew chew tobacco, i waz told that butter cum from the cow’s horn – I hav since found out that this iz another cussed old lie. This lieing tew children iz no evidence ov genius, and iz sowing the seeds ov decepshun in a soil too apt bi nature tew covet what aint undoubtedly so.

“*Dinner-Horn.*” – This is the oldest, and most sakred horn thare iz. It iz set tew musik, and plays “Home, Sweet Home” about noon. It has bin listened tew, with more rapturous delite, than ever Graffula’s band haz. Yu kan hear it further than yu kan one ov Mr. Rodman’s guns. It will arrest a man and bring him in quicker than a sheriff’s warrent. It kan outfoot enny other noize. It kauzes the deaf tew hear, and the dum tew shout for joy. Glorious old instrument! long may yure lungs last!

“*Ram’s Horn.*” – A spiral root, that emerges suddenly from the figure hed ov the maskuline sheep, and ramafies untill it reaches a tip end. Ram’s horns are alwus a sure sighn ov battle. They are used tew butt with, *but with* out enny respekt to persons. They will attak a stun wall, or a deakon or an established church. A story iz told ov old deakon Fletcher ov Konnektikutt State, who waz digging post holes in a ram pasture on hiz farm, and the moshun ov hiz boddy waz looked upon, by the old ram, who fed in the lot, az a banter for a fight.

Without arranging enny terms for the fight, the ram went incontinently for the deakon, and took him, the fust shot, on the blind side ov hiz boddy, jist about the meridian.

The blow transposed the deakon sum eighteen feet, with a heels-over-hed moshun.

Exhasperated tew a point, at least ten foot beyond endurance, the deakon jumped up, and skreamed his whole voice * * * “yu darned – old cuss,” and then all at once remembering that he waz a good, piuz deakon, he apologized by saying – “*that iz, if I may be allowed the expresshun.*”

The deakon haz mi entire simpathy for the remarks made tew the ram.

“*Whisky Horn.*” – This horn varys in length, but from three to six inches iz the favorite size.

It iz different from other horns, being ov a fluid natur.

It iz really more pugnashus than the ram’s horn; six inches ov it will knock a man perfekly calm.

When it knocks a man down it holds him thare.

It iz either the principal or the sekond in most all the iniquity that iz travelling around.

It makes brutes of men, demons of wimmin and vagrants of children.

It haz drawn more tears, broken more hearts and blited more hopes than all the other agencies of the devil put together.

“*Horn Comb.*” – This simple little unsophistikated instrument haz beheaded countless legions ov innocent children.

I don’t mean that it haz cut oph their heads, but that it haz cut its way thru the hirsute embossing that adorns their skalps.

It haz two rows of sharp teeth, and always haz a good appetite.

It iz always az ready for a job az a village lawyer, and iz az thorough az a sarch warrent.

It iz an emblem of faith and neatness.

When it gits old and looses its teeth it should be cherished, hung up and labeled, “Well done old mouser.”

I always look upon an old and worn out horn tooth comb with a species ov venerashun, bordering on melankolly. It reminds me ov mi boyhood, and the boyish things that waz running through mi head in thozе days ov simplicity and innocence.

Thare iz a grate menny other kinds ov horns, but I haint got the time to tell yu all about them now. Thare iz the “Powder Horn,” the “Horn ov the Bull Head,” and the “Horn ov Plenty;” and there iz also “Horn Tooke,” a celebrated writer ov hiz day; but good-by for the present.

KISSING

I hav written essays on kissing before this one, and they didn't satisfy me, nor dew I think this one will, for the more a man undertakes tew tell about a kiss, the more he will reduce his ignorance tew a science.

Yu kant analyze a kiss enny more than yu kan the breath ov a flower. Yu kant tell what makes a kiss taste so good enny more than yu kan a peach.

Enny man who kan set down, whare it is cool, and tell how a kiss tastes, haint got enny more real flavor tew his mouth than a knot hole haz. Such a phellow wouldn't hesitate tew deskribe Paridise as a fust rate place for gardin sass.

The only way tew diskribe a kiss is tew take one, and then set down, awl alone, out ov the draft, and smack yure lips.

If yu kant satisfy yureself how a kiss tastes without taking another one, how on arth kan you define it tew the next man.

I hav heard writers talk about the egstatick bliss thare waz in a kiss, and they really seemed tew think they knew all about it, but these are the same kind ov folks who perspire and kry when they read poetry, and they fall to writing sum ov their own, and think they hav found out how.

I want it understood that I am talking about pure emotional kissing, that is born in the heart, and flies tew the lips, like a humming bird tew her roost.

I am not talking about your lazy, milk and molasses kissing, that daubs the face ov enny body, nor yure savage bite, that goes around, like a roaring lion, in search ov sumthing to eat.

Kissing an unwilling pair ov lips, iz az mean a viktory, az robbin a bird's nest, and kissing too willing ones iz about az unfragrant a recreation, az making boquets out ov dandelions.

The kind ov kissing that I am talking about iz the kind that must do it, or spile.

If yu sarch the rekords ever so lively, yu kant find the author ov the first kiss; kissing, like mutch other good things, iz anonymous.

But thare iz such natur in it, sitch a world ov language without words, sitch a heap ov pathos without fuss, so much honey, and so little water, so cheap, so sudden, and so neat a mode of striking up an acquaintance, that i consider it a good purchase, that Adam giv, and got, the fust kiss.

Who kan imagin a grater lump ov earthly bliss, reduced tew a finer thing, than kissing the only woman on earth, in the garden of Eden.

Adam wan't the man, i don't beleave, tew pass sich a hand

I may be wrong in mi konklusions, but if enny boddy kan date kissing further back, i would like tew see them do it.

I don't know whether the old stoick philosophers ever kist enny boddy or not, if they did, they probably did it, like drawing a theorem on a black board, more for the purpose of proving sumthing else.

I do hate to see this delightful and invigorating beverage adulturated, it iz nektar for the gods, i am often obliged tew stand still, and see kissing did, and not say a word, that haint got enny more novelty, nor meaning in it, than throwing stones tew a mark.

I saw two maiden ladys kiss yesterday on the north side ov Union square, 5 times in less than 10 minnits; they kist every time they bid each other farewell, and then immediately thought ov sumthing else they hadn't sed. I couldn't tell for the life ov me whether the kissing waz the effekt ov what they sed, or what they sed waz the effekt ov the kissing. It waz a which, and tother, scene.

Cross-matched kissing iz undoubtedly the strength ov the game. It iz trew thare iz no stattu regulashun aginst two females kissing each other; but i don't think thare iz much pardon for it, unless it iz done to keep tools in order; and two men kissing each other iz prima face evidence ov deadbeatery.

Kissing that passes from parent to child, and back agin seems to be az necessary az shinplasters, to do bizzness with; and kissing that hussbands give and take iz simply gathering ripe fruit from ones own plumb tree, that would otherwise drop oph, or be stolen.

Tharefore i am driv tew konklude, tew git out ov the corner that mi remarks hav chased me into, that the ile ov a kiss iz only tew be had once in a phellow's life, in the original package, and that iz when...

Not tew waste the time ov the reader, i hav thought best not tew finish the abuv sentence, hoping that their aint no person ov a good edukashun, and decent memory, but what kan reckolekt the time which i refer to, without enny ov mi help.

“WHAT I KNO ABOUT PHARMING.”

What i kno about pharmin, iz kussid little.

Mi buzzum friend, Horace Greely, haz rit a book with the abuv name, and altho i haven't had time tew peerose it yet, i don't hesitate tew pronounse it bully.

Pharmin, (now daze) iz pretty much all theory, and tharefore it aint astonishing, that a man kan live in New York, and be a good chancery lawyer, and also kno all about pharming.

A pharm, (now daze) ov one hundred akers, will produse more buk wheat, and pumkins, run on theory, than it would 60 years ago, run with manure, and hard knoks.

Thare iz nothing like book larning, and the time will evventually cum, when a man, won't hav tew hav only one ov “*Josh Billing's Farmers' Almanax*,” to run a farm, or a kamp meeting with.

Even now it aint unkommon, tew see three, or four, hired men, on a farm, with three, or four, spans ov oxen, all standing still, while the boss goes into the library, and reads himself up for the days' ploughing.

If i was running a pharm, (now daze) i supoze i would rather hav 36 bushels, ov sum nu breed ov potatoze, raized on theory, than tew hav 84 bushels, got in the mean, benighted, and underhanded way, ov our late lamented grand parents.

Pharmin, after all, iz a good deal like the tavern bizzness, ennyboddy thinks they kan keep a hotel, (now daze,) *and they kan*, but this iz the way that poor hotels cum tew be so plenty, and this iz likewise what makes pharmin such eazy, and proffitable bizzness.

Just take the theory out ov pharming, and thare aint nothing left, but hard work, and all fired lite krops.

When i see so mutch pholks, rushing into theory pharming, az thare iz, (now daze) and so menny ov them rushing out agin, i think ov that remarkable piece ov skriptur, which remarks, “menny are called, but few are chosen.”

I onst took a pharm, on shares miself, and run her on sum theorys, and the thing figured up this way, i dun all the work, I furnished all the seed, and manure, had the ague 9 months, out of 12, for mi share ov the proffits, and the other phellow, paid the taxes on the pharm, for hiz share.

By mutual konsent, i quit the farm, at the end of the year.

What i kno about pharmin, aint wuth bragging about, and i feel it mi duty to state, for the benefit ov mi kreditors, that if they ever expekt me tew pay 5 cents on a dollar, they musn't start me in the theoretikal pharmin employ.

If a man really iz anxious tew make munny on a pharm, the less theory he lays in the better, and he must do pretty mutch all the work hissself, and support hiz family on what he kant sell, and go ragged enuff all the time tew hunt bees.

I kno ov menny farmers, who are so afflikted with superstishun, that they wont plant a single bean, only in the last quarter of the moon, and i kno ov others so pregnant with science, that they wont set a gate post, until they hav had the ground analized, bi sum professor ov anatomy, tew see if the earth haz got the right kind of ingredience for post-holes.

This iz what i call running science into the ground.

The fakt ov it iz, that theorys, ov all kind, work well, except in praktiss: they are too often designed tew do the work ov praktiss.

Thare aint no theory in brakeing a mule, only tew go at him, with a klub in yure hand, and sum blood in yure eye, and brake him, just as yu would split a log.

What i kno about pharming, aint wuth mutch enny how, but I undertook teu brake a kicking heifer once.

I read a treatiss on the subjekt, and phollowed the direkshuns cluss, and got knokt endwaze, in about 5 minnits.

I then sot down, and thought the thing over.

I made up mi mind that the phellow who wrote the treatiss waz more in the treatiss bizzness than he waz in the kicking heifer trade.

I cum tew the konklushun that what he knu about milking kiking heifers, he had larnt by leaning over a barn yard fence, and writing the thing up.

I got up from my reflekshuns strengthened, and went for that heifer.

I will draw a veil over the language i used, and the things i did, but i went in to win, *and won*.

That heifer never bekam a cow.

This iz one way tew brake a kicking heifer, and after a man haz studdyed all the books in kreashun on the subjek, and tried them on, he will fall back onto mi plan, and make up hiz mind, az i did, that a kicking heifer iz wuth more for beef than she iz for theoretick milk.

I hav worked on a pharm just long enuff tew kno that thare iz no prayers so good for poor land az manure, and no theory kan beat twelve hours each day, (sundaze excepted) of honest labour applied tew the sile.

I am an old phashioned phellow, and hartily hate most nu things, bekauze i hav bin beat bi them so often.

I never knu a pharm that waz worked pretty mutch by theory, but what waz for sale, or to let, in a fu years, and i never knu a pharm that waz worked by manure, and muscle, on the good old ignorant way ov our ansestors, but what waz handed down, from father to son, and alwus waz noted for razing brawny armed boys, and buxom lasses, and fust rate potatoze.

What i kno about pharmin, iz nothing but experiense, and experiense, (now daze,) aint wuth a kuss.

I had rather hav a good looking theory, tew ketch flats with, than the experiense – even ov Methuseler.

Experiense iz a good thing tew lay down and die with, but yu kant do no big bizzness with it, (now daze,) it aint hot enuff.

Giv me a red hot humbug, and i kan make most ov the experiense, in this world ashamed ov itself.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Qu. – Did you ever see an old horse, holler-eyed and bony, limp-legged and pur-blind, kivered with a gold-plated harness and waited upon by a spruce postillion, and a liveried coachman?

Ans. – Yes i hav, and i hav seen old age put on pomposity, hobble in brocade, command reverence, exult with pride and grin with pain, and i hav sed tew myself “poor old hoss.”

Qu. – Did yu ever hear phools, and even wise men say that life waz short, that deth waz certain, that happiness waz skase?

Ans. – I have herd these remarks quite often, but i never herd a bizzy man find enny fault with the length of life, nor a pure one regret that deth waz a sure thing, nor a vartuous one konplain about the high price of happiness.

Qu. – Did you ever hear an old maid prattle about the falsity ov man, the grate risk thare waz in having one, the bliss thare waz in being boss ov one’s self?

Ans. – It seems tew me that i hav, and i have alwus felt az tho the old virgin waz taking medicine awl the time she was saying it.

Qu. – Iz thare enny vacancy at present for a man in polite sirkles, who didn’t hav a ritch daddy, or who hadn’t bored suckcessfully for ile himself?

Ans. – If we hear ov enny sutch opening we will telegraff yu at once, but jist now, the way things are run, a man with seedy garments on would even git kicked out ov a fust klass meeting house, and be put under 10 thousand dollar bonds tew keep the peace. Our advice tew a poor, but virtewous individual, would be tew take hiz virtew under hiz arm, keep shady, and let the polite sirkles chew each other.

Qu. – Kan a young man without enny mustash git a situation in Nu York Sitty?

Ans. – Yes, but it would probably be in the station-house. Yung men without enny mustash are looked upon with suspicion, and yu will find, if yu put them under oath, that they either haint got ennything but common sense, or they are too stingy to buy a bottle ov “Bolivards’s oil ov seduktion,” warrented tew fetch hair, or tare oph the lip.

Qu. – Kan yu inform me the best way that haz yet been invented yet to bring up a boy?

Ans. – Giv me 10 dollars and i will tell you. But here is a recipee that i giv away. Bring up your boy in fear ov the rod and a gin mill.

Qu. – Iz thare enny kure for natral laziness, whare it iz a part ov a man’s constitushun and bye laws?

Ans. – Only one kure, that iz, milk a cow on the run, and subsist on the milk.

Qu. – How fast duz sound travel?

Ans. – This depends a good deal upon the natur ov the noize yu are talking about. The sound ov a dinner horn for instance travels a half a mile in a seckond, while an invitashun tew git up in the morning I hav known to be 3 quarters ov an hour going up two pair ov stairs, and then not hav strength enuff left tew be heard.

WHISSLING

I hav spent a grate deal ov sarching, and sum money, tew find out who waz the first whissler, but up tew now i am just az mutch uncivilized on the subjekt az i waz.

I kan tell who played on the first juice harp, and who beat the fust tin pan, and i kno the year the harp ov a thousand strings waz diskovered in, but when whissling waz an infant, iz az hard for me tew say, az mi prayers in lo dutch.

Whissling iz a wind instrument, and iz did bi puckring up the mouth, and blowing through the hole.

Thare aint no tune on the whole earth but what kan be played on this instrument, and that selebrated old tune, Yankeedoodle haz bin almost whissled tew deth.

Grate thinkers are not apt tew be good whisslers, in fakt, when a man kant think ov nothing, then he begins tew whissell. We seldom see a raskal who iz a good whissler, thare iz a grate deal ov honor bright, in a sharp, well puckered whissell.

Good whisslers are gitting skarse, 75 years ago they waz plenty, but the desire tew git ritch, or tew hold offiss, haz took the pucker out ov this honest, and cheerful amuzement.

If i had a boy, who couldn't whissell, i don't want tew be understood, that i should feel at liberty, tew giv the boy up for lost, but i would mutch rather he would kno how tew whissell fust rate, than to kno how tew play a seckond rate game ov kards.

I wouldn't force a boy ov mine tew whissell agin his natral inclinashun.

Wimmin az a kind, or in the lump, are poor whizzlers, i don't kno how i found this out, but i am glad ov it, it iz a good deal like crowing in a hen.

Crowing iz an unladylike thing in a hen tew do.

I hav often heard hens tri tew cro, but i never knu one tew do herself justiss.

A rooster kan krow well, and a hen kan kluk well, and i sa let each one ov them stik tew their trade.

Klucking iz jist az necessary in this wurld az crowing espeshily if it iz well did.

But i want it well understood that i am the last man on reckord who would refuse a woman a chance tew whissell if she waz certain she had the right pucker for it.

I never knu a good whissler but what had a good constitushun. Whissling iz composed ov pucker and wind, and these two accomplishments denote vigor.

Sum people alwus whissell whare thare iz danger – this they do to keep the fraid out ov them. When i waz a boy i alwus considered whissling the next best thing to a kandle to go down cellar with in the nite time.

The best whisslers i hav ever heard hav bin among the negroes (i make this remark with the highest respekt to the accomplishments ov the whites), i hav herd a south karoliny darkey whissell so natral that a mocking-bird would drop a worm out ov hiz bill and talk back to the nigger.

I dont want enny better evidence ov the general honesty thare iz in a whissell than the fakt that thare aint nothing which a dog will answer quicker than the wissell ov hiz master, and dogs are az good judges ov honesty az enny krittters that live.

It iz hard work to phool a dog once, and it iz next to impossible to phool him the sekond time.

I aint afraid to trust enny man for a small amount who iz a good whissler.

I wouldn't want to sell him a farm on credit, for i should expekt to hav to take the farm back after awhile and remove the mortgage miself.

Yu cant whissell a mortgage oph from a farm.

A fust rate whissler iz like a middling sized fiddler, good for nothing else, and tho whissling may keep a man from gitting lonesum, it wont keep him from gitting ragged.

I never knu a bee hunter but what waz a good whissler, and i dont kno ov enny bizzness on the breast ov the earth that will make a man so lazy and useless, without acktually killing him, az hunting bees in the wilderness.

Hunting bees and writing seckond rate verses are evidences ov sum genius, but either of them will unfit a man for doing a good square day's work.

HOTELS

Hotels are houses ov refuge, homes for the vagrants, the married man's retreat, and the bachelor's fireside.

They are kept in all sorts ov ways, sum on the European plan, and menny ov them on no plan at all.

A good landlord iz like a good stepmother, he knows hiz bizzness and means to do hiz duty.

He knows how to rub hiz hands with joy when the traveler draws nigh, he knows how to smile, he knew yure wife's father when he waz living, and yure wife's fust husband, but he don't speak about him.

He kan tell whether it will rain to-morrow or not, he hears yure komplaints with a tear in hiz eye, he blows up the servants at yure suggestion, and stands around reddy, with a shirt collar az stiff az broken china.

A man may be a good supream court judge and at the same time be a miserable landlord.

Most evrybody thinks they kan keep a hotel (and they kan), but this ackounts for the grate number ov hotels that are kept on the same principle that a justiss ov the peace offiss iz kept in the country during a six-days' jury trial for killing sumboddy's yello dorg.

A hotel wont keep itself and keep the landlord too, and ever kure a traveler from the habit ov profane swareing.

I hav had this experiment tried on me several times, and it alwus makes the swares, wuss.

It iz too often the kase that landlords go into the bizzness ov hash az ministers go into the professhun, with the very best ov motives, but the poorest kind ov prospecks.

I dont know ov enny bizzness more flattersum than the tavern bizzness, there dont seem to be ennything to do but to stand in front ov the register with a pen behind the ear and see that the guests enter themselves az soon az they enter the house, then yank a bell-rope six or seven times, and then tell John to sho the gentleman to 976, and then take four dollars and fifty cents next morning from the poor devil ov a traveler and let him went.

This seems to be the whole thing (and it iz the whole thing) in most cases.

Yu will diskover the following deskripshun a mild one, ov about 9 hotels out ov 10 between the Atlantik and Pacifick Oshuns akrost the United States in a straight line:

Yure room iz 13 foot 6 inches, by 9 foot 7 inches, parallelogramly.

It being court week (az usual), all the good rooms are employed bi the lawyers and judges.

Yure room iz on the uttermost floor.

The carpet iz ingrain – ingrained with the dust, kerosene ile, and ink-spots ov four generashuns.

Thare iz two pegs in the room tew hitch coats onto, one ov them broke oph, and the other pulled out, and missing.

The buro haz three legs, and one brick.

The glass to the buro swings on two pivots, which hav lost their grip.

Thare iz one towel on the rack, thin, but wet. The rain water in the pitcher cum out ov the well.

The soap iz az tuff tew wear az a whetstone.

The soap iz scented with cinnamon ile, and variagated with spots.

Thare iz three chairs, kane setters, one iz a rocker, and all three are busted.

Thare iz a match-box, empty.

Thare iz no kurtin to the windo, and thare don't want to be any, yu kant see out, and who kan see in?

The bel rope iz cum oph about 6 inches this side ov the ceiling.

The bed iz a modern slat bottom, with two mattresses, one cotton, and one husk, and both harder, and about az thick az a sea biskitt.

Yu enter the bed sideways and kan feel evry slat at once az eazy az yu could the ribs ov a grid iron.

The bed iz inhabited.

Yu sleep sum, but rool over a good deal.

For breakfast you have a gong, and rhy coffee too kold to melt butter, fride potatoze which resemble the chips a two inch auger makes in its journey through an oak log.

Bread solid, beef stake about az thik az a blister plaster, and so tuff az a hound's ear.

Table covered with plates, a few scared to death pickles on one ov them, and 6 fly endorsed crackers on another.

A pewterinktom caster with three bottles in it, one without enny pepper in it, one without enny mustard, and one with two inches ov drowned flies, and vinegar in it.

Servant gall, with hoops on, hangs around you earnestly, and wants to know if yu will take another cup ov coffee.

Yu say "*No mom, i thank yu,*" and push back yure chair.

Yu haven't eat enuff tew pay for picking yure teeth.

I am about az selfconsaited az it will do for a man to be and not crack open, but i never yet consaited that i could keep a hotel, i had rather be a hiwayman than to be sum landlords i have visited with.

Thare are hotels that are a joy upon earth, where a man pays hiz bill az cheerfully az he did the parson who married him, whare yu kant find the landlord unless yu hunt in the kitchen, whare servants glide around like angels ov mercy, whare the beds fit a man's back like the feathers on a goose, and whare the vittles taste just az tho yure wife, or yure mother had fried them.

Theze kind ov hotels ought tew be bilt on wheels and travel around the country; they are az phull ov real cumfort az a thanksgiving pudding, but alas! yes, alas! they are az unplenty az double-yelked eggs.

LAFFING

Anatomikally considered, laffing iz the sensashun ov pheeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot.

Morally considered, it iz the next best thing tew the 10 commandments.

Philosophikally considered, it beats Herrick's pills 3 pills in the game.

Theoretikally considered, it kan out-argy all the logik in existence.

Analitikally considered, enny part ov it iz equal tew the whole.

Konstitushionally considered, it iz vittles and sumthing tew drink.

Multifariously considered, it iz just az different from ennything else az it is from itself.

Phumatically considered, it haz a good deal ov essence and sum boddy.

Pyroteknikally considered, it is the fire-works of the soul.

Syllogestikally considered, the konklushuns allwus follows the premises.

Spontaneously considered, it iz az natral and refreshing az a spring bi the road-side.

Phosphorescently considered, it lights up like a globe lantern.

Exsudashiously considered, it haz all the dissolving propertys ov a hot whiskee punch.

But this iz too big talk for me; theze flatulent words waz put into the dikshionary for those giants in knolledge tew use who hav tew load a kannon klean up tew the muzzell with powder and ball when they go out tew hunt pissmires.

But i don't intend this essa for laffing in the lump, but for laffing on the half-shell.

Laffing iz just az natral tew cum tew the surface as a rat iz tew cum out ov hiz hole when he wants tew.

Yu kant keep it back by swallowing enny more than yu kan the heekups.

If a man *kan't* laff there iz sum mistake made in putting him together, and if he *won't* laff he wants az mutch keeping away from az a bear-trap when it iz sot.

I have seen people who laffed altogether too mutch for their own good or for ennyboddy else's; they laft like a barrell ov nu sider with the tap pulled out, a perfekt stream.

This is a grate waste ov natral juice.

I have seen other people who didn't laff enuff tew giv themselves vent; they waz like a barrell ov nu sider too, that waz bunged up tite, apt tew start a hoop and leak all away on the sly.

Thare ain't neither ov theze 2 ways right, and they never ought tew be pattented.

Sum pholks hav got what iz kalled a hoss-laff, about haffway between a growl and a bellow, just az a hoss duz when he feels hiz oats, and don't exackly kno what ails him.

Theze pholks don't enjoy a laff enny more than the man duz hiz vettles who swallows hiz pertatoze whole.

A laff tew be nourishsome wants tew be well chewed.

Thare iz another kind ov a laff which i never did enjoy, one loud busst, and then everything iz az still az a lager beer barrell after it haz blowed up and slung 2 or 3 gallons ov beer around loose.

Thare iz another laff whitch I hav annalized; it cums out ov the mouth with a noize like a pig makes when he iz in a tite spot, one sharp squeal and two snickers, and then dies in a simper.

This kind ov a laff iz larnt at femail boarding-skools, and dont mean ennything; it iz nothing more than the skin ov a laff.

Genuine laffing iz the vent ov the soul, the nostrils ov the heart, and iz jist az necessary for helth and happiness as spring water iz for a trout.

Thare iz one kind ov a laff that i always did reckommend; it looks out ov the eye fust with a merry twinkle, then it kreesps down on its hands and kneze and plays around the mouth like a pretty moth around the blaze ov a kandle, then it steals over into the dimples ov the cheeks and rides around in thoze little whirlpools for a while, then it lites up the whole face like the mello bloom on a damask

roze, then it swims oph on the air, with a peal az klear and az happy az a dinner-bell, then it goes bak agin on golden tiptoze like an angel out for an airing, and laze down on its little bed ov violets in the heart whare it cum from.

Thare iz another laff that noboddy kan withstand; it iz just az honest and noizy az a distrikt skool let out tew play, it shakes a man up from hiz toze tew hiz temples, it dubbles and twists him like a whiskee phit, it lifts him up oph from hiz cheer, like feathers, and lets him bak agin like melted led, it goes all thru him like a pikpocket, and finally leaves him az weak and az krazy az tho he had bin soaking all day in a Rushing bath and forgot tew be took out.

This kind ov a laff belongs tew jolly good phellows who are az helthy az quakers, and who are az eazy tew please az a gall who iz going tew be married to-morrow.

In konklushion i say laff every good chance yu kan git, but don't laff unless yu feal like it, for there ain't nothing in this world more hartly than a good honest laff, nor nothing more hollow than a hartless one.

When yu do laff open yure mouth wide enuff for the noize tew git out without squealing, thro yure hed bak az tho yu waz going tew be shaved, hold on tew yure false hair with both hands and then laff till yure soul gets thoroly rested.

But i shall tell yu more about these things at sum fewter time.

HOSS SENSE

There is nothing that haz bin diskovered yet, that iz so skarse as good Hoss sense, about 28 hoss power.

I don't mean race hoss, nor trotting hoss sense, that kan run a mile in 1:28 and then brake down; nor trot in 2:13, and good for nothing afterwards, only to brag on; but I mean the all-day hoss sense, that iz good for 8 miles an hour, from rooster crowing in the morning, until the cows cum home at night, klean tew the end ov the road.

I hav seen fast sense, that was like sum hoses, who could git so far in one day that it would take them two days tew git back, on a litter. I don't mean this kind nuther.

Good hard-pan sense iz the thing that will wash well, wear well, iron out without wrinkling, and take starch without kracking.

Menny people are hunting after uncommon sense, but they never find it a good deal; uncommon sense iz ov the nature of genius, and all genius iz the gift of God, and kant be had, like hens eggs, for the hunting.

Good, old-fashioned common sense iz one ov the hardest things in the world to out-wit, out-argy, or beat in enny way, it iz az honest az a loaf ov good domestik bread, alwus in tune, either hot from the oven or 8 days old.

Common sense kan be improved upon by edukashun – genius kan be too, sum, but not much. Edukashun gauls genius like a bad setting harness.

Common sense iz like biled vittles, it is good right from the pot, and it is good nex day warmed up.

If every man waz a genius, mankind would be az bad oph az the heavens would be, with every star a comet, things would git hurt badly, and noboddy tew blame.

Common sense iz instinkt, and instinkt don't make enny blunders mutch, no more than a rat duz, in coming out, or going intew a hole, he hits the hole the fust time, and just fills it.

Genius iz always in advance ov the times, and makes sum magnificent hits, but the world owes most ov its tributes to good hoss sense.

SILENCE

Silence is a still noise.

One ov the hardest things for a man to do, iz tew keep still.

Everyboddy wants tew be heard fust, and this iz jist what fills the world with nonsense.

Everyboddy wants tew talk, few want to think, and noboddy wants tew listen.

The greatest talkers among the feathered folks, are the magpie and ginny hen, and neither ov them are ov mutch account.

If a man ain't sure he iz right the best kard he kan play iz a blank one.

I have known menny a man tew beat in an argument by just nodding his hed once in a while and simply say, "*jess so, jess so.*"

It takes a grate menny blows tew drive in a nail, but one will clinch it.

Sum men talk just az a French pony trots, all day long, in a haff bushel meazzure.

Silence never makes enny blunders, and alwus gits az mutch credit az iz due it, and oftimes more.

When i see a man listening to me cluss i alwus say to mi self, "*look out, Josh, that fellow iz taking your meazzure.*"

I hav herd men argy a pint two hours and a haff and not git enny further from whare they started than a mule in a bark mill, they did a good deal ov going round and round.

I hav sot on jurys and had a lawyer talk the law, fakts and evidence ov the kase all out ov me, besides starting the taps on mi boots.

I hav bin tew church hungry for sum gospel, and cum hum so phull ov it that i couldn't draw a long breth without starting a button.

Brevity and silence are the two grate kards, and next to saying nothing, saying a little, iz the strength ov the game.

One thing iz certain, it iz only the grate thinkers who kan afford tew be brief, and thare haz bin but phew volumes yet published which could not be cut down two-thirds, and menny ov them could be cut klean back tew the title page without hurting them.

Iz hard tew find a man ov good sense who kan look back upon enny occason and wish he had sed sum more, but it iz eazy tew find menny who wish they had said less.

A thing sed iz hard tew recall, but unsed it kan be spoken any time.

Brevity iz the child of silence, and iz a great credit tew the old man.

BRAVERY

True bravery iz very eazy tew detekt, for it iz az mutch a part and parcel of a man's every day life az hiz clothes iz.

Everything that a truly brave man duz iz did from principle not impulse, and when no one sees him he iz just az heroik az he would be if he waz in the eyes of the multitude.

Thare iz a grate deal ov bravery that iz simply ornamental, and if it wan't for its spurs and cockade wouldn't amount tew mutch.

It iz not bravery to face what we kan't dodge, but it iz true courage tew face all things that are honest and dodge nothing.

True bravery exists among the lowly just az mutch az among the grate, and a man really haz no more right tew expekt praise for his courage than he haz for hiz virtue.

It often requires more bravery tew tell the simple truth than it duz tew win a battle.

He who fills to the brim the stashun in life, which nature or fortune haz given him, iz a hero; i don't kare whether he iz a peasant on the hillside, or chieftian in the tented field.

The most sublime courage I hav ever witnessed, hav been among that klass who waz too poor to know that they possessed it, and too humble for the world ever to diskover it.

When I want to see a hero, or commune with one, i don't go tew the pages ov history; i kan find them in among the bipaths ov every day life, i hav known them tew liv out their lives and die without enny reckord here; but hereafter, when the grate sorting takes place, they will be found among the jewels.

DISPATCH

Dispatch iz the gift, or art ov doing a thing right quick. To do a thing right, and to do it quick iz an attribute ov genius.

Hurry iz often mistaken for dispatch; but thare iz just az much difference az thare iz between a hornet and a pissmire when they are both ov them on duty.

A hornet never takes any steps backwards, but a pissmire alwus travels just as tho he had forgot sumthing.

Hurry works from morning until night, but works on a tred-wheel.

Dispatch never undertakes a job without fust marking out the course to take, and then follows it, right or wrong, while hurry travels like a blind hoss, stepping hi and often, and spends most ov her time in running into things, and the ballance in backing out agin.

Dispatch iz alwus the mark ov grate abilitys, while hurry iz the evidence ov a phew branes, and they, flying around so fast in the hed, they keep their owner alwus dizzy.

Hurry iz a good phellow tew phite bumble bees, whare, if yu hav ever so good a plan, yu kant make it work well.

Dispatch haz dun all the grate things that hav been did in this world, while hurry haz been at work at the small ones, and haint got thru yet.

HOW TO PIK OUT A WIFE

Find a girl that iz 19 years old last May, about the right hight, with a blue eye, and dark-brown hair and white teeth.

Let the girl be good to look at, not too phond of musik, a firm disbeleaver in ghosts, and one ov six children in the same family.

Look well tew the karakter ov her father; see that he is not the member ov enny klub, don't bet on elekshuns, and gits shaved at least 3 times a week.

Find out all about her mother, see if she haz got a heap ov good common sense, studdy well her likes and dislikes, eat sum ov her hum-made bread and apple dumplins, notiss whether she abuzes all ov her nabors, and don't fail tew observe whether her dresses are last year's ones fixt over.

If you are satisfied that the mother would make the right kind ov a mother-in-law, yu kan safely konklude that the dauter would make the right kind of a wife.

After theze prelimenarys are all settled, and yu have done a reazonable amount ov sparking, ask the yung lady for her heart and hand, and if she refuses, yu kan konsider yourself euchered.

If on the contrary, she should say yes, git married at once, without any fuss and feathers, and proceed to take the chances.

I say take the chances, for thare aint no resipee for a perfekt wife, enny more than thare iz for a perfekt husband.

Thare iz just az menny good wifes az thare iz good husbands, and i never knew two people, married or single, who were determined tew make themselves agreeable to each other, but what they suckceeded.

Name yure oldest boy sum good stout name, not after sum hero, but should the first boy be a girl, i ask it az a favour to me that yu kaul her Rebekker.

I do want sum ov them good, old-fashioned, tuff girl names revived and extended.

HOW TEW PIK OUT A WATERMELLON

Sumtime about the 20th ov August, more or less, when the moon iz entering her seckond quarter, and the old kitchen klock haz struk twelve midnite, git up and dres yureself, without making enny noize, and leave the hous bi the bak door, and step lightly akross the yard, out into the hiway, and turn tew yure right.

After going about haff a mile, take your fust left hand road, and when yu cum tew a bridge, cross it, and go thru a pair ov bars on the right, walk about two hundred yards in a south-east direckshun, and yu will cum suddenly on a watermellon patch.

Pik out a good, dark-colored one, with the skin a leetle ruffish; be kareful not to injure enny ov the vines by stepping on them; shoulder the watermellon, and retrace yure steps, walking about twice az fast az yu did when yu cum out.

Once in a while look over yure shoulder too see if the moon is all right. When yu reach hum, bury the watermellon in the ha mow and slip into bed, just as tho nothing had happened.

This is an old-fashioned, time-honored way, tew pik out a good watermellon, just the way our fathers and grandfathers did it.

After yu hav et the watermellon tare up the resipee.

I am not anxious tew hav this resipee preserved, but i dont want it forgotten.

One watermellon during yure life is enuff to pik out in this way.

Dont do it but jist once, and then be kind ov sorry for it afterwards.

Menny people will wonder and worry whare the moral cums in, in this sketch, and it is hard tew tell; but i will venture to say that thare aint a prominent moralist in Amerika but has picked out his watermellon by this resipee, sumtime during his life, and will tell you that he remembers favourably the spirit ov adventure that prompted the undertaking, and never kan forgit the sober sense ov shame that followed it.

HOW TEW PIK OUT A DOG

Dogs are gitting dredful skase, and if yu dont pik one out putty soon, it will be forever too late. I hav written during my yunger days, when I knu a good deal more than i do now, or ever shal kno agin, an essa onto dogs, and in that essa i klaimed that the best kind ov a dog for all purposes for a man tew hav was a wodden dog.

The experience ov years don't seem tew change mi opinyun, and i now, az then, reckomend the wodden dog.

Dogs, az a genral thing, are ornamental, and the wodden dog kan be made hily so, after enny pattern or desighn that a kultivated taste may suggest.

If the wodden dog iz made with the bark on, so mutch the better; for we are told bi thozе who studdy sich things that dogs which bark never bight.

Wodden dogs never stra away three or four times a year, like flesh and blood dogs do, and don't kost 5 or 10 dollars reward each time tew make them cam bak hum agin.

Wodden dogs don't hav the old hydrophobiskiousness; neither are they running round, and round, and round, and round after them selfs, trieing tew ketch up with a wicked flea, who iz bizzily engaged knawing away at the dog's – continuashun.

Thare ain't no better watch dog in the world than the wodden one. Yu set them tew watching enny thing, they will watch it for 3 years, and they aint crazy, and want tew jump thru a window in a minnit, if they just happen tew hear a boy out in the streets whissling "*Yankee Doodle*" or "*Sally Cum Up*."

Wodden dogs won't stretch themselves out in front ov the fire place, taking up all the hot room, nor they won't fly at a harmless old beggar man, who only wants a krust, and tare him all tew little bits in a minnitt.

If yu want tew pik out a good dog, pik out a wodden one, they range in price, all the way from 10 cents tew a dollar ackording tew the lumber in them, old age don't make them kross and useless, and if they do happen tew loze, a hed, or a leg, in sum skrimmage, a dose ov Spaldings glu, taken at night, jist before they retire will fetch them out all strait, in the morning.

HOW TEW PIK OUT A KAT

The hardest thing, in every day life, iz tew pik out a good kat, not bekause kats are so skase, az bekauze they are so plenty.

If thare want but 2 kats on earth, thare wouldn't be no trouble, yu would pik one and the other phellow would pik one, and that would end the contest.

To pik out a good kat, one that will tend tew bizzness and not astronomize nights, nor praktiss operatik strains, iz an evidence ov genius.

I don't luv kats enuff tew pik one out enny how, but i have picked a kitten out ov a swill barrel before now with a pair of tongs, just tew save life.

Color iz no kriterion ov kats, i hav seen dredful mean kats ov all colors.

Kats with blue eyes, and very long whiskers, with the points ov their ears a leetle rounded are not to be trusted they will steal yung chickens, and hook kream oph from the milk pans, every good chance they kan git.

Kats with gra eyes, very short whiskers, and four white toes, are the best kats thare iz to lay in front ov the kitchen stove all day, and be stepped on their tail, every fu minnits.

Kats with blak eyes, no whiskers at all, and sharp pointed ears, are liabel tew phitts.

Picking out good kats haz alwus bin a mighty cluss transackshun from the fust begining, the best way haz alwus ben tew take them without enny picking, jist az they cum, and let them go, jist az they cum.

LOST ARTS

Sum ov our best and most energetick quill jerkers, hav writ essays on the “Lost Arts,” and hav did comparatiffly well, but they hav overlooked several ov the missing artikles whitch i take the liberty, (in a strikly confidenshall way) tew draw their attentshun to.

“*Pumpkin Pi.*” – This delitesum work ov art *iz*, (or rather *was*) a triumphant conglomerashun ov baked doe, and biled pumpkin.

It waz diskovered during the old ov the moon, in the year 1680, by Angelica, the notable wife ov Rhexoboam Beecher, then residing in the rural town ov Nu Guilford, State of Connekticut, but since departed this life, aged 84 years, 3 months, 6 daze 5 hours, and 15 minnits.

Peace tew her dust.

This pi, immejiately after its discovery bi Angelica, proceeded into general use, and waz the boss pi, for over a hundred years.

In the year 1833 it waz totaly lorst.

This pi hain’t bin herd from since. Large rewards hav bin offered for its recovery by the Govenor ov Connekticut, but it haz undoubtedly fled forever.

Sum poor imitashuns ov the blessed old original pi are loafing around, but pumpkin pi az it waz, (with nutmeg in it) is no more.

“*Rum and Tansy.*” – Good old Nu England rum with tanzy bruized in it, waz known to our ancients, and drank by the deacons and the elders ov our churches, a century ago.

It iz now one ov the lost arts.

A haff a pint ov this glorious old mixtur upon gitting out ov bed in the morning, then a haff a pint jist before sitting down tew breakfast, then thru the day, at stated intervals, a haff a pint ov it, and sum more ov it just before retiring at nite, iz wat enabled our fourfathers tew shake oph the yoke ov grate brittain, and gave the Amerikan eagle the majestik tred and thundering big bak bone, which he used tew hav. But, alas! oh, alas! we once had spirits ov just men made perfek, but we hav now, (o alas!) spirits ov the dam.

One half-pint ov the present prevailing rum would ruin a deacon in twenty minitts.

Farewell, good old nu England rum, with some tanzy in yer, thou hast gone! yest, thou hast gone tew that bourn from which no good spirits cums back.

“*Rum, reguiescat, et liquorissimus.*”

* * * * *

“*Arly to bed, and arly to rize.*”

When our ancestors landed on Plimoth Rok out ov the Mayflower, and stood in front ov the grate lanscape spred out before them, reaching from the boisterious Atlantik to the buzzum ov the plaintive Pacifick, they brought with them, among other tools, the art ov gitting up in the morning and going tew bed at nite in decent sezon.

This art they waz az familiar to them, az codfish for brekfast.

They knu it bi heart.

It waz the eleventh command in their katekism.

They taut it tew their children, their yung men and maidens, and if a yung one waz enny ways slow about larning it he waz invited out to the korn-krib, and thare the art waz explained tew him, so that he got hold ov the idee for ever and amen.

I am sorry to say that this art iz now lost, or missing.

What a loss waz here, my countrymen!

I pauze for a reply.

Not a word do I hear.

Silence iz its epitaph.

Perhaps some profane and unthinking cuss will exclaim – “*Let her rip!*”

Arly tew bed and arly tew rize, is either a thing of the past or a thing that ain’t cum – it certainly don’t exist in these parts now.

It haz not only gone itself, but it haz took oph a whole lot ov good things with it.

This art will positively never be diskovered agin; it waz the child ov innocense and vigor, and this breed ov children are like the babes in the wood, and deserted bi their unkle.

“*Honesty.*” – Honesty iz one ov the arts and sciences.

Learned men will tell you that the abuv assershun iz one ov Josh Billings infernal lies, and yer hav a perfekt rite tew believe them, but i don’t.

Honesty iz jist az much an art az politeness iz, and never waz born with a man enny more than the capacity to spell the word Nebuddkenozzer right the first time waz.

It took me seven years to master this word, and i and Noer Webster both disagree about the right way now.

Sum men are natrally more addikted tew honesty than others, jist az sum hav a better ear for musik, and larn how tew hoist and lower the 8 notes, more completely than the next man.

Honesty iz one ov the lost or mislaid arts – thare may be excepshuns tew this rule, but the learned men all agree that “excepshuns prove the rule.”

The only doubts i hav about this matter iz tew lokate the time very cluss, when honesty waz fust lost.

When Adam in the garden of Eden waz asked, “*Whare art thou Adam*” and afterwards explained hiz absence by saying, “*I, waz afraid*” iz az far back az I hav bin able tew trace the fust indikashuns ov weakness in this grand and nobel art.

I shouldn’t be suprizid if this art never waz fully recovered again during mi day.

I aint so anxious about it on mi own ackount, for i kan manage tew worry along sumhow without it, but what iz a going tew bekum ov the grate mass ov suffering humanity?

This iz a question that racks mi simpathtick buzzum!

HINTS TO COMIK LEKTURERS

Comic lekturing iz an unkommon pesky thing to do.

It iz more unsarting than the rat ketching bizzness az a means ov grace, or az a means ov livelyhood.

Most enny boddy thinks thev kan do it, and this iz jist what makes it so bothersum tew do.

When it iz did jist enuff, it iz a terifick success, but when it iz overdid, it iz like a burnt slapjax, very impertinent.

Thare aint but phew good judges ov humor, and they all differ about it.

If a lekturer trys tew be phunny, he iz like a hoss trying to trot backwards, pretty apt tew trod on himself.

Humor must fall out ov a mans mouth, like musik out ov a bobalink, or like a yung bird out ov its nest, when it iz feathered enuff to fly.

Whenever a man haz made up hiz mind that he iz a wit, then he iz mistaken without remedy, but whenever the publick haz made up their mind that he haz got the disease, then he haz got it sure.

Individuals never git this thing right, the publik never git it wrong.

The publik never cheat themselves, nor other folks, when they weigh out glory.

Thare iz jist 16 ounces in a pound ov glory, and no more, that is, by the publiks steelyards.

Humor iz wit with a roosters tail feathers stuck in its cap, and wit iz wisdom in tight harness.

No man kan be a helthy phool unless he haz nussed at the brest ov wisdom.

Thoze who fail in the comik bizzness are them who hav bin put out to nuss, or bin fetched up on a bottle.

If a man iz a genuine humorist, he iz superior tew the bulk ov hiz aujience, and will often times hav tew take hiz pay for hiz services in thinking so.

Altho fun iz designed for the millyun, and ethiks for the few, it iz az true az molasses, that most all aujiences hav their bell wethers, people who show the others the crack whare the joke cums laffing in.

I hav known popular aujences deprived ov all plezzure during the recital ov a comik lektur, just bekauze the right man, or the right woman, want thare tew point out the mellow places.

The man who iz anxious tew git before an aujience, with what he calls a comik lektur, ought tew be put immediately in the stocks, so that he kant do it, for he iz a dangerous person tew git loose, and will do sum damage.

It iz a very pleazant bizzness tew make people laff, but thare iz mutch odds whether they laff *at you*, or laff at *what yu say*.

When a man laffs at *yu*, he duz it because it makes him feel superior to you, but when yu please him with what yu have uttered, he admits that yu are superior tew him.

The only reason whi a monkey alwus krees a sensashun whareever he goes, is simply bekauze – he is a monkey.

Everybody feels az tho they had a right tew criticize a comik lektur, and most ov them do it jist az a mule criticizes things, by shutting up both eyes and letting drive with hiz two behind legs.

Humor haz but phew rules tew be judged by, and they are so delikate that none but the most delikate kan define them.

It is dredful arbitrary tew ask a man tew laff who don't feel the itch ov it.

One ov the meanest things in the comik lektring employment that a man haz to do, iz tew try and make that large class ov hiz aujience laff whom the Lord never intended should laff.

Thare iz sum who laff az eazy and az natral az the birds do, but most ov mankind laff like a hand organ – if yu expect tew git a lively tune out ov it yu hav got tew grind for it.

In delivering a comik lektur it iz a good general rule to stop sudden, sometime before yu git through. This enables the aujience, if they hav had enuff, tew be satisfied with what they hav had, and if they want enny more, it enables them to hanker for it.

I know it iz dredful tuff, when a man iz on one end ov a stick ov molasses kandy, tew quit till he gits clean through; but he musn't forgit that hiz aujience may not be so sweet on molassiss kandy az he iz.

I hav got a very lonesum opinyun ov the comik lektring bizziness, and if I waz well shut ov it, and knu how tew git an honest living at ennything else, (except opening clams, and keeping a districkt skool,) i would quit tommorrow, and either trade oph mi liktur for a grindstone, or sell it to the proprietors ov sum insane hospital, to quiet their pashunts with.

I dont urge ennyboddy tew cultivate the comik lektring, but if they feel phull ov something, they kan't tell what, that bites, and makes them feel ridikilous, so that they kan't even saw wood without laffing tew themselves all the time, i suppose they hav got the fun ailment in their bones, and had better let it leak out in the shape ov a lektur.

But i advise all such persons to pitty themselves, and when they lay a warm joke, not tew akt az a hen doth when she haz uttered an egg, but look sorry, and let sum one else do the cackling.

If i had a boy who showed enny strong marks ov being a comik critter, if i couldn't get it out ov him enny other way, i would jine him to the Shakers, and make him weed onions for three years, just for fun.

FASHION – FURY – FELLOW – FUN – FUSS – FLUNKY – FRETS – FITS – FINIS

FASHION

Fashion is a goddess.

She iz ov the maskuline, feminine and nuter gender.

Men worship her in her maskuline form – wimmin in her feminine form, and the excentricks in her nuter gender.

She rules the world with a straw, and makes all her supliants.

She enslaves the poor az well az the ritch, she kneels in sanktuarys, poms in cabins, and leers at the street korners.

She fits man's foot with a pinching boot, throttles him with a stubborn collar, and dies his mustash with darkness.

She trails the ritch silks ov wimmin along the filthy sidewalks, leads sore-eyed lap-dogs with a string, and banishes helpless children to murky nurserys, in the kare ov faithless hirelings.

She cheats the excentric with the clap-trap of fredom, and makes him serve her in the habiliments ov the harlequin.

Yea, verily.

FUN

Fun is the soul's vent.

Fun iz whare the kruditys eskape, where she kiks up her heels, and runs snorting around the lot, unhaltered, and az eager az an eskaped konvikt.

Fun iz a safety-valve that lets the steam preshure oph from the biler, and keeps things from bussting.

Fun iz the dansing particles, which fli oph from the surface ov unbottled cider, it iz the senseless frolik ov the spring lam in the clover, it iz the merry twinkle that kleeps down tew the korner ov the parson's eye, to stand in the sunlite, and see what's going on.

Fun iz az karliss az a kolt, az happy az a bridegroom, and az silly az a luv-sik skool-girl.

Fun iz the holy day wisdom ov the sage, the phools pholly, and everyboddys puppet.

Next tew the virtew in this world, the *fun* in it iz what we kan least spare.

Truly! O! truly!

FRET

Fret iz a kanker, a gangreene, a blister, a bile, salt on a sore place, and a sliver everywhare.

Fret iz frickshun, a dull lancet, a gimblet.

Fret makes a yung man ackt like an old one, and an old man ackt like a yung one.

Fret iz a grind stun, whare he holds hiz noze on, haz tew do hiz own turning.

Fret haz burnt more holes thru a man's koppers that all the other hot things, it haz killed az often az the doktors hav, and iz az lawless, and senseless, az a goose.

Fret makes the husband a tyrant, the wife a plague, the child a nuisance, an old maid terrible, and a bachelor disgusting.

Fret makes home a prizon, and puts teeth into the gums ov all life's misfortunes.

I bet! thou bet! he, she, or it, bets!

FURY

Fury iz the tornado ov the inner man, a thunder shower, a blak kloud phull ov litening, a tiger out ov hiz kage, a maniak armed, a bull in fli time.

Fury knows no law only its strength, like a rocket, it whizzes till it busts, and when it haz bust, like a rocket, it iz but a senseless and burnt reed.

Fury iz the argument ov tyrants, and the revenge ov the embecile, the courage ov the kat, and the glowing embers ov dispair.

Fury makes the hornet respektabel, and the pissmire a laffing stok, it makes the eagle allmoste human, and clothes the little wren, battling for her brood, with a halo sublime.

Indeed! indeed!

FITS

Fits are the moral tumbings ov man's natur, the bak summersets ov hiz disposishun, the flying trapez ov the kriter himself.

Fits prompt him tew klimb a greast pole, tew fite a wind mill at short range, to go too near a mule's heels, and to make a kussid phool ov himself generally.

Fits taketh a man bi the end ov hiz noze, and leadeth him into bak lots.

Fits hav no consience, and no judgment.

Fits jerk a man from the path ov duty, they nok him crazy at noontime, they seize him at twilite, and twist him arly in the morning.

Sum men, and sum wimmen, are good only in fits, and bad only in fits, when they haint got a fit they are unfit for ennything.

Yes, i think so.

FUSS

Fuss iz like an old setting hen when she cums oph from her nest.

Fuss iz like kold water dropt into hot grease – it sputters, and sputters, and then sputters agin.

Fuss iz haff-sister to Hurry, and neither ov them kant do enny thing without gitting in their own way and stepping on themselves.

Thare iz more fuss in this world than thare iz hurry, and thare iz a thousand times more ov either ov them than thare iz ov dispatch.

Fuss works hard all day, and don't do enny thing, goes to bed tired at night, then gits up next morning, and begins agin whare she left oph.

Oh, dear! whi iz this sutch.

FELLOW

A fellow iz like a bottle ov ginger pop that haz stood six hours with the kork out, in a warm room – it ain't ginger nor it ain't pop.

A fellow iz a hybrid; he hain't got enny more karakter than a drizzly day haz, he iz every boddy's cuzzin, and hangs around like a lost dog.

He iz often clever, and that iz jist what ruins him. A clever phellow iz wuss oph than a mulatto. I am sorry for this – i am actually sad.

FLUNKEY

Flunkeys are just abuv loafers, and just belo fellows.

They ain't maskuline, feminine, nor nuter – they are just human dough.

They hav the currage ov a spring chicken, the ferocity ov a cricket, the combativness ov a grasshopper, and the bakbone ov an angleworm.

They are human dough made to order, and baked az yu choose.

Ain't it orful?

FINIS

Finis iz the end ov all things – the happyest place in the whole job.

All things on arth hav an end to them, and i kant think ov but phew things now that hain't got two.

A ladder haz two ends to it, and the surest way tew git to the top ov it iz tew begin at the bottom.

Finis iz the best and only friend that menny a man in this world ever haz, and sum day Finis will be the autokrat ov the universe.

Bully for yu, Finis.

THE NU FOUNDLAND AND THE TARRIER

Dogs are one ov the luxurys ov civilizashun.

In uncivilized life they perhaps are more one ov the necessitys, az they quite often are cooked, and eaten whole.

Among the civilized, if they ever do git onto a bill ov fare, (ov which i have mi own private doubts,) they are more artisktly handled, and enter into hash, or sassage, not az the leading artikle, but more tew kreate a good average.

But i am not now disposed to treat ov dogs az vittles, but as the companyun ov man, hiz pet, and hiz partner.

The Nu foundland dog iz a natiff ov the place whare the nobel kodfish iz kaught.

He dont liv in the water, like the kodfish, but unlike the kodfish, livs on the land.

Hiz principal amuzement iz saving life, and i am told that thare iz hardly a man, or a woman, in all Nu foundland, but what haz had their lives saved several times by these wonderful dogs.

They are taken from Nu foundland to various parts ov the world, and are kept for the purpose ov dragging the drowning from a watery grave.

Yu will find them in mountaneous countrys, whare thare aint enny water, but little brooks. Here they dont hav mutch to do, in their line ov bizzness, and git verry fatt.

But i am told, that even here, they dont forget their natur, and kan often be seen looking down into the wells, after drowning men.

This shows the grate power ov instinkt, and the force ov bizzness habits, alwus looking for a job.

I never hav had mi life saved by one ov theze nobel krittters, but am reddy tew hav it done, at enny time, at the usual rates.

Life iz sweet, and it iz cheaper tew hav it saved by a dog than by a doktor.

But these dogs are all hydropaths, and thare iz sum pholks so kussid sentimental that they had rather die than be doktered bi ennything else than an old skool allopath.

I am just phool enuff, if I waz in the pond, just at the pint ov deth on ackount ov too mutch water, and thare waz a Nufoundland dog standing on the shore out ov a job, I should let him handle the case, rather than send four miles for a regular doktor.

I may be all wrong in this, but if the dog hauled me out all right, I should hav time tew repent ov mi blunder, and next time send for a physician with a diploma.

It iz never too late tew repent ov a blunder, not if you hav got plenty ov time on hand that you don't kno what to do with.

I never hav owned a Nufoundland dog, but just az soon as i git able tew board one, without skrimping mi family, i mean to buy one, or borro one, just for hiz board.

I don't know ov ennything more magnificent than tew hav a grate illustrious Nufoundland dog tew follow yu in a mountaneous country.

I liv at Pordunk (the home ov the Billings family) and Pordunk iz not a wet place.

Thare iz sum good wells thare, and two groceryys, but the water priviligis at Pordunk are used only az a beverage.

Thare iz only one Nufoundland dog now at Pordunk, and i think the town would support two.

I don't suppose i should hav work enuff tew keep one ov theze nobel animals bizzzy hauling drowning men out ov wells, but in the spring ov the year, after the gardens waz made, i could lend him out tew the nabors tew run in the gardens.

I don't kno ov enny thing better tew keep the angleworms, and early lettiss, and beets out ov a garden than a full-grown Nufoundland pup.

It iz nothing but phun tew giv them a kalf-skin boot, and turn them out into a nu-made garden, and see them kick up their heels, stir up the garden, and jerk the boot.

I am almoste krazy tew hav a Nufoundland dog.

THE RAT TARRIER

Theze dear little pets ov the dog perswashun are natiffs ov the ile ov Grate Brittain.

They are born there with grate precision and purity ov karakter, hav a pedigree az klean az the queen's, and as free from spots az a nu tin dipper.

A rat tarrier who could ketch 97 rats a day, with a rust on his pedigree, ain't worth only haff az mutch in market az one with a pure set ov ansestors, who couldn't ketch only 43 rats.

It iz hard work for a kussed phool tew see this, but it takes edukashun tew see theze things.

A man without edukashun kan stand out doors in a klear night and count the moon, and he won't see enny thing but a grate chunk ov light sumthing bigger than a kartwheel.

But you let an edukated man stan out there by his side, and he kan see turnpikes, and toll gates, and torch-lite proceshuns, and wimmin's rites convenshuns, and municipal rings, and koporashun thieving in it.

Edukashun iz bully.

The rat tarrier iz not so mutch dog, az a personal matter, az the Nufoundland iz, but he haz more grit to the square inch.

Just so the hornet haz got more sting tew them than a shanghi pullet haz, and an angleworm haz more grit in them than an hanakonda haz. Natur bosses these jobs, and natur never underlets a kontrakt. There is one thing I alvus did like natur for, she don't take the trouble tew explain. She don't object tew persons asking questions, and guessing at things, but if enny boddy asks her whi a frog kan jump further at one highst than a tud kan, she tells the phellow (if she tells him ennything) never tew bet on the tud, unless he wants tew looze his munny.

I never hav had the happiness yet to own a rat tarrier even, in fakt i hav allus been poor, and haven't been beforehanded enuff yet tew own a dog.

I mean sum time tew hav a rat tarrier, and then I suppoze, to enjoy myself, I shall have tew git sum rats. This iz the way with all the luxurys ov life, one luxury makes another one necessary. Thar iz one thing certain, if i ever do own a Nufoundland, or rat tarrier, they hav got tew be thorobred. I must kno all ov their relashuns, inkluding their mother-in-law, and if thare iz a blot on thur reputashun, as big as a fli spek, the dog wont sute me.

I must hav the pedigree all rite, if the dog aint wuth a kuss.

THE MONKEY

The monkey iz a human being, a little undersised, kivered with hair, hitched to a tail, and filled with the devil.

Naturalists will tell you, if you ask them, that i am mistaken, that i mean well enuff, and don't mean tew deceive ennybody, but the monkey iz not a human being, he iz simply a pun on humanity, a kind of malishus joke ov Jupiter's, a libel, with a long tail tew it, a misterious mixtur ov ludikrous mischief, and stale humor, a kind of pacing hobbyhoss, or connekting gang-plank, between man in his dignity and the beast in his darkness.

I hav a hi opinyun ov the naturalist, and all kinds ov the dictionary fraternity, and touch mi hat tew them, when we meet, and i respect them for what they know, but don't worship them for what they don't know, as the heathens do, their wodden gods.

I don't kare what the philosophers say they kan prove in this matter, i tell you confidenshally, mi christian friend, that you and the monkey, are relashuns.

I don't pretend tew say that you are brothers and sisters, but i do pretend tew state, that monkeys, or enny other kind ov critters, who exercise reason, even if the light ov it, is dim az a number six dip candle, in the rays ov the noon day sun, are our relashuns, for a certain amount.

The only fence between the animal and brute folks, iz instinkt and reason, and if the natralist kant prove that the monkey don't show a single glimmering ov reason, i say he must step oph from the monkey's tail, and let him eat at the fust table.

The monkey iz imitative tew the highest degree, and imitashun iz a direkt transgreshun ov the law ov instinkt, and iz fallow ground within the domain of reazon.

Instinkt don't step one single step aside, tew smell ov a flower or pull a cat's tail.

But argument ain't mi fighting weight, i git along the best by asserting things az they strike me, and i say upwards ov four thousand things every year, that i kant prove, enny more than i kan prove what melody iz.

The naturalist may hav their own way, but they kant hav mine, what little i know about things haz bin whispered tew me by the spirits, or some other romping critters, and is az distinkt and butiful, sumtimes to me, as a dream on an empty stummuk; it may be all wrong but it never iz visicious, and thus i konklude it iz edukashun.

Now i don't advise ennybody else tew depend for their learning upon sich prekarious school masters, the best way iz tew follow the ruts, it will take you to town just az it did yure daddy.

The route that i travel iz cirkuitus and blind sometimes, it haz now and then a vista, or a landscape in it, that iz worth, tew me, more than a farm ov tillable land, but you kant raize good white beans on a landskape.

Whenever i drop mi subject, and begin tew strut in the suburbs ov sentimentility and proverbial pomposity, i alwus think ov a gobble turkey, in a barn-yard, on dress parade, and that is jist what i am thinking ov now, and therefore i will dismount from the turkey, and git aboard the monkey, (the monkey az he am) once more.

Pure deviltry iz the monkeys right bower; he iz only valuable, (az personal property) tew look at, and wonder what he iz a going tew do next.

He iz a jack at all trades, put him in a barber shop, he will lather, and try tew shave himself, and color his mustash, put him in a dri good store, and he will handle more goods, than the best retail clerk in A. T. Stewart's employ.

The monkey haz not got a logikal head, it iz tew mutch like a pin hed, all in a heap to onst, but hiz face is a concentrated dew drop of malishus mischief.

He resembles the rat tarrier in countenance, and skratches hiz hed, az natral az a distrikt skool boy, and undoubtedly for the same reason.

Monkeys never grow enny older in expreshun, a yung monkey looks just like his grandpapa, melted up and born again.

They are sometimes kept as pets, but i should rather watch two adopted orphan boys, fresh from the Home of the Friendless, than two monkeys.

They will eat everything that a man will, except bolony sarsage, here they show more instinkt, than reason.

But after all, tho the monkey shows evident sighns ov reazon, they are, az a means ov praktikal grace, the most useless krittters i hav ever pondered over and skrated mi head about.

They won't work, and they won't play, unless they kan raize sum devil, they are too mutch like a human being in looks, and actions to kill off, it is impossible tew gaze at one and git mad at him, and it iz impossible tew laff at their smirking santanity, without getting mad at yureself.

If enny boddy should make me a present ov a monkey, i don't know now, whether i should konsider it intended for malice, or a joke, but i do know, that i should send him back bi the same person that fetched him, tew the donor, marked in loud italicks —*C. O. D.*

In konklusion; thare iz only one thing that i have a grate supply ov doubt about, in reference tew the monkey, and that iz his moral stamina, while in the garden ov Eden, with the rest ov the critters, previous tew the time that Adam fell; – was he strickly on the square, or was he just az full ov the devil az he is now?

An answer tew the above konumdrum iz earnestly solicited.

THE PISSMIRE

The pissmire iz about 19 sizes bigger than the ant, aktual meazurement, and iz a kind ov bizzy loafer among bugs.

They are like sum men, alwus very bizzy about sumthing, but what it iz, the Lord only knows.

I never see a pissmire yet that wasn't on the travel, but i hav watched them all day long, and never see them git tew the place they started for.

Just before a hard shower they are in the biggest hurry, they seem tew postpone every thing for that ockashun.

Thar iz a grate difference between hurry and dispatch, but pissmires dont seem to understand the difference.

If pissmires would go slower I should like them better, for i dont know ov ennything more unpleasant to view, than an aktive loafer.

A pissmire iz like a boys wind mill, on the gable end ov a smoke house, in a gale, the faster it goze round, the less common sense thare seems tew be in it.

If pissmires haint got a destiny ov sum kind tew fill they wear out more shu leather than thare iz enny religion in.

THE POLE KAT

My friend, did yu ever examin the fragrant pole kat clussly? I guess not, they are a kriter who won't bear examining with a microscope.

They are butiful beings, but oh! how deceptive.

Their habits are phew, but unique.

They bild their houses out ov earth and the houses hav but one door tew them, and that iz a front door.

When they enter their houses they don't shut the door after them.

They are called pole kats bekause it iz not convenient tew kill them with a klub, but with a pole, and the longer the pole the more convenient.

Writers on natural history, dissagree about the right length ov the pole tew be used, but i would suggest, that the pole be about 365 feet, espeshily if the wind iz in favor ov the pole kat.

When a pole kat iz suddenly walloped with a long pole, the fust thing he, she, or it duz, iz tew embalm the air, for meny miles in diameter, with an akrlmonious olifactory refreshment, which permeates the ethereal fluid, with an entirely original smell.

This smell iz less popular, in the fashionable world, than lubins ekstrakt, but the day may cum when it will be bottled up like musk, and sold for 87 1-2 cents per bottle; bottles small at that.

A pole kat will remove the filling from a hens egg, without braking a hole in the shell, bigger than a marrow fat pea.

How this iz did historians hav left us to doubt.

This iz vulgarly called "surking eggs."

This iz an accomplishment known among humans, which it iz sed, they hav learnt from the pole kats.

Pole kats also deal in chickens, yung turkeys, and yung goslings.

They won't tutch an old goose, they are sound on that question.

Man iz the only phellow who will attempt tew bight into an old goose, and his teeth fly oph a grate meny times before he loosens enny ov the meat.

A pole kat travels under an alias, which is called *skunk*. Thare iz a grate meny *aliases* that thare iz no accounting for, and this iz one ov them.

I hav kaught skunks in a trap. They are eazier tew git into a trap than tew git out ov it.

In taking them out ov a trap grate judgment must be had not tew shake them up; the more yu shake them up the more ambrosial they am.

One pole kat in a township is enuff, espeshily if the wind changes once in a while.

A pole kat skin iz wuth 2 dollars, in market, after it iz skinned, but it iz wuth 3 dollars and fifty cents tew skin him.

This iz one way tew make 12 shillings in a wet day.

THE WEAZEL

The weazel haz an eye like a hawk, and a tooth like a pickerel.

They kan see on all three sides of a right angle tri angle board fence, at once, and kan bite thru a side ov sole leather.

They alwus sleep with one eye open, and the other on the wink, and are quicker than spirits ov turpentine, and a lighted match.

It iz no disgrace for a streak ov litening tew strike at a weazel and miss him.

If I owned a weazel, litening mite strike at him all day for 50 cents a clap.

I hav tried tew kill them in a stun wall with a rifle, but they would dodge the ball, when it got within six inches ov them, and stick their heads out ov another krack, three feet further oph.

They are the hardest kriter among the small game tew ketch or tew kill, yu kant coax one into a trap, and keep him thare, enny more than yu could ketch a ray of light, with a knot hole.

Weazles are skarse, but the supply alwus equals the demand, they aint useful only for one thing, and that iz, too kill chickens.

They will kill 14 chickens in one night, and take off the blood with them, leaving the corpse behind.

I hunted 3 weeks for a weazle once (it iz now six years ago), and knu just whare he waz all the the time, and hain't got him yet.

I offered 10 dollars reward for him, and hold the stakes yet.

Every boy in that naborhood waz after that weazle nite and day, and I had tew withdraw the reward to keep from breaking up the distrikt skool.

The skoolmaster threatened tew su me if i didn't, and i did it, for i hate a law suit rather wuss than i do a weazle.

A weazle's skin, wore on the neck, it iz sed, will kure the quinsy sore thrut, but the phellow who sed this had a sure thing; he knu nobody could ketch the weazle.

I waz told, when i waz a boy, by a cunning cuss, that the way tew ketch a crow waz tew put sum salt on hiz tail. I prakticed all one summer on this, but never got sum crow.

I hav did things az foolish az this since i hav quit being a boy, but prefer tew keep mum what they are.

Weazles hav got no wisdum, but hav got what iz sumtimes mistaken for it, they hav got cunning.

Cunning stands in the same relashun tew wisdum that a tadpole duz tew a frog, he may git tew be a frog if he keeps on growing, but he aint one now.

Wisdum knows how tew jump, but about the best thing that cunning can do iz tew wiggle.

I hav saw cunning men who thought they waz wize, but i never saw a wise man who thought he waz cunning.

ANGLE WORMS

Are ov arth, arthy, and crawl for a living. They liv in ritch ground; ground that won't raize angle-worms won't raize ennything else, and whare angle-worms rejoice, corn iz sure to be bully. If yu want yure angleworms ov enny size, yu must manure yure sile. There aint nothing on arth more miserable tew ponder over and weep about than a half starved angle-worm. Angeworms are a sure crop on good sile, and handy tew hoe, for they plant and harvest themselves. They don't take up mutch room in the ground, and are az kind tew childen az a piece ov red tape.

It iz sed by the naturalists that angle worm ile, rubbed on the rear ov the neck, will kure a man ov the lies. I don't beleave this, unless it kills the man. Death iz the only reliable heal for lieing that has bin diskovered yet.

When lieing gits into a man's blood, the only way tew git it out, iz tew drain him dry.

Angle worms are used az an artikle ov diet tew ketch fish with; they are handy tew put onto a hook, and handy tew take oph, az enny boddy knows, who haz straddled a saw log and fished for daice all day long Sunday in a mill pond.

Old fishermen alvus carry their worms in their mouth.

Angle worms liv in a round hole, which they fit like a gimlet, and are diffrent from aul other creeps that I kno ov, for they alvus back into their holes.

Here the natral angle worm ends.

THE MOUSE

Ever since natur waz diskovered, mice hav had a hole tew till.

Paradise, az good a job az it waz, would not hav bin thoroughly fitted up without a mouse tew dart akross the bowers like a shaddo, and Eve would never have knu how tew skream pretty without one ov these little teachers.

Adam would never hav bin fit tew kontend with the job ov gitting a living outside the garden if he hadn't trapped suckcessfully for a mouse.

Ketching a mouse iz the fust cunning thing that every man duz.

Mice are the epitome of shrewdness; their faces beam with sharp praktiss; their little noses smell ov cunning, and their little black-beaded eyes titter with pettit larceny.

They are az cheerful az the cricket on the harth. I should be afrade tew buy a house that hadn't a mouse-hole in it.

I like tew see them shoot out ov their hole in the korner, like a wad out ov a pop-gun, and stream akross the nursery, and to hear one nibble in the wainscot, in the midst ov the night, takes the death out ov silence.

Mice alwus move into a new house fust, and are there reddy tew receive and welkum the rest ov the family.

They are more ornamental than useful, ackording to the best informashun we hav az yet; but this iz the case with most things.

Mice cum into this world tew seek their fortune, four at a time, and lay in their little kradles ov cotton or wool, like bits ov rare-dun meat, for a month, with not a rag on them.

When they dine, they do it jist az a family ov yung piggs duz: each one at their own particular spot at the table, and it is seldum that yu see better-behaved boarders, or them that understand their bizzness more thoroughly.

I hav seen them at their meals, and i will take mi oath that everything iz orderly, and az strikly on the square, as a checker-board.

When mice hav reached their manhood, their tales are just the same length az their boddys. This would seem at fust sight tew be a grate waste ov tail.

The philosophik mind, ever at work, applying means tew ends, might be a bigg phool enuff tew want to know whi a bob-tailed mouse wouldn't be a better finished job; but philosophy haz no bizzness tew alter things to suit the market. It must take mouse-tails just az they cum, and either glorify them, or shut up.

If there want ennybody in the natral philosophy trade, i hav thought it would be jist as well for natur bekause a man, if he kant orthodox a reason for the entire length ov a mouse's tale iz often willing tew tell hiz nabors that the whole critter iz a failure.

Sutch iz man; but a mouse iz a mouse.

The mouse kan live ennywhare tew advantage, except in a church. They phatt very slow in a church. This goes tew show that they kant live on religion enny more than a minister kan. Religion iz excellent for digestion.

Thare aint a more prolifick thing on earth (prolifick ov fun i mean now) than a mouse in a distrikt school-house. They are better than a fire-cracker tew stir up a school-marm with, and are just the things tew throw spellin books at when they are on the run.

One mouse will edukate a parcell ov yung ones more in ten minnits during school time than you can substrakt out ov their heds in three days with Daballs arithmetik.

Now thare iz many folks who kant see enny thing to write about in a mouse; but mice are full ov informashun. The only way that edukashun waz fust discovered waz bi going tew school to natur. Books, if they are sound on the goose, are only natur in tipe.

A grate many kontend that a mouse iz a useless kriter; but kan they prove it?

I am willing to give an opinyun that too menny mice might not pay; but this applies to musketoze, elephants, and side-wheel steambotes.

A mouse's tale iz az unhairy az a shustring. This iz another thing that bothers the philosophers, and i aint agoing to explain it unless i am paid for it.

I hav alreddy explained a grate menny things in the nuzepapers that i never got a cent for.

There aint nothing on earth that will fit a hole so snug az a mouse will. Yu would think they waz made on purpose for it, and they will fill it quicker, too, than ennything i ever saw. If yu want to see a mouse enter hiz hole, yu mustn't wink. If do, yu will hav tew wait till next time.

I luv mice. They seem tew belong to us.

Rats i dont luv. They lack refinement.

THE YALLER DOG

Dogs hav infested this world just about az long az man haz, and will hang around it, az long az thare is enny grizzle left on a bone.

We hav no reliable ackount ov the fust dog, and probably shant hav ov the final one.

If Adam kept a tarrier, or Eve a poodle, the laps of ages hav washed away the fakt.

If Noah had a pair ov each breed ov dogs, on board ov hiz vessell, and only one pair ov fleas, he waz well ont for dogs, and poor ont for fleas. But history iz numb on this subjekt.

Esaw waz a mity hunter, but whether he kept a houn, or followed the cent himself, iz az ded, and departed to us, az the chirp ov the fust reliable cricket.

We read that Esaw sold out hiz birth rite for soup, and menny wonder at hiz extravegance, but Esaw diskovered arly, what menny a man haz diskovered since, that it iz hard work tew live on a pedigree.

If i waz starving, I wouldn't hesitate tew swap oph all the pedigree I had, and all mi relashuns had, for a quart of pottage, and throw two grate grandfathers into the bargain.

But I don't intend this essa for dogs in the lump, but for the individual yellar dog himself.

The yellar dog haz no pedigree, the blood in hiz veins iz az krude az petroleum, when it fust cums pumping out ov the earth, bitter, thick, and fiery.

He iz long, and lazily put together, hiz ears flop when he shacks along the dusty thoroughfare, and hiz tail iz a burden.

Thare iz no animashun in a yellar dog's tail, it iz useless, the flies aint even afraid ov it, it iz wus than a 10 per cent mortgage tew the rest ov hiz boddy.

Whi the Yeller dog aint born diskouted, iz a mistery tew me, but when i ask miself, "Whare would yu hitch the tin pan to," then at once the folly ov a bob tailed yellar dog, flashes on mi mind.

Ever since this kontinent waz found bi Christopher Columbus, in 1492, and for what i kno, much time previous tew that, the Yeller dog haz been a vagrant, travelling bi moon lite, and hungry bi natur.

Whare he cums from noboddy seems to know, and if yu speak a kind word tew him, he thinks it a kite in disguise, and straddling hiz tail, with both hind legs, he goes suspicious, and sideways, on his lonesum jurney.

Mankind hav made him a vagabond, and life to him iz made up ov starvashun, and brickbats.

If he cums out ov hiz lurking place in the hot ov august, he iz a "*mad dog*," and the common council at once assemble, the riot act iz read, 50 dollars reward iz offered, men cum panting into town, crieing "*mad dog*," their two horse waggon waz bit that morning, bi a yellar dog, the fury rages, old guns are kleaned up, the cannon iz run out on the village green, dames talk to dames ov the awful event, men look sober and defiant, boys pocket their marbles in the midst ov the game, pigs run squealing tew their hovels, and the whole boddy politik surges with horror.

The poor innocent whelp haz done hiz worst, and while a whole village iz in the extacys ov hydrophobia he has passed on, and may be seen, tugging away, in the suburbs, at the shin bone ov a departed omnibus hoss.

The yellar dog haz but one friend among men, and that iz the darkey.

A common misfortune links them together.

Why iz it, that the old negro, and hiz yellar dog, are vagabonds on the face ov the earth?

Mans inhumanity iz wuss than the malice ov wild beasts.

A day ov reckoning will cum, a day ov judgment, and i kant tell but what the yellar dog will be thare, a mute witness, and then, and thare, will the grate problem be solved.

This wurld iz phull ov grate wrongs, and the next one will az certainly be az phull ov grate retribushuns.

I kant endure the sight ov oppreshun, it disgraces mi manhood, if i had money enuff i would like tew buy even all the yeller dogs thare iz now on the buzzum ov the earth, and make them respekted and happy.

But i haint got the money, nor never shall hav, but az long az i hav strength tew steer a gooze quill, and blood enuff in mi heart for ink, i will bid mankind beware ov oppreshun, i dont kare whether it is in hi places or low, the oppreshun ov caste, the oppreshun ov wealth, or even the low, and degrading oppreshun, ov a tin pale, in hot pursuit, ov the friendless, yelping, yeller dog.

Yeller dogs will sumtime, and sumwhare, hav their day, and when the huge piles ov brikbats, and mountains ov old tin ware, cums into court, i want tew be thare, for i am anxious tew know what the line ov defence will be.

ROOSTERS

Thare is not on the whole horizon or ov live natur a more pleazing and strengthening studdy than the Rooster. This remarkable package of feathers has bin for ages food for philosophik, as well as the simple currius mind. They belong tew the feathered sekt denominated poultry, and are the husbands of menny wives. In Utah it is considered a disgrace tew speak disrespekful of a rooster. Brigham Young's coat ov arms is a rooster, in full blast, crowing till he is almost bent over double backwards.

The flesh ov the rooster is very similar tew the flesh ov the hen; it is hard tew distinguish the diffrence espeshily in yure soup. Roosters are the pugilists among the domestik burds; they wear the belt, and having no shoulder tew strike from, they strike from the heel.

Roosters, according to profane history, if mi edukashun remembers me right, were formerly a man, who come suddenly upon one ov the heathen gods, at a time when he want prepared tew see company, and waz, fur that offense, rebuilt over into the fust rooster, and waz forever afterward destined to crow, as a kind ov warning. This change from a man akounts for their fighting abilities, and for their politeness tew the hens. Thare is nothing in a man that a woman admires more than his reddyng and ability tew smash another fellow, and it iz jiss so with a hen. When a rooster gits licked, the hens all march oph with the other rooster, if he ain't haff so big or handsome.

It iz pluck that wins a hen or a woman.

Thare iz grate variety ov pedigree among the rooster race, but for stiddy bizzness give me the old fash dominique rooster, short-legged, and when they walk, they alwus strut, and their buzzums stick out, like an alderman's abdominal cupboard. This breed iz hawk-colored, and haz a crooked tail on them, arched like a sickle, and az full ov feathers as a new duster.

But when you come right down to grit, and throw all outside influences overboard, thare aint nothing on earth, nor under it, that kan out-style, out-step, out-brag, or out-pluck a regular Bantam rooster.

They alwus put me in mind ov a small dandy, prakticing before a looking-glass.

They don't weigh more than 30 ounces, but they make az mutch fuss az a ton, i have seen them trieing tew pik a quarrel with a two hoss waggon, and don't think they would hesitate tew fight a meeting house, if it waz the least bit sassy tew them.

It is more than fun tew hear one ov these little chevaliers crow, it iz like a four-year old baby trieing tew sing a line out ov the Star Spangled Banner.

The hen partner in this concern iz the most exquisit little boquet ov neatness and feathers that the eye ever roosted on. They are az prim az a premature yung lady. It is a luxury to watch their daintyness, tew see them lay each feather with their bills, in its place, and preside over themselves with az mutch delikasy and pride az a belle before her mirror.

But the consumation iz tew see the wife a mother, leading out six little chicks a bugging; six little chicks no bigger than bumblebees.

It seems tew be necessary that there should be sumthing outrageous in evrything, tew show us whare propriety ends and impropriety begins. This iz melancholly, the case in the rooster affair, for we hav the shanghi rooster, the gratest outrage, in mi opinyun, ever committed in the annals ov poultry.

Theze krittters are the camels among fowls, they mope around the barnyard, tipping over the hay racks and stepping on the yung goslings, and evry now and then they crow confusion.

If enny body should giv me a shanghi rooster i should halter him, and keep him in a box stall, and feed him on cut feed, and if he would work kind in harness, all right, if not, i would butcher him the fust wet day that cum, and salt him down tew give tew the poor.

But thare ain't noboddy a going tew giv me one ov this breed, knot if i know it, i don't think thare iz a man on earth mean enuff to do it.

Roosters do but very little household work, they wont lay enny eggs, nor try tew hatch enny, nor see tew the yung ones; this satisfys me that thare is sum truth in the mythologikal ackount ov the rooster's fust origin.

Yu kant git a rooster to pay enny attenshun tew a yung one, they spend their time in crowing, strutting, and occassionly find a worm, which they make a remarkabell fuss over, calling up their wifes from a distance, apparently tew treat them, but just az the hens git thare, this elegant and elaborate cuss bends over and gobbles up the morsel.

Just like a man, for all the world.

THE FOX

Of all the beasts who roam the hill tops, or clime the plains, there is none who makes so few blunders, and so many good hits as the fox.

His shewdness iz more than a match for the lion's strength, his logick iz more than a match for the malice ov the wolf and hiz politeness and defference makes him the fop and gentleman ov the forest.

The fox is a literary cuss; he haz been the hero ov history, fable, and song, from the fust dawn ov oral or written knowledge. He waz a genius long before ackedemick honors flourished; he waz a poet, skoller and sage before the days ov Homer and Herodotus, and now, in our times, he is the Ben Butler ov diplomacy an the Brigham Young ov matrimony.

The fox is purely a game bird. It costs on an average fifty dollars tew ketch him, and when he iz caught he aint worth more than ten shillings. He follers no regular bizzness for sustenance, but livs on the chances and on hiz wit.

He iz a fleshy-minded sinner, and hiz blandness iz too mutch for the quaintness ov the goose, the melankolly reserve ov the turkey, or the pompous rhetorick ov the rooster. They all kneel tew the logick of hiz tounge, and find themselves at rest in his stummuk.

He luvs lam & green peas, but will diskount the peas rather than lose hiz dinner, and will go a mile and a half out ov his way to be polite to a duck or a goslin.

But the most lively trait in the fox iz his cunning; he alwas pettyfogs hiz own case, and wins a great deal oftener than he loses.

Foxes are not like men, krittters ov habit; they never do a thing twice with the same figures, and often alter their mind before they do a thing once. This is the effect of too mutch genius.

There iz this difference between genius and common sense in a fox: Common sense iz governed bi circumstances, but circumstances iz governed by genius.

The fox haz no moral honesty, but he haz got a grate supply ov politikal honesty. If another fox in his parish wants a phatt goose, he will work hard and get the goose for him, and then clean the meat all oph from the outskirts ov the goose for pettyfogging the case, and giv him the bones, and tell hiz politikal friend, with a smile in the left corner of his eye, that "everything is lovely and the goose hangs high."

Foxes have learnt this piety from watching the men git geese for each other, and if animals don't want their piety tew git sour, they must keep away from the men week days. The fox is tew mutch ov a pollytician to invest his religion in enny sich indigenious trash. He knows that sosity haz claims on him, and are indebted tew him for sum goose, and expekt to be for several more. This iz a nobel trait in the fox, and shows that he aint a child ov ingratitude.

Foxes cum out ov the ground, but whether they are made out ov dirt i kant sware with much certainty. They cum out ov the ground through the instrumentality ov a hole, but whether the hole begins at the surface and runs into the mountain, or whether it begins in the mountain and runs tew the surface, don't make a kussid bit ov difference.

But philosophers hav argued about this hole bizzness for years. Sum ov them say it runs in, and sum ov them be darned if it duz; and right here we can see the amazing difference between the logick ov the philosophers and the logick ov the fox. While they stand fiteing at the mouth ov the hole, the fox iz stealing their ducks and goslins.

Foxes are like cunning men – they hav but few brains, and but a small place tew keep them in, but what few they hav got are like angle worms in hot water – full ov anxiety and mizery.

Cunning is a branding iron; the letters on it are small, but alwas red-hot, and they read thus – Look out for the fox.

A YARN. – THE AUNT, AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Once on a previous time, about four hundred thousand years ago, in the old ov the moon, during a verry dry spell ov weather, just after a hard frost, when grass butter waz skass, while venus was an evening star. An old ant, who had lost awl ov her front teeth, and waz twisted with the rhumatiz, and a pollypurse in her noze, sot in an eazy chair, near the front door ov an aunt hill, superintendin a phatt kurnell ov wheat, which the yung aunts were trieing tew git down cellar, into their house.

Jisst then along cum a loafing grasshopper, smoking a pipe, and singing, “Begone dull care, i pray thee begone from me.” – and spieing the old ant, giving orders tew the yung aunts, he stopt tew hav a talk with her.

“Good morning, old mother Industry, good morning!” sed the grassbug. “A fine cernal ov wheat that, yu are rooling in!

“Hav yu heard the grate news?

“Dredfull sharp frost last night!

“Winter will soon set in, i reckon!

“I herd the owls hute last nite!

“Terribel bad acksident on the Harlem road yesterday!

“When dew yu think specie payments will be took up?

“Thare! mi pipe haz gone out, kant yu lend me a match?

“How menny aunts hav yu got in yure village?

“Enny sickness amungst them?

“I wonder if thare iz enny truth in the dispatch, that the pissmires, down on Sandy Creek, hav all struck for higher wages?

“Who do yu think yure ants will vote for for justiss ov the peace?

“What iz yure sold opinyun ov the new license law, will it make rum enny skarser?

“Do yu buy enny groceryys ov old Ferguson, i hope not, he iz a mean old skinflinter, he sold me, only last week, a peace ov bar sope, for sum beeswax.

“The world iz gitting more full ov wussness every day!

“I wonder if thare iz enny truth in what every boddy sez, about old Square Benson, that he kant pay, only now and then sum ov hiz dets!

“Do yu see much ov the krickets now a days?

“I should really like tew kno how they are gitting along; rather tuff times for them i guess, yu don’t think they will winter, do yu?

“When duz the moon change now days?

“Hav yu got enny onion seeds tew spare, that yu kan reckomend?

“Dew yu think England will ever pay the Allabarmer klaims?

“I kant see what makes the cockroaches so stuck up, i met one this morning, and before i could put two civil questions at him he was out ov sight!

“Sum folks are alwus in sich a swetting hurry!

“Aint thare sum good law agin the spiders bilding their webs in the grass?

“How mutch wheat haz yure aunts got laid up; yu must hav sum tew spare?

“I wonder if it wont up and rain, before tommorrow?

“They tell me that maple sugar iz a drug in the market, owing to its peculiar mutchness; yu kant tell, kan yu, whether this iz so or not, i wish yu could!

“Mi opinyun now iz, that he who livs to see next year, will see buckwheat a bigg crop!

“I overheard the older hens say, az i cum past nabor Sherman’s lower barn this morning, that eggss waz gitting a good deal on plenty, and they must git tew work agin!

“Well! i am in an awful hurry, i am going down tew tend a jumping match between Springsteel, and Steelspring, two yung grasshoppers; this iz tew be the last hop ov the sezon.

“I must be a going!

“I am uncommon sorry i kant stay longer, and make yu a good visit.

“By the way! Old mother Industry, i hav got a profound sekret, that i want to tell yu, but i wouldn’t hav it known bi ennyboddy, for awl the world, if it should git out once, it would ruin me!”

“Then keep the sekret yureself,” spoke the ant, “it iz worth more to yu than ennyboddy else.”

This iz every word the bizzy old ant sed, but kept her eye all the time on the phatt keernel ov wheat and the loafing grasshopper moved off, whistling “Sally cum up.”

REMARKS

This iz the way with all loafers, if they kant steal yure time with idle questions, their last dodge iz to steal yure credulity with an idle sekret.

A HEN

A hen is a darn phool, they was born so bi natur.

When natur undertakes tew make a phool, she hits the mark the fust time.

Most all the animile kritters hav instinkt, which is wuth more to them than reason would be, for instinkt don't make enny blunders.

If the animiles had reason, they would akt just as ridikilus as we men folks do.

But a hen don't seem tew hav even instinkt, and was made expressly for a phool.

I hav seen a hen fly out ov a good warm shelter, on the 15th ov January, when the snow was 3 foot high, and lite on the top ov a stun wall, and coolly set thare, and freeze tew deth.

Noboddy but a darn phool would do this, unless it was tew save a bet.

I hav saw a human being do similar things, but they did it tew win a bet.

To save a bet, is self-preservashun, and self-preservashun, is the fust law ov natur, so sez Blakstone, and he is the best judge ov law now living.

If i couldn't be Josh Billings, i would like, next in suit tew be Blakstone, and compoze sum law.

Thare iz one law i would compoze, which iz this, "no yung snob shall walk on 5th avenew on the Sabbath day, and twitch hiz hat oph more than two times, on each block, to persons on the opposite side ov the street, whom he dont kno, and who dont know him."

I would hav this law compozed in brass, and send a cobby ov it to all the bar tenders, and cigar shop clerks, in the city.

This would soon put a stop tew this kind ov snobosity.

But notwithstanding all this, a hen continues tew be a darn phool.

I like all kinds ov phools, they cum nearer tew filling their destiny than ennyboddy i kno ov.

They don't never make enny blunders, but tend rite tew bizzness.

The principal bizzness, ov an able boddied hen, iz tew lay eggs, and when she haz laid 36 ov them, then she iz ordained tew set still on them, until they are born, this iz the way yung hens fust see life.

The hen haz tew spred herself pretty well tew cover 36 eggs, but i hav seen her do it, and hatch out 36 yung hens.

When a hen fust walks out, with 36 yung hens supporting her, the party looks like a swarm ov bumble bees.

Thare aint nothing phoolish in all this, but yu put 36 white stuns, under this same hen, and she will set thare till she hatches out the stones.

I hav seen them do this too – i dont wish tew say, that i hav seen them *hatch out the stones*, but i hav seen them set on the stones, untill i left that naberhood, which waz two years ago, and i dont hesitate tew say, the hen iz still at work, on that same job.

Noboddy but a phool would stik tew bizzness az cluss az this.

Hens are older than Methuseler, and gro older till they die.

Now I dont want it understood, that enny one hen ken, kan commense life, with the usual kapital, and live 999 years.

This waz the exact age ov Methuseler, if I have been informed korrektly.

I simply want tew be understood, that hens (az a speciality) laid, cackled, and sot a long time before Methuseler did.

After reading this last statement over agin, i dont kno az i make myself fluently understood yet.

I dont undertake tew say, that Mr. Methuseler, *cackled*, and *sot*, what i want tew prove, iz the fakt, that hens were here, and doing bizzness in their line, before Methuseler waz.

Now I hav got it.

Thare iz one thing about a hen that looks like wisdum, they don't cackle mutch untill after they have laid their egg.

Sum pholks are alwus a bragging, and a cackling, what they are going tew do before-hand.

A hen will set on one egg just az honest az she will set on 36 eggs, but a hen with one chicken iz always a painful sight tew me.

I never knu an only chicken do fust rate, the old hen spiles them waiting on them, and then it tires out the old hen, more than 36 chickens would.

I think this rule works both ways, among poultry, and among other pholks.

I have seen a hen set on 36 duck eggs, and hatch the whole ov them out, and then try tew learn them tew skratch in the garden.

But a ducks phoot aint bilt right for skratching in the ground, it iz better composed for skratching in the water.

When the young ducks takes tew the water, it iz melankolly, and hart brakeing, tew see the old hen, stand on the brim ov the mil pond, and wring her hands, and holler tew the ducks, tew come right strate out ov that water, or they will all git drowned.

I have seen this did too, but i never see the ducks come out till they got reddy, nor never see a young duck git drowned.

Yu kant drown a young duck, they will stand az mutch water az a sponge will.

One egg, per diem, iz all that a hen ought to lay, espeshily nu beginner, but there iz sum smart writers on the subjekt, who claim they ought tew lay two.

This needs more testimony.

Az an artikle ov diet, there is but phew things that surpass cooked hen, if eaten in the days ov their youth and innosense, but after they git old, and kross, they kontrakt a habit ov eating tuff.

After thinking the thing over, and over, and over, I am still prepared tew say, that a hen is a darn phool, ennyhow you kan fix it.

I don't speak of this as enny disgrace two the hen, it only shows that natur dont even make a phool without a destiny.

Az long as hens phill their destiny, eggs won't git tew be worth over 25 cents a dozen, and broiled chicken will be one ov the luxurys ov life.

Thare iz grate proffit, and sum loss, in razeing chickens, the *loss* iz the heaviest when sum boddy brakes into the chicken coop, and steals all the chickens.

Thare iz a grate menny breeds ov hens, just now, but the old-fashioned speckled hen breed iz the most flattering.

After they hav laid an egg, they aint afraid tew say so, and kan outkackle all other breeds ov hens, and when yu come tew scratching up a garden, they are wuth two ov enny other kind.

I dont kno ov enny sight that pleases me more than tew see an old speckled hen cum sputtering oph from her nest and pitch, feet fust, into a new made garden.

I suppoze if I owned the garden this thing might not look so phunny tew me, but yu see, I dont own enny garden.

I belong tew that misfortunate klass ov real estate men who dont own enny garden, and I have sumtimes wondered if it want just about az proffitable for me tew enjoy the skratching up ov the garden, and let them other folks who own the hens and the garden do their own gitting mad and swearing.

THE GOTE

The gote iz a koarse wollen sheep.

They hav a split hoof and a whole tail.

They hav a good appetite, and a sanguine digestion.

They swallo what they eat, and will eat ennything they kan bite.

Their moral karakters are not polished, they had rather steal a rotten turnip, out ov a garbage-box, than tew cum honestly bi a pek ov oats.

The male gote haz two horns on the ridge ov hiz hed, and a mustash on hiz bottom lip, and iz the plug ugly ov hiz naberhood.

A maskuline gote will fite ennything, from an elephant down to hiz shadder on a ded wall.

They strike from their but-end, insted ov the shoulder, and are az likely tew hit, az a hammer iz a nailhed.

They are a hi seazoned animal, az mutch so az a pound ov assifidity.

They are faithful critters, and will stick tew a friend az long az he livs in a shanty.

They kan klime ennything but a greast pole, and kno the way up a rock, az natral az a woodbine.

They are az certain tew raize az yung ones, sum familys are haff gotes, and the other haff children. They are good eating when they are yung, but they leave it oph az they git stronger.

They are alwus poor in the boddy, but phatt in the stumick, what they eat seems to all go to appetight, yu mite az well agree tew phatt an injun rubber over shew bi filling it with klam shells, az tew raize enny adipoze membrane on the outside bust ov a gote.

A phatt gote would be a literary curiosity.

They use the same dialekt az the sheep, and the yung ones speak the language more fluently than the parients do.

Thare iz only two animals ov the earth that will eat tobakko – one iz a man and tuther iz a gote, but the gote understands it the most, for he swallows the spit, chaw and all.

The male gote, when he iz pensiv, iz a venerable and philosophy looking old cuss, and wouldn't make a bad proffessor ov arithmetik in sum ov our colleges.

They are handy at living a longtime, reaching an advanced age without arriving at enny definite konklusion.

How long a gote livs without giving it up, thare iz no man now old enuff tew tell.

Methuzeler, if hiz memory waz bad at forgetting, mite giv a good-sized guess, but unfortunately for science and this essa, Methuzeler aint here.

Gotes will liv in enny kimate, and on enny vittles, except tanbark, and if they ever cum to a square death, it iz a profound sekret, in the hands of a few, to this day.

I wouldn't like tew beleave enny man under oath who had ever seen a maskuline gote acktually die, and stay so.

Speaking ov Methuzeler, puts me in mind ov the fackt, if a man should liv now daze, as mutch az he did, and only hav one eye tew see things with, he would hav to hav an addishun bilt onto the back ov hiz head tew sto away things into.

The femail gote iz either the mother, or sister, or cuzzin ov the male gote, ackording tew the prevailing circumstansis in the case, or else i labour under a delusion, i forget witch.

They giv milk intuitively about a quart, before it iz watered, in twelve hours, which iz the subjekt ov nourishment in various ways.

This milk, whitch is ekstrakted from the female gote, iz excellent tew finish up yung ones on, but is apt to make them bellycose, and fightful.

It iz not unkommon for a babe, while inhaleing this pugnashus fluid, to let oph hiz left colleckshun or diggit and ketch the nurse on the pinnakle ov the smeller, and tap it for claret.

This iz a kommon fakt amung irish babes, and explains the reazon whi, in after life, these same babes make such brilliant hits.

In writing the history ov the male and female gote tew adorn the pages ov futer times, i flatter miself that i hav stuck tew the truth, and haven't allowed mi imaginashun tew boss the job.

A grate menny ov our best bilt historians are apt tew mistake opinyuns for facts, this iz an eazy mistake tew make, but when i strike a goose, or bed bugg, or gote, yu notis one thing, i stay with them. – Finis.

GOOSE TALK

The goose is a grass-animal but don't chaw her cud.

They are good livers; about one aker to a goose iz enuff, altho there iz sum folks who thinks one goose tew 175 akers, iz nearer right.

These two calculations are so fur apart, it iz difficult tew tell now, which will finally win.

But i don't think, if i had a farm ov 175 akers, awl paid for, that i would sell it for half what it was worth, just bekauze it didn't hav but one goose on it. Geese stay well; sum ov our best biographers say, 70 years, and grow tuff tew the last.

They lay one egg at once, about the size of a goose egg in which the gosling lies hidd.

The gosling iz the goose's babe.

The goose don't suckle hiz young, but turns him out tew pasture on sumboddy's vacant lot.

They seem tew lack wisdum, but are considered generally sound on the goose.

They are good eating, but not good chawing; the reason ov this remains a profound sekret to this day.

When the femail goose iz at work hatching, she iz a hard bird tew please; she riles clear up from the bottom in a minnit, and will fight a yoke ov oxen, if they show her the least bit ov sass. The geese iz excellent for feathers, which she sheds every year by the handful.

They are also amphibicuss, besides several other kinds ov cuss.

But they are mostly cureiss about one thing: they kan haul one leg up into their body, and stand on tuther, awl day, and not tutch ennything with their hands.

I take notis, thare ain't but darn few men kan dew this.

“THE CLAM.”

The clam iz a bulbous plant, and resides on the under side ov the water. He iz born az the birds are, but don't cum out ov his shell. He iz deserted by his parents at a young and tender age, but don't bekum clamarous on this akount, but sits still, and keeps watch with hiz mouth, for sumthin tew cum along.

Hiz temper iz sed tew be cold and clammy, but he must hav a relish for sumthing, for hiz mouth waters aul the time.

Thare iz nothing more docile than the clam, and altho they sumtimes git into a stew, they are az eazy tew lay yure hand on, and ketch, az a stun, but they are like an injun, not very talky; they hav got an impediment in their noize; their lips open with too much titeness, and their mouth iz tew full ov tongue tew be glib.

Clams were fust discovered, az the meazles waz, by being caught. How long a clam kan live I don't beleaf they kan tell themselves, probably 5 thousand years, but a large share ov this time iz wasted; a clam's time aint worth mutch, only tew grow tuff in; it is jiss so with sum other folks I kno ov.

SNAILS, SNAIKS, AND BABYS

The slowest gaited animal on the face ov the earth iz the snail.

They are one ov the phew who take their house with them, when they go away from home.

Snails are sed tew be delikate eating, but if i kan hav all the hash i want, i will try and struggle along without any snail. You kant phool me with hash, I kno how that iz made, but i don't kno how snail are put together. Ignorance iz sed tew be bliss, and i hav often thought that it waz, and if i don't never kno how snails taste, i don't think now i shall repent ov it.

It haz always been a source ov mutch doubt with me, in mi hours ov contemplashun, which waz made fust, the snail or hiz shell, but if i don't know even this, i don't mean tew git mad about it.

I hav grate phaith in enny job that natur turns out, and i had rather hav phaith than knowledge, it saves a grate deal ov hard work. It costs a grate deal to kno all about things, and then yu ain't certain, but phaith iz cheap, and don't make enny blunders.

Science iz smart, but she kant tell yu what makes the flowers blush so menny different colors, but phaith can. Science on a deth bed iz a pigmy, but phaith iz a giant.

STRIPED SNAKE

The striped snake iz one ov the slipperiest jobs that natur ever turned loose.

They travel on the lower side ov themselves, and kan slip out ov sight like blowing out a kandle. They were made for sum good purpose, but i never hav bin informed for what, unless it waz tew hav their heds smashed.

They are sed tew be innocent, but they hav got a bad reputashun, and all the innocence in the world won't kure a bad reputashun.

They liv in the grass but seldom git stept on, bekauze they don't stay long enuff in the right place.

When i waz a little boy, and wore naked feet, and waz loafing around loose for strawberrys, i waz often times just a going tew step on a striped snaik, but it alwus cured me ov strawberrys.

If a striped snaik got into a 10-aker lot before i did, i alwus konsidered that all the strawberrys in that lot belonged tew the snaik.

"Fust cum, fust sarve," was mi motto.

I am just az fraid ov snaiks now az i waz 40 years ago, and if i should liv tew be az old az Nebudkennezer waz, and go tew grass as he did, one striped snaik would spile 50 akers ov good pasture for me.

Wimmin don't luv snaiks enny more than i do, and i respekt her for this.

How on earth Eve waz seduced by a snaik, iz a fust class mistery tew me, and if i hadn't read it in the bible, i would bet aginst it.

I beleave everything thare iz in the bible, the things i kant understand, I beleave the most.

I wouldn't swop oph the phaith i hav got for any living man's knoweledge.

Snaiks are all sorts, and all sizes, and the smaller they are, the more i am afrade ov them.

I wouldn't buy a farm at haff price that had a striped snaik on it.

Ded snaik are a weakness with me; i always respekt them, and whenever i see a ded one in the road, i dont drop a tear on him, but i drop another stone on him, for fear he might alter his mind and cum tew life agin, for a snaik hates tew die just az much az a kat duz.

I never could ackount for a snaik or a kat hateing tew die so bad, unless it waz bekauze they waz so poorly prepared for deth.

BABYS

Babys i luv with all mi heart; they are mi sweetmeats, they warm up mi blood like a gin sling, they krawl into me and nestle by the side ov mi soul, like a kitten under a cook stove.

I hav raized babys miself, and kno what i am talking about.

I hav got grandchildren, and they are wuss than the fust krop tew riot among the feelings.

If i could hav mi way, i would change all the human beings now on the face ov the earth back into babys at once, and keep them thare, and make this footstool one grand nussery; but what i should do for wet nusses i don't kno, nor don't care.

I would like tew have 15 babys now on mi lap, and mi lap ain't the handyest lap in the world for babys, neither.

My lap iz long enuff, but not the widest kind ov a lap.

I am a good deal ov a man, but i konsist ov length principally, and when i make a lap ov miself, it iz not a matrass, but more like a couple ov rails with a jint in them.

I can hold more babys in mi lap at once, than any man in Amerika, without spilling one, but it hurts the babys.

I never saw a baby in mi life that i didn't want tew kiss; i am wuss than an old maid in this respekt.

I hav seen babys that i hav refused tew kiss untill they had been washt; but the baby want tew blame for this, neither waz i.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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