

Correspondence of the Diamond.

My Dear Diamond; I am vexed and annoyed beyond  
forbearance. And have I not reason? "Do I not well to  
be angry? For isn't it too provoking, to think that some  
impudent piece of presumption, some great ungainly booby,  
should make me the subject of his insufferable nonsense;  
and then publish it in your widely circulated journal, so  
as to make me the butt and standing jest of the whole  
community? I say me, for though I decline accepting  
most of his ridiculous appellatives, am I not fat? have  
I not blue eyes? and do I not wear number three boots?  
Supposing I am fat? Is it bad enough to know it  
without being twitted of it? And supposing I do wear  
number three gaiters? If the "Affectationate Hezekiah"  
wants to know anything further in regard to them,  
I can tell him that they have thick bottoms, and  
can easily be taught to kick upon occasion, so he  
had better look out.

I think that you ought to have your  
editorial ears boxed for admitting such insupportable  
insolence into your columns. But editors are privi-  
leged characters, and I suppose you might justly plead  
want of other matter; so I have no other resource but to  
give expression to my opinion of him.

Saucy thing! To liken me to a white-headed, cold-hearted old hump-back! That spit-fir comparison wasn't so bad though; and if I could find out who wrote the piece, I'd convince him of it mighty quick. I'd spit fir, or something worse in his face, and pull the hair all out of his wooden head.

He needn't tell me that he is well made, and good looking. (It's all just a'n). I'll warrant that he is some lean, lank, gawky clown, so loosely put together that a June breeze would shake him all in pieces if his clothes weren't tightly buttoned around him; and whose matted, lousy hair is the only thing that keeps the cold from freezing, or the sun from melting his soft and addled brain.

I saw just such a one looking at me after Lyceum, and I didn't wink at him either, I can tell you, I shook my fist at him; and if he had been near enough, I guess he would have felt it too.

But there! - he isn't worth noticing; and I don't care much whether you read this or not. I have said my say, and feel better. And to tell what I thought of him was all I proposed to do when I sat down to write.

Hooping that your next paper will be of better material than the last, I subscribe myself,  
Yours Indignantly,  
Stellie.

Correspondence of the Diamond.

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forbearance, And have I not reason? "Do I not well to  
be angry? For isn't it too provoking, to think that some  
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Supposing I am fat? Isn't it bad enough to know it  
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wants to know any thing further in regard to them,  
I can tell him that they have thick cottons, and  
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