



DEACON SNOWBALL'S SERMON.

Belubbed Bruddren:—Dis day ob our Lord, or redder, dis ebening of our Lord, I 'scend de pulpit wid grate, and lively 'motions ob gratitude, because I hab received a pair ob pantaloons and boot from Sam Jonsin's aunt, widde 'specks ob de giver. Accordingly we take de text from de follerin' language ob de poet:

"Ding dong bell, the cat's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Johnny Green.
Who pull'd her out? Great big John Snout."

Dis eloquent language is suppose to be writ 'zactly one thousand year arter de birth of Caesar, and 'lude to de practiss ob tollin' de bell at funeral possessions. I 'spose you know when de fust bell was tolled. It was at the death of Abel. His brudder kilt him wid a big stick, and epper arterward he was called a *cain*. Den de curfew bell was tolled by Adam's servant, and all de people come to de funeral. On dis 'portant 'casion when de cat get in de well, I 'spose de bell was tolled by de town crier, and he offer a reward of five dollar and give 'scription ob de cat to de finder. In dis piece de poet does'nt say who 'scover de cat and get de reward. 'Praps it was King Solomon as he was de wisest man in de world, and know what came ob de cat berry well.

Dis is fust part ob de subject, and den we come to de 'portant 'quiry ob 'who put her in?' Dar is de pint, because if dey catch de feller dey make him pay for it. So it turned out to be little Johnny Green, and he too little to punish for doin disting; bekase why? he don't know no better dan for do 'em. De next 'quiry is as 'portant as de totter. Who pull her out? I 'spose de man dat pull out de cat hab dis reward for his doins, and de tank ob de owner. It proved to be massa Snout; and dis massa Snout is a big feller too. Dis ack of generousness in massa Snout who risk his own life to save a feller crier to wordy ob all praise, and it prove dat he is a fine feller. I guess he belong to temperance siety and went to de well to get drink ob cold water, and when he get dar, he see de cat in dar. 'Praps he tink dat she went dar to get a cold baf on de Graham system; but he soon perceive dat she is tryin' to get out. Den he lower down de bucket and he pull up de cat. She shake her skin and de water fly off. Den she run rite off, and her missus hab great time ob rejoicing. Dis is de twelf division ob our subject, and den comes de zamination ob de cat specie.

De cat specie is divided into two parts, de Tom cat and de she cat. Dey were preserved by Noah in de ark, arter de flood, when de ark rested on de back of Mount A-rat. De Tom cat ketches rats, and de she cat ketches mouses. Kittens drink milk, and lick up grease when de wimmin spills it on de floor. When Noah hab cats in de ark, he hab to put 'em in a cage to keep 'em from ketching de rats and mice and de little birds. De dogs was tied up to keep 'em from killin sheep and worrying de cats. De bears and lions and tigers was put in pens to keep 'em from devourin' de live animals, and Noah lay in a plenty ob fresh meat for 'em to eat. De fresh meat kepp good, I 'spose, for de five or six months dat dey stay in de ark, bekase if it had'nt dar would hab been a 'trong smell. I 'spose dese animals hab to be all kepp separate 'less dey kill each odder and fight like de debbil. Any rate de ark mus hab been bigger dan de steamships to hold 'em all, wid provision to lass five or six months. Den dey make sich a noise—de lions roarin', de bears growlin, de oxes and cows and bulls bellowin', de dogs barkin', de parrots talkin', de cats squawlin', de pigs grunting, and de hoss neying, de snake hiss'n', and de wolves and painters and crackidiles, and all de rest, dey make so much noise dat I guess massa Noah must be wide awake feller if he could sleep o' nights.

On dis 'portant 'casion de cat was preserved in de ark. I spose Noah milk a cow to feed her ebry day, when he feed de rest ob de cattle, and snakes, and birds, and wild beastesses. Guess he get bery little time to feed heseff. I spose when he come out ob de ark, he hab a plenty ob manure to put on de ground to make de grass grow agin.

But arter all dis trouble dat poor Massa Noah take so preserve de cat, she fall in de well and like to get drowaded. I guess she wish she was in Noah's ark when she find herseff in de water.

So dis brings us to de sixty-fuss diwision ob our subject, and I'm gwoine to prove upon de hole. In de fuss place, my belubbed breddren I hab to put you in mind dat Sam Johnson hab raised de price ob fried eel. He will receive company ebbery day and ebening at all hours. De report dat Sambo Wing hab eloped wid Phillis Wheatley is false. De warious city papers will oblige de parties werry much to make dis statement, as deir crackters hab suffered in de public estimation. De grate poet Lord Byron says—"He dat 'teal my crackter teal trash, but he dat teal my puss takes away de bread ob my mouf." Dis is werry true, and I hope you nebber teal nossin ob de kind. I've ben formed dat Shakspeare speak agin stealin'. If I find de place, I will get it put into print and stuck up in de treet, and dat will perwent anybody from tealin'.

Dar was a werry sad accident happen down our way yestarday, dat show de brevity ob human life. A fine hoss owned by a gemman named Peters, fell down in de treet and die; dat should make consider you latter end, for it would be berry uncomfortable to die as suddenly as dat poor hoss did.—*Uncle Sim.*

We are gifted with passions for the purpose of commanding them. We are placed amid temptations, in order that we may resist them. The most sublime sight in the universe, is a man tempted by the allurements of earth, the moral part within him urging him to yield, and with opportunity to grasp that which he desires; yet, by the exercise of a self-controlling sense of right, passing by the thing he yearns for, living without, and turning his back upon it for ever.

Degeneracy of the Press.—The Albany Microscope, speaking of the degeneracy of the press, says: "Ghost of Franklin, hold thy breath! Last Saturday we saw an old revolutionary Ramage press sell under the hammer for \$5 50! And to what use is it to be put, think you reader? To squeeze cheese!"

EQUIVOCAL.—"Boy, who do you belong to?" asked a gentleman the other day as he stepped on board of a steamboat and saw a 'darker' listlessly leaning on the guards.

"I did belong to Massa Williams, sir, when I come aboard; but he's been in de cabin playin' poker wid de captain 'bove a hour; I don't know who I b'long to now!"—(Pic.)

"Where does the fire go to, Paddy, when it goes out?" "Faith, an' its aisy to be tellin' you the like o' that. Where should the fire go to, at all, at all, but to where you always find it again?" "And where is that, Paddy?" "Why, at the end of the lucifers, to be sure."

A singular coincidence in the death of the great and good Washington, is, that he died in the last hour, in the last day of the week, in the last month in the year, and in the last year of the century, viz: Saturday night, 12 o'clock, December, 1799.

John Smith has been elected President of a temperance society in Philadelphia. The Richmond Star says if John goes in for cold water, the question is settled.

They have a hen down in Ipswich, Mass., which last Sunday, laid an egg, on the shell of which was etched 'just as it was laid,' the inscription, 'Beware of False Teachers.' The prophet pullet which produced this wonderful egg, has given to the world several others containing inscriptions, quite as remarkable.

Greenlanders suppose that thunder is caused by two old women flapping seal skins in the moon; and the Aurora Borealis owing to the spirits of their fathers frisking at foot ball.

A SPRINKLED DISH.

In upper part of the city is the following curious sign:—"Washing, Ironing and going out to day's work—done in the back room."

Bulwer says—"There are few people more to be pitied than women who have lost the power of blushing. With them the bloom has gone off the fruit, indeed."

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman, who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

"I am going to *soger* now," as the lazy apprentice said when he received a subpoena to do militia duty.

Dutch says that a blind man is always in a state of *ex-sight-ment*.

It is a great misfortune not to have mind enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to keep silent. Hence the origin of every imper-tinence.

Why is a north wind like a soldier? It goes where it *listeth*.

"Thou—thou *rain'st* in this bosom," as the loafer remarked to the thunder cloud.

What looks worse than to see an old tooth-less widow, trying to win the affections of a gay, handsome fool?

The New Orleans Crescent City says that the first cases of yellow fever there always breaks out in northern newspapers.

All clever fellows are named Tom. You never knew a Tom who was not a clever fellow, unless it was a Tom cat. Persons by the name of Jake are easily appeased.

"Vich is the lion and vich is the dog, Mr. Showman?" "Vichsomdever you please, my little dears—the like vas never seen."

"It's pretty, but not pleasant," as the monkey said when they painted his tail blue.

A great man is one who can make his children obey him when they are out of sight.

Meddle not with the affairs of others, but attend diligently to your own.

Teach not others, until you have learned well yourselves.

Take care of your body, but not as if were your soul.

☞ All clever fellows are named Tom.—You never knew a Tom who was not a clever fellow, unless it was a Tom cat. Persons by the name of Jake are easily appeased.—(Atlas.)

☞ At a ladies' temperance meeting in Newburyport, one of the members remarked, the temperance ceuse had been a great blessing her, 'for,' added she, 'I slept with a *barrel of rum* for nine years—but now,' she continued her eyes brightening, 'since my husband has signed the pledge, I have a man to sleep with—thank God.' Then all the spinsters laid their hands upon their hearts, and said—Amen.

Attest, his
SY X PHAX.
mark.

☞ "Daddy, is you got much bank stock?" "No, Tom, not a bit."

"Well then, is bank stock got any father?" "Fudge! boy, what nonsense."

"Nonsense! you be darn'd—arn't this paper got som'thn, as says the Virginia Bank stock went *got par*, no how you can fix it? Fury and scissors! dont I know what *par* is!"

☞ The fair daughters of Columbia—may they add virtue to beauty—subtract envy from friendship—multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper—divide time by sociability and economy—and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

☞ "Jabe, what are you doing there on the floor?"

"Why, sir, I have had a shock."

"A shock?"

"Yes sir."

"What kind of a shock?"

"Why, sir, one of your subscribers came in during your absence, and offered to pay a year's subscription; which produced such an effect upon me that I have been perfectly helpless ever since."

"No wonder, Jabe; but cheer up; if your survive this you are safe—as there is little prospect of such another catastrophe in this office."

"Drop a line if you want to see me," as the fish said to the angler.

There was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his descent from an ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant, "as we ploughmen say, the older the seed the worse the crop."

"Be-ware," as the potter said to the lump of clay.

"I will be *burnt* first," saucily responded the mud.

"This is a *leading* article," as the editor said to his little responsibility.

"You're doing a *smashing* business," as the gardener said to the hail stones.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be very singular.

A recent philosopher discloses a method to avoid being dunned! "How?—how?—how?" we hear every body asking. Never run in debt.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," as the overseer of the treadmill observed to his company.

"You're beneath my notice," as the elephant said to the ant.

"I'm not *account*-able," as the clerk observed when his master found the cash short.

"*In-tea-resting*," as the fellow said when he discovered a dead rat in a box of tea.

A mixture of ground glass and the juice of pebble stones is a cure for the blue devils; and no man is ever visited with the night mare, who sleeps with the great toe of his right foot in his left ear.

Artaxerxes Memonn, king of Persia, being upon an extraordinary occasion reduced to eat barley bread and dried figs, and to drink water, said, "What pleasure have I lost till now by my delicacies and excess."

A general council of the Cherokees have passed a law, that all spirituous liquors found at any time in their nation, shall be poured out on the ground.

There is said to be a woman in Worcester so large and who sleeps in a room so small, that she is obliged to go into another room to turn over. There is also a family in that town so large, that they could not all have the measles at once; there was'nt enough to go round.

The following important information was communicated by an ingenious gentleman to an Encyclopediea, published in London—that ninety millions of mites' eggs amount exactly to the size of one pigeons' egg.

"Now, as you are on my side, I hope you'll stick to me," as the patient said to the strengthening plaster.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

"I'll help you out of this," as the powder said to the bullet.

"Lead on, kind friend!" as the drunkard said to the blind man.

The ice house of Francis Tuttle, in Acton, was partially consumed by fire. Whether the fire was the work of an incendiary or was caused by *spontaneous combustion*, we do not know.

The times are so hard that the boys can't fly their kites—not being able to "raise the wind."

A man in Dublin having been lately told that the price of bread had been lowered, said it was the first time he ever rejoiced at the fall of his best friend.

The editor of the Philadelphia Ledger says he has heard a Dutch parson commence his sermon in this way:—"Mine dere friends, let us shay a few words before we begin."

☞ Why can't a rich man go to Heaven? Because he never is punished for his crimes on earth, and must, therefore be punished here-atter.