

"*Oyster Parks*"! Forsooth! Our experiences and sufferings, in these filthy, slimy ditches, are beyond description. Having nothing else to feed upon, we are compelled to drink that offensive stuff. But what is the result? Just look at me! I am as grossly fat as a Dutchman; as diseased as a leper and as green as the eye of a jealous lover! When we have reached this stage, we are again dredged up, and eaten as a *relish*, by our admiring foes! The whole process, after living in the clear waters of the sea, is simply revolting—but the *last stages*!—half suffocated in a barrel,—rolled, tossed and kicked about from Dan to Beersheba—exhibited in shop windows—this is outrageous. But this is not all,—pitiless hands, a blunt knife, a terrible wrench,—our houses in ruins, our bodies bleeding, carried to the table on plates, then thoughtless wretches called men, dust our jagged wounds with pepper, drown us in vinegar. And then, oh horrors! they pitch us into their mouths, grind us between their teeth—or bolt us whole, and—*Sic transit gloria mundi*.

I could speak of other foes, but have not the heart to do so. It is well for these gormandizers, these epicureans, these—these,—what shall I call them?—that they do not see all. If they would only dissect us, before they swallow us, the act would neither improve their appetites, nor keen their relish. Ah! my enemy, if thou art going to an oyster supper, do not look too closely into the make-up of that soft, fat, flabby, green grey specimen of my family. As surely as you do not respect this advice, so surely your host will not suffer much from your gastronomical behavior. Ask no questions, for conscience sake, and then of all the dishes upon the table, I shall bear the palm. Without boasting, I am the most palatable, digestible and nourishing mouthful thou canst swallow. Doctors and patients, rich and poor, proclaim this as the universal opinion. If the appetite is a little squeemish, try a dozen or so of my friends, and you will be able to do your duty like a man to the turkey, beef and pudding. Then you can retire with a clear conscience, and sleep without the nightmare.

Before I "shut up," my shell, I may as well say that I am of *any nationality* you like—a regular cosmopolitan—a citizen of the world. I am an honest John Bull—a phlegmatic German—a red haired Dane—a barrel bodied Dutchman—a Spanish Grandee—a Persian Shah—an Italian artist—a Russian liar—a French Republican—a Bombastic Yankee—and a fair maid of Canada! The Yankee and the Frenchman, however, pretend that