Deacon Snowball's
100TH-SEVENTEENTH SERMON.

Belubbed Bruddres:—Your 'spected preacher went down to Nahant de udder day to sit on de rocks and cool hisself off, and he found it bery 'freshin' to de flesh, as he cum widin 1 ob meltin' 'way. And when brudder Cole pass round de it is 'spected that you will put in cent to pay de axpense ob de wisit.

Arter brudder Wheatley hab sprinkled de floor wid water, your 'spected preacher will 'deavor to preach, prowided dat one ob de ladies ob kolor fan him to keep him from gwoine to sleep. De follerin' lines will compose de text on dis 'ticklar 'casion:

'Paddy was a thief,
Paddy came to my house,
And stole a leg of beef.'

Dis day, bruddren, dese tings am fulfilled 'fore your eyes, as you will 'ceive by de follerin' just obserwations by your 'spected preacher.

De text will be divided into seben or eight parts; your 'spected preacher don't know wich, as he hab forgot one ob de parts, darfore you will hab to 'cept de will for de deed. Your 'spected preacher offer a 'ward ob 6 cent for de 'covery ob de lost idea!

De fust part comprise de practiss ob steelin'. Now dis word hab a sperituel meanin' and 'ply to Tony Snooks dat stole Pete Saunders' bussum companion. Your 'spected preacher hab diskivered dat dis custom perwail to a great extent among de white family, and he is bery sorry to see dat it hab crept into de population ob kolor. De lady hab left her bed and board widout any provocation. Pete hab offered a 'ward ob 1 cent for de 'covery ob his spouse. Dis comprise de skience ob 'lopement.

De second part am like unto de fust.—Dis part am ob grate consequence for all ob you to understand. Whencher you run 'way wid a lady be sure dat she am single and hab nebber tasted ob matrymonial sweets. Dis runnin' 'way wid wonder man's wife is not what it is cracked up to be! If you ain't bery careful you will burn your fingers! Your 'spected preacher knew a gemman down on Long Island who makes it a practiss to run 'way wid a female lady ebery year! Now dis is de 'wise ob one who hab had grate 'perience in sich delikit bisness.

Dis lead your 'spected preacher to one udder part ob his sermont. In future where he nigger will take off his cote at de door; and de she niggers will take off dat bonnets and giv dem to de men fokes to hold, so as to keep dem from runnin' away fore de sersice is concluded. You will do this out ob 'spect to your 'spected preacher.

As de fare sex seem to be as uneasy as if dey wha sittin' on darnin' needles your 'spected preacher will now come to de 'provement 'pon de hole. Wich is dis—always giv your 'spected preacher de job ob tyrin' de knot on de kitter 'fore dey 'lope. Your 'spected preacher am now prepared to tye de knot for dem fokes dat am 'bout to be spliced at short notiss, and bery chean for de cash. Your 'spected preacher charge fifty cent for tyrin' a cupply togedder; and when dar is more den one, he will do it for haff price. He will do dis to encourage *amseration*. So you all see de 'portance ob clubbin' togedder 'bout dis time, as money am bery scarce wid your 'spected preacher jist now; and he want to go into de country for de benefit ob his helth, and to pick berry wid de galls up on de mountain.—Dat is slick fun—ha, nigger! It make you tink ob de pleasant fields ob old Wirginny when you used to haut de coon and park de she-niggers ob kolor. Dem was pleasant days for de nigger. But tings ain't now as dey used to was. Times hab changed, and so hab de nigger. As Massa Othello says, de nigger's occupation 's gone! He am degenerated by his intercourse wid de common white man! Nebber mind, we are all ob one kolor in de—dark!

Brudder Cole will now pass round his new 'traw hat made out ob 'traw. De ugly he-nigger dat put a long nine into de hat lass time, am 'quested to 'port hisself at de sullar widout enny more special inwite. Arter dis no more bank bill will be 'ceived, as some person put a counfeit bank note in de hat lass time. De owner can have de bill by provin' property and payin' axpense.

Your 'spected preacher and de ladies ob dis congregation am gwoine for to take a ride on horseback next Saturday nite arter de moon hab riz, to Lynn and back. Subscriptions will be 'ceived at de sullar for to pay de axpense ob de ride. Your 'spected preacher will hab de saxifaction ob ridin' 'hind de lubly Clementina Fox, de lubly yaller gall from Baltimore. She is a reg'lar Baltimore clipper—dat's a fack! She can shake a leg equal to any she-nigger ob color dat your 'spected preacher ever saw. She hab some idee ob gwoine 'pon de stage, as her mudder belonged to dat prowession herself. Dat is, her mudder used to scrub de stage wid sand and water! darfore she b'longed to de legetimate dramah. Dem fokes dat ain't perwided wid horses can ride on rales. De ladies am 'quested to leave dar bussle at home on dis 'ticklar 'casion.

Amen.

THE MARRIAGE.

Away up in Newhampshire,
April 17th 1844.

Mr. Editter,—Our hull neighborhood has been bilin' over with flusteration for tu days.

Every thing turned tipsy-turvy; our old Bose walked on his fore legs with his tail stickin' right up an end; the old cock-turkey has been struttin' round with one of the geese, feelin' as big as Jo Bunker when he went hum with Polly Jones from the singin' schuele; all the hens have been crowin' on the barn yard gate, and the roosters have laid tu eggs a peece. The old mare wouldn't let Uncle Ike put the crouper on her tail, and when I went to milk the old brindle, she let her heels fly and tore the seat of my trowsers right off. She felt so tarnation modest that she wouldn't let me take hold of her tits.

And all of this fuss comes jest 'cause Obe Jenkins was married to our Moll, last night.

It's all over now. Moll has got Obe, the hull on him. And I don't beleive she'll be so terrible rantankerous hereafter as she's been for tu months past. It seemed as though she was possessed. She was so frey that marm couldn't do nothing with her. We wanted to have her wait till arter next grass afore she got married. But you might jest as well stop chain lightnin' on a bean-pole as to prevent Moll gettin' married arter she'd got a hankerin for it.

We had a terrible time last night, tho', I tell ye. I thought that Moll would be disapinted arter all. Ye see when the rail road come yesterday mornin', Obe and I went down to it to git his clothes. We ax'd every body we see in the rail road if they'd got 'em, and they stared at us and said how they hadn't.

So we went down agin at night and ax'd the feller that drives the cars if he'd got Obe's clothes. He said how he hadn't but that he'd got a letter from the Oak Hall feller for 'Josh Rideout Esquire.'—So I took the letter and we streaked it hum.

Moll opened it and found the follerin' writin in it.

'Josh Rideout Esquire,

Dear Sir; I couldn't send Mr. Jenkins's clothes, 'cause I don't know how big your marm's pickle barrell is. But if you will measure it and send down the size by the next rail road, I will send 'em right off.

Yours &c,
OAK HALL.'

'The tarnal fool, sez Moll, sez she, 'couldn't the silly critter measure somebody's pickle barrell? A flour barrel would du, I spose, if he could only have tho't on't,' sez she.

Marm said that we'd better send down another measure, and so have the weddin' put off till next Sat'day.

Whew! If that proppersition didn't set Moll agoin' like a scalt pig, then I am a skunk, that's all.

'I wont du any sich thing,' sez she.—'I've got my mind set on't, and if I can't have Obe to-night, I'll go rite off and have Jo Bunker, he want's me, and he's got fine clothes, tu.'

And that's just the way with the gals. They think that it is dreadful fine fun to get married, and they'll have any one they can git if he's only got fine clothes.

Well, we found that somethin' must be done to dress up Obe, for Squire Higgins would be here in an hour to marry 'em.

Jest then a waggon stopped at the door, and who should be in it but Jock and Nabby Pettingill. I have a kind of hankerin' arter Nabby, you know. So we told 'em about Obe's disappintment, and sez I, 'I don't know what upon arth Obe will du for some clothes.'

'Lor me, let him put on Jock's clothes to be married in, and Jock shall go to bed the while,' sez Nabby.

'I'll do it if you'll save me some licker,' sez Jock.

Uncle Ike said that Obe, arter he was married, could change places with Jock, Obe into the bed, and Jock into his clothes agin.

That made Obe color up, and they all haw hawed right out.

So they both undressed. Jock went to bed, and Obe put on Jock's clothes. And of all the lookin' critters that I ever set eyes on, Obe was the beatermost. He's a great deal taller, you know, than Jock, but isn't so big round. The coat was a six-year-old, a riglar bob-tail; and the collar on't come clean up to the back of Obe's head. And it hung on him like a hoss-blanket on a clothes line. The trousers were jest long enuff to cover the tops of his boots; and every time he stepped you could see the calfs of his legs.—And they were so big round that we had to put a meal bag in 'em to stuff 'em out.

So arter we got Obe all ready, we hollered for Moll and Nabby to come in and practise a little in walkin' with us, so we could march down where the Squire and all the folks were, rale trainin' like.

Uncle Ike give the word to march, and Jock, with nothin' but his head stickin' out from under the bed kiver, whistled Yankee Dudle for us to keep step by.—You'd have laifed to see Moll and Obe march. They couldn't keep step no how. They went up and down, first one and then tother, like the dickers of a clock.

So arter we marched round the chamber tu or three times, we went down.

There was a kind of snickerin' among 'em when we went in; Obe looked so sheepish that they couldn't help it. The Squire see that Obe was a little sheered, so he did it up for 'em purty quick.

Jest as the Squire began to pray, that infernal Jock Pettingill he'd gone to sleep, begun to snore so loud that they heard him clear down to the schule house. He snored so awfully loud, that he frightened the critters so that they run across the pasture with their tails stickin' right out on end, and hellerin' like all possessed.

The folks in the weddin' snickered out loud, and the Squire coulda'hardly keep in; but he managed to larf out of one side of mouth and pray out of tother.

When he got done, all the folks budzled round and kongratterlated Mr. and Misses Jenkins on the happy tarmination of their courtin'.

They all sot down, and Nabby Pettingill and I carried round the wine. They drinked so much that if had been any body's wine but Obe's they'd all been as corned as pidjins.

It didn't cost much, tho', for Obe bo't a quart of New Rum, put it into a pail of water and colored it with cranberry juice. It made cute wine.

When Jock waked up he hollered for Obe to bring his clothes, for he said he was as dry as a konstrabution hoss.

So Obe and Moll purtended that they were awful sleepy, so they started off.—Jest as they were goin' out, grandfather sez he, 'Obe, git a good night's sleep, you dog you, and git up airly in the mornin'.

'O git out,' sez Obe.

He and Moll did git out, and I vow I haint seen hide nor hair on 'em since.

Obe and Moll are goin' to live here till he gits his new house done. I don't care anything about them, I jest as leave they'd stay as not; but as for havin' any little Obe Jenkins's here I wont. I'd sooner have a nest of porkypiecs.

So arter the old folks, and some of the young ones tu, I guess, had gone to bed, we tho't we'd have a sociashyble time.

Uncle Ike had jest begun to tell a story, when that infernal imp, Tom Tardstick, begun to ring the old cow bell like all possessed, right under Moll's winder. He said he was sarynadin' on her.

That Tom come up here from Boston about tu months ago, and he's been sarenin' the divil ever since. It does seem as tho' he was possessed arter that cow-bell.

On Gineral Jackson's birth day he hang it up in the corn-barn, and he rung it, and whorahed for Gineral Jackson and Demockracy, the hull day long.

And I du rasly believe if that bell was tied tu him, he would run till he run himself to death for the sake of hearin' it ring.

He laid with me last night, and he got to dreamin' about ringin' the bell; and I vow if he didn't git up in his sleep and git hold the end of the bed-cord and pull and holler Demockracy, till he yanked the bed clear across the room. I got up and threw a pail of water on him and waked him up. But I hope to die if he could go to sleep agin till he went out to the corn-barn and rung the bell.

I've hearin the Squire say, and he's got a desperate sight of larnin', that there aint a human critter on the arth but what has his hobby on which he spends his genius.

Now, Obe Jenkins's hobby is our Moll. But the cow-bell is Tom's hobby. And if he couldn't git a bell to ring I rasly believe he would ring his own nose off.

I axed the feller who this Demockracy was that he talled so much about, and he said he didn't know, but he used to live in Kennetikut.

an animal they kept to show in the karavan.

I guess he got loose up here a spell ago, for I see the tracks of a terrible destructive critter in our pasture, and there has been a great many coons killed up here this spring. And I spose he killed 'em. But he'll have to take it by and by, for the hunters are arter him full chissel.

I would send you some of Moll's cake, but Jock Pettingill and Tom Tardstick, the lantern-jawed satans, got into the cupboard and eat it all up.

Yours till deth,
JOSH RIDEOUT.

WISE SAYINGS.

Always write a love letter with a quill pen. Steel pens are too hard. Be sure and use very soft words. They 'do the business.'

If your neighbor has a handsome carpet, be sure and wipe your dirty feet on it. It will show him your contempt for the things of this world.

Never neglect any opportunity of giving your advice to others. It shows your superiority, at which they will be very much pleased.

If your neighbor has a handsome sofa don't forget to put your feet on it. By so doing you will show him that you despise the vanities of this world.

Plenty—Green peas at Baltimore.

Aids to Anti-working Algebraists.

Q. What is the negative sign? A. A shake of the head.

Q. What is an 'Impossible Expression?' A. To speak of 'unmentionables.'

Q. What is a 'significant digit?'—A. The fore-finger applied to the nose.'

100TH-24TH SERMON.

Belubbed Bruddres:—Your 'spected preacher am bery much 'lighted to see so many ob de fare sex present on dis august 'casion to heah your 'spected preacher 'patiate 'pon de wanities and wexations ob de world. And as de season for bawls am comin' on your 'spected preacher am gwoine to take time by de forelock and cri 'loud agin dis sin.

De follerin' 'propriate lines composed 'spressly for dis 'casion, by your 'spected preacher, will be used for a text on dis pekuliar 'casion:

The whiskey is as bad a thing,
As to the world e'er came:
For it has prov'd the sad ruin
Of many an honest man.

It is the worst thing I say,
And every one doth hurt;
It bringeth them to misery,
And makes them sell their shirt!

De subjeck on dis 'casion will be cut wid de sword ob truf into tree equal and extinct parts. De fust part comprise de 'trikin' and pekuliar obserwations ob your 'spected preacher, wich am figgurative. De second part comprise de meat and drink ob de subjeck, wich am *sperituel*. De tird and lass past comprised de bawl at Sam Jonson's sullar, wich cum under de head ob 'sich a gittin' up stairs.' Dar is one udder part wich I cum widin 1 ob losin', and dat 'ply to Sokey Gowles, who 'spected preacher hab de 'speakable honor ob kristenin' iodder ebenin' Dis part cum under de hed ob pledges ob 'fection. He was named arter your 'spected preacher, and 'sembled him bery much, 'specially 'bout de nose, wich am as flat as a pancake.

Dat white young lady up dar in de gallery dat am trowin' peanut at your 'spected preacher's hed, am 'quested to make herself scarce, or your 'spected preacher will karry her up to de police court in his 'spected arms, wich would be bery undekorous.

When your 'spected preacher 'rote de 'bove lines he hab dat nigger ober dar in de corner in his 'spected i. Your 'spected preacher was gwoine down on Long wharf, de odder day, and he see dis nigger suckin' rum from a hogs-head on de wharf. Your 'spected preacher went up to him and 'postulated wid him about de ting. And what you 'spose dis common nigger did? Why he take out de 'traw and offered it bery 'perlitely to your 'spected preacher. What did you ebber heah de like ob dat! Your 'spected preacher was bery much shocked, for he nebber drink nossin in public; he drink 'hind de sullar dose. Your 'spected preacher take dis 'casion to make a public eggsample ob dis common nigger, for no 'spectable gemman ob kolor b'longin' to dis perlite 'sembly would be ketched in sich a scrape. Dis comprise de *sperituel* part ob de sermont.

De nixt part 'ply to drinkin' likker.—Speakin' ob likker, puts your 'spected preacher in mind dat Sam Jonson hab jist 'ceived some fust-rate spruce beer from de willage ob New York, wich is jist de ting for dis weddin'. Your 'spected preacher hab de promise ob a bottle for givin' dis notiss.

Your 'spected preacher was 'sulted last Tuesday in Washington street by two white ladies, who trowed peach stones at his 'spected hed. If dey had trowed de peach your 'spected preacher wouldn't hab said nossin 'bout it. Your 'spected preacher am gwoine to persecute dem for salt and butter.

Dis bring your 'spected preacher to anudder part ob his sermont. As de 'mortal Shakspear tell you 'when likker is in wit is out,' and dis is de bery city ob wit when your 'spected preacher tell you dat he hab de promise ob a treat at de sullar, and a bushel ob plum bery day I'll say nossin to nobodey 'bout drinkin' likker. Darfore I am gwoine to say nossin more 'bout it. For, as de poet say, de least said is de soonest mended, wich is bery true, and no mistake.

Dem is all de diwisions, and I now come to de 'provement 'pon de hole. Why he or she nigger dat drink more den tree glass ob spruce beer at de sullar will be turned out ob de church widout extinction ob color. You will please keep dis in your i, not de likker but de nosse.

De female women's 'rights 'siety will meet at Sam Jonson's sullar de fust ob lass month to transact bisness ob grate 'portance. De subjeck 'spectin' de female owrang owtang will be 'cussed—dar bondage—and to take meaps for dar 'mediate (if not sooner) 'mancipation!

Brudder Cole am 'quested to pass de hat round so dat dem white ladies can hab de privilege ob forkin' ober some small change.

De congregation will please line de singin' de follerin' piece ob poetness by brudder Byron:

When lubly woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late dat men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only way her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ebery eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to kick de bucket!

De congregation will please sit standin' while singin'. You will please cum de fust and sebon lass lines!