Wit and Humor.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

Delivered July 4, at Westherfield, Conn., 1859.

I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminatin' awjince. I was 56 minites passin a given pint. I have revised the oration, and added sum things which makes it agproposser to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammars and punktooated it. I do my own punktooatin now days. The printers in *Vanity Fair* offen ain't punktooate worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with an invite to horate before you to-day; and when I say that I akureely feel akal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me.

Westherfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patriotism. The world over and to be azed to paws and address you on this my fust perfesheneal tower threw New England, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to *feel* [Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.]

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages, and am a little shaky on liven ones. There's, I expect, no flowery talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good. I've no enemies to reward no friends to bepoge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union—it is a good thing, and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery people a-sayin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth to bust it up. Too much good blud was spilt in courin and marryin that truly respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unhitching marrid people with neatness and despatch, but you can't get a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means.—The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the pickers don't give her no shoes or stockings, but the band of stars upon her head must continue to shine undimed forever. I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I hev sed.

It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjunce that, considerin the large number of putty gals present, I was more afraid of a *dawzier stroke*. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens—I baint got time to notis the growth of Ameriky from the time when the Mayflower cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our kareer has been tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimmin fur witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their teller critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spuse they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled, and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of settin 'em up two steep. Like my Show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. WASHINGTON was abowt the best man this world ever set eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm harted, brave and studdy goin man. He never SLOPT OVER! The prevalin weakness of most publick men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters—A. W.] They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel two much on the high presher principle. They git onto the fust poplar hobby hoss which trots along, not carin a sent whether the beast is even goin, clear sited and sound, or spavind, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventoually, if not sooner. When they see the multitood going it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfully on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never Slopt Over.—That wasn't George's stile. He hired his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil—in a 3-Kornered hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My friends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patrits and behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat tails and draw him back to morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of seseshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus!

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would hav bin ten dollars in Jeff. Davis' pocket if he'd never bin born!

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Be shure and vote at least once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the cripples are provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day.—Remain of the infamus lise which the Opposishun will be sertin to git up for perlitercal effek on the eve of electshun. To the poles! To the poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn pleas. This is a privilege we all persess and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I sen much two admire in New Englun. Your gals in particklar air about as snug-lit peaces of Caliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny and will make the beatest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still,
& you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, &c., but your favorit Bevrige I disgust. I allude to New Englun Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stuvjugs & will turn the stummuck of the most shiftless Hog. I seldom seek consolation in the flowin Bole, but tother day I warrid down sum of your Rum. The fust glass induced me to swear like a mitoriated trooper. On takin the seekund glass I was seezed with a desire to break winders, & after imbibin the third glass I knocht a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York *Ledger*, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. Its dreffal stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin, got up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to pences, and makes their noses blossum as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a fire brand tied to his tale; and while you are about it you will do a fist rate thing fur yourself and everybody about you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin likers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin about the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englun's favorite Bevrige.

My friends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes, & a pleasant oder of Onyions about my close. In the language of Mister Catterline to the Romuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, people of Wethersfield: Be virtuous, and you'll be happy!

A WESTERN OBITUARY NOTICE.—Mister Edatur:—Jem bangs, we are sorry to stait, has deceized. He departed this Life last mundy. Jem was generally considered a rud-feller. He dide at the age of 23 years old.—He went 4th without any struggle; and sich is Life. To Da we are as peper grass—mighty smart—to Morrer we are cut down like a cowcumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store which his wife now waits on. His virchews was numerous to behold. Menny is the things we bot at his growcery, and we are happy to stait to the admirin world that he never cheated, spesbully in the waie of markrel, which was nice and smelt sweet, and his survivin wife is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, though he had a big sand-bar in front of his hous; nor water in his Lickers, tho the Ohio River runs past his dore. Pece to his remanes! He leves a wife, 8 childern, a cow, 4 horses, a growceroy stear, and other quadrepeds to morn his loss—but in the spaleendid laugwidge or the poit, his loss is there eternal gane.

VANTS HIS HELTH INSURED.—A thin, cadaverous looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of "a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, on the first of May 1855, and inquired: "Ish ter man in vot insshures ter people's helts?" The agent politely replied, "I attend to that business, sir."—"Well, I vants mine helts inshured; vot you charge?" "Different prices," said the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you can get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Well," said Mysheer, "I vant ten dollars vort." The agent inquired his state of health. "Well, I ish sick all ter time. I ish shust out ter bed two, tree hours a tag, and ter doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me." "If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." "You must tink I ish a pig fool; vot I you tink I come pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt, ven I peen well?"

"MATCHLESS WISKY" has been defined to be having a cigar, and nothing to light it with.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas* and *Levari Facias*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill County, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale or outcry, at the Court House, in Pottsville, on

Saturday, August 31st, 1861,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, all the Right, Title, Interest and Claim of the defendants, or either of them, in and to the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1.—All that certain farm and tract or piece of land, situate in East Brunswick township, Schuylkill county, bounded by land late of Jonathan Yost, widow Kepner, Joseph Bast, John and Thirsyth Bannan, Jonathan Bowman deceased, John Reiser and others, containing 400 acres, more or less, and known by the name of the Rinegold property, with the appurtenances, consisting of a Forge, Saw Mill, Grist Mill, a water power saw mill, a double stone story and a half dwelling house, (weather-boarded) 2 one story log dwelling houses and two log stables.

No. 2.—All that certain tract or piece of land, situate in the Borough of Pottsville, Schuylkill county, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a span oak, corner of land late Thomas Lightfoot, south 33 degrees west 102 perches to a stone, south 58½ degrees east 131½ perches to a post, thence south 27 degrees east 12½ perches to the place of beginning, containing 100 acres, more or less, and the other of them, beginning at a stone corner in line of Thomas Reed thence north 57 degrees west 22 perches to a post thence south 22 degrees west 134 perches to a stone, thence south 68 degrees west 20 perches to a stone, thence south 22 degrees east 134 perches to the place of beginning, containing 24 acres, more or less, and the other tract or parcel of land