

seed that Uncle Sam's book was blown ski hi, an talked all over the old country, I guess I felt mighty savage till I could get my hand raized so strong, that feyther's team, with the old mare to boot, coud'nt make it budge a bit, or run the valle of a cent. I calculate I felt quite spry when I hit upon the plan of copying out, right smart, all them sprightly notions that our immortal *press* skatters over A-meri-kee, with the speed of a red hot thunderbolt through a keg ov butter; and if uncle has made a grand hit, I guess I will make a ditto, and no mistake. Am not I also a free-born citizen of our great glorious flourishing and united country—live not I in the same atmosphere—don't I feed on the same pork and beans—nor ideafied by the same sangaree egg-flip and mint-jalep—not to be able to write as powerfully clear, let alone my round text hand, which has, with practising on Sundays, got *so awfully* strong and long, that my letter L beats the main-mast of the Constitution frigate all to splinters."

After running on in the same strain, he concludes with the incomprehensible phrase of "*going the hog with him.*"

Since the above, and the portion we have now published of Mr. S.'s labours, has been sent to the press, we have received another communication, in which he inquires regarding our delay, (which we have already accounted for to our readers,) and more particularly, wherefore we have not sent out his share of the *hog*. He concludes with the following prediction, which we doubt not his willingness to fulfil:—"By the bye, what do think of us drubbing you about the Backwoods of New Brunswick; I hope you arn't too 'cute to run away without getting an everlasting downright particular good cuffing; you will find us ter-