

must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.

* * TO THE INDULGENT READER.

My friend, the Reverend Mr. Wilbur, having been seized with a dangerous fit of illness, before this Introduction had passed through the press, and being incapacitated for all literary exertion, sent to me his notes, memoranda, &c., and requested me to fashion them into some shape more fitting for the general eye. This, owing to the fragmentary and disjointed state of his manuscripts, I have felt wholly unable to do; yet, being unwilling that the reader should be deprived of such parts of his lucubrations as seemed more finished, and not well discerning how to segregate these from the rest, I have concluded to send them all to the press precisely as they are.

COLUMBUS NYE, *Pastor of a Church in Bungtown Corner.*

It remains to speak of the Yankee dialect. And, first, it may be premised, in a general way, that any one much read in the writings of the early colonists need not be told that the far greater share of the words and phrases now esteemed peculiar to New England, and local there, were brought from the mother-country. A person familiar with the dialect of certain portions of Massachusetts will not

fail to recognise, in ordinary discourse, many words now noted in English vocabularies as archaic, the greater part of which were in common use about the time of the King James translation of the Bible. Shakspeare stands less in need of a glossary to most New Englanders than to many a native of the Old Country. The peculiarities of our speech, however, are rapidly wearing out. As there is no country where reading is so universal and newspapers are so multitudinous, so no phrase remains long local, but is transplanted in the mail-bags to every remotest corner of the land. Consequently our dialect approaches nearer to uniformity than that of any other nation.

The English have complained of us for coining new words. Many of those so stigmatized were old ones by them forgotten, and all make now an unquestioned part of the currency, wherever English is spoken. Undoubtedly, we have a right to make new words, as they are needed by the fresh aspects under which life presents itself here in the New World; and, indeed, wherever a language is alive, it grows. It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother-landers

themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and centre. And not only is it already spoken here by great numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness, than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers.

As regards the provincialisms to be met with in this volume, I may say that the reader will not find one which is not (as I believe) either native or imported with the early settlers, nor one which I have not, with my own ears, heard in familiar use. In the metrical portion of the book, I have endeavoured to adapt the spelling as nearly as possible to the ordinary mode of pronunciation. Let the reader who deems me over-particular remember this caution of Martial :—

*“ Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine, libellus ;
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.”*

A few further explanatory remarks will not be impertinent.

I shall barely lay down a few general rules for the reader's guidance.

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the *r* when he can help it, and often

displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final *g*, a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for nasals. The same of the final *d*, as *han'* and *stan'* for *hand* and *stand*.

3. The *h* in such words as *while*, *when*, *where*, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to *a*, he shows some inconsistency, sometimes giving a close and obscure sound, as *hev* for *have*, *hendy* for *handy*, *ez* for *as*, *thet* for *that*, and again giving it the broad sound it has in *father*, as *hânsome* for *handsome*.

5. To the sound *ou* he prefixes an *e* (hard to exemplify otherwise than orally).

The following passage in Shakspeare he would recite thus :—

“ Neow is the winta uv eour discontent
 Med glorious summa by this sun o' Yock,
 An' all the cleouds thet leowered upun eour heouse
 In the deep buzzum o' the oshin buried ;
 Neow air eour breows beound 'ith victorious wreaths ;
 Eour breused arms hung up fer monimunce ;
 Eour starn alarums chänged to merry meetins,
 Eour dreffle marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war heth smeuthed his wrinkled front,
 An' neow, instid o' mountin' barebid steeds
 To fright the souls o' ferfle edverseries,

He capers nimly in a lady's chämber,
To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot."

6. *Au*, in such words as *daughter* and *slaughter*, he pronounces *ah*.

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a drawl *ad libitum*.

[Mr. Wilbur's notes here become entirely fragmentary.—C.N.]

a. Unable to procure a likeness of Mr. Biglow, I thought the curious reader might be gratified with a sight of the editorial effigies. And here a choice between two was offered,—the one a profile (entirely black) cut by Doyle, the other a portrait painted by a native artist of much promise. The first of these seemed wanting in expression, and in the second a slight obliquity of the visual organs has been heightened (perhaps from an over-desire of force on the part of the artist) into too close an approach to actual *strabismus*. This slight divergence in my optical apparatus from the ordinary model—however I may have been taught to regard it in the light of a mercy rather than a cross, since it enabled me to give as much of directness and personal application to my discourses as met the

wants of my congregation, without risk of offending any by being supposed to have him or her in my eye (as the saying is)—seemed yet to Mrs. Wilbur a sufficient objection to the engraving of the aforesaid painting. We read of many who either absolutely refused to allow the copying of their features, as especially did Plotinus and Agesilaus among the ancients, not to mention the more modern instances of Scioppius Palæottus, Pinellus, Velserus, Gataker, and others, or were indifferent thereto, as Cromwell.

β. Yet was Cæsar desirous of concealing his baldness. *Per contra*, my Lord Protector's carefulness in the matter of his wart might be cited. Men generally more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than characters. Shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in Recording Angel's gallery.

γ. Whether any of our national peculiarities may be traced to our use of stoves, as a certain closeness of the lips in pronunciation, and a smothered smoulderingness of disposition, seldom roused to open flame? An unrestrained intercourse with

fire probably conducive to generosity and hospitality of soul. Ancient Mexicans used stoves, as the friar Augustin Ruiz reports, Hakluyt, III., 468,—but Popish priests not always reliable authority.

To-day picked my Isabella grapes. Crop injured by attacks of rose-bug in the spring. Whether Noah was justifiable in preserving this class of insects?

δ. Concerning Mr. Biglow's pedigree. Tolerably certain that there was never a poet among his ancestors. An ordination hymn attributed to a maternal uncle, but perhaps a sort of production not demanding the creative faculty.

His grandfather a painter of the grandiose or Michael Angelo school. Seldom painted objects smaller than houses or barns, and these with uncommon expression.

ε. Of the Wilburs no complete pedigree. The crest said to be a *wild boar*, whence, perhaps, the

name. (?) A connection with the Earls of Wilbraham (*quasi* wild boar ham) might be made out. This suggestion worth following up. In 1677, John W. m. Expect —, had issue, 1. John, 2. Haggai, 3. Expect, 4. Ruhamah, 5. Desire.

“Hear lyes y^e bodye of Mrs Expect Wilber,
Y^e crewell salvages they kil'd her
Together wth other Christian soles eleaven,
October y^e ix daye, 1707.
Y^e stream of Jordan sh' as crost ore
And now expects me'on y^e other shore :
I live in hope her soon to join ;
Her earthlye yeeres were forty and nine.”

From Gravestone in Pekussett, North Parish.

This is unquestionably the same John who afterward (1711) married Tabitha Hagg or Ragg.

But if this were the case, she seems to have died early ; for only three years after, namely, 1714, we have evidence that he married Winifred, daughter of Lieutenant Tipping.

He seems to have been a man of substance, for we find him in 1696 conveying “one undivided eightieth part of a salt-meadow” in Yabbok, and he commanded a sloop in 1702.

Those who doubt the importance of genealogical studies *fuste potius quam argumento erudiendi*.

I trace him as far as 1723, and there lose him.
In that year he was chosen selectman.

No gravestone. Perhaps overthrown when new
hearse-house was built, 1802.

He was probably the son of John, who came
from Bilham Comit. Salop. circa 1642.

This first John was a man of considerable impor-
tance, being twice mentioned with the honourable
prefix of *Mr.* in the town records. Name spelt
with two *l*-s.

“ Hear lyeth y^e bod [*stone unhappily broken.*]

Mr. Ihon Willber [Esq.] [*I inclose this in brackets as
doubtful. To me it seems clear.*]

Ob't die [*illegible; looks like xviii.*] . . . iii [*prob. 1693.*]

. paynt

. deseased seinte :

A friend and [fath]er untoe all y^e opreast,

Hee gave y^e wicked familists noe reast,

When Sat[an bl]ewe his Antinomian blaste,

Wee clong to [Willber as a steadf]ast maste.

[A]gaynst y^e horrid Qua[kers]”

It is greatly to be lamented that this curious
epitaph is mutilated. It is said that the sacrilegious
British soldiers made a target of this stone during
the war of Independence. How odious an ani-
mosity which pauses not at the grave! How
brutal that which spares not the monuments of

authentic history! This is not improbably from the pen of Rev. Moody Pyram, who is mentioned by Hubbard as having been noted for a silver vein of poetry. If his papers be still extant, a copy might possibly be recovered.

No. I.

A LETTER

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM TO THE HON. JOSEPH
T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER, IN-
CLOSING A POEM* OF HIS SON, MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

JAYLEM, june 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER:—Our Hosea wuz down to
Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a
struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking,
with 2 fellers a drummin and finin arter him like all
nater. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his
i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jst
com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosy

* [Mr. Hosea Biglow in this piece states his objections to
war, and ridicules the excitement which then prevailed in
every part of the Union for volunteering to go and fight the
Mexicans.—J. C. H.]

woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eena-most enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fi-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery* ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his vases to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last vases, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz

* *Aut insanit, aut versos facit.*—H. W.

verry well As thay wuz, and then Hosity ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.



THRASH away, you 'll hev to rattle
 On them kittle drums o' yourn,—
 'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
 Thet is ketched with mouldy corn ;
 Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
 Let folks see how spry you be,—
 Guess you 'll toot till you are yellor
 'Fore you git ahold o' me !

Thet air flag 's a leetle rotten,
 Hope it aint your Sunday's best ;—
 Fact ! it takes a sight o' cotton
 To stuff out a soger's chest :
 Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
 Ef you must wear humps like these,
 Sposin' you should try salt hay fer 't,
 It would du ez slick ez grease.

'T would n't suit them Southern fellers,
 They 're a dreffe graspin' set,
 We must ollers blow the bellers
 Wen they want their irons het ;
 May be it 's all right ez preachin',
 But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
 Wen I see the overreachin'
 O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
 Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,
 (Helped by Yankee renegaders,)*
 Thru the vartu o' the North !

* [In allusion to the Northern pro-slavery faction.—J. C. H.]

We begin to think it 's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled ;—
Who 'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled ?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that ;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It 's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you 've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right ;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight ;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it 's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it 's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it 's curus Christian dooty
This ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they 're pupple in the face,—
It 's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So 's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains
All to git the Devil's thankee,
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?

Wy, it 's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I 've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart ;
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame,
Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
You 're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you 're put upon by wite ;
Slavery aint o' nary color,
'Taint the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
 I expect you 'll hev to wait;
 Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
 You 'll begin to kal'late;
 'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
 All the carkiss from your bones,
 Coz you helped to give a lickin'
 To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
 Wether I 'd be sech a goose
 Ez to jine ye,—guess you 'd fancy
 The etarnal bung wuz loose!
 She wants me fer home consumption,
 Let alone the hay 's to mow,—
 Ef you 're arter folks o' gumption,
 You 've a darned long row to hoe.*

Take them editors that 's crowin'
 Like a cockerel three months old,—
 Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
 Though they *be* so blasted bold;

* [Hoeing Indian corn, planted in long rows, forms an

Aint they a prime set o' fellers ?
'Fore they think on 't they will sprout,
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers,)
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men thet 's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves ;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men thet call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew !

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She 's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
In her grand old eagle-nest ;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world !

important part of the farmer's labour in the United States,—
hence the popular simile.—J. C. H.]

Haint they sold your colored seamen ?
 Haint they made your env'ys wiz ?
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen ?
Wut 'll git your dander riz ?
 Come, I 'll tell ye wut I 'm thinkin'
 Is our dooty in this fix,
 They 'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
 In the days o' seventy-six.*

Clang the bells in every steeple,
 Call all true men to disown
 The tradoccers of our people,
 The enslavers o' their own ;
 Let our dear old Bay Statet† proudly
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,
 Let her ring this messidge loudly
 In the ears of all the South :—

“ I 'll return ye good fer evil
 Much ez we frail mortils can,
 But I wun't go help the Devil,
 Makin' man the cus o' man ;

* [1776, the year of American Independence.—J. C. H.]

† [Nearly every State in the Union has its nickname.
 Massachusetts is known as the Bay State.—J. C. H.]

Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace !”

Ef I'd *my* way I hed ruther
 We should go to work an' part,—
 They take one way, we take t'other,—
 Guess it would n't break my heart ;
 Men hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined ;
 An' I should n't gretly wonder
 Ef there 's thousands o' my mind.

[The first recruiting sergeant on record I conceive to have been that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as *going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it*. Bishop Latimer will have him to have been a bishop, but to me that other calling would appear more congenial. The sect of Cainites is not yet extinct, who esteemed the first born of Adam to be the most worthy, not only because of that privilege of primogeniture, but inasmuch as he was able to overcome and slay his younger brother. That was a wise saying of the famous Marquis Pescara to the Papal Legate, that *it was impossible for men to serve Mars and Christ at the same time*. Yet in time past the profession of arms was judged to be *κατ' ἐξοχήν* that of a gentleman, nor does this opinion want for strenuous upholders even in our day. Must we suppose, then, that the profession of Christianity was

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only intended for losels, or, at best, to afford an opening for plebeian ambition? Or shall we hold with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian, Captain Vratz, who was Count Königs-mark's chief instrument in the murder of Mr. Thynne, that the Scheme of Salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that "God would consider *a gentleman*, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in"? It may be said of us all, *Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus*.—
H. W.]

No. II.

A LETTER*

FROM MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE HON. J. T. BUCKINGHAM,
EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER, COVERING A LETTER
FROM MR. B. SAWIN, PRIVATE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS
REGIMENT.

[THIS letter of Mr. Sawin's was not originally written in verse. Mr. Biglow, thinking it peculiarly susceptible of metrical adornment, translated it, so to speak, into his own vernacular tongue. This is not the time to consider the question, whether rhyme be a mode of expression natural to the human race. If leisure from other and more important avocations be granted, I will handle the matter more at large in an appendix to the present volume. In this place I will barely remark, that I have sometimes noticed in the unlanguage prattlings of infants a fondness for alliteration, assonance, and even rhyme, in which natural predisposition we may trace the three degrees through which our Anglo-Saxon verse rose to its culmination in the poetry of Pope. I would not be understood as questioning in these remarks that pious theory which supposes that children, if left entirely to them-

* [Mr. Hosea Biglow, in Letter No. I, stated his general objections to war. Letter No. II, continuing the theme, gives the curious experience of his friend, Birdofredom Sawin, an unfortunate volunteer in the Mexican army.—
J. C. H.]

selves, would naturally discourse in Hebrew. For this the authority of one experiment is claimed, and I could, with Sir Thomas Browne, desire its establishment, inasmuch as the acquirement of that sacred tongue would thereby be facilitated. I am aware that Herodotus states the conclusion of Psammeticus to have been in favor of a dialect of the Phrygian. But, beside the chance that a trial of this importance would hardly be blessed to a Pagan monarch whose only motive was curiosity, we have on the Hebrew side the comparatively recent investigation of James the Fourth of Scotland. I will add to this prefatory remark, that Mr. Sawin, though a native of Jaalam, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation. I consider my humble efforts prospered in that not one of my sheep hath ever indued the wolf's clothing of war, save for the comparatively innocent diversion of a militia training. Not that my flock are backward to undergo the hardships of *defensive warfare*. They serve cheerfully in the great army which fights even unto death *pro aris et focis*, accoutred with the spade, the axe, the plane, the sledge, the spelling-book, and other such effectual weapons against want, and ignorance, and unthrift. I have taught them (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sounds a march to the heights of wider-viewed intelligence and more perfect organization.—H. W.]

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to go atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that He went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late

he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this Time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statemence. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur cals a *pongshong* for cocktales, and he ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time,* ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few refleckshuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respectfly

HOSEA BIGLOW.

* In relation to this expression, I cannot but think that Mr. Biglow has been too hasty in attributing it to me. Though Time be a comparatively innocent personage to swear by, and though Longinus in his discourse *Περὶ Ὑψους* has commended timely oaths as not only a useful but sublime figure of speech, yet I have always kept my lips free from that abomination. *Odi profanum vulgus*, I hate your swearing and hectoring fellows.—H. W.

THIS kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October
trainin',

A chap could clear right out from there ef 't only
looked like rainin'.

An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes
with bandanners,

An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with
their banners,

(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a feller could
cry quarter

Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu much rum an'
water.

Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'n I an' Ezry Hollis,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, a-havin' the
Cornwallis?*

This sort o' thing aint *jest* like thet,—I wish that I
wuz funder,—†

Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low
fer murder,

(Wy I 've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon
Cephas Billins,

An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetched
ten shillins,)

* i hait the Site of a feller with a muskit as I du pizn But
their is fun to a cornwallis I aint agoin' to deny it.—H. B.

† he means Not quite so fur i guess.—H. B.

There 's sutthin' gets into my throat thet makes it
hard to swaller,

It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar ;
It 's glory,—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git
callous,

I feel a kind o' in a cart, a-ridin' to the gallus.

But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell ye I felt
streaked

The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz
peaked ;

Here's how it wuz : I started out to go to a fan-
dango,

The sentinul he ups an' sez, "Thet 's furder 'an you
can go."

"None o' your sarse," sez I ; sez he, "Stan' back !"

"Aint you a buster ?"

Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess I 've ben to
muster ;

I know wy sentinuls air sot ; you aint agoin' to
eat us ;

Caleb* haint no monopoly to court the seenoreetas ;

* ["General Caleb Cushing, a distinguished Democratic politician and volunteer in the Mexican war, where scandal says, the only service he saw was to tumble into a ditch on a dark night, when in pursuit of a Mexican *senorita*."—J. C. H.]

My folks to hum air full ez good ez hisn be, by
golly !”

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would
folly,

The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitch-
fork in me

An' made a hole right thru my close ez if I wuz
an in'my.

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in ole
Funnel*

Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Lef-
tenant Cunnle,

(It 's Mister Secondary Bolles,† thet writ the prize
peace essay ;

Thet 's wy he did n't list himself along o' us, I
dessay,)

An' Rantoul,‡ tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put
his foot in it,

Coz human life 's so sacred thet he 's principled
agin' it,—

* [Faneuil Hall, the famous old Town Hall of Boston.—
J. C. H.]

† the ignerant creeter means Sekketary ; but he ollers
stuck to his books like cobbler's wax to an ile-stone.—H. B.

‡ [Robert Rantoul, a distinguished American orator, who
advocated the abolition of capital punishment.—J. C. H.]

Though I myself can't rightly see it 's any wus
achokin' on 'em
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or with a
bagnet pokin' on 'em ;
How drefle slick he reeled it off, (like Blitz at our
lyceum
Ahauln' ribbins from his chops so quick you
skeercely see 'em,)
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be
handy
To du the buryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),
About our patriotic pas an' our star-spangled
banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out
hosanner,
An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz happy fer
Ameriky,—
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite histericky.
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a drefle kind o'
privilege
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the
gutter's drivelage ;
I act'lly thought it wuz a treat to hear a little
drummin',
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz acomin'

Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in
the state prison)

An' every feller felt ez though Mexico wuz hisn.*

This 'ere 's about the meanest place a skunk could
wal diskiver

(Saltillo 's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt-
river).

The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos beat all
nater,

I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good blue-
nose tater ;

The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be
so charmin'

Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin'
kind o' varmin'.

He talked about delishis froots, but then it wuz a
wopper all,

The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears, with here
an' there a chapparal ;

* it must be aloud that thare's a streak o' nater in lovin'
sho, but it sartinly is 1 of the curusest things in nater to see
a rispecktable dri goods dealer (deekon off a chutch mayby)
a riggin' himself out in the Weigh they du and struttin'
round in the Reign aspilin' his trowsis and makin' wet goods
of himself. Ef any thin 's foolisher and moor dicklus than
militerry gloary it is milishy gloary.—H. B.



The country here is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.

You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust you know, a
 lariat
 Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can
 say, "Wut air ye at?"*
 You never see sech darned gret bugs (it may not
 be irrelevant
 To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius*† big ez a
 year old elephant,)

The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red
 bug
 From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright‡,—'t wuz
 jest a common *cimex lectularius*.

One night I started up on eend an' thought I wuz
 to hum agin,
 I heern a horn, thinks I it 's Sol the fisherman hez
 com agin,
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm a livin'
 creeter,

* these fellers are verry proppilly called Rank Heroes, and
 the more tha kill the ranker and more Herowick tha bekum.
 —H. B.

† it wuz "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the parson put
 the Latten instid. i sed tother maid better meeter, but he
 said tha was eddykated peepl to Boston and tha would n't
 stan' it no how. idnow as tha *wood* and idnow as tha wood.—
 H. B.

‡ [A volunteer from Boston.—J. C. H.]

I felt a thing go thru my leg,—'t wuz nothin' more
'n a skeeter !

Then there's the yaller fever, tu, they call it here el
vomito,—

(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab there, I tell ye
to le' go my toe !

My gracious ! it's a scorpion thet's took a shine to
play with 't,

I dars n't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear he 'd run
away with 't.)

Afore I come away from hum I hed a strong per-
suasion

Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,*—an ourang
outang nation,

A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream
on 't arter,

No more 'n a feller'd dream o' pigs thet he hed hed
to slarter :

I'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie
fashion all,

An' kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind
o' national ;

* he means human beins, that's wut he means. i spose he
kinder thought tha wuz human beans ware the Xisle Poles
comes from.—H. B.

But wen I jined I worn't so wise ez thet air queen
o' Sheby,
Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint much diff'rent
from wut we be,
An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own do-
minions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's
pinions,
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o'
's trowsis
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his
homes an' houses ;
Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer
Jackson !*
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it 's reg'lar Anglo-
saxon.
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they piz'n
all the water,
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet is n't wut they
ough' to ;
Bein' they haint no lead, they make their bullets
out o' copper

* [The English reader need scarcely be informed that the famous General Jackson, of New Orleans memory, is here referred to. "Hurrah for General Jackson" has been a mob cry in the United States for many years.—J. C. H.]

An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb
sez aint proper ;
He sez they 'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop
'em fairly,
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he 'll hev to git
up airyly,)
Thet our nation 's bigger 'n theirn an' so its rights
air bigger,
An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin'
trigger,
'Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
An' thet idee 's thet every man doos jest wut he
damn pleases ;
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some
respex I can,
I know thet "every man" don't mean a nigger or a
Mexican ;
An' there's another thing I know, an' thet is, ef
these creeturs,
Thet stick an Anglosaxon mask onto State-prison
feeturs,
Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to argify an'
spout on 't,
The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit
they cleared out on 't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable
feetur,

An' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin
short meter ;

O, would n't I be off, quick time, ef 't worn't that
I wuz sartin

They 'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer de-
sartin !

I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I
may state

Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore they left the
Bay-state ;

Then it wuz " Mister Sawin, sir, you 're middlin'
well now, be ye ?

Step up an' take a nipper, sir ; I'm dreffle glad to
see ye ;"

But now it 's " Ware 's my eppylet ? here, Sawin,
step an' fetch it !

An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or, damn ye,
you shall ketch it !"

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so, but
by mighty,

Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkum vity,
I'd play the rogue's march on their hides an' other
music follerin',—

But I must close my letter here, for one on 'em 's
a-hollerin',

These Anglosaxon* ossifers,—wal, taint no use
ajawin',

I 'm safe enlisted fer the war,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

[Those have not been wanting (as, indeed, when hath Satan been to seek for attorneys ?) who have maintained that our late inroad upon Mexico was undertaken, not so much for the avenging of any national quarrel, as for the spreading of free institutions and of Protestantism. *Capita vix duabus Anticyris medenda!* Verily I admire that no pious sergeant among these new Crusaders beheld Martin Luther riding at the front of the host upon a tamed pontifical bull, as, in that former invasion of Mexico, the zealous Diaz (spawn though he were of the Scarlet Woman) was favoured with a vision of St. James of Compostella, skewering the infidels upon his apostolical lance. We read, also, that Richard of the lion heart, having gone to Palestine on a similar errand of mercy, was divinely encouraged to cut the throats of such Paynims as refused to swallow the bread of life (doubtless that they might be thereafter incapacitated for swallowing the filthy gobbets of Mahound) by angels of heaven, who cried to the king and his knights—*Seigneurs, tuez! tuez!* providentially using the French tongue, as being the only one understood by their auditors.

* [The term Anglo-Saxon is a favourite cant expression with American journalists. It is supposed to indicate progress, annexation, and *destiny*—another political watchword.—J. C. H.]

This would argue for the pantoglottism of these celestial intelligences, while, on the other hand, the Devil, *teste* Cotton Mather, is unversed in certain of the Indian dialects. Yet must he be a semeiologist the most expert, making himself intelligible to every people and kindred by signs; no other discourse, indeed, being needful, than such as the mackerel-fisher holds with his finned quarry, who, if other bait be wanting, can, by a bare bit of white rag at the end of a string captivate those foolish fishes. Such piscatorial oratory is Satan cunning in. Before one he trails a hat and feather, or a bare feather without a hat; before another, a Presidential chair, or a tidewaiter's stool, or a pulpit in the city, no matter what. To us, dangling there over our heads, they seem junkets dropped out of the seventh heaven, sops dipped in nectar, but once in our mouths, they are all one, bits of fuzzy cotton.

This, however, by the way. It is time now *revocare gradum*. While so many miracles of this sort, vouched by eyewitnesses, have encouraged the arms of Papists, not to speak of those *Dioscuri* (whom we must conclude imps of the pit) who sundry times captained the pagan Roman soldiery, it is strange that our first American crusade was not in some such wise also signalized. Yet it is said that the Lord hath manifestly prospered our armies. This opens the question, whether, when our hands are strengthened to make great slaughter of our enemies, it be absolutely and demonstratively certain that this might is added to us from above, or whether some Potentate from an opposite quarter may not have a finger in it, as there are few pies into which his meddling digits are not thrust. Would the Sanctifier and Setter-apart of the seventh day have assisted in a victory gained on the Sabbath, as was one in the late war? Or has that day become less an object of his especial care since the year 1697, when so manifest a providence occurred to Mr. William Trowbridge, in answer to whose prayers, when he and all on

shipboard with him were starving, a dolphin was sent daily, "which was enough to serve 'em; only on *Saturdays* they still caught a couple, and on the *Lord's Days* they could catch none at all!" Haply they might have been permitted, by way of mortification, to take some few sculpins (those banes of the salt-water angler), which unseemly fish would, moreover, have conveyed to them a symbolical reproof for their breach of the day, being known in the rude dialect of our mariners as *Cape Cod Clergymen*.

It has been a refreshment to many nice consciences to know that our Chief Magistrate would not regard with eyes of approval the (by many esteemed) sinful pastime of dancing, and I own myself to be so far of that mind, that I could not but set my face against this Mexican Polka, though danced to the Presidential piping with a Gubernatorial second. If ever the country should be seized with another such mania *de propagandâ fide*, I think it would be wise to fill our bombshells with alternate copies of the Cambridge Platform and the Thirty-nine Articles, which would produce a mixture of the highest explosive power, and to wrap every one of our cannon-balls in a leaf of the New Testament, the reading of which is denied to those who sit in the darkness of Popery. whose iron evangelists would thus be able to disseminate vital religion and Gospel truth in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary missionary. I have seen lads, unimpregnate with the more sublimated punctiliousness of Walton, secure pickerel, taking their unwary *siesta* beneath the lily-pads too nigh the surface, with a gun and small shot. Why not, then, since gunpowder was unknown to the Apostles (not to enter here upon the question whether it were discovered before that period by the Chinese), suit our metaphor to the age in which we live, and say *shooters* as well as *fishers* of men?

I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervour, as long as we have neighbour Naboths, whose wallowings in Papistical mire excite our horror in exact

proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards. Yet I rejoice that some earnest Protestants have been made by this war,—I mean those who protested against it. Fewer they were than I could wish, for one might imagine America to have been colonized by a tribe of those nondescript African animals the Aye-Ayes, so difficult a word is *No* to us all. There is some malformation or defect of the vocal organs, which either prevents our uttering it at all, or gives it so thick a pronunciation as to be unintelligible. A mouth filled with the national pudding, or watering in expectation thereof, is wholly incompetent to this refractory monosyllable. An abject and herpetic Public Opinion is the Pope, the Anti-Christ, for us to protest against *e corde cordium*. And by what College of Cardinals is this our God's-vicar, our binder and looser, elected? Very like, by the sacred conclave of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, in the gracious atmosphere of the grog-shop. Yet it is of this that we must all be puppets. This thumps the pulpit-cushion, this guides the editor's pen, this wags the senator's tongue. This decides what Scriptures are canonical, and shuffles Christ away into the Apocrypha. According to that sentence fathered upon Solon, *Οὕτω δημόσιον κακὸν ἔρχεται οἰκάδ' ἐκάστω*. This unclean spirit is skilful to assume various shapes. I have known it to enter my own study and nudge my elbow of a Saturday, under the semblance of a wealthy member of my congregation. It were a great blessing, if every particular of what in the sum we call popular sentiment could carry about the name of its manufacturer stamped legibly upon it. I gave a stab under the fifth rib to that pestilent fallacy,—“Our country, right or wrong,”—by tracing its original to a speech of Ensign Cilley at a dinner of the Bungtown Fencibles.—H. W.]