

Who ever heerd them Italian singers recitin' their jabber, showin' their teeth, and cuttin' didoes at a great private con-sart, that wouldn't take his oath he had heerd niggers at a dignity ball, down South, sing jist the same, and jist as well. And then do, for goodness' gracious' sake, hear that great absent man, belongin' to the House o' Commons, when the chaplain says 'Let us pray!' sing right out at once, as if he was to home, 'Oh! by all means,' as much as to say, 'me and the powers above are ready to hear you; but don't be long about it.'

"Ain't that for all the world like a camp-meetin', when a reformed ring-tail roarer calls out to the minister, 'That's a fact, Welly Fobus, by Gosh; amen! or when preacher says, 'Who will be saved?' answers, 'Me and the boys, throw us a hen-coop; the galls will drift down stream on a bale o' cotton.' Well then, *our* very lowest, and *their* very