

# First Epistel

to Little Jes in de village

MY DEAR HUNNY:

I seed tuther day one grate, long, big 'exposition' of yourself; and sumthin said about one Docktor here; and one gal sumwhere; and de new lights, &c. &c. Now my dear Hunny, it strikes my mind, that a little advise cummin from your old friend, would be of sarvis to you in a time of so much trouble; for it raly seems to me, that you is got yourself in sich a Hobbler about de matter, that you would be doin mighty well to take heed to your ways, bein you is sich a little Feller, and stil got so much spirit with the 'gray gooses-quil.'

I thinks as how you is bin TAPPIN yourself to let out sich a sluce upon de folks; I mean de Docktors, and de Trustees, and de church, and even de old PASSIN too. For all unum is got stunk wid de long Tail in de 'exposition.'

Now you expresed so much 'pleasure' in de Sirtifiket given to de Fightin men from de South that no wonder you loves to rite; for when they told you they would take satisfaction out de little Hide on your back, it put your fingers Hides in motion and they cant keep still. Now it sorter strikes me as how it would do you sum good to git sum of de South Callina dressin; for Mammys generally sarves Babys so when they makes sich a fuss, and then they keeps quiet for a while. But I see you is one Little Game dungle Cock, or one Cock Sparrow, or one Weezle, or one Maggit, or sum sorter creter in that line with long tail, and short head. You puts me in mind of sum of de little Fices thats about de village when he run out behind de gate in sich a flurry; and you squirt at him, he stick his tail in and run back agin.

De hobblin Docktor in your town, sum how or nuther, is bin keepin your Steam up so long time, that its my Privet opinion yould make one mighty good Steam Docktor, For I is bin told they dont TAP but only puts um in a swet like yous bin ever since de hobblin Docktor cum to your town.

Now my dear Hunny it is my most earnest desire to see you Passified, and to give sum cumfort to your trubbled mind about de pleasin Sirtifiket given to de fighten men from de South. I hear it talked all about by de Biggist sorter folks, that it seemed like Stick Tail business. But I thinks as how that no body knows where de shoe pinches but he thats got it on, and when a body happens

to git in a Tite place he must git out agin anyhow. For our tungs and heels must protect our hides; and if I was you I would sartainly say what I pleased independent to nobody, if they would let me off by givin a little scrip of writin, for its very easy arter you once git in that way; and no body will expect any thing else from you now, since they knows that's your way of doin what they call de honorable bissines.

Now my dear Hunny I want you to keep things strate; for de Folks in de world is got so little to do at home that they goes about like a roarin Mule as de Preachers say seekin who to devour. Now you take my advise; thats to make sum peepholes through de big sheet of 'expositions' you rote; (but mind you put de white side out and then they will be sure to see de best side) and when de Docktors and de new lites and de Passins makes a fuss and spakes a little sorter independent, you jist bark atum agin, and if you want sum help when they git rathy, jist send arter de Curnel agin.

They tells me yous bin Barkin at de Passin and treed him up de holler so high that he aint bin heard from since. He dont seem to be one of de Barkin sort or else he would be yelpin arter you afore now. But it may be bekase as how de big dogs wont bark at de Little Fices, but you must tree him anyhow, for de 'new lites' wont fite, becuse he knows he would be turned out de Sinnagog.

Now my dear Hunny let me giv you sum advise about de exposition on de Church. One thing seems mighty strange in this matter, bein your good mammy is one good old pius Baptis, and I shuld think she would giv you a little switchin for busin her own sorter folks. She no dout larnt you how to say your prares,—'forgiv us our sins, as we forgiv them that sin agin us,' &c. But you sin agin them that dont sin agin you. However this is only puttin tail foremus, and I hope you'll do better when I is teached you sum more. But this way of villifyin all de church bekase they ketched one Docktor aint gentlemanle. You better tree him afore you begin Barkin at tuthers, or else we may have more than you and I both can manage at wonce. Now you and de tuther Docktor is been groulin for sum time and nary one wont bite, dat is what we old Hunters would call trailin on cold track, and no chance for to shute.

Now my dear Hunny you say de church wont "hear de voice of humannity," becuse they is "invugnerrible." I dont no much about dat thing bein I aint larned, nor I dont no much about de church folk, for sumunum is rite curius sorter peple. I beleaves they is got sum humannity for you.

You nowd de church wouldnt fite you; and they bein cowards I says it is rite for cowards to buse um. But I hears um say they pittees you mightily and looks at you as one little insigniffikent Puppy, And say like Davy Crocket, 'you Bark up de rong tree sir,' 'you Bark up de rong tree sir.'

Now my dear Hunny, let me advise you to git sum of de Big BLISTER PLASTER you put Over de Nigger Womman, and put one little piece rite on de top of your Pate so as to draw de scattered brain to a fokus, and then you will see as clare as a whistle and not be bay-in at de moon any more.

I must leave of, by wishing you to giv my love to our mesmates in de hope of hearin from you agin sune.

I is your own dear Hunny fornever,

**Katy Royal,**

of Scribbleville.

32nd Nocember.

N. B. I did like to forgit to advise you about de common talk I hears once and a while, about your not havin one sheepskin to practis fissick by from the Great Docktors at de Big-Norrard. I dont blieve all thats said no time. But thinks I to myself I would tell you tween you and I, noin as how we keeps secrits; that I would go agin, which would make only three time, and try to git one Pass or Plomer or sumthin a nuther what de call um from Docktor Physic of Fillydelfy.

In haste your luvvin friend,

**Katy Royal,**

of Scribbleville.

P. S. I no you'll scuse my bad out for ritin, becuse you no as we said afore, in our tuther letter as how we didnt Kere about de 'Infallerbillery,' nor de Crim-mernallerty, nor de Grammernallerty, so we node what tuther intended to mean and thats sufficient.

I'll rite you agin by de next big meetin.

Adu to yourn Hunny,

**Katy Royal,**

of Scribbleville.