

DE PLEABISCUIT.

DISCOURSE BY VERY REV. ARCHDEACON DIAPHANOUS
DIXIE, D.D.



ELUBBED Brudderin an' sistahs of de feminine persuashun, de subjec' of my spontaneous elucidashun dis ebinin' erkordin' to partickler request ob de Colored Gentlemen's Temperance Society ob wich seberal members ob dis heah congregashun am bright an' shinin' lights, am gwine ter be de pleabiscuit. I 'low dat I didn't hab no hanckerin' fur to disco'se onto dat question, but seein' as how Sistahs Gwendolen Bradshaw and Madame Dudley-Fortescue has been hustlin' like de berry debble —no dat ain't profanity brudderin, 'kase he am a hustler—fur ter collect de sum of nine dollars an' forty-five cents dat a man sued me for inter de Divishun Cote, by means of wich I gib de bailiff a standoff, it am de leastes' I kin do fur to comply wid dar request.

Firstly, wat am de pleabiscuit? It am er priceless boon ter sufferin' humanity. It am de Polar Star to wich a



THE SPRING CHICKEN AGAIN.

HEAVY TRAGEDIAN (at railway hotel) — "Prithce, landlord, dwells there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinist?"

LANDLORD—"A machinist? Yes, sir."

TRAGEDIAN—"Then take him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would dine anon—and, pray you, do it quickly. Yon peas you need not carry; for those, with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!"



ORNITHOLOGICAL.
"A BLUE-JAY."

shipwrecked mariner on life's tempestuous voyage turns his longin' gaze wid healin' on its wings, an' amid de fascinashuns wich lure frum de path of rectitood wid steadfas' hope an' trust still onward to whar de sheriffs in dar bright array raise de welcome song of triumph. De plea-biscuit am de goal ob our ambishuns. It am gwine fur to make us mo' loftier in our aims, to lead our thoughts away frum de entanglements ob earthly cares an' de scurrilous writins into de *Telegram*, up de lofty slope whar glistens de radiance wich beacons us to—shut dat do' Brudder Rastus! an' ef Fitzmaurice Pemberton in dat pew under de gallery don't quit nudgin' an' ticklin' dat fresh tan-complected gal wid de high hat on an' makin' her snicker, Deekin Dorsey will put one of dem No. 13 boots ob his whar its gwinter do mos' good—de sanctuary an' no place fur *espionage* ob dat kin'. Selah!

Secondly. De plea-biscuit am demanded by de mos' intelligent sentiment of de kermoonerty. Wharfor dost men blow darselves in in de saloon while dar wives an' families is allowed to want de necessities of life? What am de reason dat Brudder Aninadab Jefferson got cotched in a supposititious situation in Col. Hogaboom's chicken-roost? Drink war de reason, my friends. Brudder Jefferson war under de meretricious influence ob booze. Wy ef he'd bin sober he'd dun got away wid