

nally strong in Maine, where, with a FAIR-FIELD, we ax no
favour but to lick you, and that right slick:—

“ With corn stalks comb your hair,
Yankee doodle dandy.”

“ I am, don’t forget, (*the hag, we suppose,*)

“ Your cruel Friend,

“ SAM SLICK, JUN.

“ *Post Scrape.*—Don’t be sending remits by your lumber
vessels to Pict-yu, Merry-mas-ye, or Fun-day, or I’ll never
feel them as much as our Sea Carpenter did when he
swallowed New-fun-lan, and spat it out again, cause it
was too cold and raw for his displetic stomach,—but send
right slick away to Slick-ville, A-meri-kee.—S. S. JUN ”

A

“ J
said
was
“ We
joined
scythe
a tree

“ W
pedag
room.
“ Yes
acquai
cipher