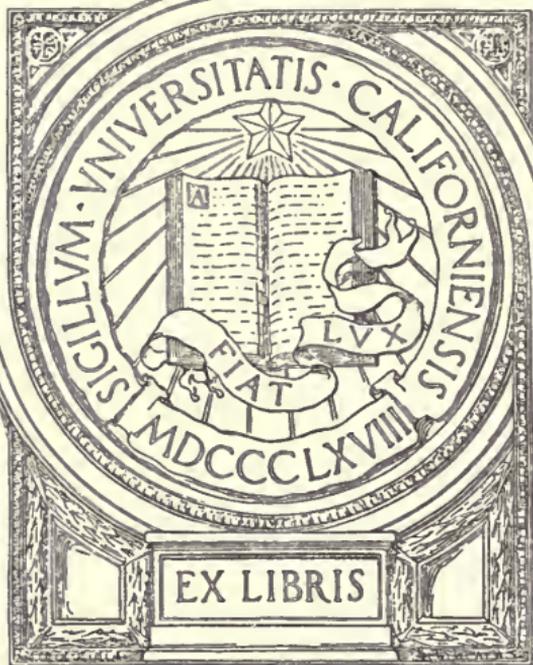




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“ While he turned up his eyes as if to holla louder, the big bear give him a dig with her paw in the seat of his pantaloons, and carried away drawers and all.” — Page 46.

THE BIG BEAR'S ADVENTURES AND TRAVELS.



“Why, Capting, we must charge you three and a quarter this time.”—Page 108.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

T. B. PETERSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

AMERICAN BOOK CO. NEW YORK

THE
BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS,
AND
OTHER SKETCHES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF
CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS
IN THE
SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM T. PORTER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLEY.

"This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men."
DOGBERRY.

Philadelphia:
T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS,
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
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P R E F A C E.

A NEW vein of literature, as original as it is inexhaustible in its source, has been opened in this country within a very few years, with the most marked success. Up to the period when the publication of the first American "Sporting Magazine" was commenced—at Baltimore, in 1829—and which was immediately followed by the publication, in New York, of the "*Spirit of the Times*," there existed no such class of writers as have, since that recent day, conferred signal honour on the rising literature of America. The New York "Constellation," then edited by that favoured disciple of Momus, the late Dr. Green, was the only journal in the country which preferred any claim to popular favour on the ground of being expressly devoted to wit and humor—to the fun and frolic, the flash and fashion of the day. But the novel design and scope of the "*Spirit of the Times*" soon fixed attention; and ere long it became the nucleus of a new order of literary talent. In addition to correspondents who described with equal felicity and power the stirring incidents of the chase and the turf, it enlisted another and still more numerous class, who furnished most valuable and interesting reminiscences of the pioneers of the far West—sketches of thrilling scenes and adventures in that then compara

tively unknown region, and the extraordinary characters occasionally met with—their strange language and habitudes, and the peculiar and sometimes fearful characteristics of the “squatters” and early settlers. Many of these descriptions were wrought up in a masterly style; and in the course of a few years a generous feeling of emulation sprung up in the south and south-west, prompted by the same impulses, until at length the correspondents of the “Spirit of the Times” comprised a large majority of those who have subsequently distinguished themselves in this novel and original walk of literature.

COOPER and PAULDING were the first to excite the imagination of the world by their inimitable delineations of the back-woodsmen, trappers, and boatmen of the West. But the characters and scenes which they depicted with such marvellous fidelity and effect, belonged to an earlier period—before the genius of Fulton had covered the mighty rivers of the new world in the West with a substitute for the “broad horns” and flat boats, which took the place of the frail canoes of the aboriginal inhabitants of those “happy hunting grounds.” The back-woodsmen and the boatmen of the era of “The Prarie,” and “Westward Ho!” having given way to a new generation, perhaps quite as interesting and novel in their characteristics, have been, in turn, succeeded by that hardy and indomitable race, whose sons and daughters are now enjoying a green old age, surrounded by the evidences of the highest civilization, and in the enjoyment of all those social, moral, and intellectual blessings engendered by an en-

lightened public mind, a populous region, and generally diffused wealth and prosperity.

Gradually retreating before the swarm of "squatters" and settlers in the new states and territories of the West, the "pioneers" of a later day have finally established themselves in regions so distant as rather to overlook the Pacific than the acknowledged boundaries of the Federal Union. But they have left behind them, on all hands, scores of original characters to be encountered nowhere else under the sun. Indeed, several of the south-western states have been so recently reclaimed from the wilderness—Mississippi and Arkansas particularly—that no one acquainted with the country can be surprised at the fact. In these two states—destined each, we trust, to confer additional lustre on the galaxy originally composed of the old thirteen—yet reside some of the most extraordinary men who ever lived "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." With exteriors "like the rugged Russian bear," some of them are gifted with a great degree of good sense and knowledge of the world; it is not to be denied that many are as fond of whiskey as of hunting, and that there are desperate and utterly reckless spirits among them; but a large majority of those to whom we refer, are characterized by no more striking features than their courtesy to the stranger, and their passion for hunting, except it be their fondness for story-telling. Of adventures and scenes in which these characters stand out in bold relief, this volume is mainly composed, relieved occasionally by sketches of men and things in some of the older southern states.

Among those who have attracted, of late years, the most attention abroad by their sketches of life and manners in the backwoods of America, are Col. C. F. M. NOLAND, of Arkansas, and T. B. THORPE, the artist, of Louisiana. We may be permitted to state, that Col. N. is a son of the old Dominion, was educated at West Point, was an officer in the U. S. dragoons, and since his resignation has been a resident of Arkansas, where his time is about equally divided between courts of law, the land offices, and the legislature. Mr. Thorpe, (formerly a resident of this city, where his family still resides,) is no less distinguished as a writer than a painter. Some seven years since—about the period when the “American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine” fell into our hands—Mr. Thorpe enlisted in the corps of gifted correspondents who made the “Spirit of the Times” their medium of communication with the world of letters. His sketches of the men and manners of the great valley of the Mississippi, over the signature of “The Author of Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter,” have been read and admired wherever our language is spoken. Col. MASON, “Captain *Martin* SCOTT,” (of “coon” remembrance,) Gen. GIBSON, Maj. MOORE, Gen. BROOKE, and a troop of other gallant officers of the U. S. army, whom we are not permitted to name, have contributed in an infinite degree to the popularity of the “curiosities of literature” so recently discovered. AUDUBON, the late TIMOTHY FLINT, ALBERT PIKE, and more recently CHARLES F. HOFFMAN and CATLIN, to say nothing of the fanciful “Mary Clavers” (Mrs. KIRKLAND.) Captains

CARLETON, HENRY, and JOHNSTON of the U. S. A., ex-Gov BUTLER and Mr. SIPLEY, the Indian agents, the late M. C. FIELD, Mr. KENDALL, of the "Picayune," and several others whose identity we are not at liberty to disclose, have all vastly magnified, by their writings, the eager curiosity to know more of the distinguishing traits of character of the denizens of the many comparatively unpeopled regions of the West and Southwest.

We should premise here, that several of the eminent writers just enumerated, are not represented in this volume, its limits not allowing "scope and verge enough." Moreover, of those not named, many of them would "find themselves [equally] famous" if we dared "take the responsibility" of giving their names to the world; and accordingly, in collating the materials of this volume, we have selected from the files of the "Spirit of the Times" those articles deemed best calculated to answer our purpose. Most, though not all, of the different sketches in this volume appeared, originally, in the columns of that journal. Many of equal, if not superior, merit have been here omitted, on the ground that, like dressing a salad, a small but proper proportion of salt and pepper is quite as requisite as the more material ingredients of oil and mustard. This will, we trust, be appreciated by every one who is unwilling, incontinently, to swear "on his honour, the mustard is naught." But should there arise those of a different opinion, we shall take the earliest opportunity of renewing to them Grumio's offer to the supperless Katherine, of "the mustard without the beef."

It is proper to add, that the tales and sketches included in this volume refer to characters and scenes of recent date—to men who have not only succeeded “Mike Fink, the Last of the Boatmen,” but “Col. Nimrod Wildfire,” and originals of his stamp. They were furnished for publication mainly by country gentlemen, planters, lawyers, &c. “who live at home at ease.” We are utterly precluded, by repeated injunctions of secrecy, from giving the “name” or “local habitation” of any one of those not designated in the introduction to the respective sketches. Their modesty should be esteemed, indeed, “a flambeau to their merit.” Most of them are gentlemen not only highly educated, but endowed with a keen sense of whatever is ludicrous or pathetic, with a quick perception of character, and a knowledge of men and the world: more than all, they possess in an eminent degree the power of transferring to paper the most faithful and striking pictures with equal originality and effect. In this respect they have no superiors on either side of the Atlantic.

In the compilation of this little volume, the editor has been animated by a wish to make it worthy of those correspondents who have extended to him, in the conduct of two publications requiring the exercise of daily application and unceasing toil, the aid of their abler pens. To them and to the world he delivers it “with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well.”

W. T. P.

*Office of the “Spirit of the Times,”
New York, Feb. 1845*

THE
BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS.

BY T. B. THORPE, ESQ. OF LOUISIANA.

As the author of "Tom Owen the Bee Hunter," and other tales and sketches, Mr. THORPE has acquired a distinguished reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. Though by profession a painter, his time for several years past has been about equally divided between the brush and the pen. He is now engaged in the publication of the "Concordia Intelligencer," a journal of unusual ability, issued weekly in the pleasant little village situated directly opposite the city of Natchez. The New York "Spirit of the Times" was the medium through which Mr. T. first appeared before the world of letters; and his inimitable delineations of South-western characters, incidents, and scenery, soon attracted attention. Now, wherever the language is spoken, he is deemed

— "Great in mouths of wisest censure."

It is understood to be his intention to publish, at an early day, a collection of his writings, original and selected, to be illustrated by himself. As he is alike felicitous in the use of crayon, brush, or pen, we anticipate a brace or two of volumes of the highest pictorial and literary interest. The story annexed will give the reader an idea of his peculiar style in hitting off the original "characters" frequently met with in the great valley of the Mississippi.

A STEAMBOAT on the Mississippi frequently, in making her regular trips, carries between places varying from one to two thousand miles apart; and as these boats advertise to land passengers and freight at "all intermediate landings," the heterogeneous charac-

ter of the passengers of one of these up-country boats can scarcely be imagined by one who has never seen it with his own eyes. Starting from New Orleans in one of these boats, you will find yourself associated with men from every state in the Union, and from every portion of the globe; and a man of observation need not lack for amusement or instruction in such a crowd, if he will take the trouble to read the great book of character so favourably opened before him. Here may be seen jostling together the wealthy Southern planter, and the pedler of tin-ware from New England—the Northern merchant, and the Southern jockey—a venerable bishop, and a desperate gambler—the land speculator, and the honest farmer—professional men of all creeds and characters—Wolvereens, Suckers, Hoosiers, Buck-eyes, and Corncrackers, beside a “plentiful sprinkling” of the half-horse and half-alligator species of men, who are peculiar to “old Mississippi,” and who appear to gain a livelihood simply by going up and down the river. In the pursuit of pleasure or business, I have frequently found myself in such a crowd.

On one occasion, when in New Orleans, I had occasion to take a trip of a few miles up the Mississippi, and I hurried on board the well-known “high-pressure-and-beat-every-thing” steamboat “Invincible,” just as the last note of the last bell was sounding; and when the confusion and bustle that is natural to a boat’s getting under way had subsided, I discovered that I was associated in as heterogeneous a crowd as was ever got together. As my trip was to be of a few hours’ duration only, I made no endeavours to become acquainted

with my fellow passengers, most of whom would be together many days. Instead of this, I took out of my pocket the "latest paper," and more critically than usual examined its contents; my fellow passengers at the same time disposed of themselves in little groups. While I was thus busily employed in reading, and my companions were more busily still employed in discussing such subjects as suited their humours best, we were startled most unexpectedly by a loud Indian whoop, uttered in the "social hall," that part of the cabin fitted off for a bar; then was to be heard a loud crowing, which would not have continued to have interested us—such sounds being quite common in that *place of spirits*—had not the hero of these windy accomplishments stuck his head into the cabin and halloed out, "Hurra for the Big Bar of Arkansaw!" and then might be heard a confused hum of voices, unintelligible, save in such broken sentences as "horse," "screamer," "lightning is slow," &c. As might have been expected, this continued interruption attracted the attention of every one in the cabin; all conversation dropped, and in the midst of this surprise the "Big Bar" walked into the cabin, took a chair, put his feet on the stove, and looking back over his shoulder, passed the general and familiar salute of "Strangers, how are you?" He then expressed himself as much at home as if he had been at "the Forks of Cypress," and "prehaps a little more so." Some of the company at this familiarity looked a little angry, and some astonished; but in a moment every face was wreathed in a smile. There was something about the intruder that won the heart on sight

He appeared to be a man enjoying perfect health and contentment: his eyes were as sparkling as diamonds, and good-natured to simplicity. Then his perfect confidence in himself was irresistibly droll. "Prehaps," said he, "gentlemen," running on without a person speaking, "prehaps you have been to New Orleans often; I never made *the first visit before*, and I don't intend to make another in a crow's life. I am thrown away in that ar place, and useless, that ar a fact. Some of the gentlemen thar called me *green*—well, prehaps I am, said I, *but I arn't so at home*; and if I aint off my trail much, the heads of them perlite chaps themselves wern't much the hardest; for according to my notion, they were *real know-nothings*, green as a pumpkin-vine—could'nt, in farming, I'll bet, raise a crop of turnips: and as for shooting, they'd miss a barn if the door was swinging, and that, too, with the best rifle in the country. And then they talked to me 'bout hunting, and laughed at my calling the principal game in Arkansaw poker, and high-low-jack. 'Prehaps,' said I, 'you prefer chickens and rolette;' at this they laughed harder than ever, and asked me if I lived in the woods, and didn't know what *game* was? At this I rather think I laughed. 'Yes,' I roared, and says, 'Strangers, if you'd asked me *how we got our meat* in Arkansaw, I'd a told you at once, and given you a list of varmints that would make a caravan, beginning with the bar, and ending off' with the cat; that's *meat* though, not *game*.' Game, indeed, that's what city folks call it; and with them it means chippen-birds and shite-pokes; maybe such trash live

in my diggins, but I arn't noticed them yet: a bird any way is too trifling. I never did shoot at but one, and I'd never forgiven myself for that, had it weighed less than forty pounds. I wouldn't draw a rifle on any thing less than that; and when I meet with another wild turkey of the same weight I will drap him."

"A wild turkey weighing forty pounds!" exclaimed twenty voices in the cabin at once.

"Yes, strangers, and wasn't it a whopper? You see, the thing was so fat that it couldn't fly far; and when he fell out of the tree, after I shot him, on striking the ground he bust open behind, and the way the pound gobs of tallow rolled out of the opening was perfectly beautiful."

"Where did all that happen?" asked a cynical-looking Hoosier.

"Happen! happened in Arkansaw: where else could it have happened, but in the creation state, the finishing-up country—a state where the *sile* runs down to the centre of the 'arth, and government gives you a title to every inch of it? Then its airs—just breathe them, and they will make you snort like a horse. It's a state without a fault, it is."

"Excepting mosquitoes," cried the Hoosier.

"Well, stranger, except them; for it ar a fact that they are rather *enormous*, and do push themselves in somewhat troublesome. But, stranger, they never stick twice in the same place; and give them a fair chance for a few months, and you will get as much above noticing them as an alligator. They can't hurt my feelings, for they lay under the skin; and I never knew but one case

of injury resulting from them, and that was to a Yankee: and they take worse to foreigners, any how, than they do to natives. But the way they used that fellow up! first they punched him until he swelled up and busted; then he sup-per-a-ted, as the doctor called it, until he was as raw as beef; then he took the ager, owing to the warm weather, and finally he took a steamboat and left the country. He was the only man that ever took mosquitoes at heart that I know of. But mosquitoes is natur, and I never find fault with her. If they ar large, Arkansaw is large, her varmintis ar large, her trees ar large, her rivers ar large, and a small mosquito would be of no more use in Arkansaw than preaching in a cane-brake."

This knock-down argument in favour of big mosquitoes used the Hoosier up, and the logician started on a new track, to explain how numerous bear were in his "diggins," where he represented them to be "about as plenty as blackberries, and a little plentifuler."

Upon the utterance of this assertion, a timid little man near me inquired if the bear in Arkansaw ever attacked the settlers in numbers.

"No," said our hero, warming with the subject, "no, stranger, for you see it ain't the natur of bar to go in droves; but the way they squander about in pairs and single ones is edifying. And then the way I hunt them—the old black rascals know the crack of my gun as well as they know a pig's squealing. They grow thin in our parts, it frightens them so, and they do take the noise dreadfully, poor things. That gun of mine is a perfect *epidemic among bar*: if not watched closely, it

will go off as quick on a warm scent as my dog Bowie-knife will: and then that dog—whew! why the fellow thinks that the world is full of bar, he finds them so easy. It's lucky he don't talk as well as think; for with his natural modesty, if he should suddenly learn how much he is acknowledged to be ahead of all other dogs in the universe, he would be astonished to death in two minutes. Strangers, that dog knows a bar's way as well as a horse-jockey knows a woman's: he always barks at the right time, bites at the exact place, and whips without getting a scratch. I never could tell whether he was made expressly to hunt bar, or whether bar was made expressly for him to hunt: any way, I believe they were ordained to go together as naturally as Squire Jones says a man and woman is, when he moralizes in marrying a couple. In fact, Jones once said, said he, 'Marriage according to law is a civil contract of divine origin; it's common to all countries as well as Arkansaw, and people take to it as naturally as Jim Doggett's Bowie-knife takes to bar.'

"What season of the year do your hunts take place?" inquired a gentlemanly foreigner, who, from some peculiarities of his baggage, I suspected to be an Englishman, on some hunting expedition, probably at the foot of the Rocky mountains.

"The season for bar hunting, stranger," said the man of Arkansaw, "is generally all the year round, and the hunts take place about as regular. I read in history that varmints have their fat season, and their lean season. That is not the case in Arkansaw, feeding as they do upon the *spontenacious* productions of the sile, tney

have one continued fat season the year round: though in winter things in this way is rather more greasy than in summer, I must admit. For that reason bar with us run in warm weather, but in winter they only waddle. Fat, fat! it's an enemy to speed; it tames every thing that has plenty of it. I have seen wild turkeys, from its influence, as gentle as chickens. Run a bar in this fat condition, and the way it improves the critter for eating is amazing; it sort of mixes the ile up with the meat, until you can't tell t'other from which. I've done this often. I recollect one perty morning in particular, of putting an old he fellow on the stretch, and considering the weight he carried, he run well. But the dogs soon tired him down, and when I came up with him wasn't he in a beautiful sweat—I might say fever; and then to see his tongue sticking out of his mouth a feet, and his sides sinking and opening like a bellows, and his cheeks so fat he couldn't look cross. In this fix I blazed at him, and pitch me naked into a briar patch if the steam didn't come out of the bullet-hole ten foot in a straight line. The fellow, I reckon, was made on the high-pressure system, and the lead sort of bust his biler."

"That column of steam was rather curious, or else the bear must have been *warm*," observed the foreigner, with a laugh.

"Stranger, as you observe, that bar was WARM, and the blowing off of the steam show'd it, and also how hard the varmint had been run. I have no doubt if he had kept on two miles farther his insides would have been stewed; and I expect to meet with a varmint yet of

extra bottom, who will run himself into a skinfull of bar's grease: it is possible; much onlikelier things have happened."

"Whereabouts are these bears so abundant?" inquired the foreigner, with increasing interest.

"Why, stranger, they inhabit the neighbourhood of my settlement, one of the prettiest places on old Mississippi—a perfect location, and no mistake; a place that had some defects until the river made the 'cut-off' at 'Shirt-tail bend,' and that remedied the evil, as it brought my cabin on the edge of the river—a great advantage in wet weather, I assure you, as you can now roll a barrel of whiskey into my yard in high water from a boat, as easy as falling off a log. It's a great improvement, as toting it by land in a jug, as I used to do, *evaporated* it too fast, and it became expensive. Just stop with me, stranger, a month or two, or a year if you like, and you will appreciate my place. I can give you plenty to eat; for beside hog and hominy, you can have bar-ham, and bar-sausages, and a mattrass of bar-skins to sleep on, and a wildcat-skin, pulled off hull, stuffed with corn-shucks, for a pillow. That bed would put you to sleep if you had the rheumatics in every-joint in your body. I call that ar bed a *quietus*. Then look at my land—the government ain't got another such a piece to dispose of. Such timber, and such bottom land, why you can't preserve any thing natural you plant in it unless you pick it young, things thar will grow out of shape so quick. I once planted in those diggins a few potatoes and beets: they took a fine start, and after that an ox team couldn't have kept them from growing.

About that time I went off to old Kentuck on business, and did not hear from them things in three months, when I accidentally stumbled on a fellow who had stopped at my place, with an idea of buying me out. 'How did you like things?' said I. 'Pretty well,' said he; 'the cabin is convenient, and the timber land is good; but that bottom land ain't worth the first red cent.' 'Why?' said I. 'Cause,' said he. 'Cause what?' said I. 'Cause it's full of cedar stumps and Indian mounds,' said he, 'and *it can't be cleared.*' 'Lord,' said I, 'them ar "cedar stumps" is beets, and them ar "Indian mounds" ar tater hills.' As I expected, the crop was overgrown and useless: the sile is too rich, and *planting in Arkansaw is dangerous.* I had a good-sized sow killed in that same bottom land. The old thief stole an ear of corn, and took it down where she slept at night to eat. Well, she left a grain or two on the ground, and lay down on them: before morning the corn shot up, and the percussion killed her dead. I don't plant any more: natur intended Arkansaw for a hunting ground, and I go according to natur."

The questioner who thus elicited the description of our hero's settlement, seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and said no more; but the "Big Bar of Arkansaw" rambled on from one thing to another with a volubility perfectly astonishing, occasionally disputing with those around him, particularly with a "live Sucker" from Illinois, who had the daring to say that our Arkansaw friend's stories "smelt rather tall."

In this manner the evening was spent; but conscious that my own association with so singular a personage

would probably end before morning, I asked him if he would not give me a description of some particular bear hunt; adding, that I took great interest in such things, though I was no sportsman. The desire seemed to please him, and he squared himself round towards me, saying, that he could give me an idea of a bar hunt that was never beat in this world, or in any other. His manner was so singular, that half of his story consisted in his excellent way of telling it, the great peculiarity of which was, the happy manner he had of emphasizing the prominent parts of his conversation. As near as I can recollect, I have italicized them, and given the story in his own words.

“Stranger,” said he, “in bar hunts *I am numerous*, and which particular one, as you say, I shall tell, puzzles me. There was the old she devil I shot at the Hurricane last fall—then there was the old hog thief I popped over at the Bloody Crossing, and then—Yes, I have it! I will give you an idea of a hunt, in which the greatest bar was killed that ever lived, *none excepted*; about an old fellow that I hunted, more or less, for two or three years; and if that ain’t a *particular bar hunt*, I ain’t got one to tell. But in the first place, stranger, let me say, I am pleased with you, because you ain’t ashamed to gain information by asking, and listening, and that’s what I say to Countess’s pups every day when I’m home; and I have got great hopes of them ar pups, because they are continually *nosing* about; and though they stick it sometimes in the wrong place, they gain experience any how, and may learn something useful to boot. Well, as I was saying about this big

bar, you see when I and some more first settled in our region, we were drivin to hunting naturally ; we soon liked it, and after that we found it an easy matter to make the thing our business. One old chap who had pioneered 'afore us, gave us to understand that we had settled in the right place. He dwelt upon its merits until it was affecting, and showed us, to prove his assertions, more marks on the sassafras trees than I ever saw on a tavern door 'lection time. 'Who keeps that ar reckoning?' said I. 'The bar,' said he. 'What for?' said I. 'Can't tell,' said he ; 'but so it is : the bar bite the bark and wood too, at the highest point from the ground they can reach, and you can tell, by the marks,' said he, 'the length of the bar to an inch.' 'Enough,' said I ; 'I've learned something here a'ready, and I'll put it in practice.'

Well, stranger, just one month from that time I killed a bar, and told its exact length before I measured it, by those very marks ; and when I did that, I swelled up considerable—I've been a prouder man ever since. So I went on, larning something every day, until I was reckoned a buster, and allowed to be decidedly the best bar hunter in my district ; and that is a reputation as much harder to earn than to be reckoned first man in Congress, as an iron ramrod is harder than a toadstool. Did the varmints grow over-cunning by being fooled with by green-horn hunters, and by this means get troublesome, they send for me as a matter of course ; and thus I do my own hunting, and most of my neighbours'. I walk into the varmints though, and it has become about as much the same to me as drinking.

It is told in two sentences—a bar is started, and he is killed. The thing is somewhat monotonous now—I know just how much they will run, where they will tire, how much they will growl, and what a thundering time I will have in getting them home. I could give you this history of the chase with all the particulars at the commencement, I know the signs so well—*Stranger, I'm certain.* Once I met with a match though, and I will tell you about it; for a common hunt would not be worth relating.

“On a fine fall day, long time ago, I was trailing about for bar, and what should I see but fresh marks on the sassafras trees, about eight inches above any in the forests that I knew of. Says I, ‘them marks is a hoax, or it indicates the d——t bar that was ever grown.’ In fact, stranger, I couldn’t believe it was real, and I went on. Again I saw the same marks, at the same height, and *I knew the thing lived.* That conviction came home to my soul like an earthquake. Says I, ‘here is something a-purpose for me: that bar is mine, or I give up the hunting business.’ The very next morning what should I see but a number of buzzards hovering over my corn-field. ‘The rascal has been there,’ said I, ‘for that sign is certain:’ and, sure enough, on examining, I found the bones of what had been as beautiful a hog the day before, as was ever raised by a Buck-eye. Then I tracked the critter out of the field to the woods, and all the marks he left behind, showed me that he was *the bar.* .

“Well, stranger, the first fair chase I ever had with that big critter, I saw him no less than three distinct

times at a distance: the dogs run him over eighteen miles and broke down, my horse gave out, and I was as nearly used up as a man can be, made on *my* principle, *which is patent*. Before this adventure, such things were unknown to me as possible; but, strange as it was, that bar got me used to it before I was done with him; for he got so at last, that he would leave me on a long chase *quite easy*. How he did it, I never could understand. That a bar runs at all, is puzzling; but how this one could tire down and bust up a pack of hounds and a horse, that were used to overhauling everything they started after in no time, was past my understanding. Well, stranger, that bar finally got so sassy, that he used to help himself to a hog off my premises whenever he wanted one; the buzzards followed after what he left, and so, between *bar and buzzard*, I rather think I was *out of pork*.

“Well, missing that bar so often took hold of my vitals, and I wasted away. The thing had been carried too far, and it reduced me in flesh faster than an ager. I would see that bar in every thing I did: *he hunted me*, and that, too, like a devil, which I began to think he was. While in this fix, I made preparations to give him a last brush, and be done with it. Having completed every thing to my satisfaction, I started at sunrise, and to my great joy, I discovered from the way the dogs run, that they were near him; finding his trail was nothing, for that had become as plain to the pack as a turnpike road. On we went, and coming to an open country, what should I see but the bar very leisurely ascending a hill, and the dogs close at his heels,

either a match for him this time in speed, or else he did not care to get out of their way—I don't know which. But wasn't he a beauty, though? I loved him 'like a brother.

“On he went, until he came to a tree, the limbs of which formed a crotch about six feet from the ground. Into this crotch he got and seated himself, the dogs yelling all around it; and there he sat eyeing them as quiet as a pond in low water. A green-horn friend of mine, in company, reached shooting distance before me, and blazed away, hitting the critter in the centre of his forehead. The bar shook his head as the ball struck it, and then walked down from that tree as gently as a lady would from a carriage. 'Twas a beautiful sight to see him do that—he was in such a rage that he seemed to be as little afraid of the dogs as if they had been sucking pigs; and the dogs warn't slow in making a ring around him at a respectful distance, I tell you; even Bowie-knife, himself, stood off. Then the way his eyes flashed—why the fire of them would have singed a cat's hair; in fact that bar was in a *wrath all over*. Only one pup came near him, and he was brushed out so totally with the bar's left paw, that he entirely disappeared; and that made the old dogs more cautious still. In the mean time, I came up, and taking deliberate aim as a man should do, at his side, just back of his foreleg, *if my gun did not snap*, call me a coward, and I won't take it personal. Yes, stranger, *it snapped*, and I could not find a cap about my person. While in this predicament, I turned round to my fool friend—says I, 'Bill,' says I, 'you're an ass—you're a fool—you might as

well have tried to kill that bar by barking the tree under his belly, as to have done it by hitting him in the head. Your shot has made a tiger of him, and blast me, if a dog gets killed or wounded when they come to blows, I will stick my knife into your liver, I will ——' my wrath was up. I had lost my caps, my gun had snapped, the fellow with me had fired at the bar's head, and I expected every moment to see him close in with the dogs, and kill a dozen of them at least. In this thing I was mistaken, for the bar leaped over the ring formed by the dogs, and giving a fierce growl, was off—the pack, of course, in full cry after him. The run this time was short, for coming to the edge of a lake the varmint jumped in, and swam to a little island in the lake, which it reached just a moment before the dogs. 'I'll have him now,' said I, for I had found my caps in the *lining of my coat*—so, rolling a log into the lake, I paddled myself across to the island, just as the dogs had cornered the bar in a thicket. I rushed up and fired—at the same time the critter leaped over the dogs and came within three feet of me, running like mad; he jumped into the lake, and tried to mount the log I had just deserted, but every time he got half his body on it, it would roll over and send him under; the dogs, too, got around him, and pulled him about, and finally Bowie-knife clenched with him, and they sunk into the lake together. Stranger, about this time I was excited, and I stripped off my coat, drew my knife, and intended to have taken a part with Bowie-knife myself, when the bar rose to the surface. But the varmint staid under—Bowie-knife came up alone, more dead



“He jumped into the lake and tried to mount the log.”—Page 23.

than alive, and with the pack came ashore. 'Thank God,' said I, 'the old villain has got his deserts at last.' Determined to have the body, I cut a grape-vine for a rope, and dove down where I could see the bar in the water, fastened my queer rope to his leg, and fished him, with great difficulty, ashore. Stranger, may I be chawed to death by young alligators, if the thing I looked at wasn't a *she bar*, and not the old critter after all. The way matters got mixed on that island was onaccountably curious, and thinking of it made me more than ever convinced that I was hunting the devil himself. I went home that night and took to my bed—the thing was killing me. The entire team of Arkansasaw in bar-hunting, acknowledged himself used up, and the fact sunk into my feelings like a snagged boat will in the Mississippi. I grew as cross as a bar with two cubs and a sore tail. The thing got out 'mong my neighbours, and I was asked how come on that individual that never lost a bar when once started? and if that same individ-u-al didn't wear telescopes when he turned a she bar, of ordinary size, into an old he one, a little larger than a horse? 'Prehaps,' said I, 'friends'—getting wrathful—'prehaps you want to call somebody a liar.' 'Oh, no,' said they, 'we only heard such things as being *rather common* of late, but we don't believe one word of it; oh, no,'—and then they would ride off and laugh like so many hyenas over a dead nigger. It was too much, and I determined to catch that bar, go to Texas, or die,—and I made my preparations accordin'. I had the pack shut up and rested. I took my rifle to pieces, and iled it. I put caps in every pocket about

my person, *for fear of the lining*. I then told my neighbours, that on Monday morning—naming the day—I would start THAT BAR, and bring him home with me, or they might divide my settlement among them, the owner having disappeared. Well, stranger, on the morning previous to the great day of my hunting expedition, I went into the woods near my house, taking my gun and Bowie-knife along, just *from habit*, and there sitting down also from habit, what should I see, getting over my fence, but *the bar!* Yes, the old varmint was within a hundred yards of me, and the way he walked *over that fence*—stranger, he loomed up like a *black mist*, he seemed so large, and he walked right towards me. I raised myself, took deliberate aim, and fired. Instantly the varmint wheeled, gave a yell, and *walked through the fence* like a falling tree would through a cobweb. I started after, but was tripped up by my inexpressibles, which either from habit, or the excitement of the moment, were about my heels, and before I had really gathered myself up, I heard the old varmint groaning in a thicket near by, like a thousand sinners, and by the time I reached him he was a corpse. Stranger, it took five niggers and myself to put that carcass on a mule's back, and old long-ears waddled under his load, as if he was foundered in every leg of his body, and with a common whopper of a bar, he would have trotted off, and enjoyed himself. 'Twould astonish you to know how big he was: I made a *bed-spread of his skin*, and the way it used to cover my bar mattress, and leave several feet on each side to tuck up, would have delighted you. It was in fact a creation bar, and if it

had lived in Samson's time, and had met him, in a fair fight, it would have licked him in the twinkling of a dice-box. But, stranger, I never liked the way I hunted him, *and missed him*. There is something curious about it, I could never understand,—and I never was satisfied at his giving in so *easy at last*. Prehaps, he had heard of my preparations to hunt him the next day, so he jist come in, like Capt. Scott's coon, to save his wind to grunt with in dying; but that ain't likely. My private opinion is, that that bar was an *unhunnable bar*, *and died when his time come*."

When the story was ended, our hero sat some minutes with his auditors in a grave silence; I saw there was a mystery to him connected with the bear whose death he had just related, that had evidently made a strong impression on his mind. It was also evident that there was some superstitious awe connected with the affair,—a feeling common with all "children of the wood," when they meet with any thing out of their everyday experience. He was the first one, however, to break the silence, and jumping up, he asked all present to "liquor" before going to bed,—a thing which he did, with a number of companions, evidently to his heart's content.

Long before day, I was put ashore at my place of destination, and I can only follow with the reader, in imagination, our Arkansas friend, in his adventures at the "Forks of Cypress" on the Mississippi.

JONES' FIGHT,

A STORY OF KENTUCKY—BY AN ALABAMIAN.

The inimitable story which follows, was, like the preceding one, written for the New York "Spirit of the Times," where it first appeared in January, 1840; but such has been the demand for it, that it has been republished in the same journal more than once. The writer, who is also the author of "A Quarter Race in Kentucky," is a planter of North Alabama, and a gentleman of family and fortune. Greatly does the editor regret that his lips are sealed as to the name and local habitation of this favoured disciple of Momus. In many respects, "Jones' Fight" is hardly surpassed by any sketch in the language—not even by Tom Hood's "Antiquity of Horse Racing." No appeals to the writer—for vanity or cupidity "is not in him"—will induce him to write oftener than "when the '*Spirit*' moves." Few gentlemen are better known in the sporting world, as a breeder and turfman, or who have more distinguished themselves by their wealth, enterprise and spirit.

COL. DICK JONES was decidedly the great man of the village of Summerville. He was colonel of the regiment—he had represented his district in congress—he had been spoken of as candidate for governor—he was at the head of the bar in Hawkins county, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population—his dress and taste was law to the juniors—his easy, affable, and attentive manner charmed all the matrons—his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies—and his suavity

and condescension delighted the little boarding-school misses. He possessed a universal smattering of information—his manners were the most popular; extremely friendly and obliging, lively and witty; and, in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted, that Col. Dick Jones was professionally more specious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit—that his taste and dress were of questionable propriety: for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting-shirt white fringed, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning-gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing. And in manners and deportment, there was an air of harmless (true Virginian bred and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which, though not to be admired, yet it gave piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the colonel boarded at the Eagle hotel—his office, in the square, fronted the court-house—he was a manager of all the balls—he was vice-president of the Summerville Jockey Club—he was trustee of the Female Academy—he gallanted the old ladies to church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun, and escorted the young ladies, at night, to the dances or parties, always bringing out the smallest ones. He rode a high headed, proud-looking sorrel horse, with a streak down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse swap, a race, a rifle match, or a cock fight.

It so chanced, on a time, though Col. Jones was one of the best-natured of men, that he took umbrage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county and one of his districts, to the effect that he had been a federalist during the last war; and, instead of relying on the fact of his being a school-boy on Mill Creek at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table, that the next time he went over the mountain to court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the slander, should either sign a *liebill*, fight, or run.

This became narrated through the town,—the case and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriarchs of the place, who generally came to the conclusion that the colonel had good cause of quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honourable man could stand. The young store boys of the village became greatly interested, conjectured how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers, and young M. D.'s, as often as they were in the colonel's company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions, the colonel spoke carelessly and banteringly. Some good old ladies spoke deprecatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies, and little misses, bless their dear little innocent souls, they only consulted their own kind hearts, and were satisfied that he must be a wicked and bad man that Colonel Jones would fight.

Spring term of the courts came on, and the lawyers

all started on their circuit, and, with them, Col. Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive to the consequences of this trip, and without much communion or understanding on the subject, most of the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure, or noticed it from a distance, and he rode off, gaily saluting his acquaintances, and raising his hat to the ladies, on both sides of the street, as he passed out of town.

From that time, only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summerville; and on the third day the common salutation was, "Any news from over the mountain?" "Has any one come down the road?" The fourth, fifth, and sixth came, and still the public anxiety was unappeased: it had, with the delay, become insufferable, quite agonizing; business and occupation was at a stand still; a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country lest news of the fight might arrive in their absence. People in crossing the square, or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned up that road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bed-time, hoping some one would return from court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bothers conjecture. I watched the road from Louisville two days, to hear of Grey Eagle beating Wagner, on which I had one hundred dollars staked, of borrowed money, and no one came; though before that, some person passed every hour.

On the seventh morning, the uneasy public were con-

soled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day, as court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be that nothing was to be attended to until they were satisfied about the fight. Storekeepers and their clerks, saddlers, hatters, cabinet-makers, and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the barkeeper would scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle-bags, who had called for breakfast; when suddenly a young man, that had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, thought he saw dust away up the road, and stopped. I have been told a man won a wager in Philadelphia, on his collecting a crowd by staring, without speaking, at an opposite chimney. So no sooner was this young man's *point* noticed, than there was a general reconnoissance of the road made, and before long, doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the colonel's old sorrel riding-horse, "General Jackson," by the blaze on his face.

In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the Eagle hotel, and nearly all were present by the time Col. Jones alighted. He had a pair of dark green specks on, his right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist; his left hand held the bridle, and the forefinger of it wrapped with a linen rag "with care." One of his ears was covered with a muslin scrap, that looked much like the countrywomen's plan

of covering their butter when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his head was unshorn, it being "too delicate an affair," as * * * said about his wife's character. His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that the negro was only a white well pummelled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a beehive.

The colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim "the conquering hero," but his affability was undiminished, and he addressed them with, "Happy to see you, gents; how are you all?" and then attempted to enter the tavern; but Buck Daily arrested him with, "Why, colonel, I see you have had a skrimmage. How did you make it! You didn't come out at the little *eend* of the horn, did you?" "No, not exactly, I had a tight fit of it, though. You know Bill Patterson; he weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wildcat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man, I assure you. Well, my word was out to lick him; so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the court-house door, and, to give him a white man's chance, I proposed alternatives to him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *liebill*, and he was not good at running, so he thought he had best fight. By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off, and took him in the burr of the ear that raised

a singing in his head, that made him think he was in Mosquitoe town. At it we went, like killing snakes, so good a man, so good a boy; we had it round and round, and about and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log chain. Judge Mitchell was on the bench, and as soon as the cry of "fight" was raised, the bar and jury ran off and left him. He shouted, "I command the peace," within the court-house, and then ran out to see the fight, and cried out, "I can't prevent you!" "fair fight!" "stand back!" and he caught parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who, he thought, was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet.

"It was the evenest and longest fight ever fought: every body was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was" (*here he made an effort to enter the tavern.*) But several voices called out, "Which whipped? How did you come out?" "Why, much as I tell you; we had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at rastle, but he would manage some way to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez, under the hill, in the days of Dad Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my gouging was beautiful; one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink bottle, only, as the fellow said, describing the jackass by the mule, it is more so. But, in fact, there was no great choice between us, as you see. I look like having ran into a brush fence of a dark night. So we made it round and round, and about and about" (*here again he attempted a retreat into the tavern.*) But many voices demanded,



“Why, much as I tell you; we had it round and round, about and about, over and under.”—Page 38.

“ Who hollored ? ” “ Which gave up ? ” “ How did you hurt your hand ? ” “ Oh ! I forgot to tell you, that as I aimed a sockdollager at him he ducked his head, and he can dodge like a diedapper, and hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist ; so, being like the fellow who, when it rained mush, had no spoon, I changed the suit and made a trump—and went in for eating. In the scuffle we fell, cross and pile, and, while he was chawing my finger, my head was between his legs ; his woollen jean britches did not taste well, but I found a bare place, where the seat had worn out, and meat in abundance ; so I laid hold of a good mouthful, but the bit came out ; and finding his appetite still good for my finger, I adopted Doctor Bones', the toothsmith's, patent method of removing teeth without the aid of instruments, and I extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in or out at pleasure. However, I shall, for some time, have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud.” (*He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh.*) But vox populi again. “ So you tanned him, did you ? ” “ How did the fight finish ? ” “ You were not parted ? ” “ You fought it out, did you ? ” The colonel resumed, “ Why, there is no telling how the fight might have gone ; an old Virginian, who had seen Francesco, and Otley, and Lewis, and Blevins, and all the best men of the day, said he had never seen any one stand up to their fodder better than we did. We had fought round and round, and about and about, all over the court-yard, and, at last, just to end the fight, every body was getting tired of it ; so, at l—a—a—st, I hollored.—(*Exit colonel.*)

THE

GREAT KALAMAZOO HUNT,

A STORY OF MICHIGAN—BY A NEW YORKER.

Among the most promising young writers of the day, is the author of a series of sketches which have appeared within a few years in the New York "Spirit of the Times," purporting to have been discovered among the "unfinished papers of the late editor of the 'Kalamazoo Advocate and Journal.'" The "late editor" referred to, "went crazy" one fine day, the reader is given to understand, from the combined effects of fright, deep potations, and Tom Haines—and was, in consequence, incapacitated from occupying longer the editorial chair. The following report of "The Great Kalamazoo Hunt," purports to have been written by one of the late editor's "printer's devils," who accompanied his "boss" on the expedition. We must premise that the hunt had been for some weeks previously "the town talk"—that those engaged in getting it up, had met nightly at the "doggery" or tavern of a certain Major Bristol, to "talk the thing over," and that it was originally planned by Tom Haines and the "late editor," in the confident hope and expectation of enjoying "the tallest kind of a spree!"

ON the morning of the hunt I got out of bed about half an hour after daylight, and went down into the boss's office, or room, or whatever he called it, to see if he was up; but when I came to look round, blessed if he'd been to hum all night. There stood the bed just as it is in the day-time, looking as much like a book-case as it could, and every thing else all natural. So

thinks I to myself, thinks I, per'aps he's down to the major's. Well, so down I went, and there, sure enough, he was, and about a dozen others, jist up. That is, they had jist rolled off the benches on which they had slept all night. I tell you what, that party did look streaky.

"Hallo!" says old Haines to the boss, "how are you, old fellow? Pleasant dreams last night, hey?"

"Curse that rum sling—there was too much sugar in it, which leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth this morning. How is't with you, hey?"

"For ——'s sake," said the boss, "don't croak so, Tom, don't. You'll drive me mad with your cursed din. Be a Christian once in your life, and just knock the bar-keeper up, and let's medicine."

Well, old Haines was a Christian that time, and after all the party had took a drink, except the boss, for he took two, the first being too sweet, the fellows got together their shooting traps, and made ready to be off. So the boss he gets up on a chair and makes them a speech, telling each one as how he should go, and says he, "as Haines and myself are about half of each other, I reckon we'll jine, make one, and go together this time." They all agreed, and started off, leaving the boss, Haines, an' me at the major's.

"Now," said the boss, "suppose we licker agin, and then fill that case-bottle up there,"—p'inting to one in the bar—"and be off too."

"Agreed," said old Haines. So I filled the bottle with cider-brandy, and off we went for Long Swamp.

There wasn't anvthing of particular account as

occurred while we were making for the swamp, except the boss would lag behind and take a sly pull at the case-bottle, when he thought old Haines wouldn't see. So all went on very quiet until we arrived down at the north end. "Now," says old Haines, "suppose, 'squire, we drink fust, and load afterwards?"

"Exactly," said the boss.

So they took a drink apiece, and old Haines went to work loading up his old big bore, with as much care as a gal fixes herself when she slicks up. Well, after he had got the ball home, he took a squint at the priming, and then you should have heard how he took on. I swow to man, I thought he'd strike the boss. Some fellow had taken the powder out of his horn and put in *black sand*, and that wasn't the worst of it, they sarved the boss jist the same.

"What's to be done now?" asked the boss, after Haines had blowed himself out.

"Well," said he, "I don't know any better way than to keep down the middle of the swamp until we meet with some of the boys, get some ammunition of them, and then strike off on our own account."

So we tramposed along down the edge of the swamp till we came to a track, when we turned in Ingin file, and kept on about a mile or so, climbing over stumps, wading through mud-holes, tearing through cat briers, and stumbling among bogs, and at last found ourselves in an open piece about a pole across, which was perfectly dry, with two large oak trees standing some ten feet apart.

"Hold on, Haines," says the boss, "let's pull up

here and take some grub. You haint had any breakfast, nor I neither ; so you take that tree and I'll take this, and we'll eat and rest a bit."

"Agreed," said Haines. "There aint much use of going too fast, and we might as well pull up a bit here as not. 'Squire, suppose we liquor?"

Well, old Haines and the boss sat down, and I fixed the things for them, not forgetting to leave the bottle ; and, thinks I to myself, I reckon I'll start on a piece and look after some of the boys. So on I goes for about a two or three miles, without seeing anything of any of them ; and beginning to feel tired, I turned round and put back agin. Well, when I got, as I thought, about where I left the boss and Haines, I heard a kind of growling and rustling, as if there was pigs huntin' after acorns. Holloa, says I to myself, what's this? I'll jist peep in the brush and see what it is. So I turns in out of the track, and by gosh, if there wasn't the boss behind one tree, and old Haines behind another, each *dodging a bear*. Holloa ! says I, this is a fix ! What's to be done now ? So I hides behind a thick ivy bush, and looks on a spell ;—but I had to laugh. There stood the boss behind a tree, with his legs one side and his head t'other, and whenever the bear would make a pass at him round one way, he dodged round the other ; while old Haines kept his head a-going from one side to the other, and danced round and back jist as if he weighed one stone in place of eighteen.

"My God !" said old Haines to the boss, when his bear kept still a moment, and gin him a chance to

breathe—"if this work keeps on much longer, curse me if I don't have to give up. I can't stand it, by all that's holy. Holler, 'Squire, for I can't, and see if you can't bring that —— boy back."

"I can't holla, Haines, I can't," said boss, "the animal is so infernally bent on grabbing my—(Good Lord, he liked to have had me that time!)—leg. Try, Haines, yourself!—do, there's a good fellow! That animal after you aint a *she* one, and mine is—I know by its being so infernal artful. Ugh! you bitch!" said the boss, shaking his fist at the one as was after him, as she stood on her hind legs, grabbing at him round the tree, with her head half way round, to see exactly where he was.

"Can't we change trees?" asked Haines, "for I've got tired running round one way, and the cursed brute won't alter the track."

"Hey! hollo! hey!" sung out the boss for me, "ho, hoop, ha 'r 'r 'r," and by gosh, while he turned up his eyes as if to holla louder, the bear give him a dig with her paw in the seat of his pantaloons, and carried away drawers and all. "Oh!" said the boss, and he put one hand behind to feel what damage was done, and darted round t'other side quicker. "Curse me if I keep this position much longer, Haines! I'll take the path and make a run for it! This is playing bo-peep with a vengeance! It's altogether too exciting to be pleasant—a —— pretty position for the editor of the 'Advocate and Journal' to be placed in—a dodging bears round chestnut trees!—curse me if I can stand it any longer."

But Haines hadn't any time to attend to what the

boss was saying, for t'other bear kept him on the move, so that he was all eyes, and no care for any thing else—and the two kept dodging and twisting, and heading off each other with great alertness and perseverance. “I wish I had a slight drop of something,” said the boss to himself, for there was no use talking to Haines; he hadn't time to answer. “I think I could keep this up somewhat longer, but without something strengthening I must knock under, that's a fact. No editor of flesh and blood could do it, and what's more, curse me if I do.” He went on getting wrathful. “Look here, Haines! I tell you what, this can't last much longer without coming to some pass or other.”

“I, too, Katey,” replied Haines; “but may I never taste any thing stronger than water if I don't think we've come to a pretty considerable d—d pass already. Here I am scouting round this infernal tree, first on one side then t'other, dodging here and there, headed off and chased round, making myself a cursed jinny-spinner, dry as —, and as hot as thunder, and you yelling out to me to get you out of jist sich a fix as I am in myself. Curse the bitch, why don't you—ah! why don't you mesmerise her!”

But it wasn't any use for them to get wrathful—the bears didn't give them time to get in a passion, for it takes the boss and Haines ten minutes to fire up strong when they talk politics; and as they were just at that time, they didn't get a minute, even to think.

Well, after I had looked out for about fifteen minutes or so, and seed the boss begin to get desperately frightened, and old Haines sweating like a pitcher with ice-

water in it, and looking all-fired tired, thinks I, I heard a gun back north some time ago; I guess I'll try and hunt up that fellow, and get him to come and shoot one of these varmint, so as to get our boss out of the scrape. So back I went, and in half an hour I found old Bullet poking around among a parcel of gorse and furze, looking after a partridge that he had killed when I heard his gun go off; and as soon as I told him how matters stood with the boss and Haines, he loaded right up, and started away like a fire-engine under a full head of steam, and made tracks straight ahead, without steering clear of anything.

Bullet drove on so fast, that when we came up to where the old 'uns were, I was so all-fired blowed that I hadn't wind enough left to laugh. There they was, just as I had left them, dodging and sliding round, and the bears growling and snapping like all natur. Old Haines had got so warm that he had pulled off his cravat, coat, and waistcoat, and had unbuttoned his shirt at the neck and wristbands, awaiting a chance to duck his head and get that off too. I verily believe that, fat as he is, he did think of climbing the tree, just to vary the amusement. As for the boss, he was jerking his head from one side to the other, just like that Dutch figure on cousin Sally's mantel-piece; and I do believe if he had kept on for about an hour more, he wouldn't have had a hair left on his scalp. He's a little bald on top as it is.

As soon as we got near enough I hollered out to old Haines, so as he might know there was somebody right at hand; and as soon as ever he seed Bullet with his

gun, didn't the old fellow look glad, and for fear Bullet would want to poke fun at him, and keep him dodging a little longer, you ought to have heard him try to petition and pray. But it wouldn't do; if ever he learnt how, he'd forgot, I reckon, though he never had any schooling in that line.

"Oh, Bullet," says he, "if you ever heer'd minster Damenhall tell about the next world, and you have a look to be saved, and—just think about my da'ter, to hum, and the old woman (though you needn't lay any great stress on her in particular.) You know, Bullet, we don't know where we may go to. Oh! Lord, look down on Bullet—I *mean* the Squire and I—and give us grace—(why don't you fire, you cursed fool? Do, that's a good fellow)—and the Squire will ever pray. May we live so as to look forward—(Bullet, I'll give you a pint of apple-jack the very minute I get back to the Major's, if you'll only fire quick)—and may our hearts be bound up with grace—(why, in the name of—, don't you blow this brute's brains out, and be cursed to you? I'll lick you like thunder, I will!) For all our past sins be merciful—(I'll let you off that quarter you owe me, Bullet,)—that we may live a godly, righteous, and sober—or at least moderate—life; preserve us, oh Lord."

I don't know whether the old fellow could have gone on any longer, but I hadn't a chance to know, for Bullet, who had got into thick cover, drew upon the varmint, and put a ball clean through its head. The other one scampered off as soon as he heard the report, and was hunted up next day, and killed by Bill Winkle.

The very moment the boss and Haines found themselves clear, down they both dropped, clean gone. The boss fainted, and so would old Haines have done, but he couldn't; and besides, he was so busily engaged in cursing Bullet, and calling for a drink of something, he hadn't time. We had a bad time bringing the boss to, and he appeared a good deal flighty when we got him so as he could walk home. As for Haines, he swore he'd set two niggers to rubbing him down with ile, the very minute he got hum, or else he'd be as stiff as a spavined horse next day.

When we arrived in town we all went to the Major's, but we couldn't keep the boss long, for he took on dreadfully. Some said he was crazy, some said he was wild drunk,—the Major said that he thought perhaps the fright had slightly turned his brain; whereupon old Haines, who was getting near about considerably tight, said as how that couldn't be, because the boss had stood the wear, tear, and racket, when the fellow came on from York to dun the boss for a bill of paper as he owed to one in that city, and said he, "if he could stand such a cursing as that was, burn my skin if all the bears this side of the York line, and west of the Rocky mountains, would be able to shake one single nerve in his whole body!"

However, be the cause what it may, the boss is clean gone,—stark mad,—and the schoolmaster has had to take his place.

Some one of the boys, that night, after hearing Haines tell the story over about a dozen times, and seeing he was pretty drunk, went straight down to the Methodist

meeting-house and told the minister, who was holding forth that night, that the old fellow had sent him to request "the prayers of the church for his safe delivery," and that as soon as he got rested, he himself would come down and jine in worship, besides giving in his testimony. The minister couldn't believe it at first, but when Jim declared it was truth, sure, he got right up and told the congregation. So they sets to work praying for the recovered sheep, regenerated sinner, and recovered outcast from the fold of chosen lambs, together with many other beautiful names as they give Haines, while Jim went back to the Major's, and finding the lamb, jist right, ups and tells him as how he had just passed by the meeting-house, and heard minister Damenhall say to the folks that he didn't believe one word of the story—that 'twas an invention of Satan's put into Haines' mouth to deceive those who were on the road to ruin through the effects of liquor; and that the quantity that Haines had induced the boss to drink was the sole cause of his craziness.

As soon as ever Haines heard this, he got straight up as he could, buttoned up his coat, and went right down to the meeting-house;—but what followed haint got any thing to do with the late Hunt at Kalamazoo.

THAT BIG DOG FIGHT AT MYERS'S.

A STORY OF MISSISSIPPI—BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.

The writer of the following story is one of the most entertaining companions we ever met. Like the elder Placide, or Gabriel Ravel, he has the keenest perception of the ludicrous imaginable; in him this is combined with an inexhaustible flow of spirits, and a rare fund of wit and humour peculiarly calculated to “set the table in a roar.” For several years he has been a most acceptable correspondent of the New York “Spirit of the Times,” and while his stories have “ranged from amazin to onkimmon,” there is not an indifferent one among them all. His extraordinary merit as a story-teller is only equalled by his modesty; “not for the world” would he permit us to name him. We are free to say, however, that he is a country gentleman of Mississippi, “of about our size,” and that he resides on a river-plantation nearly equi-distant from the regions of “the cotton trade and sugar line.”

“WELL, them was great times, and *men* lived about here, them days, too!—not sayin’ they’re all dead, but the settlements is got too thick for ’em to splurge, an’ they are old—beside, they’re watin’ for thar *boys* to do somethin’ when they gits *men*! I tell you what, if they lived till kingdom come *they* wouldn’t be men. I’d like to see one single one of ’em that ever rid his horse up two pair of stairs, jumpt him thru——”

“Stop, stop, Uncle Johnny! Do tell us about *that big dog fight at Myers’s.*”

“Ha, ha, boy! *You* thar? Had your bitters yet? Well, well—we’ll take ’em together; licker *is* better now than it used to was; but people don’t drink so much, and that’s strange! ain’t it? Well, I was talkin’ to these men about old Greensville, and about them same men, for they was all at that same dog fite—Featte, the Devil! never be a patchin’ to what old Greensville was about the times ‘*Old Col*’ was sheriff! I’ll just bet all the licker I ever *expect* to drink, that thar ain’t no second story in Featte that’s got hoss tracks on the floor and up agin’ the ceil——”

“I must stop you again, Uncle Johnny; Fayette is yet in its youth, and promises——”

“Youth, H—l! yes, like the *youth* of some of my old friends’ sons—upwards of thirty, an’ they’re ‘expectin’ to make *men* out’n ’em yet! I tell you what, young men in *my* time’d just get in a spree, sorter open thar shirt collars, and shuck tharselves with a growl, and come out reddy-made men; and most on ’em has *staid* reddy for fifty-one year! I ain’t failed now, yet, and——”

“Uncle Johnny, for God’s sake stick to the dog story: we’ll hear all this after——”

“Ah, you boy, you never will let me tell a story *my* way, but here goes:—Let me see—yes, yes. Well, it was a grate dog in Greensville, anyhow—Charly Cox had run old Saltrum agin’ a hoss from the Red-licks, and beat him shameful—Run rite plum up the street in Greensville so as evry body mite see. Well, a power of licker was wasted—nily evry house in town rid thru—women and children skeared out, and evry drink we took was a *ginral* invite, and about night thar was *one*

ginral *in town*—Ginral Intoxication. Well, 'bout sun-down the old Ginral—God bless him!—called up his troops; some of the same ones who was at Orleans; let's see—thar was the high sheriff, Dick, Bat, Jim, old Iron Tooth, an'——”

“Iron Tooth!” who'se he?” suggested I.

“Why, *he's* the man what fit the dog! Ain't you never seen a man here in Featte, when he gits *high* up, just pulls out his knife, and goes to chawin' it as if he'd made a bet he could bite it in two?”

“Yes, yes, go on.”

“Well, the Ginral made 'em all mount, formed line, and rid rite into the grocery—formed line agin, had a big stir-up drink handed to 'em all, and when the Ginral raised *his* hat and said ‘the Hero of Orleans,’ the yell that went up, put a bead on that man's licker that staid nily a month, I hearn. We come a rarin' out'n the grocery—charged up and down two or three times, cleared the streets of all *weak* things, then started out home, all in a brest; evry one of us had a Polk stalk——”

“Hel-lo!—Polk stalks that early?”

“Well, well, Hickry sticks—same thing—out of town we went, chargin' evry thing we see—fences, cattle, ox-teams; and at last we got to old Myers's, farly squeelin' to rar over somethin'! Old Myers's dog was awful bad—the worst in anybody's nollodge—why, people sent fifty miles to git pups from him! Well, he come a chargin', too, and met us at the gate, lookin' like a young hyena. Iron Tooth just turned himself round to us, and says he, ‘Men, I'll take *this* fite off'n



“And thar stood the dog with the awfulest countenance you ever seen a dog ware.”

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your hands;’ so down he got, ondressed to his shirt, *stock*, and boots—got down on his all-fours in the road, walkin’ backards and forards, pitchin’ up the dust and bellerin’ like a bull! When the dog see him at that sort of work, he *did* sorter stop barkin’, but soon as he see *our* animal strut up to the gate and begin to smell, then, like another dog, he got fairly crazy to git thru at him; rarin’, cavortin’, and *tarin’* off pickets! Our animal was a takin’ all this quite easy—smellin’ thru at him, whinin’ *me-you, me-you, me-you*—struttin’ backards and forards, histin’ up one leg agin the gate Well, after a while the dog begin to git sorter tired, and then *our* animal begin to git mad! snap for snap he gin the dog, and the spit and slobber flew, and soon the dog was worse than he *had* been. Thar we was settin’ on our hoses, rollin’ with laughin’ and licker, and thought the thing was rich, as it was; but just then, our animal riz on his hinders, onlatched the gate, and the dog *lunged* for him. Ain’t you never noticed when one dog bounces at another, he sorter whirls round sideways, to keep him from hittin’ him a fair lick? Well, jist so our animal: he whirled round sideways to let the dog have a glancin’ lick, and true to the character, he was goin’ to allow the dog a dog’s chance, and he stuck to his all-fours. The dog didn’t make but one lunge, and he stopt—as still as the picter of the wolf in the spellin’ book—for you see our animal was right starn end facin’ him, his shirt smartly up over his back, and standin’ mity high up on his hind legs at that! We all raised the old Indian yell for you never *did* see sich a *site*, and thar stood the dog with the awfulest countenance you ever seen a *dog*

ware! Our man, sorter thinkin' he'd bluffed the dog, now give two or three short goat-pitches backards at him! Ha! ha! ha!"

"What did he do? What did he do?"

"Do? why *run!* wouldn't a d—d hyena run! The dog had a big block and chain to him, and soon our animal was arter him, givin' some of the awfulest leaps and yelps—'twarnt but a little squar picket yard round the house, and the dog couldn't git out, so round and round he went—at last, turnin' a corner the chain rapt round a stump, and thar the dog *was fast, and he had to fite!* But he did give powerful licks to get loose! When he see his inemy right on him agin, and when Iron Tooth seen the dog *was fast, round and round* he'd strut; and sich struttin! Ain't you never seen one of these big, long-legged, short-tailed baboons struttin' round on the top of the lion's cage? Well, so he'd go—sorter smellin' at the dog (and his tongue hanging out right smart, for he *was tired,*) *me-you! me-you!* Snap! snap! the dog would go, and he begin to show fite d—d plain agin, for our varmint was a facin' him, and he seen '*twas a man* arter all! But our animal know'd how to come the giraffe over *him*—so round he turns and gives him the starn view agin! *That* farly broke the dog's hart, and he jist *rared* back a pullin' and got loose! One or two goat-pitches backards and the dog was flat on his back, playin' his fore-paws mity fast, and perhaps some of the awfulest barks you ever hearn a dog gin! Old Iron Tooth he seen he had the dog at about the rite pint, and he give one mortal lunge backards, and he lit with both hands on the dog's throat,

turned quick as lightnin', div down his head, and fastened his teeth on the dog's ears! Sich a shakin' and howlin'! The dog was too skeared to fite, and our animal had it all his own way. We hollered to 'give him *some* in the short ribs,' but he only held on and growled at us, playin' the dog clean out, I tell you. Well, thar they was, rollin' and tumblin' in the dirt—first one on top, and then tother—our animal holdin' on like pitch to a waggin wheel, the dog never thinkin' 'bout fitein' once, but makin' rale onest licks to git loose. At last our varmint's hold broke—the dog riz—made one *tiger* lunge—the chain snapt—he tucked *his* tail, and—and—but you all know what skeared dogs *will* do!

“Nobody ain't never got no pups from Myers since—the blood run rite out!”

HOW SIMON SUGGS

“RAISED JACK.”

A GEORGIA STORY—BY AN ALABAMIAN.

It is a great pity that gentlemen of such sterling intellectual ability as the writer of the subjoined sketch, should hide their light under a bushel. We merely know of him that he is a young lawyer of repute, Johnson J. Hooper by name, and editor, *en amateur*, of “The East Alabamian,” published at La Fayette, in that state. His well written editorial articles are mainly confined to political themes, and it is only at rare intervals that he indulges his readers with sketches like the one annexed—thrown off, probably, at a heat. What a “choice spirit” he would be in that circle of “jolly good fellows” whose contributions to the “Spirit of the Times” have rendered that journal far more famous for original wit and humour, than its being the “Chronicle of the Sporting World.”

Hooper has recently commenced in “The East Alabamian” a series of sketches, detailing the history, adventures, and operations of one Simon Suggs, late Captain of the Tallapoosa Volunteers, whom he introduces with an exordium as ornate, graphic, and fanciful, as Mr. Wirt’s on the occasion of the trial of Aaron Burr. We propose here—for like many other entertaining things the Captain’s history is yet unwritten—to give the reader an account only of those exploits of his at the early age of seventeen (when his ingenuity and shrewdness began first to attract attention,) which subsequently acquired for him the epithet of “Shifty,”—his whole ethical system happening to lie snugly in his favourite aphorism that “*it is good to be a SHIFTY man in a new country.*” The following characteristic anecdote is given as one of the earliest specimens of the Captain’s ‘cuteness, and will serve to illustrate the precocious development of his peculiar talent.

UNTIL Simon entered his seventeenth year, he lived with his father, an old ‘hard-shell’ Baptist preacher;

who, though very pious and remarkably austere, was very avaricious. The old man reared his boys—or endeavoured to do so—according to the strictest requisition of the moral law. But he lived, at the time to which we refer, in Middle Georgia, which was then newly settled; and Simon, whose wits from the time he was a "shirt-tail boy," were always too sharp for his father's, contrived to contract all the coarse vices incident to such a region. He stole his mother's roosters to fight them at Bob Smith's grocery, and his father's plough-horses to enter them in "quarter" matches at the same place. He pitched dollars with Bob Smith himself, and could "beat him into doll rags" whenever it came to a measurement. To crown his accomplishment, Simon was tip-top at the game of "old sledge," which was the fashionable game of that era; and was early initiated in the mystery of "stocking the papers." The vicious habits of Simon were, of course, a sore trouble to his father, Elder Jedediah. He reasoned, he counselled, he remonstrated, he lashed—but Simon was an incorrigible, irreclaimable devil.

One day the simple-minded old man came rather unexpectedly to the field where he had left Simon and Ben, and a negro boy named Bill, at work. Ben was still following his plough, but Simon and Bill were in a fence-corner very earnestly engaged at "seven up." Of course the game was instantly suspended, as soon as they spied the old man sixty or seventy yards off, striding towards them.

It was evidently a "gone case" with Simon and Bill; but our hero determined to make the best of it.

Putting the cards into one pocket, he coolly picked up the small coins which constituted the stake, and fobbed them in the other, remarking, "Well, Bill, this game's blocked; we'd as well quit."

"But, massa Simon," remarked the boy, "half dat money's mine. An't you gwine to lemme hab 'em?"

"Oh never mind the money, Bill; the old man's going to take the bark off of both of us—and besides, with the hand I helt when we quit, I should 'a beat you and won it all any way."

"Well, but, massa Simon, we nebber finish de game, and de rule"——

"Go to an orful h—l with your rule," said the impatient Simon—"don't you see daddy's right down upon us, with an armful of hickories? I tell you I hilt nothin' but trumps, and could 'a beat the horns off of a billy-goat. Don't that satisfy you? Somehow or nother you'r d—d hard to please!" About this time a thought struck Simon, and in a low tone—for by this time the Reverend Jedediah was close at hand—he continued, "but may be daddy don't know, *right down sure*, what we've been doin'. Let's try him with a lie—twon't hurt no way—let's tell him we've been playin' mumble-peg."

Bill was perforce compelled to submit to this inequitable adjustment of his claim of a share of the stakes; and of course agreed to the game of mumble-peg. All this was settled and a peg driven in the ground, slyly and hurriedly between Simon's legs as ne sat on the ground, just as the old man reached the spot. He carried under his left arm several neatly-

trimmed sprouts of formidable length, while in his left hand he held one which he was intently engaged in divesting of its superfluous twigs.

“Soho! youngsters!—*you* in the fence-corner, and the *crop* in the grass! what saith the Scriptur’, Simon? ‘Go to the ant, thou sluggard,’ and so forth and so on. What in the round creation of the yearth have you and that nigger been a-doin’?”

Bill shook with fear, but Simon was cool as a cucumber, and answered his father to the effect that they had been wasting a little time in a game of mumble-peg.

“Mumble-peg! mumble-peg!” repeated old Mr. Suggs, “what’s that?”

Simon explained the process of *rooting* for the peg; how the operator got upon his knees, keeping his arms stiff by his side, leaned forward and extracted the peg with his teeth.

“So you git *upon your knees*, do you, to pull up that nasty little stick! you’d better git upon ’em to ask mercy for your sinful souls, and for a dyin’ world. But let’s see one o’ you git the peg up now.”

The first impulse of our hero was to volunteer to gratify the curiosity of his worthy sire, but a glance at the old man’s countenance changed his “notion,” and he remarked that “Bill was a long ways the best hand.” Bill, who did not deem Simon’s modesty an omen favourable to himself, was inclined to reciprocate compliments with his young master; but a gesture of impatience from the old man set him instantly upon his knees; and, bending forward, he essayed to lay hold with his teeth, of the peg, which Simon, just at that

moment, very wickedly pushed half an inch further down. Just as the breeches and hide of the boy were stretched to the uttermost, old Mr. Suggs brought down his longest hickory, with both hands, upon the precise spot where the tension was greatest. With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward, upsetting Simon, and rolled in the grass, rubbing the castigated part with fearful energy. Simon, though overthrown, was unhurt; and he was mentally complimenting himself upon the sagacity which had prevented his illustrating the game of mumble-peg, for the paternal amusement, when his attention was arrested by that worthy person's stooping to pick up something—what is it?—a card upon which Simon had been sitting, and which, therefore, had not gone with the rest of the pack into his pocket. The simple Mr. Suggs had only a vague idea of the pasteboard abomination called *cards*; and though he decidedly inclined to the opinion that this was one, he was by no means certain of the fact. Had Simon known this, he would certainly have escaped; but he did not. His father, assuming the look of extreme sapiency which is always worn by the interrogator who does not desire or expect to increase his knowledge by his questions, asked, "What's this, Simon?"

"The Jack a-dimunts," promptly responded Simon, who gave up all as lost after this *faux pas*.

"What was it doin' down thar, Simon, my sonny?" continued Mr. Suggs, in an ironically affectionate tone of voice.

"I had it under my leg thar, to make it on Bill, the first time it come trumps," was the ready reply.



“So you git *upon your knees*, do you, to pull up that nasty little stick; you’d better git upon ’em to ask mercy for your sinful souls, and for a dyin’ world.”—Page 65.

“What’s trumps?” asked Mr. Suggs, with a view of arriving at the import of the word.

“Nothin’ a’nt trumps *now*,” said Simon, who misapprehended his father’s meaning—“but *clubs* was, when you come along and busted up the game.”

A part of this answer was Greek to the Reverend Mr. Suggs, but a portion of it was full of meaning. They had, then, most unquestionably been “throwing” cards, the scoundrels! the “oudacious” little hellions!

“To the ‘Mulberry,’ with both on ye! in a hurry,” said the old man, sternly. But the lads were not disposed to be in a “hurry,” for “the Mulberry” was the scene of all formal punishment administered during work hours in the field. Simon followed his father, however; but made, as he went along, all manner of “faces” at the old man’s back; gesticulated as if he were going to strike him between the shoulders with his fists; and kicking at him so as almost to touch his coat tail with his shoe. In this style they walked on to the mulberry tree, in whose shade Simon’s brother Ben was resting.

It must not be supposed that, during the walk to the place of punishment, Simon’s mind was either inactive, or engaged in suggesting the grimaces and contortions wherewith he was pantomimically expressing his irreverent sentiments towards his father. Far from it. The movements of his limbs and features were the mere workings of habit—the self-grinding of the corporeal machine—for which his reasoning half was only remotely responsible. For while Simon’s person was thus, on its own account, “making game” of old Jed-

diah, his wits, in view of the anticipated flogging, were dashing, springing, bounding, darting about, in hot chase of some expedient suitable to the necessities of the case—much after the manner in which puss, when Betty, armed with the broom, and hotly seeking vengeance for the pantry robbed or room defiled, has closed upon her the garret doors and windows, attempts all sorts of impossible exits, comes down at last in the corner, with panting side and glaring eye, exhausted and defenceless. Our unfortunate hero could devise nothing by which he could reasonably expect to escape the heavy blows of his father. Having arrived at this conclusion and the “Mulberry” about the same time, he stood with a dogged look, awaiting the issue.

The old man Suggs made no remark to any one while he was seizing up Bill—a process which, though by no means novel to Simon, seemed to excite in him a sort of painful interest. He watched it closely, as if to learn the precise fashion of his father’s knot; and when at last Bill was strung up a-tiptoe to a limb, and the whipping commenced, Simon’s eye followed every movement of his father’s arm; and as each blow descended upon the bare shoulders of his sable friend, his own body writhed and “wriggled” in involuntary sympathy.

“It’s the devil!—it’s hell,” said Simon to himself, “to take such a wallop in’ as that. Why the old man looks like he wants to git to the holler, if he could—rot his picter! It’s wuth, at the least, fifty cents—je-e-miny, how *that* hurt!—yes, it’s wuth three-quarters of a dollar, to take that ’ere lickin’! Wonder if I’m

‘predestinated,’ as old Jed’diah says, to get the feller to it? Lord, how daddy blows! I do wish to God he’d bust right open, the darn’d old deer-face! If ’twa’n’t for Ben helpin’ him, I b’lieve I’d give the old dog a tussel when it comes for my turn. It couldn’t make the thing no wuss, if it didn’t make it no better. ‘Drot it! what do boys have daddies for, any how? ‘Taint for nuthin’ but jist to beat ’em and work ’em.—There’s some use in mammies—I kin poke my finger right in the old ’oman’s eye, and keep it thar, and if I say it aint thar, she’ll say ’taint thar, too. I wish she was here to hold daddy off. If ’twa’n’t so fur, I’d holler for her, any how. How she would cling to the old feller’s coat tail!”

Mr. Jedediah Suggs let down Bill, and untied him. Approaching Simon, whose coat was off, “Come, Simon, son,” said he, “cross them hands, I’m gwine to correct you.”

“It aint no use, daddy,” said Simon.

“Why so, Simon?”

“Just bekase it aint. I’m gwine to play cards as long as I live. When I go off to myself, I’m gwine to make my livin’ by it. So what’s the use of beatin’ me about it?”

Old Mr. Suggs groaned, as he was wont to do in the pulpit, at this display of Simon’s viciousness.

“Simon,” said he, “you’re a poor ignunt crectur. You don’t know nothin’ and you’ve never been no whars. If I was to turn you off, you’d starve in a week”—

“I wish you’d try me,” said Simon, “and jist see I’d win more money in a week than you can make in

a year.—There aint nobody round here kin make seed corn off o' me at cards. I'm rale smart," he added, with great emphasis.

"Simon! Simon! you poor unlettered fool. Don't you know that all card-players and chicken-fighters, and horse-racers, go to hell? You crack-brained creatur' you. And don't you know that them that play cards always lose their money, and"—

"Who wins it all then, daddy?" asked Simon.

"Shet your mouth, you imperdent, slack-jaw'd dog. Your daddy's a-tryin' to give you some good advice, and you a-pickin' up his words that way. I know'd a young man once, when I lived in Ogletharp, as went down to Augusty and sold a hundred dollars' worth of cotton for his daddy, and some o' them gambollers got him to drinkin', and the *very first* night he was with 'em they got every cent of his money."

"They couldn't git my money in a *week*," said Simon. "Any body can git these here green fellows' money; them's the sort I'm a-gwine to watch for, myself. Here's what kin fix the papers jist about as nice as any body."

"Well, it's no use to argify about the matter," said old Jedediah; "What saith the scriptur'? 'He that begetteth a fool, doeth it to his sorrow.' Hence, Simon, you're a poor, miserable fool!—so, cross your hands!"

"You'd jist as well not, daddy. I tell you I'm gwine to follow playin' cards for a livin', and what's the use o' bangin' a feller about it? I'm as smart as any of 'em, and Bob Smith says them Augusty fellers can't make rent off o' me."

The Reverend Mr. Suggs had, once in his life, gone to Augusta; an extent of travel which in those days was a little unusual. His consideration among his neighbours was considerably increased by the circumstance, as he had all the benefit of the popular inference, that no man could visit the city of Augusta without acquiring a vast superiority over all his untravelled neighbours, in every department of human knowledge. Mr. Suggs, then, very naturally felt ineffably indignant that an individual who had never seen a collection of human habitations larger than a log-house village—an individual, in short, no other or better than Bob Smith—should venture to express an opinion concerning the manners, customs, or any thing else appertaining to, or in any wise connected with, the *ultima thule* of back-woods Georgians. There were two propositions which witnessed their own truth to the mind of Mr. Suggs—the one was, that a man who had never been at Augusta, could not know any thing about that city, or any place or thing else; the other, that one who *had* been there must, of necessity, be not only well informed as to all things connected with the city itself, but perfectly *au fait* upon all subjects whatsoever. It was therefore in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt that he replied to the last remark of Simon.

“*Bob Smith* says—does he? And who’s *Bob Smith*? Much does *Bob Smith* know about Augusty! he’s been thar, I reckon! Slipped off yarly some mornin’ when nobody warn’t noticin’, and got back afore night. It’s *only* a hundred and fifty mile. Oh yes, *Bob Smith* knows all about it! *I* don’t know nothin’ about it! *I*

a'n't never been to Augusty—I couldn't find the road thar, I reckon, ha! ha! *Bob—Smi—th!* The eternal stink! if he was only to see one o' them fine gentlemen in Augusty, with his fine broad-cloth and bell-crown hat, and shoe-boots a-shinin' like silver, he'd take to the woods and kill himself a-runnin'. Bob Smith! that's whar all your devilment comes from, Simon."

"Bob Smith's as good as any body else, I judge; and a heap smarter than some. He showed me how to cut Jack," continued Simon, "and that's more than some people can do if they *have* been to Augusty."

"If Bob Smith kin do it," said the old man, "I kin too. I don't know it by that name; but if it's book knowledge or plain sense, and Bob kin do it, it's reasonable to s'pose that old Jed'diah Suggs won't be bothered bad. Is it any ways similyar to the rule of three, Simon?"

"Pretty much, daddy, but not adzactly," said Simon, drawing a pack from his pocket to explain.—"Now daddy," he proceeded, "you see these here four cards is what we call the Jacks. Well, now, the idee is, if you'll take the pack and mix 'em all up together, I'll take off a passel from top, and the bottom one of them I take off will be one of the Jacks."

"Me to mix em fust?" said Jedediah.

"Yes."

"And you not to see but the back of the top one, when you go to 'cut,' as you call it?"

"Jist so, daddy."

"And the backs all jist as like as kin be?" said the senior Suggs, examining the cards

“More like nor cow-peas,” said Simon.

“It can’t be done, Simon,” observed the old man, with great solemnity.

“Bob Smith kin do it, and so kin I.”

“It’s agin nater, Simon; thar a’n’t a man in Augusty, nor on the top of the yearth, that kin do it!”

“Daddy,” said our hero, “ef you’ll bet me”——

“What!” thundered old Mr. Suggs, “bet, did you say?” and he came down with a *scorer* across Simon’s shoulders——“me, Jed’diah Suggs, that’s been in the Lord’s sarvice these twenty years——*me* bet, you nasty, sassy, triflin’, ugly”——

“I didn’t go to say that, daddy; that warn’t what I ment, adzactly. I ment to say that ef you’d let me off from this here maulin’ you owe me, and *give me* ‘Bunch’ ef I cut Jack, I’d *give you* all this here silver, ef I did’nt——that’s all. To be sure, I allers knowd *you* wouldn’t bet.”

Old Mr. Suggs ascertained the exact amount of the silver which his son handed him; in an old leathern pouch, for inspection. He also, mentally, compared that sum with an imaginary one, the supposed value of a certain Indian pony, called “Bunch,” which he had bought for his “old woman’s” Sunday riding, and which had sent the old lady into a fence-corner, the first—and only——time she had ever mounted him. As he weighed the pouch of silver in his hand, Mr. Suggs also endeavoured to analyze the character of the transaction proposed by Simon. “It sartinly *can’t* be nothin’ but *givin’*, no way it kin be twisted,” he murmured to himself. “I *know* he can’t do it, so there’s no resk.

What makes bettin' ? The resk. It's a one-sided business, and I'll jist let him give me all his money, and that'll put all his wild sportin' notions out of his head."

"Will you stand it, daddy?" asked Simon, by way of waking the old man up. "You mought as well, for the whippin' won't do you no good; and as for Bunch, nobody about the plantation won't ride him, but me."

"Simon," replied the old man, "I agree to it. Your old daddy is in a close place about payin' for his land; and this here money—it's jist eleven dollars, lacking of twenty-five cents—will help out mightily. But mind, Simon, ef any thing's said about this, hereafter, remember, you *give* me the money."

"Very well, daddy, and ef the thing works up instid o' down, I 'spose we'll say you give *me* Bunch—eh?"

"You won't never be troubled to tell how you come by Bunch; the thing's agin natur, and can't be done. What old Jed'diah Suggs knows, he knows as good as anybody. Give me them fixaments, Simon."

Our hero handed the cards to his father, who, dropping the plough-line with which he had intended to tie Simon's hands, turned his back to that individual, in order to prevent his witnessing the operation of *mixing*. He then sat down, and very leisurely commenced shuffling the cards, making, however, an exceedingly awkward job of it. Restive *kings* and *queens* jumped from his hands, or obstinately refused to slide into the company of the rest of the pack. Occasionally, a sprightly *knave* would insist on *facing* his neighbour; or, pressing his edge against another's, half double himself up,

and then skip away. But Elder Jedediah perseveringly continued his attempts to subdue the refractory, while heavy drops burst from his forehead, and ran down his cheeks. All of a sudden, an idea, quick and penetrating as a rifle-ball, seemed to have entered the cranium of the old man. He chuckled audibly. The devil had suggested to Mr. Suggs an *impromptu* “stock,” which would place the chances of Simon—already sufficiently slim in the old man’s opinion—without the range of possibility. Mr. Suggs forthwith proceeded to cull out all the *picter cards*—so as to be certain to include the *jacks*—and place them at the bottom; with the evident intention of keeping Simon’s fingers above these when he should cut. Our hero, who was quietly looking over his father’s shoulders all the time, did not seem alarmed by this disposition of the cards; on the contrary, he smiled as if he felt perfectly confident of success, in spite of it.

“Now, daddy,” said Simon, when his father had announced himself ready, “narry one of us aint got to look at the cards, while I’m a cuttin’; if we do, it’ll spile the conjuration.”

“Very well.”

“And another thing—you’ve got to look me right dead in the eye, daddy—will you?”

“To be sure—to be sure,” said Mr. Suggs; “fire away.”

Simon walked up close to his father, and placed his hand on the pack. Old Mr. Suggs looked in Simon’s eye, and Simon returned the look for about three seconds, during which a close observer might have

detected a suspicious working of the wrist of the hand on the cards, but the elder Suggs did not remark it.

“Wake snakes! day’s a breakin’! Rise Jack!” said Simon, cutting half a dozen cards from the top of the pack, and presenting the face of the bottom one for the inspection of his father.

It was the Jack of Hearts!

Old Mr. Suggs staggered back several steps, with uplifted eyes and hands!

“Marciful master!” he exclaimed, “ef the boy haint! well, how in the round creation of the ——! Ben did you ever! to be sure and sartin, Satan has power on this yearth!” and Mr. Suggs groaned in heavy bitterness.

“You neyer seed nothin’ like that in *Augusty*, did ye, daddy?” asked Simon, with a malicious wink at Ben.

“Simon, *how* did you do it?” queried the old man, without noticing his son’s question.

“Do it, daddy? Do it? ’Taint nothin’. I done it jest as easy as—shootin’.”

Whether this explanation was entirely, or in any degree, satisfactory to the perplexed mind of the elder Jedediah Suggs, cannot, after the lapse of time which has intervened, be sufficiently ascertained. It is certain, however, that he pressed the investigation no farther, but merely requested his son Benjamin to witness the fact that, in consideration of his love and affection for his son Simon, and in order to furnish the donee with the means of leaving that portion of the state of Georgia, he bestowed upon him the impracticable poney, “Bunch.”

“Jist so, daddy; jist so; I’ll witness that. But it ’minds me mightily of the way mammy *give* old Trailler the side of bacon, last week. She was a-sweepin’ up the hath—the meat on the table; old Trailler jumps up, gethers the bacon and darts; mammy arter him with the broomstick as fur as the door, but seein’ the dog has got the start, she shakes the stick at him, and hollers, ‘ You sassy aig-sukkin’, roguish, gnatty, flop-eared varmint, take it along, take it along! I only wish ’twas full of a’snic and ox vomit and blue vitrul, so as t’would cut your intrils into chitlins!’ That’s about the way you give Bunch to Simon.”

It was evident to our hero that his father intended he should remain but one more night beneath the paternal roof. What mattered it to Simon?

He went home at night, curried and fed Bunch; whispered confidentially in his ear, that he was the “fastest piece of hoss-flesh, accordin’ to size, that ever shaded the yearth;” and then busied himself in preparing for an early start on the morrow.

SWALLOWING AN OYSTER ALIVE,

A STORY OF ILLINOIS—BY A MISSOURIAN.

We should hate to bet "*Straws*" that J. M. Field, the principal editor of the St. Louis "*Revillé*," was not the writer of the following story. Unlike his late brother "*Poor Mat*"—better known as "*Phazma*"—who recently died at sea, our friend "*Joe*" is full of fun and frolic, and ready to "go at any thing in the ring—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter!" When he became an editor by profession, the stage sustained a material loss. He was indeed one of "the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited." For several years he has been a contributor to the periodical press; but quite recently he has embarked in the enterprise of a new daily journal at St. Louis, which appears to have succeeded almost beyond his hopes. The annexed sketch is "a taste of the quality" of the "*Revillé*" and himself.

AT a late hour, the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker state. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-wolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had

been forced to piece it out with all colours, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal-skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—“isters?”

“Yes, sir,” responded the attentive operator,—“and fine ones they are, too.”

“Well, I’ve heard of isters afore,” says he, “but this is the fust time I’ve seed ’m, and *pre-haps* I’ll know what *thar* made of afore I git out of town.

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate and scrutinized the uncased shell-fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honour to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

“I never seed any thin’ hold on so—takes an amazin’ site of screwin, hoss, to get ’em out, and aint they slick and slip’ry when they does come? Smooth as an eel! I’ve a good mind to “give that feller lodgin’, jist to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about speckalation.”

“Well, sir,” was the reply, “down with two bits. and you can have a dozen.”

“Two bits!” exclaimed the Sucker, “now come that’s stickin’ it on rite strong, hoss, for *isters*. A dozen

on 'em aint nothin' to a chicken, and there's no gettin' more'n a picayune a piece for *them*. I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first ventur' to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're a witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag; "none of your tricks, for I've heard that your city fellers are mity slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset; deliberately put off his seal-skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it *stood* open. Fear—a horrid dread of he didn't know what—a consciousness that all was'nt right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.



“O gracious!—what’ll I do!—it’s got hold of my innards already, and I’m dead as a chicken!—do somethin’ for me, do—don’t let the internal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes.”—Page 85.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend, "the creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added he, in a most hopeless tone.

"Get a pizen pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "O gracious!—what'll I do?—It's got holds of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken!—do somethin' for me, do—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough—the Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired,—

"How are you now old fellow—did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss'—ugh, ugh o-o-o my inards. If that *ister* critter's dyin' agonies didn't stir a 'ruption in me equal to a small arthquake, then 'taint no use sayin' it—it squirmed like a sarpent, when that killin' stuff touched it; hu'—and here with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly

and deliberately remarked, "If you git two chickens from me for that live animal, I'm d—d!" and seizing his seal-skin he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at this finale, would have made a spectator believe that they had all been *swallowing oysters alive*.

A TEXAN JOKER

“IN A TIGHT PLACE.”

Some three or four years since there was a newspaper published in the city of Houston, yecept “The Texas Morning Star.” To the best of our knowledge and belief we have neither seen it nor its editor, but we would walk five miles to shake hands with the writer of the following sketch of “Aquatic Scenery.” As Kendall, the well known co-editor of the New-Orleans “Picayune” was in Texas at the time, making arrangements for the Santa Fe Expedition, we should be willing to take long odds he could tell us somthing about its authorship.

DURING the utmost severity of the late storm we took a lounge down to the steamboat landing. While standing on the brink of a deep gully that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gully, where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combating his fate manfully, and in calculating his chance of escape, gave utterance to the following :—

“Haynt this a orful sitivation to be placed in, nohow? If I vos a steamboat, a rail, or a woodpile, I’d be better worth fifty cents on the dollar than I’ll ever be agin. Unless I’m a gone case now, there haynt no

truth in frenology. I've weighed all the chances now like a ginerol, and find only two that bears in my favour; the first is a skunk-hole to crawl into, and the second a special interspersion of Providence; and the best chance of the two is so slim, if I only had the change, I'd give a premium for the skunk-hole—them's my sentiments. If I could be a mink, a muskrat, or a water snake for about two months, prehaps I wouldn't mount the first stump t'other side of the Bio, and flap my wings, and crow over everlastin' life, scientifically preservated. But what's the use holdin' on this root? there haynt no skunk hole in these 'ere diggings; the water is gitting taller about a feet, and if my nose was as long as kingdom come, it wouldn't stick out much longer. Oh, Jerry! Jerry! you're a gone sucker, and I guess your marm don't know you're out; poor woman! won't she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin' Jerry has got the whole of Bufferlo Bio for his coffin? What a pity 'tis some philanthropis, or member of the humane society, never had foresight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water! If they'd done it in time, they might have had the honour and gratification of saving the life of a feller being; but it's all day with you, Jerry, and a big harbour to cast anchor in. It's too bad to go off in this orful manner, when they knows I ollers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant whiskey. I feel the root givin' way, and since I don't know a prayer, here's a bit of Watts' Doxologer, to prove I died a Christian:—

“ ‘ On the bank where droop’d the willer,
Long time ago.’ ”

Before Jerry got to the conclusion, he was washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that had just started for the steamboat; his eye caught the prospect of deliverance, and he changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of “Heave to! passenger overboard and sinkin’, with a belt full of specie! the man what saves me makes his fortin!” Jerry was fished up by a darkey! and to show his gratitude, invited Quashey “to go up to the doggery and liquor.”

BILLY WARRICK'S

COURTSHIP AND WEDDING,

A STORY OF "THE OLD NORTH STATE"—BY A COUNTY COURT LAWYER.

Within a hundred miles of Fayetteville, North Carolina, resides one of the most eminent members of the bar the "Tar River country" boasts of. Further, of his identity, "this deponent saith not." Those who have lingered over "A Trip to County Court, by a North Carolina Lawyer," which has gone the rounds of the press, will be somewhat surprised to learn that the "Spirit of the Times" was indebted to the same pen for that masterly sketch, and the following amusing story.

CHAPTER I.

WARRICK IN DISTRESS.

PINEY BOTTOM, in Old North State, Jiniary this 4, 1844.

MR. PORTER—SIR :—Bein' in grate distrest, I didn't know what to do, till one of the lawyers councilled me to tell you all about it, and git your apinion. You see I are a bin sparkin' over to one of our nabors a cortin of Miss Barbry Bass, nigh upon these six munse. So t'other nite I puts on my stork that cum up so high that I look'd like our Kurnel paradin of the milertary on Ginral Muster, tryin' to look over old Snap's years—he holds sich a high hed when he knows that he's got on his holdsturs and pistuls and his trowsen and sich

like, for he's a mity proud hoss. I had on a linun shurt koller starched stif that cum up monstrus high rite under my years, so that evry time I turn'd my hed it putty nigh saw'd off my years, and they are so sore that I had to put on sum Gray's intment, which draw'd so hard, that if I hadn't wash'd it in sopesuds I *do* bleve it would a draw'd out my branes. I put on my new briches that is new fashon'd and opens down before, and it tuck me nigh on a quarter of a houre to butten em, and they had straps so tite I could hardly bend my kneas—I had on my new wastecoat and a dicky bus-sam with ruffles on each side, and my white hat. I had to be perticular nice in spittin' my terbaccer juce, for my stork were so high I had to jerk back my head like you have seed one of them Snapjack bugs. Considrin' my wiskurs hadn't grow'd out long enuff, as I were conceety to think that I look'd middlin' *peart*, and my old nigger 'oman Venus said I look'd nice enuff for a Bryde.

It tuck one bale of good coting and six bushils of peese to pay for my close. Dod drot it, it went sorter hard; but when I tho't how putty she *did* look last singin' school day,—with her eyes as blue as indiger, and her teath white as milk, and sich long curlin' hare hangin' clear down to her belt ribbun, and sich butiful rosy cheaks, and lips as red as a cock Red-burd in snow time, and how she squeased my hand when I gin her a oringe that I gin six cents for—I didn't grudge the price.

Mr. Porter—when I got to old Miss Basses bars, jist after nite, sich streaks and cold fits cum over me

worse than a feller with the Buck agur, the furst time he goes to shute at a dear. My kneas got to trimblin', and I could hardly holler "get out" to Miss Basses son Siah's Dog, old Troup, who didn't know me in my new geer, and cum out like all creashun a barkin' amazin'. Ses I to myself, ses I, what a fool you is—and then I thort what Squire Britt's nigger man Tony, who went to town last week, told me about a taler there, who sed that jist as soon he got thru a makin' a sute of close for a member of assembly to go to Rawley in, he 'spected to come out a cortin' of Miss Barbry. This sorter rased my dander—for he's shockin' likely, with black wiskurs 'cept he's nock-nead—with his hare all comded to one side like the Chapel Hill boys and lawyers. Then I went in, and after howdy'ing and shakin' hands, and sorter squeasin' of Barbry's, I sot down. There was old Miss Bass, Barbry and Siah Bass, her brother, a monstrus hand at possums—old Kurnel Hard, a goin to cort and stopp'd short to rite old Miss Basses will, with Squire Britt and one of the nabors to witness it all rite and strate. This kinder shock'd me—till Kurnel Hard, a mighty perlite man, sed ses he, "Mr. Warrick, you are a lookin' oncommon smart." "Yes," ses I, "Kurnel, (a sorter cuttin' my eye at Barbry) middlin' well in body—but in mind"—"Ah, I see," ses he, (cuttin' of my discourse) "I understand that you are"—(Mr. Porter, I forget the Dixonary words he sed—but it were that I were in *love*. If you *could* have seed my face and felt it burne, you *would* a tho't that you had the billyous fever—and as for Barbry, now want she red as a turkey cock's gills—and



“Then she tuck up her pipe and went to smokin’—the way she rowl’d the smoke out was astonishin’.”—Page 93.

she gump'd up and said, "Ma'am," and run outer the room, tho' nobody on yearth that I heerd on called her—and then I heerd Polly Cox—'drot her pictur!—who is hired to weeve—a sniggrin at me. Arter a while, Squire Britt and the nabor went off—and Siah he went a Coonin' of it with his dogs, but driv old Troup back, for he's deth on Rabbits—and old Miss Bass went out, and Kurnal Hard, arter taken a drink outen his cheer box, he got behin' the door and shuck'd himself and got into one of the beds in the fur eend of the room. Arter a while, old Miss Bass cum back, and sot in the chimbly corner and tuck off her shoes—and then tuck up her pipe and went to smokin'—the way she rowl'd the smoke out was astonishin'—and evry now and then she struck her head and sorter gron'd like—what it were at I don't know, 'cept she were bother'd 'bout her consarns—or thinkin' bout her will which she had jist sined. Bimeby Barbry cum back, and sot on a cheer clost by me. She was a workin' of a border that looked mity fine. Ses I, "Miss Barbry, what is that that you're seamstring so plagy putty?" Ses she, "it teent nothin'."—Up hollered old Miss Bass, "Why," ses she, "Mr. Warrick, it's a *nite cap*, and what on the Lord's yearth young peple now a days works and laces and befrils nite caps fur *I* can't tell—it beets me—bedizinin' out their heads when they're gwain to bed, just as if any body but their own peple seed 'em; and there's young men with wiskurs on there upper lip, and briches upenin' before—it want so in my day—but young peple's got no sense—bless the Lord—oh-me"—"Lord mammy," ses Barbry, "do hush." Ses old Miss Bass,

"I shaant—for its the nat'ral truth." I sorter look'd at my briches—and Mr. Porter, I were struck into a heap—for if two of my buttons want loose, so that one could see the eend of my factry homespun shurt! I drap't my handkercher in my lap, and run my hand down and hapen'd to button it putty slick—but it gin me sich a skeer—I shall never ware another pare.

Miss Barbry then begun a talkin' with me 'bout the fashuns, when I were in town, but old Miss Bass broke in, and ses she, "Yes, they tells me that the gals in town has injun rubber things blowed up and ties aroun' there wastes, and makes 'em look bigger behin' than afore—for all the world like an 'oman was sorter in a curous way behind." Thinks I, what's comin' next—when old Miss Bass, knockin' the ashes outer her pipe, gethered up her shuse and went off. Then Barbry blushed and begun talkin' bout the singin' meetin', and kinder teched me up bout bein' fond of sparkin' Dicey Loomis—jist to see how I'd take it. "Well," ses I, "she's bout the likeliest gal in this settlement, and I rekon mity nigh the smartest—they tells me she kin spin more cuts in a day, and card her own rolls, and danse harder and longer, and sing more songs outer the Missunary Harmony, than any gal in the country."—You see Mr. Porter, I thot I'd size her pile. Ses she—sorter poutin' up and jist tossin her head—"If thens your sentiments, why don't you cort her—for my part I knows sevral young ladies that's jist as smart and can sing as many songs—and dance as well—and as for her bein' the prettiest—Laws a Mersy! sher—you shouldn't judge for me sposin' *I* was a man!"

I thot I'd come agin, but was sorter feard of runnin' the thing in the groun'. Then I drawd up my cheer a leetle closer, and were jist about to talk to the spot, when I felt choky, and the trimbles tuck me uncommon astonishin'. Ses Barbry, lookin' rite up in my face, and 'sorter quivrin in her talk—ses she, “Mr. Warrick, goodness gracious, *what does* ale you?” Ses I, hardly abel to talk, “It's that drotted three day agur I cotch'd last fall a clearin' in the new grouns—I raly bleve it will kill me, but it makes no odds,—daddy and mammy is both ded, and I'm the only one of six as is left, and nobody would kear.” Ses she—lookin' rite mornful, and holdin' down her hed—“Billy, *what does* make you talk so?—you auter know that there's one that would kear and greve too.” Ses I, peartin up, “I should like to know if it ar an 'oman—for if its any gal that's spectable and credditable, I could love her like all creashun. Barbry,” ses I, takin of her hand, “aint I many a time, as I sot by the fire at home, all by my lone self, aint I considerd how if I *did* have a good wife how I could work for her, and do all I could for her, and make her pleasant like and happy, and do evry thing for her?” Well, Barbry she look'd up to me, and seemed so mornful and pale, and tears in her sweet eyes, and pretendin' she didn't know I held her hand, that I could not help sayin'—“Barbry, if that sumbody that keard was only *you*, I'd die for you, and be burryd a dozen times.” She trimbl'd, and look'd so pretty, and sed nothin'—I couldn't help kissin' her, and seein' she didn't say “quit,” I kissed her nigh on seven or eight times; and as old Miss Bass had gone to bed, and Kur-

nel Hard was a snorin' away, I want perticillar, and I spose I kissed her too loud, for jist as I kissed her the last time, out hollered old Miss Bass,—

“My lord!—Barbry, old Troup is in the milk-pan!—I heerd him smackin his lips a lickin of the milk. Git out, you old varmint!—git out!” Seein' how the gander hopped, I jumped up, and hollered “Git out, Troup, you old raskel!” and opened the door to make bleve I let him out. As for Barbry, she laffed till she was nigh a bustin' a holdin' in, and run out; and I heerd Kurnel Hardy's bed a shakin' like he had my three day agur. Well, I took tother bed, after havin' to pull my britches over my shuse, for I couldn't unbutten my straps.

Next mornin I got up airly, and Siah axed me to stay to breakfast, but I had to feed an old cow at the free pastur, and left. Jist as I got to the bars, I meets old Miss Bass, and ses she, “Mr. Warrick, next time you see a dog a lickin up milk, don't let him do it loud enuff to wake up evry body in the house—perticerlar when there's a stranger bout.” And Barbry sent me word that she's so shamed that she never kin look me in the face agin, and never to come no more.

Mr. Porter, what shall I do? I feel oncommon sorry and distrest. Do write me. I seed a letter from N. P. Willis tother day in the Nashunal Intelligensur where he sed he nad a hedake on the top of his pen; I've got it at both eends, for my hands is cramped a writin, and my hart akes. Do write me what to do.

No more at pressence, but remane

WM. WARRICK.

CHAPTER II.

WARRICK IN LUCK.

“I’d orfen heerd it said ob late,
 Dat Norf Carolina was de state,
 Whar hansome boys am bound to shine,
 Like Dandy Jim of de Caroline.” Etc.

PINEY BOTTOM, in Old North State, March 21, this 1844.

MR. PORTER,—I rode three mile evry Satterdy to git a letter outer the Post Offis, spectin’ as how you had writ me a anser ; but I spose what with Pineter dogs, and hosses, and Kricket, and Boxin’, and Texas, Trebla, and three Fannys, and Acorns, and Punch in per-ticlar, you hain’t had no time. I’m glad your *Speerit* is revivin’ ; so is mine, and, as the boy sed to his mammy, I hopes to be better acquainted with you.

Well, I got so sick in my speerits and droopy like, that I thot I should ev died stone ded, not seein’ of Barbry for three weeks. So one evenin’ I went down, spectin’ as how old Miss Bass had gone to Sociashun,—for she’s mity religus, and grones shockin’ at prayers—to hear two prechers from the Sanwitch Ilans, where they tells me the peple all goes naked—which is comikil, as factry homespun is cheap, and could afford to kiver themselves at nine cent a yard. When I went in, there sot old Miss Bass and old Miss Collis a-smokin’ and chattin’ amazin’. I *do* think old Miss Collis beats all natur at smokin’.

Old Miss Collis had on her Sundy frock, and had it draw’d up over her kneas to keep from skorchin’, and her pettykoats rased tolerble high as she sot over the

fire to be more comfortabler like, but when she seed me she drop'd 'em down, and arter howd'ying and civerlizin' each other I sot down, but being sorter flusticated like, thinkin' of that skrape, last time I was here, about old Troup lickin' of the milk, and my briches that is open before comin' unbotten'd and showin' the eend of my sheert, I didn't notis perticular where I sot. So I sot down in a cheer where Barbry had throw'd down her work (when she seed me comin' at the bars) and run—and her nedle stuck shockin' in my—into *me*, and made me jump up oncommon and hollered!

I thought old Miss Collis wouder split wide open a laffin', and old Miss Bass like to a busted, and axed my parding for laffin', and I had to give in, but it was laffin' on t'other side, and had to rub the place.

Arter a while we got done—but it looked like I had bad luck, for in sittin' down agin I lik'd to have sot on Barbry's tom cat, which if I had, I shouder bin like Kurnel Zip Coon's wife, who jump'd into a holler log to mash two young panters to deth, and they scratched her so bad she couldn't set down for two munse! I seed this 'ere in a almynack. Old Miss Bass seein' I was bothered, axed me to have a dram, but I thank'd her, no.

Ses she, "Mr. Warrick, you ain't one of the Temprite Siety?"

Ses I, "No, but I hain't got no casion, at presence!"

Ses she, "You is welcome."

Well, we chatted on some time 'bout prechin, and mumps, and the measly oitment, and Tyler gripes, and Miss Collis she broke out and sed—

“I never *did* hear the beat of them Tyler gripes! I have hearn talk of all sorter gripes, and dry gripes, and always thought that the gripes was in the stomic, before now, but bless your soul, Miss Bass, this here gripes is in the hed! I told my old man that no good would come of 'lectin' Tyler, but poor old creeter, he's sorter hard-headed, and got childish, and would do it. O! me? well, we're all got to come to it and leve this world! Bless the Lord! I hope I'm ready!”

And then she struck her hed, and spit out her ter-baccer juce as slick as a Injun.

“That's a fact,” ses old Miss Bass, “you're right, Miss Collis; old men gits uncommon stubborn; a hard, mity hard time, I had with my old man. But he's ded and gone! I hope he's happy!” and they both groaned and shet their eyes, and pucked up their mouths. Ses she—“He got mity rumityys and troubled me powerful, and the old creetur tuck astonishin' of dokter's stuff, and aleckcampane and rose of sublimit—but he went at last! The Lord's will be done!—*Skat!* you stinkin' hussy, and come out of that kibbard!” ses she to the cat—“I *do* think cats is abominable, and that tom-cat of Barbry's is the 'scheviousest cat I ever *did* see!”

Ses Miss Collis, “Cats *is* a pest, but a body can't do well without 'em; the mice would take the house bodily,” ses she; “Miss Bass, they tells me that Dicey Loomis is a-gwyng to be married—her peple was in town last week, and bort a power of things and arty-fishals, and lofe sugar, and ribbuns, and cheese, and sich like!”

"Why," ses Miss Bass, "you don't tell me so! Did I ever hear the beat o' that! Miss Collis, are it a fact!"

"Yes," ses Miss Collis, "it's the nat'ral truth, for brother Bounds tell'd it to me at last class meetin'."

Ses Miss Bass, hollerin' to Barbry in t'other room, "Barbry, do you hear that Dicey Loomis is gwyng to git married? Well! well! it beats me! bless the Lord! I wonder who she's gwyng to git married to, Miss Collis?"

Ses Miss Collis, "Now, child, yure too hard for me; but they do say it's to that Taler from Town. Well, he's a putty man, and had on such a nice dress—'cept he's most too much nock nead, *sich* eyes and *sich* whiskers, and now *don't* he play the fiddle?"

Ses Miss Bass—"Well, Dicey is a middlin' peart gal, but for my part I don't see what the taler seed in *her*."

"Nor I nuther," ses Miss Collis," but she's gwine to do well. I couldn't a sed no if he'd a axed for our Polly."

"Then in comes Barbry, and we how-dy'd and both turned sorter red in the face; and I trimbl'd tolerable and felt agurry. Well, arter we talk'd a spell, all of us, Miss Bass got up and ses she, "Miss Collis I want to show you a nice passel of chickens; our old speckled hen come off with eleven, yisterdy, as nice as ever you *did* see."

Then old Miss Collis riz up, and puttin' her hands on her hips, and stratened like, and ses, right quick—"Laws a massy! my poor back! Drat the rumatics!

It's powerful bad; it's gwyne to rain, I know!—oh, me! me!"—and they both went out. Then Barbry look'd at me so comikal and sed, Billy, I raly *shall* die thinkin' of you and old Troup!" and she throw'd her self back and laffed and laffed; and she look'd so putty and so happy ses I to myself, "Billy Warrick, you must marry that gal and no mistake, or brake a trace!" and I swore to it.

Well, we then talk'd agreeable like, and sorter saft, and both of us war so glad to see one another—till old Miss Bass and Miss Collis come back; and bimeby Miss Collises youngest son come for her, and I helped her at the bars to get up behin' her son, and ses she, "Good bye, Billy! Good luck to you! I know'd your daddy and mammy afore you was born on yerth, and I was the fust one after your granny that had you in the arms—me and Miss Bass *talk'd it over! you'll git a smart, peart, likely gal!* So good bye, Billy!"

Ses I, "Good bye, Miss Collis," and ses I, "Gooly, take good kear of your mammy, my son!" You see I thot I'd be perlite.

Well, when I went back there sot old Miss Bass, and ses she, "Billy! Miss Collis and me is a bin talkin' over you and Barbry, and seein' you are a good karickter and smart, and well to do in the world, and a poor orphin boy, I shan't say *no!* Take her, Billy, and be good to her, and God bless you, my son, for I'm all the mammy you've got!" so she kiss'd me, and ses she, "now kiss Barbry. We've talk'd it over, and leave us now for a spell, for it's hard to give up my child!" So I kiss'd Barbry and left.

The way I rode home was oncommon peart, and my old mare pranced and was like the man in skriptur who "waxed fat and kickd," and I hurried home to tell old Venus, and to put up three shotes and some turkies to fatten for the innfare. Mr. Porter, it's to be the third Wensday in next month, and Barbry sends you a ticket—and if it's a boy, I shall name it arter you—hopin' you will put it in your paper—that is, the weddin'.

So wishin' you a heap of subskribers, I remane in good helth and speerits at presence.

Your Friend,

WM. WARRICK.

CHAPTER III.

WARRICK'S WEDDING.

Described in a letter by an "old flame" of his.

To Miss Polly Stroud, nigh Noxvil in the State of Tennysee, clost by where the French Broad and Holsin jines,

Piney Bottom, this July 9, of 1844.

Miss Polly Stroud—dere maddam.—I now take my pen in hand of the presence oppertunity to let you know how we are all well, but I am purry in sperits hopin this few lines may find you the same by gods mercy as I have been so mortyfide I could cry my eyes out bodily. Bill Warrick, yes Bill Warrick, is married to Barbry Bass! I seed it done—a mean triflin, deceevinist creetur—but never mind—Didnt I know him when we went to old field skool—a little raggid orflin Boy, with nobody to patch his close torn behin a makin of a dicky-dicky-dout of himself—cause his old nigger oman

Venus was too lazy to mend em? Didnt I know him when he couldnt make a pot hook or a hanger in his copy book to save his life, as for makin of a S he always put it tother way, jist so g backwards. And then to say I were too old for him and that he always conceited I was a sort of a sister to him! O Polly Stroud, he is *so* likely, perticular when he is dressed up of a Sunday or a frolick—and what is worser his wife is prutty too, tho I dont acknowlige it here. Only too, think how I doated on him, how I used to save bosim blossoms for him, which some people call sweet sentid shrubs—and how I used to put my hand in an pull them out for him, and how I used to blush when he sed they was sweeter for comin from where they did? Who went blackberryin and huckleberryin with me? who always rode to preechun with me and helped me on the hos? who made Pokebery stains in dimons and squares and circles and harts and so on at quiltins for me?—and talkin of Poke—I do hope to fathers above that Poke will beat Clay jist to spite Bill, for he is a rank distracted Whig and secreterry to the Clay Club—who always threaded my nedle and has kissed me in perticler, in playin of kneelin to the wittyist, bowin to the puttyist, and kissin of them you love best, and playin Sister Feebe, and Oats, Peas-Beans and Barly grows—at least one hundred times? Who wated as candil holder with me at Tim Bolins weddin, and sed he knowd one in the room hed heap rather marry, and looked at me so uncommon, and his eyes so blue that I felt my face burn for a quarter of a hour? who I *do* say was it but Bili Warrick—yes, and a heap more. If I havent a grate

mind to sue him, and would do it, if it wasnt I am feared hed show a Voluntine I writ to him Feberary a year ago. He orter be exposed, for if ever he is a widderer hell fool somebody else the same way he did me. Its a burnin shame, I could hardly hold my head up at the weddin. If I hadnt of bin so mad and too proude to let him see it I could of cried severe.

Well, it was a nice weddin—sich ice cakes and minicles and rasins and oringis and hams, flour doins and chickin fixins, and four oncommon fattest big goblers rosted I ever seed. The Bryde was dressed in a white muslin figgured over a pink satin pettycote, with white gloves and satin shoes, and her hair a curlin down with a little rose in it, and a chain aroun her neck. I dont know whether it was raal gool or plated. She looked butiful, and Bill did look nice, and all the candydates and two preechers and Col. Hard was there, and Bills niggers, the likeliest nine of them you ever looked at, and when I did look at em and think, I raly thought I should or broke my heart. Well, sich kissin—several of the gals sed that there faces burnt like fire, for one of the preechers and Col. Hard wosnt shaved clost.

Bimeby I was a sittin leanin back, and Bill he come behin me and sorter jerked me back, and skeared me powerful for fear I was fallin backwards, and I skreamed and kicked up my feet before to ketch like, and if I hadnt a had on pantalets I reckon somebody would of knowd whether I gartered above my knees or not. We had a right good laff on old Parson Brown as he got through a marryin of em—says he, “I pronounce you, William Warrick and Barbry Bass. man and oman,”

—he did look so when we luffed, and he rite quick sed —“man and wife—salute your Bryde,” and Bill looked horrid red, and Barbry trimbled and blushed astonishin severe.

Well, its all over, but I dont keer—theres as good fish in the sea as ever come outen it. Im not poor for the likes of Bill Warrick, havin now three sparks, and one of them from Town, whose got a good grocery and leads the Quire at church outer the Suthern Harmony, the Missonry Harmony is gone outer fashion.

Unkle Ben's oldest gal Suky is gwine to marry a Virginny tobacker roler, named Saint George Drummon, and he says he is a kin to Jack Randolf and Pokerhuntas, who they is the Lord knows. Our Jack got his finger cut with a steal trap catchin of a koon for a Clay Club, and the boys is down on a tar raft, and ole Miss Collis and mammy is powerful rumatic, and the measly complaint is amazin. I jist heard you have got two twins agin—that limestone water must be astonishin curyous in its affects. What is the fashuns in Tenysee, the biggist sort of Bishups is the go here. My love to your old man, your friend.

NANCY GUITON.

Old Miss Collis and mammy is jist come home. Betsy Bolin is jist had a fine son and they say she is a doin as well as could be expected, and the huckleberry crop is short on account of the drouth.

A BULLY BOAT AND A BRAG CAPTAIN.

A STORY OF STEAMBOAT LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI—BY SOL. SMITH.

One of the oldest and assuredly one of the best correspondents the "Spirit of the Times" ever boasted of, is the writer of the story which follows. "Old Sol," as he is familiarly termed, has been, in the course of his eventful life, "every thing by turns," but unlike many "a Jack of all trades" he is really "good at anything." As editor, manager, preacher, or lawyer, he has not only commanded success but deserved it. For many years he has been associated with Mr. Ludlow in the management of the Mobile, New Orleans, and St. Louis theatres. Within a few weeks he has been admitted to practice as an attorney and counsellor at law "in all the Courts of the state of Missouri." We will only add that we wish him in *brief*, lots of practice.

DOES any one remember the Caravan? She was what would now be considered a slow boat;—*then* [1827] she was regularly advertised as the "fast running," etc. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the Caravan ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the Falls, (Louisville,) I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a *time* of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The Captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the *game of brag*.* We had been out a little more than five days, and we were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and night coming on. The pilot on duty *above*, (the other pilot held three aces at the time, and was just calling out the Captain, who "went it strong" on three kings,) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy Captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was *below*, and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck, where he soon discovered, by the landmarks, that we were about half a mile from a wood-yard, which he said was situated "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the Captain, "I don't much like to take wood of the yellow-faced old scoundrel who owns it—he always charges a quarter of a dollar more than any one else; however, there's no other chance." The boat was pushed to her utmost, and, in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made the point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees, alongside of a good-sized wood-pile.

"Hollo, Colonel! how d'ye sell your wood *this* time?"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two weeks' beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his arm-pits a pair of copperas-coloured linsey-woolsey pants, the

* It must be recollected, that the incidents here related, took place seventeen years ago. Within the last ten years, although I have travelled on hundreds of boats, *I have not seen an officer of a boat play a card.*

legs of which reached a very little below the knee; shoes without stockings; a faded, broad-brimmed hat, which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth—casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat, and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our “spring line,” answered,

“Why, Capting, we must charge you *three and a quarter THIS time.*”

“The d—l!” replied the Captain—(Captains did swear a little in those days) “what’s the odd *quarter* for, I should like to know? You only charged me *three* as I went down.”

“Why, Capting,” drawled out the wood-merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance, which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold, “wood’s riz since you went down two weeks ago; besides, you are awar that you very seldom stop going *down*;—when you’re going *up*, you’re sometimes obleeged to give me a call, becaze the current’s aginst you, and there’s no other wood-yard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of foel, why”—

“Well, well,” interrupted the Captain, “we’ll take a few cords, under the circumstances”—and he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour we felt the Caravan commence paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag-table, where the Captain was deeply engaged, having now the *other* pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly—and seemed to be going at a good rate.

“How does that wood burn?” inquired the Captain of the mate, who was looking on at the game.

“’Tisn’t of much account, I reckon,” answered the mate—“it’s cotton-wood, and most of it green at that.”

“Well, Thompson—(three aces, again, stranger—I’ll take that X and the small change, if you please—it’s your deal)—Thompson, I say, we’d better take three or four cords at the next wood-yard—it can’t be more than six miles from here—(two aces and a bragger, with the age! hand over those V’s.)”

The game went on and the paddles kept moving. At 11 o’clock, it was reported to the Captain that we were nearing the wood-yard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot on duty.

“Head her in shore, then, and take in six cords, if it’s good—see to it, Thompson, I can’t very well leave the game now—it’s getting right warm! This pilot’s beating us all to smash.”

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The Captain seemed somewhat vexed, when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last wood-yard—*three and a quarter*; but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there was no state-rooms *then*) I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the Captain and the pilots, (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag,) *one* of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their “*anties*.” They were anxious to *learn the game*

—and they *did* learn it! Once in awhile, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the Captain *or* pilot—or if they *did* venture to “call out” on “two bullits and a bragger,” they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and were *more venerable!* Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing—they wanted to learn the game.

At 2 o'clock, the Captain asked the mate how we were getting on?

“Oh, pretty glibly, sir,” replied the mate, “we can scarcely tell what headway we *are* making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. This wood seems rather better than that we took in at old yellow-face's, but we're nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just ahead on the right—shall we hail?”

“Yes, yes,” replied the Captain, “ring the bell and ask 'em what's the price of wood up here?—I've got you again; here's double kings.”

I heard the bell and the pilot's hail: “What's *your* price for wood?”

A youthful voice on the shore answered: “Three *and* a quarter!”

“D—n it!” ejaculated the Captain, who had just lost the price of two cords to the pilot—the strangers suffering *some* at the same time—“Three and a quarter again! Are we *never* to get to a cheaper country? deal, sir, if you please—better luck next time.” The other pilot's voice was again heard on deck—

“How much *have* you?”

“Only about ten cords, sir,” was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The Captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight—and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the Caravan again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag-party broke up, and settlements were being made, during which operation the Captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and *would* have made many more, if he could have procured good wood. It appears the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The Captain, as he rose to see about taking in some *good* wood, which he felt sure of obtaining, now he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot, with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an under-tone,—“Forty a-piece for you and I and James (the other pilot) is not bad for one night.”

I had risen, and went out with the Captain, to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards—so I was disappointed in *my* expectation. We were nearing the shore for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being invisible from the middle of the river.

“There it is!” exclaimed the Captain, “stop her!”

—Ding—ding—ding! went the big bell, and the Captain hailed:

Hollo! the wood-yard!"

"Hollo yourself!" answered a squeaking female voice, which came from a woman with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

"What's the price of wood?"

"I think you ought to know the price by this time," answered the old lady in the petticoat—"it's three and a qua-a-rter! and now you know it."

"Three and the d—l!" broke in the Captain—what, have you raised on *your* wood too! I'll give you *three*, and not a cent more."

"Well," replied the petticoat, "here comes the old man—he'll talk to you."

And, sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copperas-coloured pants, yellow countenance and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cotton-wood squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance;

"Why darn it all, Capting, there is but three or four cords left, and *since it's you*, I don't care if I *do* let you have it for *three—as you're a good customer!*"

After a quick glance at the landmarks around, the Captain bolted, and turned in to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it some time since—that *we had been wooding all night at the same wood-yard!*

LETTER

FROM BILLY PATTERSON HIMSELF.

“Who hit Billy Patterson?”

The following letter gives the very latest intelligence of the whereabouts and “condition” of Mr. William Patterson—an individual whose fame is as imperishable as that of “The Man with the Claret-coloured Coat,” so renowned as the assailant of the New York Arsenal, and “My son George and the Carpenter.” Mr. Patterson is the individual who was so brutally assaulted some time ago, and it will be seen that in the following letter (addressed to the New Orleans “Republican”) he feelingly and delicately alludes to that “vilent blo reseaved long sense by some anonymus person.” It may be proper to state, by way of explanation of the cause which has brought Mr. Patterson himself before the public, over his own signature, that there has lately been a great excitement at New Orleans about a *Witch*, who, it is alleged, has been seen thereabouts, meditating mischief.

N. orleans jun 7.

RE SPEXTID SUR.—Owen to a vilent blo reseaved long sense by some anonymus person, by witch roomatiz tuk place in the epygastrum and the hoptic nurve was hyly diskolor'd, comin nigh to subjectin yores truly to a Panefull post mortum opperrashun and a vilent hurtopsey—i was kumpelled to 4 go a mixture with Publik effares and konfine myself to Silense and Diet on less i Wanted to make a Die of it—to yuse a vulgerism. I now ressom the pen so's to nudge the Publik mind on a Grave preposition. Here it Is. Ken

witchkraft flurrish in an intelligent age? I holed the convurs of the fact but some Go it Strong on the opper-sition, and they sa that the witch witch was taken Up down in the Furst was a Boner fidey sprigg of the old Boy himself. Now sais i wares yure prufe. Ken enny body ride a Steepel chase on a brume Handel ceptin the flyin Bird man, and *He* coudent. Wos evur enny wun knone to jump out of thare Skin, as roomer ses this witch did, ceptin a poor man that had a fortin left to Him, witch Dont komonly happen.

Agin they say this witch went into the worter, wareas we all Kno that witches hate worter like Pizen and never so much as wosh theirselves, and the Salem fokes went so fur as to souse em in the Hoss pond when tha was suspected of puttin the devil into thare naburs ship and lams, witch went agin thar feelins wuss than Enny thing tha could do to em. So the worter bizness went Go down no more than twill down a drunkerds throte. Now conollogy tells us that witchcraft has been nocked into a cock'd Hat ever sense the time of old King Joemes of England, and Krumwill. McBeth upset their pot of potaturs for em in the Woods wun day as Billy Shakes Pear tells us, for witch tha turned round and give him pertikler jessy; but littery men knoes that wos a licens of Potry and no sitch thing—more Over didn't the Wizerd of the noth, old Walter Skott, who had a Feller feelin with the witches, rite a book to kwyit em. Tha *aint* no witches—that's the way to tell it!

But wots a Staggerer is this here clearviants and seein thru stun Wolls wen a man's in a Stait of Sum-

numberlism—aint it the Dooty of the orthoryties to Sea weather thare aint No witcherry in that. Wy aint Mr. Bonnyvilly, Mr. Webbster, and Mr. Bontown, and all the other gentlemen that goes it strong on wusser canticoes than ever the witches Did, why aint they, i repit, horld over the Coles. Wy dont the lor Do its Dooty without fear or affexshun, and knot make a Silk puss of wun and a sows ere of tother. But mebbly it will be kontended that our Statties haint no claws agin wizerds, but if pullin a stubborn Snag out of a man's jor and he not knoin its out aint wuth sich a claws, then tare me off and Burn me ! thay'll be Nock in a man's Hed off wile in a Mag Nettick state and plasterin it on agin afore he's brot to, bim by, and wuns ennymis will mes-mureys Him stock still in the streat when he darts Out in a hurre to pa a Note in the bank, and thare will be no End to the misschif that will B en Tailed. i sa them's em—tha ort to be sket Up and med to kwit puttin spells and witch gammon on the kommunity.

paper bein out, No more til a futur peariod. I re-mane yures with a rakkin pane in the sholder witch i hev ben trubbled with Ever sence my Ruffinly a salt

W. PATTERSON.

A SWIM FOR A DEER.

A MISSISSIPPI STORY—BY THE “TURKEY RUNNER.”

Like “N. of Arkansas,” Thorpe, Noland, Winslow, McClure, Ainsworth, and others, the writer of the following sketch made his debut before the world of letters in the New-York “Spirit of the Times.” He is nearly connected with a late governor of one of the principal cotton-growing states; and under the signature of “The Turkey Runner,”* his original sketches of life and manners in the south-west have made him a formidable rival of the author of “Tom Owen the Bee Hunter.” His two favourite characters, who figure in almost all his hunting stories, are “Jim” and “Chunkey.” The latter, poor fellow, is now no more, having died very suddenly, recently, in his thirty-fifth year, at the plantation of ex-governor McNutt, in Mississippi. His name was James W. Wofford. He is said to have been a warm-hearted, generous and inoffensive man, and a keen sportsman. His only faults grew out of his social disposition; but he possessed so many virtues and good qualities, that the wide circle of his acquaintance could have better spared a better man. In the following story Jim recounts to the writer a hunting incident, in which

* In the barren lands of the South, during the autumn, from the falling nut and ripening berry the turkeys not unfrequently become so fat as to be unable to fly any distance; it is then the “Turkey Runner,” who is also a bee and still hunter, sallies forth in quest of a drove, from which he selects some master spirit, and flushes him—he very leisurely follows, desirous of tiring him by his flights until he is unable longer to fly; then the turkey runner lets out and exhibits a turn of speed astonishing—to the turkey. This is continued until he secures as many as he wants, when he makes for the nearest creek or spring branch—when, after quenching his thirst, he watches for the honey-bee, takes his “bee line,” and follows for half a mile, examining critically every tree until he detects the swarm issuing from some knot or gnarled trunk, then returns and tries for another, or seeks his cabin, as inclination prompts.

Chunkey and himself took part. They were both employed by Governor McNutt on a remote plantation of his on the Sunflower river, in a perfect wilderness. Here the events related below occurred.

“YES, Capting, they war *lower*, I tell *you*—why, God bless your soul, honey, they war not only powerful thick, but some on ’em war as big as common-sized horses, I *do* reckon; ’cause why, nobody ever had hunted ’em, you see. In the winter time the overflow, and in the summer time the lakes and snakes, bayous and alligators, musketoos and gallinippers, buffalo gnats and sand flies, with a small sprinkle of the agur and a *perfect cord* of congestive, prevented the Ingins from gwine through the country! Oh no; the red skins would rather hunt the fat turkey and deer in the Azoo hills and pine lands t’other side of the Pearl river, to killin’ fat bar on the Creek or Sunflower.”

“Well, Jim, I think they were right; you must then have been among the first hunters in the country.”

“Yes, I *do* reckon when I first went into that country, from the Azoo Hills to the Mississippi, there never had been but *mighty few* hunters. Why thar ar places thar now whar the deer ar tame as sheep, and whar the bar don’t care a dam for *nobody*! Fact! ask Chunkey!”

“That is very remarkable; what is the cause!”

“’Cause they’ve never been hunted; no, sir; never hearn the crack of a rifle nor the yelp of a dog; why thar ar more nor a hundred lakes and brakes in them diggins, that hain’t never been pressed by no mortal ’ceptin’ varmints. You know more nor half the country is overflowed in the winter, and t’other half, which

is a darned sight the biggest, is covered with cane, palmetto and other fixins ;—why it stands to reason, and in course no man ever *had* hunted 'em.—Why, sir, when I first went to the Creek"—

“Let the Creek run, Jim ; tell us about the bear !”

“Well, sir, the bar war *very* promiscuous indeed, and some of the old hees war mighty mellifluous, I tell *you*. I had no sens about bar *then*, but thar warn't no cabin or camp in the whole settlement, and in course I soon larnt thar natur 'by livin' 'mongst 'em. A bar, Capting, an old *he* bar, ain't no candidate or other good-natured greenhorn to stand gougin' and treating. Oh no, *he* ain't, but he's as ramstugenous an animal as a log-cabin loafer in the dog days, jist about, and if a stranger fools with him he'll get sarved like that white gal what come into my settlement.”

“How was that, Jim?”

“Why *perfectly* ruinated, as Buck Brien says.”

“You don't mean to say Jim, that you”——

“Yes, dam'd if I diddent. Ask Chunkey, or”——

“Oh, I am satisfied with the girl. Go on with the bear.”

“Well, let's licker—(after drinking)—a bar is a *consaity* animal, but as far as his sens do go he's about as smart as any other animal ; arter that, the balance is clear fat and fool. I have lived 'mongst 'em, and know ther natur. I have killed as many as seven in a day, and *smartly* to the rise of sixty in a season. Arter I'd been on the Creek about two months, *up* comes the Governor *and* Chunkey ; the Governor 'tended like he wanted to see how I come on with the clearin' ; but

sir, he were arter a spree, and I knoe'd it, or *why* did he bring Chunkey? Every thing looked *mighty* well; the negers looked fat and slick as old Belcher in catfish season. I'd done cut more nor two hundred acres of cane, and had the rails on the ground. I'd done"—

"Come, Jim, keep the track!"

"Well, Capting, they war mighty savagerous arter likker; they'd been fightin' the stranger* mighty comin' up, and war perfectly wolfish arter some har of the dog, and dam'd the drop did I have; so I started two negers with mules and jugs to the pint (Princeton, Washington county,) and the ox team arter a barrel. Well, sir, the day arter, the jugs come, and we *darted* on 'em, (giving a sigh) but lord, what war two jugs in *sich* a crowd? They jist kept Chunkey from dyin', as he was so dry he had the rattles; next day the barrel come, and then we *krack*-ovienned up to it in airnest. You know what kind of man Chunkey is when he gits started—if he commences talkin', singin', or whistlin', no matter which, you'd jist as well try and stop the Mississippi as him. Why I've knoed him to whistle three days and three nights on a stretch,—the Governor couldnt eat nor drink for Chunkey's whistlin', and at last he gits mad, and that's the last thing he does with any body what *he* likes, and, says he to Chunkey—

"'Chunkey, you have kept me awake two nights a whistlin, and you must stop it to night, or *you* or *me* must quit the plantation.'"

* A barrel of whiskey is called a "stranger," from the fact that it is brought from a distance, there being none made in the country.

“ ‘Chunkey said, ‘Governor I don’t want to put you to no trouble, but I *can’t* stop in the middle of a chune, and as you have known the plantation longer than me, I expect you can leave it with lest trouble.’

“The Governor jist roar’d, and gin Chunkey a new gun and” —

“Stop, Jim, you have forgot the bear.”

“Well, whar was I, Captin’—oh, I remember, now! Well, when the barrel come we *did* lumber; Chunkey he soon commenced singin’, and I to thinkin’ about that white gal. We went on that way nigh a week, and then cooled off. One mornin’, I and Chunkey had gone down to the creek to git a bait of water, and I knoed the bar would be thar, as it war waterin’ time with them.”

“Why Jim, have they a particuar time to water?”

“In course they has; they come to water at a certain place, and jist as reglar as a parson to his eatin’; every bar has his waterin’ place, and he comes and goes in the same path and in *the same foot tracks*, always, until he moves his settlement: and jist you break a cane, or limb, or move a chunk or stick near his trail, and see how quick he’ll move his cabin! Oh yes, a bar is mighty particuar about sich things—that’s his *sens*—that’s his *trap* to find out if you are in his settlement. Why, Captin’, I have watched ’em” —

“Jim, you have left yourself and Chunkey on the bank of the creek, ‘a waterin’.’ Are you going to stay there?”

“Well, we set down on the bank and took our stand opposite the *biggest kind* of sign, and sure enough, pre-

sently *down* he come ; a bar don't lap water like a dog ; no, they sucks it like a hog. You jist ought to see him rais his nose and smell the wind. Well, he seed us, and with that he *ris!* He war a whopper, I *tell you!* He looked like a big burn, and he throw'd them arms about awful, honey. It war about one hundred and twenty yards to him, but I knoed he were *my* meat without an accident, so I let drive, and he took the creek—then out he went and scampered up the bank *mighty quick*, and then sich a ratlin' among cane, sich a growlin' and snortin', sich a breakin' of saplins and vines, I reckon you never *did* hear ! I knoed, in course, I had him. I throwed a log in and paddled across—found his trail, and lots of har and fat, but no blood !”

“That was very strange, Jim ; how did you account for that ?”

“Why he were too fat to bleed ! Oh, you think I am foolin' you, but you ask Chunkey. It is frequently the case. I follered his trail about a quarter and a half a quarter, and *thar* he lay ; so I jist hollered to Chunkey to git two negers and a yoke of steers to take him to the house. How much do you reckon he weighed ?”

“I have no idea, Jim.”

“Now, sir, he weighed, without head, skin, or entrails, four hundred and ninety-three pounds, and his head sixty pounds ! You don't believe me ! Well, just ask Chunkey if I haint killed 'em smartly over seven hundred pounds ! Killin' him sorter got my blood up, and I determined to have another. Chunkey had been jerkin' it to the licker gourd mighty smart, and was jest right. ‘Chunkey,’ says I, ‘let's gin it to another’”

‘ Good as ——,’ says Chunkey. ‘ Who cars for expenses? a hundred dollar bill aint no more in my pocket nor a cord of wood!’ With that we started down to the Bend; we haddent been thar long when *in* comes an old buck; he was a smasher; and one horn were broke off. I telled Chunkey now’s his time, as I skorn’d to toch him arter killin’ a bar. Chunkey lathered away, and *ca chunk!* he went into the creek; he then gin him a turn with t’other barrel; the buck wabbled about a time or two and sunk, jist at the head of the little raft at the lower end of the clearin’. I know’d he’d lodged agin the drift, and determined to have him, and if you’ll believe me, I’d been workin’ at the gourd since I’d killed the bar. I pulled off my coat and jest throwed myself in; I swimd out to the place and *div*—you know the current are might rapid thar. Well, I found him, yes, —— if I diddent. But, Moses! warn’t I in a tight place *that* time? Well, I reckon I were. I’d been willin’ to fite the biggest *he* on the creek, and gin him the fust bite, to have been out!”

“ Why, Jim, what was the matter?”

“ Arter I’d got in, I couldent get out—*that* was the matter! You see the drift were a homogification of old cyprus logs, vines, and drift-wood of evry description, for nigh three hundred yards long, and the creek runs under thar like it was arter somebody; the trees and vines, and prognostics of all sorts, ar sorter rit together like a sock, and you couldent begin to get through ’em. Well, Captin, I thought my time had come, and I knowed it war for killin’ that cub what I tel’cd you about. And, sir, it would have come if it haddent been

for the sorritude I felt arterwards. You see, the young cub was standin' in the corner of the fence eatin' roastin' ears, and I was goin' to the'—

“But, Jim, you have told that once, and I don't want to hear it again.”

“Well, I tried to rise, but I'd as well tried to rise down'ard. I then tried to swim up 'bove the raft, but I found from the way the logs and vines ware tearin' the extras off me, that I were goin' further under, and I was gettin' out of wind very fast. I knowed thar was but one chance, and that was *to go clean through!* So I busted loose and set my paddles to goin' mightily; presently my head bumped agin the drift! I div agin, and kept my paddles a lumberin'! Chunk! my head went agin a log, and then I knowed the thing were *irrefrangably out*, but I div agin, still workin' on my oars smartly, until I hung agin! ‘Good bye, Chunkey!—farewell, Governor,’ says I. But, Capting, I were all the time tryin' to do *something*. Things had begun to look speckled, green, and then *omniferous*; but findin' I were not gone yet, by the way I were kickin' and pawin', and knowin' I were goin' *somewhere*, and expectin' to the devil, there aint *no* tellin' how long or powerful I *did* work! The fust thing I recollect arter that, was gittin' a mouthful of wind! *Fact!* I'd done, gone clean through, and were hangin' on to a tree below the raft! But, sir, I were *mighty* weak, and couldent tell a stump from an old he, and 'spected smartly for some time that I were in the yother world, and commenced an excuse for comin' so onexpectedly! However, presently I got sorter right, and when I

found I were safe, I reckon you never *did* see a man feel so *unanimous* in your life, and I made the water fly for joy."

"Well, Jim, what had become of Chunkey! He did not leave you!"

"Yes, — if he diddnt! He'd commenced gittin' dry afore he shot the deer; and when Chunkey wants a drink, if his daddy was drounin', Chunkey would go to the licker gourd afore he'd go to his daddy. I went to the house, and *thar* he was settin' at the table, jist a rattlin' his teeth agin the bar's ribs; the greese war runnin' off his chin; he held a tin cup in one hand 'bout half full of licker; his head were sorter throwd back; he was breathin' sorter hard, his eye set on the Governor, humpin' himself on politics. 'Dam the specie kurrency,' says Chunkey, 'it aint no account, and I'm agin it. When we had good times, I drank five-dollar-a-gallon brandy, and had pockets full of money.' 'But,' says the Governor, 'you bought the brandy on a credit, and never paid for it!' 'What's the difference?' asks Chunkey! 'Them what I bought it from never paid for it; they bought it on a credit from them fureigners, and never paid for it, and them fureigners, you say, are a pack of scoundrels, and I go in for ruinin' 'em, so far as good licker is concerned.' 'You are drunk,' says the Governor, and then — but, Captin', you look sleepy; let's licker and go to bed."

"No, I am not sleepy, Jim."

"Well, then, I'll tell you how I sarved Chunkey for leavin' me under the raft. Moses! diddnt I pay him back? Did I ever tell you 'bout takin' Chunkey out on

Sky Lake, makin' him drunk, takin' his gun and knife away from him, and a puttin' him to sleep in a panter's nest?"

"No, you never did; but was you not apprehensive they would kill him?"

"Apple—hell! No! If they'd commenced bitin' Chunkey, they'd have been loosed, as that's a game Chunkey *invented!* But here he comes; and if you mention it afore him, it puts the devil in him. Let's licker."

[The story of how Jim "sarved Chunkey" follows.]

“Er—a—hoo!——”

“Wy, it’s *you*—yerself,” continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously—“and yer’ve made noise enough to skeer the divil, or stop a camp-meet’n!”

As he placed his hand upon the snorer’s breast, a sudden “*whoof!*” escaped him, and the Yankee could bear no more!

“Help, yere!”

“Pshe—eu!”—said the snorer.

“*Do!*”

“Ah—shwoo——”

“For God’s sake!”

“Hup——kir——”

“Cap’n—help—*yere!* The man’s a dyin’—I say, *Mister!*—Murder!—help!”

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned over suddenly upon his side, and the effect awakened him.

“What’s the row, neighbour?” he inquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a light.

“*Raow?* Thunder and lightnin’!—ain’t yer dead yit! Wal, I reck’n you’re *one* uv ’em, stranger! Mishigan thunder’s a fool to *yur’e* snorin’—by grashus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to-night, cuss *my* pictur!” he added—and, in spite of all the captain’s assurances, he went out upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he landed—and, as he parted with the captain, he declared that he had “heern powerful thunder in his time, but that chap’s snoring beat *all* the high-pressures he *ever* heerd—jest as easy as open and shet!”

“WOBOT BARWYMAW.”

AN ELECTION-DAY SCENE, IN BOSTON.

THE annual election for city officials occurred in the good city of Boston, on Monday. There were no less than ‘six Richmonds in the field,’ on this occasion, and the prospect appeared promising—at noon—that before sunset, a Mayor and Common Council would be elected for the current political year, provided they didn’t miss it. If not instructive, it was at least amusing to be present an hour at the polls. Take an example.

A quiet-looking, decent enough kind of man approaches the door of one of the Ward rooms. He is clumsily dressed, it is true, and is evidently a stranger in these parts. His antiquated suit and apparent innocence of the existence of such an article of wearing apparel as a pair of boots—his long-tailed and longer-sleeved ‘blue,’ his low-crowned ‘felt’—all indicated plainly that he wasn’t ‘bred in the town.’ He sees the crowd and steps over the way. Some half-a-score of worthies are watching him, and a rush is made as he arrives near the door.

“*Fresh* water ticket, sir?” bawls a vote distributor, in a greasy coat and slouched hat, who looks for all the world as if he hadn’t been within hailing distance of any water—fresh or foul—for a quarter of a century.

“*Cold* water ticket, sir?” inquires a one-eyed man, who sports a particularly red nose below it.

"Agreed," says I, and then we bulged. Capting, youv'e hearn Jem say he's hard of hearin'? Well, he is, sometimes, 'specially when he don't want to hear; but *that* mornin' he was wide awake all over, and could have hearn an old he grunt in a thunder storm! "I'll carry the horn, Chunkey; if you blow I can't hear you, and when I want you I'll blow, and you can."

I dident 'spect anything then, but you'll see.

Well, we had our big guns, them the Governor gin us; they throw twelve to the pound, and war made by that man what lives in Louisville—what's his name? He promised to send me a deer gun gratis for two young panthers, but he aint done it. Jem's gun were in bar order that mornin', and if you'd jest say *varmint*, above your breath, *click* it would go, cockin' itself. We haddint crossed the creek two hundred yards afore yelp, yelp, went old Rambler. "Cuss them dogs!" says Jem, "that's a deer?" Big Solomon went to examin' the sign. "No it aint, massa Jem—it's a panter *sure!*—look at her long foot and sharp nail, and see hear whar he's been ridin' pigs! Cuss his saiful countenance!" "Its a wolf," says Jem, "or a dog! Run down to the hossin-gum tree, Chunkey, and I'll go to the Cypress crossin' log; he's bound to go one way or the yether, to git out." Well, I husseled off to the hossin-gum and Jem to the foot log, and afore we got to our stands the dogs had him gwine like a streak; away he went down to the Pint, and I knowed that's no place for him, and presently I heard 'em comin' back—nearer and nearer—here they is!—don't they make the snow fly, and jest look at him! Look at them yaller eyes!—

them ears laid back, and them meat hooks a shinin'! Aint he stretchin' himself? Aint them dogs talkin' to him with "tears in their eyes!" Yes they is, hoss, and now I'll git him!—*Bang!* Oh, dam you! you've got it! I *know* you is! you aint shakin' that tail for nothin'! Yes, thar's blood on the snow! But aint he "gittin' out de way?" "Never mind; them dogs will suck him afore he's much older, and if they don't Jem's yager will"——*Bang*, went Jem's gun, and then all were still. "Howdy, wolf! how do you rise," says I, and started. When I got up Jem were shakin him. He were a smasher, but too full to run.

Arter lickerin and cussin a spell, we took a "bee line" for Sky Lake. Goin along we lickered freely, and arter awhile Jem said, "Chunkey, I can slash you, shootin at that knot?" "Well, I reckon you can, Jem," says I, but *you* know he couldent, Captin'. I wouldent shoot cause we hadent any ammunition to spare. "Keep them dogs in, and break for the Forkin-Cypress, Sol," says I, "and make a cain camp; and Sol, do you hear, jest let them dogs loose, and I'll swaller you, wrong end foremost!" "Massa Chunkey *is* risin," said Sol, and then he busted.

Lots of deer war 'tinally passin; some on 'em stood feedin jist as careless as a loafer with a full belly—they kno'ed they war safe. The day was mighty clear and yaller; it warn't very cold, but still the snow diddent melt, but floated sorter like turkey feathers in the wind, and in the tall cane it fell round us like a fog. When we got to the Forkin-Cypress, Sol soon had a camp-done, and I and Jem started to look for sign.

We haddent been gone long when I hearn Jem's horn, and made to him; thar war a sign at the foot of a tree, and *thar* was his track in the snow. "Shall we nail him, Chunkey?" "*In course,*" says I. Well, he hollered to Sol to turn the dogs loose, and *hear* they come; they jest fell onto the trail like a starved dog on a bloody bone. They circled about among the switch-cane and priscimmon bushes a long time afore they could make it out. Presently I hearn 'em give some short licks, and I knowed he war up. "Thar's a cry for you!" Away they go, further and further; presently you can jest hear 'em, and then they are clean gone. I hearn Jem shoutin awhile, and then *his* mouth is lost too. I started on, spectin to meet em comin back, and in about an hour I hearn Jem's voice—*who-whoop*. "Ah, *bar,*" says I "whar's your friends?" I soon hearn Jem agin, and presently I hearn the dogs, like the ringin' of a cowbell, a long way off. They come up the ridge, and then bore off to the thick cane on my right; then they hushed awhile, and I kno'ed they's a fightin. Look out dogs;—*thar*, they are gwine agin; no, hear they comes! Lay low and keep dark! I put down another ball and stood for him. I heard the cane crackin, and cocked my gun! Here he comes—here heis! I hearn him snortin; wake snakes! *Aint that lumberin?* Thar, they've got him agin, and now the fur flies. I crawled through the cane tryin to get a shot afore the dogs seen me. *Thar they is*, but which is *he*? Dam that dog's head! *Bang!* Whiff, whiff, said the bar, and with that every dog jumped him. The cane's a crackin, and the dogs a hollerin. I jerked my bowyer and plunged

in, and thar they war, hung together like a swarm of bees! Thar lay "Singer" on the ground, and limber as a rag, and he had the "Constitutional" down. I felt the har risin on my head, and the blood ticklin the end of my fingers. I crept up behind him, and *zip, zip, zip*, I took him jest behind the shoulder-blade, and *he war done fightin*. He sot down, and sorter rolled his head from side to side, the blood runnin off his tongue, and his eyes full of dirt. He haddent got a hundred yards from the place whar I'd shot him. It war a death shot, and blinded him, and thar side of him lay "Singer" and the "Constitutional," two of the best dogs in Jem's pack.

H—l! I gin^a shout and Jem answered. Presently I hearn him cummin, *blowin* like a steamboat, and mad as hell; he always gits mad when he's tired, and when he seen them dogs he commenced breathen mighty hard, and the blood filled the veins in his neck big as your fingers. Presently he commenced cussin, and then he got sorter easy. Arter a while he turned in and cleaned him; we warn't more than a quarter and a half from the camp, whar we soon got, both mighty hungry and tired. Sol cooked the liver jest to the right pint, and we giv it Jessy. We spent the balance of the evenin in drinkin, braggin, and eatin spar ribs roasted brown. Jim made Sol sing

"Oh, she waked me in the mornin, and its broad day,
I looked for my *canu*, and its done gone away"—

till we went to sleep.

Next mornin' when we waked it war sorter cloudy and warm, and I and Jem were cloudy and warm too. The wind war blowin' mightily.

“Now, Chunkey, let's have a panter to-day, *or nothin'.*”

“All *sot,*” says I.

Well, arter breakfast Jem says, “Chunkey, you must take the right side the Lake, and I'll take the 'yether, till we meet—and, Chunkey, you must *rush*; it aint more nor eight miles round, but your side *may* seem long, as you aint usen to the ground. Let's licker out of *my* gourd, you aint got more nor you'll want. Keep your eye skinned for sign, and listen for my horn!”

“Hump yourself,” says I, and we both darted—*well*; I worked my passage through cane, palmetto and vines, until I war tired—I haddent hearn Jem's horn, and pushed on the harder to meet him; every once and a while I'd think *hears the turn of the Lake*, but when I'd git to the place, *thar it was* stretchin out big as ever. Once I thought I hearn Jem's horn, but couldent quite make it out. I kept movin'; hours passed and no Jem or end of the Lake; I'd seen lots of bar and panter sign, lots of deer, and more swan, wild goose, and duck, than you ever will see; but I paid no attention to 'em, as I 'spected I'd taken some wrong arm of the Lake and war lost. It war gettin' towards night, and I 'spected I'd have to sleep by myself, but you know I diddent mind that, as I war used to it. But it war the first time in my life that I'd bin lost, and that *did* pester me mightily. Well, sir, after studyin awhile, I thought I'd better put back towards the camp, mighty tired and discouraged. I then throw'd my gourd round to take a drink of liker, and it were *filled with water!* fact!—Thinks I, Chunkey, you must have been *mighty*

drunk last night ; that made me sorter low spirited like a 'oman, and my heart war weak as water. It had commenced gittin sorter dark ; the wind were blowin' and groanin' through the trees and rivers, and the black clouds were flyin', and I war goin' along sorter oneasy and cussin', when *a panter yelled out, close to me!* I turned with my gun cocked, but couldnt see it ; presently I hearn it agin, and out it come, and then another ! " Here's hell ! " said I, takin' a crack and mis-sin' to a sartainty ; and away they darted through the cane. I drap'd my gun to load, and, by the great Jackson, there warn't a full load of powder in my gourd !—I loaded *mighty* carefully, and started on to pick out some holler tree to sleep in. Every once and awhile I'd git a glimpse of the panters on my trail. " Panters," says I, " I'll make a child's bargain with you ; if you will let *me* alone, *you* may *golong* ;—and if you don't here's a ball into the head of one of ye'er, and this knife ! — *hush*, if my knife warn't gone, I wish I may never taste bar's meat ? I raised my arm, trimblin' like a leaf, and says I, " Jem !—*I'll have your melt!*" Well, I war in trouble sure !—I thought I war on the *Tchule a Leta Lake*, and *witched!*

Well I did ! Oh, you may larph, but jist imagin' *yoursclf* lost in the cane on Sky Lake, (the cane on Sky Lake *is some*—thirty miles long, from one to three miles wide, thick as the har on a dog's back, and about thirty feet high !) out of licker, out of powder, your knife gone, the ground kivered with snow, you very hungry and tired, *and two panters follerin your trail*, and you'd think you was bewitched too !

Well, here they come, never lettin' on, but makin' arrangements to have my scalp that night; I never lettin' on, but detarmin'd they shouldnt. The har had been standin' on my head for more nor an hour, and the sweat were gist *rollin'* off me, and that satisfied mo a fight war a brewin atween me and the panter! I stopped two or three times, thinkin' they's gone, but presently hear they'd come, creepin' along through the cane, and soon as they'd see me they stop, lay down roll over and twirl their tails about like kittens playin'; I'd then shout, shake the cane, and away they'd go. Oh, they thought they had me! *In course they did*, and I detarmined with myself, if they *did let me go*, if they didnt attack an onarmed man, alone and lost, without licker, dogs, powder or knife, that the very fust time I got a panter up a tree, with my whole pack at the root, my licker gourd full, and I half full, my twelve-to-the-pound-yager loaded, and my knife in shavin order, I'd let *him go!* Yes, *dam'd if I didnt!*

But what did *they* care? They'd no more feelin' than the devil! I know'd it wouldnt do to risk a fight in the cane, and pushed on to find an open place whar I could make sure of my one load, and rely on my gun barrel arter. I soon found a place whar the cane drifted, and *thar* I determined to stand and fight it out! Presently here they come; and if a stranger had seen 'em, he'd a thought they were playin'! They'd jump and squat, and bend their backs, lay down and roll, and grin like puppies;—*they kept gittin' nearer and nearer*, and it wer gettin' dark, and I know'd I must let drive at the old *he*, 'afore it got so dark I couldnt see my



'I throw'd back my gun to gin it to her, as she come; the lick I aimed at her head struck across the shoulders and back, without doing any harm, and she had me.'"—Page 137.

sights ; so I jist dropped on one knee to make sure, and when I raised my gun, I were all in a trimble ! I know'd *that* woulddent do, and *ris* !

“ You are witched, Chunkey, sure and sartin’,” said I. Arter bracin’ myself, I raised up agin and *fired* ! One on ’em sprung into the air and gin a yell, and the other bounded towards me like a streak ! Lightin’ close to me, it squatted to the ground and commenced creepin’ towards me—its years laid back, its eyes turnin’ green, and sorter swimmin’ round like, and the end of its tail twistin’ like a snake. I felt light as a cork, and strong as a buffalo. I seen her commence slippin’ her legs under her, and knew she were gwine to spring. I throw’d back my gun to gin it to her, as she come ; the lick I aimed at her head struck across the shoulders and back, without doing any harm, *and she had me* !—Rip, rip, rip—and ’way went my blanket, coat, and britches. She sunk her teeth into my shoulder, her green eyes were close to mine, and the froth from her mouth were flyin’ in my face !! *Moses* ! how fast she *did* fight ! I felt the warm blood runnin’ down my side—I seen she were arter *my* throat ! and with that I grabbed *hern*, and commenced pourin’ it into her side with my fist, like cats-a-fightin’ !—Rip, rip, she’d take me,—diff, slam, bang, I’d gin it to her—she fightin’ for her *supper*, I fightin’ for my *life* ! Why, in course it war an onequal fight, but she ris it ! Well, we had it round and round, sometimes one, and then yother on top, she a growlin’ and I a gruntin’ ! We had both commenced gittin’ mighty tired, and presently she made a spring, *tryin’ to git away* ! Arter *that* thar warn’t no

“Howdy, panter? how do you do? how *is* missis panter, and the little panter? how is your consarns in gineral? Did you ever hearn tell of the man they calls ‘Chunkey?’ born in Kaintuck and raised in Missisippi? death on a bar, and *smartly* in a panter fight? If you diddent, look, for *I’m he!* I kills bar, whips panter in a fair fight; I walks the water, I out-bellars the thunder, and when I gets hot, the Mississippi hides itself! I—I——Oh, you thought you *had* me, did you? —*dam you!* But *you* are a gone sucker, now. I’ll have your melt, if I never gits home, so”——

“Look out, Captin! here’s the place! make the skift fast to that cyprus log. Take care them oars, Abe! Spring out and oncuple the dogs, and take care they don’t knock them guns overboard. Now, Captin, we will have a deer movin’ afore you can tell who’s your daddy.

A YANKEE THAT COULDN'T TALK SPANISH.

BY JOHN A. STUART, ESQ. OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The late editor of the American side of the New Orleans "Bee,"—Alexander C. Bullitt, Esq. now of the "Picayune,"—occasionally indulges in a flight of fancy (which he appropriately terms "balloonery,") that would provoke a laugh under the very ribs of death. His "quips and sentences, and paper pellets of the brain," are irresistibly diverting. He has burst more waistbands, and split more jackets, than we should care to pay for, judging from the damage sustained in our own proper person. We were wont to think that Bullitt, with Col. Greene of the Boston "Morning Post," and Prentice of the Louisville "Journal," would surely be the death of us; but we never imagined ourselves *in extremis* until they were joined by Stuart, of the Charleston "Mercury,"—an editor who rejoices in an extraordinary fertility of imagination, combined with great fluency and felicity of expression. Subjoined is a specimen of his style, to comprehend which, we must premise that the United States ship *Alert* some time since affronted the Mexicans at San Diego, California, it being alleged that she threw overboard her ballast into the harbour, and when remonstrated with, landed a boat's crew, and spiked the guns of the fort! These facts induced the following comments by Stuart:—

THIS, as Matty Griggs said when the negro ate his oysters and flung the shells into the coffee pot, "this is rayther *harsh* treatment;" and to make the matter worse, the local governor declares in his despatch to president Santa Anna, that when his vice-excellenza, after these Yankee *ad captandums*, sent to know what

the little Alert meant by such sluttish behaviour, all the reply he could get from our sea dog of a lieutenant was, that "*he couldn't talk Spanish.*"—Provoking! Empty a cart load of dead cats in a gentleman's gateway, and then leap his fence and muzzle the yard dog to keep him from barking! Shocking conduct! Pull a Mexican's grand functionary's mahogany-handled nose, and then tie his hands behind his back to bar his striking! Aggravating to a degree—and decidedly odd!—Scrape your boots on his soup-plate, and kick away spoons, ladle, knife, fork, and bottle, and all things comeatable, battleable, and head flingatable! Annoying certainly! Cork his mouth with old Junk, and then draw his teeth and sew up his jaw! Unkind, to say the least of it! Kick his bustle, cut off his queue, and pull off his wig, and pick his pistol out of his pocket and spit in the pan—and when he makes his bow complimentary, and his bridling interrogatory with his keyhauties and ore rotundo non diminuendoes to your shadow, and his millessimal addendoes to your vitality, and his heigh signores! and are-ye-done-dine-oh's—for you to bid him to be *muda*, and strike flat the thick rotundity of his grandiloquent protestandoes—and shut up his barrel organ, by shifting your ear trumpet into a speaking trumpet, and bawling into the pricked ears of the astonished Don Michael Turcen or Don Ferolo Gridiron Hidalgo, to take the locked jaw and roll up his molasses sucker—for you can't talk *Spanish*? Uncourteous—and decidedly impolite! Hold your hammer thus—and changing your segar while he asks you modestly why you are spiking his great gun, puff the smoke

in his face, and tell him you don't know what he is gabbling about—can't talk Spanish—and hammer on? Prodigiously cool! Enough to make the *cannonized* leg of the Presidential Unipede (the *very crus* which De Joinville disjointed at Vera Cruz) burst its cerements—unhosed from the wooden boot of its confined calf—cut dirt from its grave—lifting its heel to high heaven—and hopping stump downwards, crook its skeleton toes in convulsive indignation:—and it will tax all the diplomatic tact of Major General Waddy Thompson, to lay the perturbed ghost of the resurrectioned regiment of *foot*, kicking at us with all its heroic *sole*, tooth and toe-nails!!—*Nous verrons.*

“OLD SENSE,” OF ARKANSAS.

BY “N.” OF THAT ILK.

For many years past the writer of the following anecdote has been one of the most popular correspondents of the “Spirit of the Times,” as well as almost the only American writer who figures to manifest advantage in the English Sporting Magazines. His pen is usually devoted to the best interests of the American Turf, sporting intelligence, etc.; but his humorous letters over the signature of “Col. Pete Whetstone,” have achieved for that personage an identity as clear as Samivel Weller, junior, or Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap. His communications are frequently interlarded with outline portraits like the following:—

SAM LAUGHMAN.—“Who’s *Sam Laughman*?” every body will ask. Well, Sam is the Mayor of Uniontown, to which office he has been thrice elected by the suffrages of his constituents; and Uniontown is the prettiest town in all Mississippi—it can boast of the only specie-paying bank in the State—has a town-hall, church, many other public buildings, and a race track, with everything else denoting a Christianized community. But to Sam’s story:—A chap walking out, came across “Old Mose,” sitting in the broiling sun, fishing. “Well, Mose,” said he, “what in the world are you doing thar?” “Fiffin!” (fishing). “What?” “Fiffin!” “Fishing—well, what’s the reason you can’t talk? what’s in your mouth?” “Oh, nuffin but *wums* (worms) for bait!” I halloed for old Izaak, when Sam opened his “wum” box.

But two of N’s favourite “characters” are “OLD SENSE,” and DAN LOONEY, of whom the reader may form an idea by the subjoined sketch.

THE way the natives sometimes talk here is amusing. The following dialogue lately occurred here on the Devil’s Fork of the Little Red (River.) Old Sense

met Dan Looney; they were strangers to each other. Says "Old Sense,"

"Good morning, sir; are you well?"

"If you call a man 'well' that has run twenty miles, I am *that*."

"Did you see any bear?"

"If you call a big black thing about the size of PETE WHETSTONE'S black mar, or hoss, 'a bar,' I did."

"Had you a gun!"

"Now you hit me."

"Did you draw blood?"

"Do you call my double, double handsfull of brains, *blood*?"

"Had you a dog?"

"Is *Old Bose* a dog?"

"Did you skin him?"

"Well, if you call a man in his shirt sleeves, with a knife seventeen inches in the blade, among ribs and meat, *skinning*, I was *thar*!"

"Was he fat?"

"Do you call cutting eighteen inches on the ribs, *fat*?"

"Did you pack him in?"

"If you call four pony loads *packing*, why I packed *some*!"

"Light loads, I reckon."

"If *four hundred pounds* to a pony is a light load, they were light."

"Did you eat any of it?"

"Do you call drinking *a quart of bar's ile*, eating?"

"You must have meat."

"If you call *two thousand seven hundred pounds* of

clean meat, without a bone, safe inside of a smoke-house, *meat*, we have got *some*!"

"They must be fat at your house?"

"Do you call a *candle* fat?"

Here OLD SENSE brought a perfect squeal, and swore e had found the very man he had been looking for.

P. S. They had closed a quarter race up the last accounts.

With another sketch of an incident in the career of "Old Sense" and his partner, we take our leave of "N. of Arkansas."

Since I mentioned Old Sense, I'll tell you what has lately happened to him—he got a most dreadful flogging. He let his pony into young Shoulderstrap's old stud, and they had a fight, and the pony was about to lay it on to the old stud, when up slipped Shoulderstrap, and gathered a May-pole, and had well nigh made a finish of poor Old Sense—who left these diggins on the strength of it. God knows where he is now—I don't. I saw his partner 'tother day. He is a great big tall fellow, about half Injun; they call him *Doctor*, but he don't practice any except in certain cases of necessity. Last summer he kept a stud for old Mealbag, and stood him part of his time at old Squire Chiney's. The horse made a pretty good stand, and, from all accounts, the doctor made another; at any rate, him and the old Squire had a monstrous falling out about the time the season expired; and had not the Squire given his better half an awful flogging, one would have been at a loss to know what the falling out was about; but since it is a fact that he did, "then and there, with

malice aforethought, both expressed and implied," most wantonly and brutishly "pounced" his old wife, the natural supposition is, that her and Old Sense's partner had been too thick—perhaps as thick as "two in a bed." But that does not justify old Chiney in beating the poor old critter till the blood run, as he most certainly did, and sent her forth in the world to "shift for herself," almost without a "shift."

STOKE STOUT, OF LOUISIANA.

BY THORPE AND PATTERSON, OF THE "CONCORDIA INTELLIGENCER."

The original "character" now introduced to the reader, first made his appearance in the columns of the "Concordia Intelligencer," a capital weekly journal published in a beautiful village opposite the city of Natchez, on the western "coast" of the Mississippi river. Whether the creation of Thorpe, or Patterson his partner, this deponent saith not: but each has written so much and so well, as to care very little whether we or the public "put the saddle on the right horse." Mr. Stout's first letter was addressed to Thorpe, "the author of Tom Owen the Bee Hunter," immediately upon his leaving New Orleans to establish himself at Vidalia, and is to the following effect:—

STOKE STOUT, OF LOUISIANA,

ON "THE WAY TO KILL WILD TURKEYS AND RHEUMATISM."

BI-O CHUCK-A-LUCK,
june the 14 teenth, 18 hundred & 43 }
In the Stait ov loozy-anne.

WELL, Kernul, I sees as how youve kwit Orleens and tuck up bout Videllai, but you nevr sed nuthin bout it to noboddy. Well Ime sorry fur your kwitten the cittee, but Ime glad youve jined that uther Bobb who is zactly thar with a kwil, and you ma sai "howdy" tu him fur me. Well I thot az that I might az well kill the roomeytiz by tellin you how I kill turkis, az to grunt fur nuthin. So hears fur a hunt.

Well now fust you must have a rifel az iz zactly to the spec. Bout the fust ov Octobur we ginerally takes

to huntin rigler in the scratchins—an mine you must hav a turky hown az iz bout 3 parts Dear Hown and the tother pinter, tho sumtimes haf and haf will doo. I knowd won wonst that wer a haf hown an $\frac{1}{2}$ dog az wer purty good, an a man cum along heer goin on 2 weez now az said az that he had wun az wur *all dog*, an that he wer fust raght; but, az I sed at fust, a tuch of hown with a leetle pinter, maks a turki huntin dog sartin. As I was sain, you taks yur hown in the woods and you skeers up the turkis in the trees, an you pokes and krees sow az if you seed wun all the time. The fust thing you heer, you see the turkis goin in a streak off, then you must go on furder, an when you gits right, you must put sum bushes on a big logg and git behin it, an yelp on yur kwil, witch must be of kane, or a wing bowne of a turki, az yelped coarse afor you killed it, will do. Wel you must hav a flint lok, an then yu *la low*, an snap an flash as much as you pleas, but the fust cap as yu hexplods with a precushing gun the turkis they put and wawks Sphanish, which means a turki trot, an then to catch em yu must go on furder besides makin turkis wilde. Iv seen bad huntin make turkis so wild that they would run wen they heerd anybody yelpt, and they would run every time they gobbled. A feller down on Big Kooney sez az that heez seed em so wild az that they would cluck an put rown his tree an when the old wun cum up they would fly off an wait to kno for sartin it was her, an that he has seen em put their heds in swamp hols, an hollar logs afore they gobbled. But I cant certifi to this fellers tails, but sartin turkis kno what yu want an aint *thar* wen yu pokes

yur hed rown a tree for em. Well, this kind of huntin continus tu about the Middel of febberry, an then yu must leav yur turki hown at home, az the hens begin tu lai thar eggs, an no rale hunter wil kil any more until the fust of Octobure cums agin. Well, yu goz on mornins and evenins, an yu pokes an kreesps bout like snaix (you kno how snaix goz) an this wa sumtims yu gits wun an sumtims yu dont git wun; whil this iz goin on yu haz rale sport, and yu uze your kane or kwil so as to attrak the gobblers az iz now struttin an a gobblin off sum of that sort a feelin az iz purty kommon to awl the awnymals bout this seezen o' the year. Sum people murder the turkis this time o' year by *roosten em* (finding their roosts) an buckshooten on em, but no rale hunter wil do that, less he haz cumpenny az wants gaim, or sum ladi wants a turki tale for a phan, or sum sich want.

Thar, I'm got a nu twinge in mi fute, an feal kinder sleepy 2, and maybee the romeytis aint jist about got me treed, but that disease duz yerk a feller an mak him vank an wurm, but it is lait an ile kwit.

Yourn az same az anne boddi.

I always sines myself

STOKE STOUT,

Tho Ime ginnerally called

“ OLD STOKE.”

[Old Stoke Stout is one of the genuine turkey hunters of Louisiana, and we are glad that the “roomeytis” has driven him from necessity to use his “kwil” in the *literary*, as well as in the “turki huntin’” line. He is

worthy of a better cause, to pass off muslin (New York for *cotton*) for linen. What a contemptuous opinion of the intellects of Gotham the tall young man of twenty must entertain as a basis for his project! Then we pictured a very soft-spoken and very verdant gentleman in sewed boots and an intellectual-looking hat, with a mild description of checked gingham for a neckcloth, who meets the audacious pedlar, falls into the trap, sees no muslin in the sanguine and blooming view he takes of a shirt-pattern, and parts with an excellent pair of doeskins, which he has worn but once, for an article dear at four shillings—York currency.

‘But with the morning
Cool reflection comes.’

An astute matron—his housekeeper perhaps—at one dexterous tweak, accompanied by one flash of a pair of horn-bowed spectacles, detects the imposition. The verdant gentleman in the intellectual hat, sinks into a chair beneath the mingled pressure of shame and indignation, and only rouses therefrom in the first rush of an inspiration, under the influence of which he pens the advertisement we have copied, and which cost him six shillings (York again), for insertion in the Sun. It never occurs to him that the ‘tall young man of twenty’ would snap his fingers at the threat, well knowing that if his victim knew where to find him or could prove his guilt, he would at once place a ‘Star’ policeman on his track, instead of uttering vague threats and cautions in the newspapers. Happily ignorant of this, the soft-headed gentleman buttons his muslin shirt to his throat, and indulges in a romantic vision of a return of the ‘tall young gentleman of twenty,’ in penitential tears, with the

doeskins neatly folded on his arm—those doeskins that have seen the light but once in the summer stillness of a Sabbath day at Harlem. Queer things—these advertisements!

F. A. D.

HOW WE SMOKED HIM OUT.

To the multitude acquainted with the miseries and mysteries of a 'first-rate boarding-house' in New York—the following sketch contains but little interest. The many who have never been '*thar*,' however, may discover a sort of *philosophy* in the story; and should any find themselves similarly circumstanced, let them adopt a like remedy, and 'take our hat' if the 'critter is n't druv out!'

In the year 183—, I had taken lodgings in a 'respectable' boarding-place in ——— street, and a four months' residence had fairly initiated me. I was scarcely twenty, yet I had been plundered of my wardrobe, by a stranger, who was 'stopping only a day or two;' I had paid the supper-bills at Delmonico's for half-a-score of the knowin' ones, who had invited me to participate with them, and who had either 'left their pocket-books at home,' or who had prematurely 'stepped out,' as I was finishing my last cup of chocolate. I had run the 'neffy' gauntlet, and was perfectly well acquainted with the shortest cut both to and *from* Passandro's! I had been four months in Gotham—and it was midsummer.

The good lady of the house was one of the few who paid her bills, regularly. And well she might! Her

bluffs 'bout 8 foot hi. In this fix I stared the bull in the fase, an' twixt the horns, an' thout how mutch he mit way, an' seed how strong he lookt, an' felt I wur a fool for not killin' him 2 yer afore; an' I lookt sharp, an' stared, an' grind mi teath, an' winct, an' maid mowths at him, but he only lookt fearser an' fearser. An' then I wisht him sich gude grasse, an' sitch gude wawter, an' sitch gude every ting, az I node he would finde in a field, I thot ov, a half ov a mile offe; an' I wished this harde awl the tyme, an' I buggun to swett powurfullye, an' it drapt offe ov mee.

Well, sum how, whil I stared at the bull, an' wisht him every whar ruther than whar he wur, "Old Tony," that wus his nayme, lookt sleepilike, an' I wundered if he mout be gettin' asleepe shure a nuff, but I wur afeered to try an' sea; but he stude so purpendicklar, that I thout I wur gawn fur sartin. So I prayde what littell I node how, *an' kept starin' the bull in the face all the tyme.* Directly, for I'me unabell to maike any kawlkalashun of the tyme, (now min', this iz a fac,) I tell yu fur sartin, that old Mr. Stiggins' old yaller bull, "Toney," turned hissself rown, *an' maide rite far the very plase I'de been wishin' him at.* I gott out ov the hole, gathured mi gunn, maide trax up the nex hil, tu whar my kreeter wer hitcht, an' I kwit them "scratch-ins" fur the laste time, kwicer nor I never maide owt ov any woodst yit. When I kum 2 like, an' kood brethe a little, I buggun to thinck, an' I wer pestured mitily; an' az soon az I gott tu the howse, I tells Mister Adverb, the skool teecher, 'bout it, an' he saide to mee,

“Yu mesmerized the bull, an’ then maide him gow
tu the phield yu wisht him att.” It may be so, but I
shall naver fureget the jogriphy ov that hollar in which
the bull kawt me.

Yours, az same as anne bodie.

STOKE STOUT.

LIFE AND MANNERS IN ARKANSAS,

BY AN EX-GOVERNOR OF A COTTON-GROWING STATE. —

The following sketch is furnished by one of the most distinguished men in the Union. We are not at liberty to name him, but he will be recognized by most readers at the South and West.

THREE years ago, of a pleasant cool day in the spring, I was on my way, through the Washita Cove, (Arkansas,) to Fort Smith. I had ridden hard to get to the Widow Gaston's. It was drawing towards sunset, and my horse, like myself, was pretty well tired. At length I met two boys riding one pony, and he bare-backed, with a leather tug round his under lip for a bridle. There was to be, as I afterwards learned, a wedding at the widow's that night, and they were going to bring the bridegroom.

"How far is it to the Widow Gaston's, my boy?" said I.

"A mile and a half," responded the larger one.

"Can I stay there to-night?"

"I reckon not," was the response: "she's not fixed to take in travellers; and besides, there's going to be company there to-night." At this we separated. By means of hard drumming with their heels a gallop was extracted from the pony, and they were soon out of sight.

I rode on to the Widow's, and asked her if I could

stay there? She said I could not. "Well, madam," said I, "how far is it to the next house?"

"Three quarters."

"And how far to the next?"

"Twenty-four miles."

I then asked her whether, if I went on to Royal's (the next house), and could not stop there, I could return and stay at her house, and she told me she reckoned I would have to do it.

I pushed on towards Royal's, met him on horseback, just in sight of his house, and inquired if I could stay with him?

"No, you can't," was his response.

"Why not?" said I.

"Why," said he, "I am just going to get a doctor, and my wife is a-going to be confined to-night."

"Well, my friend," said I, "you guess a great deal better here than we do in my country." And so back I went to the Widow's.

At the Widow's I found her daughter, who was to be married, waiting for the groom. She was really a beautiful girl, with bright eyes, long black hair, a white band round her head, white dress, red shoes, and no stockings. Soon after I stopped, the two boys were in sight, coming at the top of pony's speed, and shouting vociferously, "Here he comes! here he comes!" Just behind them came the bridegroom, a great, clumsy, hulking, cur-dog looking fellow, in full dress of leather. The girl, when she heard the outcry, got up and stood in the door-way, twisting a handkerchief in her hands, and as he came in sight (they had not met for six

months) she fell to crying. He came to the door, and without speaking to her, sat down on the outside. After a time in Parson came, dressed in leather breeches, with one shoe and one moccasin, and a straw hat, with half the brim torn off. Soon after the attendants came, two girls and two or three young men; and the groom came in and sat down by the girl, without saying a word, she still crying. The parson requested the attendants to tell him to come up and be married. He looked up, and responded gruffly, "I don't allow to be in a hurry about it." The attendant made his report accordingly, whereat the parson cried out loudly, "All candidates for matrimony come forward." At this Hunter came forward alone; and being sent back, seized the girl by the arm, lugged her up and brought her forward. The parson was scared into fits, mumbled over the service indistinctly, and told them they were man and wife.

I then retired into the shed, which was attached to the rear of the solitary room composing the house. Soon after one of the attendants came in and enquired the hour. I told him ten o'clock. He gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, and it then struck me that, as it was Sunday, they were waiting for twelve to arrive, in order to commence the frolic. Accordingly when, a little time after, he again enquired the hour, I told him ten minutes after twelve, and he gave a jump which carried his head through the clap-boards of the roof. I went out with him to see the frolic, and told the Widow that in my part of the country it was the fashion to kiss round at weddings, and so proceeded to kiss her. She

made strenuous opposition, and told me I had got hold of the wrong person—she was not one of that sort. However, I succeeded in doing the penance, and then repaid myself by making the same overture to the bride. She covered her mouth with her hand, so that it was with great difficulty I at last kissed one corner; but when I had done so she paid me back with interest, and did not seem to want to quit. All took to kissing, and then to playing “Sister Phebe.” The girls placed a man in the chair, and sung—

“How happy, how happy, how happy was we,
When we sat under the juniper tree;
Put this hat on your head to keep it warm,
And take a good kiss, it will do you no harm.”

They then put a hat on his head, and two of them sat down on his lap, placing their faces close on each side of his, so that he could with difficulty turn his head and kiss them. And so they went through all the trees in the forest.

After two or three hours the girls took the bride into the shed room, and then told the groom it was time to go to bed. His response was, “I don’t allow to go to bed to-night.” They inquired what he intended to do. “Why,” said he, “Sister Phebe does me very well.” So they got the bride up, dressed her, and went to playing again, and so we passed the night.

The next night I tried to stop at the house of Squire Moore. I met him near his house, and asked him if I could stay. “I reckon not.”

“Why, what is the matter?” said I.

“I’m plumb out of bread.”

“That makes no difference—I can get along well enough with meat.”

“But I’m spang out of meat, and I’ve had mighty bad luck, for I’ve been out bar-hunting all day, and I haven’t seen a bar.”

But I was still more amused, said B——, in passing through Parailigta, on my way here. There are but two families living in the town, who have one cow and one child between them, and one family takes the milk in the morning, and the other at night. Early in the morning I heard an old man calling up an old sow, which I had noticed the night before running about with four pigs. The woods were vocal with the cry of *Pigoeee—pigoeee—pig—pig—pige!* and directly I heard him say—“Lige, do you feed that sow, and don’t feed her mighty much neither; and mind drive away them chickens while she’s eating; when the d——d things go to roost you feed her again, and feed her good. I reckon we’ll come it over ’em in that way.”

Did you ever hear how B—— P—— avoided a duel? He is a full-blooded Yankee, and while in the South on business, managed to be challenged by a fiery Southron. P—— is a big, good-natured, excellent fellow, and though brave enough, saw no propriety in fighting when that operation would injure his business. So, thinking over the matter, and seeing that he had to fight, or manœuvre out of it honourably, he forthwith took the challenge to a notary, had it regularly protested, and notice duly given to the drawer. The intended fight went off in an explosion of fun.

ANECDOTES OF THE ARKANSAS BAR,

BY A BACKWOODS LAWYER.

As the author of "Hymns to the Gods," which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine some years since, ALBERT PIKE, of Arkansas, acquired at once the highest distinction as a poet. He is a worthy son of New England, and is yet quite young. Upon returning from an expedition to Santa Fé, some years since, he settled in Arkansas, where, after "mauling rails," keeping school, editing a paper, and studying law, he has at length reached the head of his profession—the law. He is at this moment quite the most distinguished man of his age in the state, whether as a lawyer or politician. Since the late presidential election he writes us that he is "going back to his books" again—a circumstance that will be hailed with gratification by thousands. Pike relates anecdotes, stories, etc., with inimitable humour and spirit. At our request he wrote out the following anecdotes of the Arkansas Bar, but they are tame when compared with his impassioned recital.

THE pretty little village of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, lies on each side of a line dividing two quarter sections of land, owned by different persons—the upper one by a person named Pullen, the lower by a person named Davies. Pullen first laid off a town, after running a principal line between the quarter sections upon his own land, and numbered the lots, beginning with No. 1 at the river, on the north of the drawn line, which ran out at right angles with the river. A pragmatrical old Frenchman, one Antoine Baraque, educated for a monk in France, and afterwards a commissary in Napoleon's

Spanish army of invasion—a small, adust, impetuous old man—bought lot No. 1, received, and caused to be recorded, a deed to it from Pullen. The line was afterwards run out by Pullen and Davies, and it was ascertained that Pullen's original line was wrong, and that the true line so struck the river as to cut off lot No. 1 entirely, throwing it upon Davies' quarter section. Davies then commenced laying off a town on his side, by lots of the same size as Pullen's, and numbering down river from the line, so that what was lot No. 1 on Pullen's town, became lot No. 1 on Davies' town, and was by the latter sold to a stout, ruddy, athletic Frenchman, named Joe Bonne.

Baraque found it impossible to understand the new order of things; and meeting Davies soon after, entered upon an expostulation with him upon his conduct, and the consequences to himself resulting from it. "Good God!" said he, "Meestare Davies, I 'ave my lot No. 1 in de town of Pine Bluff from dat Mr. Pullen, and 'ave my deed record in de clerk's office of de county—lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff! Ha! you no see you 'ave rob me of my land. By gar, dere is my deed on record, and I will 'ave my land. I 'ave buy dat lot, and you number him lot No. 1, and he is my lot."

"But, my dear sir," said Davies, "you bought of Pullen, and the lot was not upon his land. When the true line was run, the lot fell on my quarter section."

"G— dam de line," hotly responded Baraque; "what you 'spect I care for your dam line! Dare is my deed on record for lot No. 1, in de town of Pine

Bluff, and you number dat lot so, and by gar, I will 'ave my lot."

"Oh, well, said Davies, "if that is all, I will commence numbering my lots down in the swamp, and number them up, and then your lot will be lot No. 1 no longer."

"Oh, by gar," cried Baraque, "dat would be one dam rascally ting, to rob me of my property in dat way; and I shall bring one suit for my lot."

Sue he did, accordingly, by action of ejectment against Joe Bonne, and employed Colonel Fowler to carry on his suit. During the six months that intervened between the commencement of the suit and the sitting of the court, he wrote Fowler, on an average, a letter a week. The cause came on for trial—Baraque was beaten, of course, and then refused to pay Fowler his fee. Fowler thereupon commenced suit against him. Baraque, upon this, healed up the breach between himself and Joe Bonne, and subpcnaed him as a witness.

When the cause came on for trial, our two Frenchmen sat cosily in court, cheek-by-jowl, and as the trial progressed, Baraque often whispered merrily in Joe Bonne's ear. Fowler at length offered to read divers letters from Baraque in evidence; and selecting one, commenced. It ran thus:—

"*Mr. Colonel Absalom Fowler,*—Now I want you to be sure and be at court to attend to dat cause of mine against dat dam Joe Bonne, for my lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff," &c.

Fowler—a formal, stiff, and precise man—read the

letter through without a wink or smile, and proceeded to read another, and another. The third or fourth began in this style:—

“*Mr. Colonel Absalom Fowler, Sir,*—I want you to be sure and see to dat case of mine aginst dat dam rascal Joe Bonne. I have no idea of being rob of my land in dat dam rascally way, and I will 'ave you know dat I am bound to succeed.”

Joe drew off from Baraque, and cast upon him fierce glances of anger, and Baraque turned red and pale alternately. Fowler drew out another and commenced reading:—

“*Dear Mr. Colonel Fowler,*—I will 'ave you know, sare, I must be sure and 'ave you at Court and see to my case against dat dam rascal Joe Bonne. Who stole de hog? Ha! I nevere steal any hog. If anybody want to know who stole de hog, let dem ask Joe Bonne.”

This capped the climax. Joe shook his fist in Baraque's face, and the latter rushed out of Court. Bench, bar, and jury, burst into universal laughter, and without further evidence Fowler took his judgment.

Speaking of Courts, reminds me of some of our specimens of forensic eloquence, pathetic in the highest degree. A limb of the law, who has been a Circuit Judge and Senator, once defended a client for assault and battery before two Justices, and opened his case thus:—

“May it please your Honours! I appears before you this day, an humble advocate of the people's rights,

to redress the people's wrongs. Justice, may it please your Honours, justice is all we ask ; and justice is due, from the tallest and highest archangel that sits upon the thrones of heaven, to the meanest and most insignificant demon that broils upon the coals of hell. If my client, may it please your Honours, has been guilty of any offence at all, unknown to the catalogue of the law, he has been guilty of the littlest and most insignificant offence which has ever been committed from the time when the 'morning stars sung together with joy, shout heavenly muse !' "

Another eminent member of the bar, who has made a fortune by his practice, once in a murder case, in which I was engaged with him, the prisoner having committed the act while intoxicated, said to the jury in the course of his speech :—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is a principle congenial with the creation of the world, and handed down from posterity, that drunkenness always goes in commiseration of damages."

At another time he told a jury, that a person indicted for assault and battery, "beat and bruised the boy, and amalgamated his head." And finally, in an action for slander, brought by a female client against one Thomas Williams, who had uttered some injurious imputations against her virgin purity, he thus broke forth :—"Who is this Tom Williams, gentlemen of the jury, that comes riding out of the Cherokee nation, on the suburbs of posterity ? He knocked at my client's door at the dead hour of the night, and she refused to get up and let him in. Wasn't this a proof of her virginity ?"

HOSS ALLEN, OF MISSOURI.

The following sketch is by the author of "*Swallowing an Oyster Alive!*" and was originally published in the St. Louis "*Reveillé.*"

THIS celebrated gentleman is a recognized "*hoss*" certainly; and, we are told, rejoices as much at his cognomination, as he did at his nomination for the chair gubernatorial, last election. He did not *run* well enough to reach the chair, though it appears from his own account, that his *hoss* qualities, "any how," fall considerably below those of the sure-enough animal. This is his story—which he is very fond of relating up by *Palmyry*.

"You see, boys, I came to the d—d river, and found I had to swim. Had best clothes on, and didn't know what to do! 'What river?' Why, Salt river. Our Salt, here in Missouri, d—d thing, always full when don't want it. Well, boys, you knows *hoss* Allen!—no back out in him, any how! Stripped to the skin, just tied clothes up in bundle, strapped it on to the critter's head, and 'cross we swum together. Well, don't you think, while I was gittin' up the bank, the d—d thing got away, and started off with my clothes on his head! and the more I run, and hollered, and 'whoa'd,' the more I couldn't catch the cussed varmint! 'Way he'd go, and I arter—hot as h—ll, too, all the way, and yaller

flies about—and when I did get tol'ble near, he'd stop and look, cock his ears, and give a snuff, as if he never smelt a man afore, and then streak it off agin as if I had been an Ingin! Well, boys, all I had to do was to keep a follerin' on, and keep flies off; and I did, till we come to a slough, and, says I, now old feller, I got you, and I driv him in. Well, arter all, do you know, fellers, the d—d critter wouldn't *stick!* he went in and in, and by'm-by came to a *deep* place, and swum right across—a fact, true as thunder! Well, you see, when I cum to the deep place, I swum, too; and do you know that that d—d beast just nat'rally waited till I got out, and looked at me all over, and I could act'ily see him laffin! and I *was* nasty enough to make a hoss laugh, any how!

Well, thinks I, old feller, recon you'v had fun enough with me *now*, so I gits some sticks and scrapes myself all over, and got tol'ble white agin, and then begins to coax the d—d varmint. Well, I 'whoa'd,' and 'old boy'd,' and cum up right civil to him, I tell ye, and he took it mighty condescendin', too; and jist when I had him, sure—cussed if he didn't go right back into the slough agin, swum the deep place, walked out, and stood on t'other side waitin' for me.

“ Well, by this time the d—d yaller flies cum at me agin, and I jist nat'rally went in arter the blasted beast, and stood afore him, on t'other side, *just as nasty as before*—did by thunder, boys! Well, he *laffed* agin till he nearly shook the bundle off, and 'way he went, back agin, three miles to the river, and then he jist stopped dead and waited till I cum up to him, and jist

kind a axed me to cum and take hold of the bridle, and then guv a kick and a 'ruction and *went in* agin, laffin all the time; and, right in the middle, d—m me, if he didn't shake my clothes off, and 'way they went, down stream, while he swum ashore, and I, just nat'rally, lay down on the bank, and cussed all creation.

“ Well, you see, boys, there I lays 'bove a hour, when I sees a feller pullin' up stream in a skift, a-tryin' on a coat; and says I, stranger, see here, when you're done gittin' my coat on, I'll thank you for *my shirt!* and the feller sees how it was, and pulls a-shore, and helps me. I tell you what boys, you may talk of hoss lafs, but when you want a good one, just think of *Hoss Allen!* ”

PULLING TEETH IN MISSISSIPPI,

BY UNCLE JOHNNY.

The following "Tooth-pulling Story" purports to have been related by "Uncle Johnny" to "Obe Oilstone," a well-known Mississippi correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times." It was to "Unele Johnny" that we were indebted for "*That Big Dog Fight at Myers's!*" It will be seen that the present story is "told on" our amusing correspondent himself.

ELECTION day is a day away out here in the woods, and notwithstanding we have precincts scattered throughout the counties, yet the county seat is the place at which most do congregate, for the triple purpose of voting, spreeing, and lastly, for the peculiar pleasure of witnessing the beginning—ay, "the opening of the ball" of the "Fall Fighting Campaign," which interesting event is usually postponed to that exciting period, when party excitement and individual misunderstanding, leave a man very little hesitancy to "pitch" into his neighbour; this comes not oftener than two years—often enough, however, for "regular work."

Having the common anxiety to see the first "regular despatch," I arrived early at Fayette, (our county seat,) on the 4th November last, when and where I had the good luck to see the campaign open; the anxiety, among the numerous spectators, to continue the sport, was really commendable. Both claimed the victory, but the ring declared "a dead match;" another heat

was promised by the defendant—I immediately staked a hat on him “what got gouged.”

Whilst in the crowd, a well-known voice addressed me, “Hallo, boy! come over here! How are you? I say, it’s your treat, now, *certain*. Come in, men.”

“Certainly, Uncle Johnny,” said I—“pleasure always to treat *you*.”

“Me? I’m —— if you don’t treat the whole crowd! Rosser, tell *all* them men to come in! *Hyena’s breakin’ chains and things!* Eh! You thot I’d never see a paper, did you? Well, well, I don’t care a cuss about it myself, but the fact is, ‘Old Iron’s’ in town now, and he says when he sees you thar’ll be *another Dog Fite*; so if you see him gittin’ anyways high, *whar’s your hoss?* Well, well, jist keep out’n his way. Is you seen Wills sense them fellers was a pullin’ his tooth?”

“What fellows?” was the immediate inquiry.

“Oh, ho! and so, my boy, you aint said nothin’ about it, eh! Well that is rich, fond of *ritin’* stories, but never *tells* ’em, eh! Well, I’ll”—

“Uncle Johnny, don’t tell tales out of school, if you please. Recollect you should do unto others as”—

“I *am* done by,—that’s a fact, by gracious, so I’ll jist out with it.

“You see, ’twas the night arter the big dinner up here, and Wade got a crowd of youngsters to go home with him for some *fun*. Jist afore they gits to Wade’s they overtakes me, and I took him up at his first offer to go by too—he keeps good licker, Wade does. Well, arter supper I seen the boys was in for a frolic. I took two or three hands with ’em at cards, and after pun-



"The doctor settin' straddle of his breast, in his shirt-tail, with a pair of bullet moles in his hands, tryin' to pull out one of his teeth."—Page 171.



ishin' sum of the old stuff, I lays down. Well, I spose it wanted about two hours to day, when I was roused with the wakenest noise I ever riz to. I can't hardly tell how they *was* all fixed in that room, but thar lay Wills flat on his back on the floor, a big nigger a holt of each hand, holdin' him spred out—the doctor settin' straddle of his brest, in his shirt tail, with a pair of bullet moles in his hands, tryin' to pull out one of his teeth! Then thar sat Henry B——nes, from Clairborne county, at his head, a holdin' the candle, and every now and then he would reach one hand over and hyst Wills's upper lip for the doctor to get the moles onto his tooth. Henry had a big pair of goat locks under his chin, and in peepin' over at the opperation he'd git 'em right over the candle and they'd *swinge*. I seed him keep turnin' up his nose like he smelt somethin' a burnin', but he never dreamed it was *his* whiskers. Wills was a gruntin' powerful, and what between gruntin' and the hiccups, I thort he'd strangle. Major Bob was thar, too, and he had on a wonderful short shirt for a big fat man. He swore he could beat that doctor a pullin' teeth and he was hollerin for his 'insterments!' (a hammer and nail) to *knock* it out! They got the nail, and as they could'nt find a hammer, in they fetched a pair of shoemaker's pinchers that's got a sort of hammer on one side. The doctor dropt the moles, for he found out that every time he'd *jerk*, they'd *slip*, so he sings out for the pinchers—swore they were his favorite insterments—always used 'em—beat pullicans to h—!

“Well, you never did see a drunken set so busy

about a serious job! Every one was in ded earnest tryin' to help Wills, and *he* was a takin' on wonderful, that's a fact! The doctor set to work with the pinchers, and there sot Henry with the pleasinest countenance (and when he gits three sheets spred, and is *tryin'* to unfaul the fourth, he can jist out-laugh the univarse, or I'll borrow a hat to go home with!) there sot Henry reddy to hist Wills's upper lip when the doctor would stagger that way. Well, he got reddy—Henry histed his lip, and arter two or three false jerks, he found the hammer was on the wrong side of the pinchers for *that* tooth, so he turns in and asks Wills on which side the akin tooth *was*? He said he did'nt know!—So he fastens 'em onto a *sound* tooth on tother side. But the Major had got impatient, so he riz—pulled his shirt as low as he could git it, (and then it did'nt hide nothin') picks up the tongs, walks round, and puts one foot on Wills's brest before the doctor, and says he, 'Doctor, you've been sittin' cross that man for three hours! You can't pull no tooth, nor never could! Git up, man, git up! I can jist take *these tongs*, and pull his tooth in half the time.' But he had'nt a chance to try, for Henry, who had been leanin' over to Wills's lip, puts his chin right over the candle, and afore he knowed it, his whiskers was in a big blaze! He drops the candle with a 'hooze' right into Wills's face—the nigger let go and jumt—Bob and the doctor fell in a lump, tongs and all. Wills riz to his all-fours and made for the gallery, with the stranglinest hiecupps I ever heard! I follered the man out—I rally thort he was stranglin' to deth,—but he had riz up by the gallery post, and was

a heavin' and settin'! It beat all tooth pullins I ever seen. Says I, 'Curnel, what's you doin?' says he, 'tryin' to throw up (hic) that d— tooth! I think—I must'er *swallowed it!*'

"Well, I looks around for *this* boy, and not seein' him, I inquires, but they had bin so busy they hadn't missed him. Think's I, I'll take a turn around and see if I can't find him a holdin' up the fence, somewhar! Well, soon as I got out of the noise in the house, I hear somebody hollerin'; and there he was, sure enough, huggin' a red oak, three feet thru. 'Well,' says I, 'What's you doin here?' 'Uncle Johnny, come here—for God sake come here,' says he, 'and put a rail up agin this tree! I'm mighty tired,' says he, 'it's right easy now; but *when the wind blows*, O Lord, but its mity heavy—hurrah, here it comes,' says he, and he spread himself to it as he'd bin holdin' up the univarse! Ha! ha! 'twas rich, to see him surgin' up agin that tree to hold it up, and beggin me to prop it up with a rail. I gits a rail, and leans it agin the tree. 'Uncle Johnny,' says he, 'had'nt you better git another? It's a mity big tree and ruff at that.' 'Let go,' says I, 'twont fall—these rails 'll hold it—let go!' Soon as he let go, slam bang he went agin the pickets—knocked some off, and went clean thru!— 'G— *durn* them pickets! they bin tryin' to run over me all night,' says he, pickin' himself up mity awkward. I couldn't nold in, he talked so natral. 'Why,' says I, 'you run over *them!*' 'Oh, no,' says he, 'what with holdin' that tree up, and gittin' round on t'other side at the *same* time, to git out in the pickets' way, is nily took all the

flesh off'n my arms—that's proof, aint it?' Well, I could'nt begin to lead him to the house, so jist got behind and pushed him. He's a little man, but you ort'er bin thar if you aint never seen a man walk *tall*; every time he stept, his legs went out to right angles. I say, ow's your arms got?"

"That'll do now, Uncle Johnny—treat, won't you?"

"Now you hit me. Come in men, what'll you pull your tooth with?"

THE WAY "LIGE" SHADDOCK

"SCARED UP A JACK."

The following sketch was suggested to the writer—a capital Mississippi correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times"—by HOOPER's story (previously given in this volume) of "*How Simon Suggs raised Jack?*"

Now, it is barely possible that you never heard of Lige or Elijah Shaddock, commonly called "Judge." I say barely possible, for I think I have heard that you caused yourself to be towed up this river, and if you did, you heard of "Lige." He has been pilot on this river ever since it commenced running! The oldest inhabitants only recollect him in flat-boat times—that was before steamers ran—but the Indians have a tradition that a white man used to pilot drift logs to the Balize and turn them loose; and I have heard it hinted that a man very much resembling Lige, was at the steering oar of Capt. Noah's craft, at the time of the big fresh—I forget the year. What we call the Lower Mississippi—from Vicksburg to New Orleans—never changes its channel without consulting *him*; this fact is certain. I do not say that he *invented* cards, but rather think he was the man. If you will step on board the fastest New Orleans and Vicksburg packet the night she lays at Vicksburg, you may notice Elijah

making expenses somewhere about the social hall. It may be crack-loo, poker, brag, or set-back-euchre, but *he* is not losing any thing.

I remember well the first time we met. It was on a fast Mississippi steamer, long time ago. It was a fair game, but he played it monstrous strong. Well, about "That Big Dog,"—I mean the gambler. He did not know Shaddock, and got in a little game of poker with him. He soon discovered that he was small potatoes, and after losing fifty or sixty dollars, he concluded that if by any trick he could recover his money, he would let Shaddock alone in future; so he blocks the game of poker, and proposed to bet Shaddock fifty dollars that he could turn a Jack at the first trial. Shaddock refused to bet, but immediately proposed a game of old sledge. In a short time the gambler had lost fifty dollars more, and began to show symptoms of distress. Says Shaddock, "I have been thinking of what you proposed a while ago; d—d if I *don't* bet fifty you can't do it." The hundred was instantly on the table. The gambler took the whole pack and threw them on the table *face up!* "No you don't," says Shaddock. "Yes I do," says the gambler, "it was fairly done." Lige has a way of dropping one corner of his eye and mouth at the same time—I don't know how he does it—it's a way he's got—but whenever you see it, there is *something out*. Well, just as the gambler claimed his throw for a fair one, this peculiarity might have been observed on Elijah's countenance. Stretching himself on tip-toe to see over the heads of the crowd collected

round the table, he observed, “*If there is a Jack in THAT pack, I’ll be d—d!*” which proved to be the fact.

This put the gambler’s pipe entirely out, and he left in disgust. I always supposed, myself, that them Jacks got *lost out* quite promiscuous^{ly}, during that little game of “seven up.”

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD,

A LEGAL SKETCH IN THE "OLD NORTH STATE."

The following inimitable sketch has gone the rounds of the American press some half a dozen times. It is understood to have been written by HAMILTON C. JONES, Esq. and was originally published ten years or more since. Who knows but this sketch may have suggested to Judge LONGSTREET his side-splitting "Georgia Scenes?" It may have induced the authorship, by the late professor NOTT, of South Carolina, of his "Adventures of Thomas Singularity, journeyman printer," one of the most entertaining books ever written in the south.

SCENE—*A Court of Justice in North Carolina.*

A BEARDLESS disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court:—"May it please your Worships, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses.

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said that he heard the noise,

and did not see the fight; another that he seen the row, but didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the skrimmage.

Lawyer Chops.—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops.—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit, as possible.

Harris.—Adzactly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat). Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally

Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go——

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness.—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard——

Chops.—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness.—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops.—Well, sir, go on.

Witness.—Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go——

Chops.—There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

Witness.—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops.—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness.—To be sure I do.

Chops.—Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness.—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat——

Chops.—This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt, he seems to be trifling with this court.

Court.—Witness, you are now before a court of jus-

tice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness—[alarmed.]—Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court—[after deliberating.]—Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness.—Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose—he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass—but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. *And that's all I know about the fight.*

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STRAY SUBJECTS,

ARRESTED AND BOUND OVER:

BEING THE

FUGITIVE OFFSPRING

OF THE

“OLD 'UN” AND THE “YOUNG 'UN,”

THAT HAVE BEEN “LYING ROUND LOOSE,” AND ARE NOW
“TIED UP” FOR FAST KEEPING.

WITH EIGHT ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM

DESIGNS BY DARLEY.

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TO

WILLIAM T. PORTER, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF REGARD AND ESTEEM

BY HIS FRIENDS

THE AUTHORS.



P R E F A C E .

A VOLUME like the present, a mere collection of "unconsidered trifles," would seem to require no regular introduction; but, as a preface is regarded as essential to a book, we can but follow the fashion set by our illustrious predecessors.

The sketches which follow were written generally to while away a tedious hour, and fill nooks and corners in the newspaper press, unoccupied by worthier matter. The greater part of them were published in the New York "Spirit of the Times," and the circulation they received is fairly attributable, less to their intrinsic merit, than to the high reputation of that admirable journal, in which our lucubrations have been preserved, like flies in amber. Some of the articles were originally written for the Philadelphia "Saturday Courier," the

Boston "Daily Times," the "Boston Weekly Symbol," the "Yankee Blade," and other papers.

Making no pretensions to literary merit (as they were penned to serve a temporary purpose), these sketches are now thrown out as a "forlorn hope," relying on Darley's "pictures" as a *corps de reserve*.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE,

alias the "OLD 'UN."

GEORGE P. BURNHAM,

alias the "YOUNG 'UN."

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HANS HOPPER, THE HORSE-BREAKER.

BY THE 'OLD 'UN.'

ON the good old island of Nassau, not many leagues distant from the ancient city of New York, there lies a little isolated township, which is perhaps unchronicled on any map. Its houses are scattered sparingly upon the southern shore of the island, and are defended from the keen sea-breezes by the high bluffs that encircle the small bay. The land rises with a gradual swell from the sea-shore, until it attains a somewhat elevated height, and the hills which oppose their brown summits to the northern blast, are clothed with stunted forest-trees, apparently of great antiquity, and, being squat, broad-bottomed and rusty, are not unlike the original Dutch settlers of this old-fashioned place. The present inhabitants partake of the amphibious character of their township, being alternately fishermen and farmers, and equally expert in bringing forth the treasures of the sea and land. They are an industrious and thriving race, cherishing immemorial customs, and full of old-world virtue and morality. I must except, however, from this eulogy a certain individual, whose history forms the subject of the present sketch.

Hans Hopper was the only son of one of the most industrious farmers of the village we have mentioned. The old gentleman was a little plodding agriculturist, but one doomed to suffer a variety of ills. It seemed as if the same seasons which were favourable to his neigh-

bours always brought ill luck to him. He was grievously afflicted with the murrain among his cattle and the blight among his corn; and if he ever had a crop that promised remarkably well, the neighbours' cows were sure to break into the field, or some prodigious hail-storm to arise, which made no havock on adjacent farms. Then he was as unsuccessful in his fishing. Although his nets were formed with extraordinary care, the shad seemed to have a peculiar faculty of getting through them, or the horseshoes were immeshed in amazing numbers, and broke their way out, to the infinite discomfort of old Hopper. Thus, although as hard-working a man as any in the village, he was doomed to suffer continual losses.

The villagers, who, like the people of most country towns, are never at a loss to account for similar events, declared that the old gentleman's ill luck was attributable to prodigality and want of thrift in his vixen of a wife and his incorrigible son. In truth, the youthful Hopper did not promise to retrieve the fortunes of his family. Being an only son, he was the spoiled darling of father and mother, and inherited the faults of each. He was much too indolent to work, but when engaged in the perpetration of any mischief, there was no labour too severe for him. He grew up the terror of all the good housewives in the village, for not a hen could cackle in his hearing without his discovering her favourite retreat and securing the new-laid treasure in all its spotless beauty.

Unfortunately for the villagers, Hans contrived to be on good terms with all the mastiffs of the neighbourhood; not a dog could come into the town without acknowledging the charm of his voice, and giving him a tacit passport to all the treasures that he guarded. Hans was



KANS HOOPER, THE HORSE-BREAKER.—Page 19.

a famous bird-charmer, and many an escaped canary has he whistled back to perch, none of which ever returned to its original master. He could wile away squirrels from their autumnal granaries, and call in the screaming wild fowl from the ocean ; in short, he seemed to be a universal favourite. But it is high time that I should attempt some description of the hero of my tale. He was short, but strongly built, with square shoulders, and a person equally adapted for feats of activity and strength. His limbs were incessantly in motion, and it was even a penance for him to sit quietly at table. But this extreme mobility of body was not participated by the features of his countenance. These remained ever in repose. Sometimes, indeed, his dull blue eyes would light up with the smothered fire of merriment or anger, but in general it was a bootless task to search his countenance for a proof of what was passing in his mind. Let me add that his lips were thin, his nose sharp, his face covered with light freckles, and his head with wiry reddish hair, and you will have as complete an idea of his appearance as I can possibly convey.

Hans had no sooner attained his majority than his father and mother died, leaving him their little property, which consisted of the paternal homestead and a few hundreds in cash at interest. He now began to think of living like a gentleman, and having laid down a few acres to oats, he purchased a fiery young colt, and witched the village with his noble horsemanship. I have mentioned that he possessed a wonderful power over animals, and horses were not exempted from his sway. The secret of his magic was unknown, but like Cahir na Cappul, the Irish rapparee,

“He had but to whisper a word, and your horse would trot out of his stall.”

Every one has heard of Jerry Sullivan, well known at Newmarket and Epsom, and on the Curragh of Kildare, who was a famous whisperer, and had a magic word by which he could subdue the fiercest horse ; but I take it on me to assert, that not Jerry Sullivan, in his high and palmy days of equestrian distinction, could exert so powerful an influence over his noble steeds as did the redoubtable Hans Hopper. So remarkable, indeed, were the exploits of the latter, that he was called Dare-Devil Hans ; and it was confidently whispered in the cosey coteries that assembled under the patriarchal roof of mine host of the Green Flagon, that the youthful Hopper was more than a match for the Evil One himself. Hans was aware of the distinction he had gained, and to such a pitch was he inflated thereby, that I verily believe he would have faced a cannon’s mouth to sustain his reputation—especially if the deadly engine were unloaded.

Hans had something of a travelled reputation too, for he had more than once passed the low barrier of hills that sheltered the village on one side, and brought news from the fair regions that spread in boundless luxuriance beyond them. Mounted on his fiery colt, he made semi-annual excursions to Oyster-Bay, and once crossed the perilous stream of the East River, and penetrated to Bloomingdael, an exploit which is yet talked of by the gossips of his township. In pleasant summer weather he would trot his horse upon the shining beach of Coney-Island, and fairly win the money of the gentlemen jockeys who ran their steeds against him. A couple of months he devoted to the ungrateful task of tilling his paternal

acres; but that once over, he idled away the remaining portion of the year. He was lazy enough to be a poet, but his exploits in literature were confined to the perusal of an odd volume of the Turf Register, and a well-thumbed copy of Degrafton's Farriery.

It was not long before the cash his father left him disappeared; and, forced to take up some employment, he became a jockey, and passed his time in breeding, training, swapping, and selling horses. He was a constant attendant at the Union Course, and sometimes came off a great winner. But the money thus acquired was always spent in vulgar dissipation—at the tavern or the cockpit; and Dare-Devil Hans, with all his magic power over horses, had much ado to support his own smart “bit of blood.”

At length he became quite desperate, being deprived of the means of keeping up a figure, and revolved the expediency of parting with a favourite horse, which he still kept, notwithstanding the decline of his fortunes. One night, returning homeward rather late, he entered, in a gloomy mood, the piece of woodland which commences on the decline of Flatbush hill, between that and the pretty village of Flatbush. The axe has somewhat thinned this little forest; but at the time of which I write it was luxuriant and dense. Hans patted the neck of his favourite steed, and sighed at the thought of parting with him. No Arab of the desert was ever more affectionately attached to the animal that carried him. “My poor Selim,” said he, “I’m sorry to part with thee, lad, for thou art, in truth, the horse of my heart. But poverty parts good company. They call me Dare-Devil Hans—’Egad! I wish I could only get the speech

of the Old-One, I fancy we could strike a bargain for the strapping of a saddle-girth."

The words had no sooner passed his lips than he "became aware" of a gentlemanly stranger, tall, black, and mounted on a powerful charger of tawny sable hue. It did not strike Hans that he had a spirit from the vasty deep, and he accordingly introduced his companion.

"A fine evening for riding—rather coolish this time of year."

"Cool!" returned the stranger in surprise:—"It is as hot as——." 'Twas a *lapsus linguæ*, and he checked himself.

"Hot!" cried Hans—" 'Egad, sir, you must be from a cold climate."

"The contrary, I assure you," replied the stranger. They rode on awhile in silence.

"I say," said Hans, with another effort at conversation; "you've a nice horse under you. Suppose you will gallop a few paces with me for a few miles."

The stranger, nothing loth, consented. Each turned cheerfully to his horse and touched him with the whip. The two horses, fired with emulation, launched themselves into the rapid fury of the race. They warm up, their joints become suppler, their action freer, they take manes upon the night-breeze, and snort with enthusiasm. The riders are as men insane—they are as mad as their masters. They stretch like hounds in their headlong progress; the night-hawk alone outstrips them. The flints of Flatbush are for a moment under foot, and then the spire of the church is left away behind. Victory hovered for a moment, and then the black steed shot ahead.

“Pull up! pull up!” cried Hans, reining in his reeking nag. “You’ve distanced the best horse on the island, and you must be the very d—l.”

“At your service,” replied the other, bowing very gracefully.

Hans was overjoyed—he shook hands with Eblis, and invited him to honour his humble dwelling with his presence. The invitation was accepted, and over a strong jug of Hollands a compact was agreed upon. The old gentleman promised Hans to be his banker for three years, during which he was to enjoy unlimited health and credit; but at the expiration of that term his Satanic Majesty was to call for the devoted Dutchman. The bargain once concluded, the two allies smoked pipes innumerable, and it was not until the shrill crowing of chanticleer proclaimed the near approach of morning that the gentleman in sables mounted his black horse and vanished in a very equivocal manner.

Hans went to bed, and awoke about ten o’clock in a very happy state of mind. He eat his breakfast, and then sauntered down to his usual haunt, the bar-room of the tavern, where he surprised some of his phlegmatic townsmen into an ejaculation, by displaying a handful of gold coins. It was soon rumoured about that Hans had come into possession of a handsome legacy; and all who had previously shunned him, crowded eagerly to make his acquaintance. Foremost among the herd of flatterers were those whose hen-roosts had been oftenest visited by the youthful Hopper—but they forgot all in the enthusiasm of the moment.

Hans was now able to hold up his head among the best, and kept company with celebrated training-grooms

and famous jockeys, the magnates of the land. He bought a full-blooded Virginia mare, and became a member of the Jockey Club. All his speculations on the turf were fortunate, and all his drafts upon his secret banker duly honoured. In fact, his affairs were soon so prosperous that he refunded to his ally all the money he had loaned him, with a handsome interest, and refused any longer to receive his aid. The devil waxed exceedingly wroth at this, and became as impatient for the time when he might claim his due, as Hans was reluctant to have that time approach.

Meantime our hero, feeling the growing responsibility of a moneyed man, determined to reform his evil habits, ceased to frequent the bar-room of the Green Flagon, and assumed a serious demeanour. He repaired the venerable mansion of his fathers, and having placed his household affairs in the strictest order, led to the hymeneal altar the daughter of a wealthy farmer of Jamaica, a young and blooming girl. In less than a year after, he was assured that his possessions would not pass out of the family for want of an heir. But in the midst of all this happiness poor Hans often shuddered when he reflected how rapidly the time was passing, and how soon his infernal creditor would come to claim his dues.

As the fatal night drew near, his spirits seemed to forsake him. He was often absent and moody, and would sometimes sit by the hour together gazing on his wife and child with tearful eyes, and shaking his head mournfully if any question was asked him. The green hues of summer had brightened into the hectic tints of autumn; the evenings were bleak and desolate; and Hans, as if sympathizing with universal nature, shud-

dered as he drew his chair closer to the fire. He now seldom stirred abroad, except to exercise his horses. He frequented no races, went to no merry-makings, and seemed a sadly altered man. One night his wife had gone to bed betimes, and he was left sitting up alone. It was the fatal night, and the hour was approaching. Poor Hans sat gazing at the dial-plate of the old clock, and counting every tick with feverish solicitude. At length the clock struck twelve. Hans started up, and listened. Directly after there was a thundering knock at the back door, and he hastened to open it. Though the night was dark, he recognised his fiendish creditor by the fiery glare of his eyeballs, and the ruddy glow that issued from his mouth; while his barbed tail, that verified the portraits in the picture-books, was whisking restlessly to and fro, and describing arcs of circles on the frozen ground.

“Come!” cried his majesty, “you’re wanted.”

A thought, so vivid and instantaneous, that it seemed providential, flashed across the mind of Hans. He knocked the hat from the head of his fiendish visiter, and ere the latter could recover himself, he seized one of his horns with both hands and dragged him to a range of pegs on which he hung his harness. Before the astounded demon could recover himself, Hans snatched a formidable cowskin, and thrust a severe bit into the mouth of the arch enemy. He then began beating him with might and main. The tortured fiend fell upon his hands and knees. In an instant Dare-Devil Hans sprung upon his back and inflicted the severest discipline. The fiend bolted and leaped from the house, but Hans was as firmly seated as the Old Man of the Mountain or the

back of Sindbad. His degraded majesty roared beneath the lash, reared, plunged, and used every mischievous exertion of which his tremendous strength was capable, to unseat his rider, but in vain. At length, when he was totally obedient, Hans vaulted lightly to the ground and let him go. The liberated demon fled like a bolt from a bow, leaving behind a long trail of fiery light that shone like the track of a comet in the evening air. Hans breathed freely—he was free—but this was not all; for, on going into his front yard, he discovered the devil's horse tied firmly to the palings. He endeavoured to lead the animal to his stable; but the beast proving refractory, he vaulted lightly on his back, and applied to him the same discipline which had subdued his master, with the same success. From that time horse and man were friends. The creature (named Beelzebub, in commemoration of his former owner) was a valuable acquisition, for he won many a plate and sweepstakes for his master, and introduced a breed of colts into the island of extraordinary strength and fire. Hans is yet alive, and from his own lips I learned his story. He concluded his narration in the following words; “That black horse was a jewel—and there was but one bad thing about him—when he was taken sick, brimstone wouldn't physic him.”

F. A. D.

THE FASTEST FUNERAL ON RECORD.

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! the dead ride fast—
Dost fear to ride with me ? ”—*Burger's Leonora.*

“ This fellow has no feeling of his business. ”—*Hamlet.*

I HAD just crossed the long bridge leading from Boston to Cambridgeport, and was plodding my dusty way on foot through that not very agreeable suburb on a sultry afternoon in July, with a very creditable thunder-cloud coming up in my rear, when a stout elderly gentleman, with a mulberry face, a brown coat, and pepper-and-salt smalls, reined up his nag, and after learning that I was bound for Old Cambridge, politely invited me to take a seat beside him in the little sort of tax-cart he was driving. Nothing loth, I consented, and we were soon *en route*. The mare he drove was a very peculiar animal. She had few good points to the eye, being heavy-bodied, hammer-headed, thin in the shoulders, bald-faced, and rejoicing in a little stump of a tail which was almost entirely innocent of hair. But there were “ lots of muscle,” as Major Longbow says, in her hind quarters.

“ She aint no Wenus, sir,” said my new acquaintance, pointing with his whip to the object of my scrutiny—“ but handsome is as handsome does. Them’s my sentiments. She’s a rum ’un to look at, but a good ’un to go.”

“ Indeed ? ”

“ Yes, *Sir!* That there mare, sir, has made good time—I may say, *very* good time before the hearse.”

“Before the hearse?”

“Before the hearse! S’pose you never heard of *burying a man on time!* I’m a sexton, sir, and undertaker—**JACK CROSSBONES**, at your service—‘Daddy Crossbones’ they call me at **PORTER’S**.”

“Ah! I understand. Your mare ran away with the hearse.”

“Ran away! A child could hold her. Oh! yes, of course she ran away,” added the old gentleman, looking full in my face with a very quizzical expression, and putting the fore finger of his right hand on the right side of his party-coloured proboscis.

“My dear sir,” said I, “you have excited my curiosity amazingly, and I should esteem it a particular favour if you would be a little less oracular and a little more explicit.”

“I don’t know as I’d ought to tell you,” said my new acquaintance, very slowly and tantalizingly. “If you was one of these here writing chaps, you might poke it in the ‘Spirit of the Times,’ and then it would be all day with me. But I don’t care if I do make a clean breast of it. Honour bright, you know!”

“Of course.”

“Well, then, I live a piece up beyond Old Cambridge—you can see our steeple off on a hill to the right, when we get a little further. Well, one day, I had a customer—(he was carried off by the typhus)—which had to be toted into town—cause why? he had a vault there. So I rubbed down the old mare and put her in the fills. Ah! Sir! that critter knows as much as a Injun, and more than a Nigger. She’s as sober ‘as be d—d’ when she gets the shop—that’s

what I call the hearse—behind her. You would not think she was a three-minute nag, to look at her. Well, sir, as luck would have it, by a sort of providential inspiration, the day before, I'd took off the old wooden springs and set the body on elliptics. For I thought it a hard case that a gentleman who'd been riding easy all his life, should go to his grave on wooden springs. Ah! I deal well by my customers. I thought of patent boxes to the wheels, but *I* couldn't afford it, and the parish are so mighty stingy.

“ Well, I got him in, and led off the string—fourteen hacks, and a dearborn wagon at the tail of the funeral. We made a fine show. As luck would have it, just as we came abreast of Porter's, out slides that eternal torment, BILL SIKES, in his new trotting sulky, with the brown horse that he bought for a fast crab, and *is* mighty good for a rush, but hain't got nigh so much bottom as the mare. Bill's light weight, and his sulky's a mere feather. Well, sir, Bill came up alongside, and walked his horse a bit. He looked at the mare and then at me, and then he winked. Then he looked at his nag and put his tongue in his cheek, and winked. I looked straight ahead, and only said to myself, ‘ Cuss you, Bill Sikes.’ By and by, he let his horse slide. He travelled about a hundred yards, and then held up till I came abreast, and then he winked and bantered me again. It was d—d aggravatin'. Says I to myself, says I—‘ that's twice you've done it, my buzzum friend and sweet-scented shrub—but you doesn't do that 'ere again.’ The third time he bantered me, I let him have it. It was only saying ‘ Scat, you brute!’ and she was off—that mare. He had all the odds, you know, for

I was toting a two hundred pounder, and he ought to have beat me like breaking sticks, now hadn't he? He had me at the first brush, for I told you the brown horse was a mighty fast one for a little ways. But soon I lapped him. I had no whip, and he could use his string—but he had his hands full. Side by side, away we went. Rattle-te-bang! crack! buz! thump! And I afraid of losing my customer on the road. But I was more afraid of losing the race. The reputation of the old mare was at a stake, and I swore she should have a fair chance. We went so fast that the posts and rails by the road-side looked like a log fence. The old church and the new one, and the colleges, spun past like Merry Andrews. The hackmen did not know what the — was to pay, and, afraid of not being in at the death, they put the string onto their teams, and came clattering on behind as if Satan had kicked 'em on eend. Some of the mourners was sporting characters, and they craned out of the carriage windows and waved their handkerchiefs. The President of Harvard College himself, inspired by the scene, took off his square tile as I passed his house, and waving it three times round his head, cried, 'Go it, Boots!' It is a fact. And I beat him, sir! I beat him, in three miles, a hundred rods. He gin it up, sir, in despair.

“His horse was off his feed for a week, and when he took to corn again he wasn't worth a straw. It was acknowledged on all hands to be the fastest funeral on record, though I say it as shouldn't. I'm an undertaker; sir, and I never yet was overtaken.”

On subsequent inquiry at Porter's, where the sporting sexton left me, I found that his story was strictly true



DAVEY

"It was only saying 'Seat, you brute!' and she was off—that mare."—Page 31.

in all the main particulars. A terrible rumpus was kicked up about the race, but Crossbones swore lustily that the mare had run away—that he had sawed away two inches of her lip in trying to hold her up, and that he could not have done otherwise, unless he had run her into a fence and spilled his ‘customer’ into the ditch. If any one expects to die anywhere near the sexton’s *diggings*, I can assure him that the jolly old boy is still alive and kicking, the very ‘Ace of Hearts’ and ‘Jack of Spades,’ and that now both patent boxes and elliptic springs render his professional conveyance the easiest running thing on the road.



FAMILIAR LECTURES ON SHAKSPERE.

No. 1.

MACBETH.

IN these days of modern improvement, when economy properly embraces time as well as the expenditure of money, literature as well as manufacturing pursuits have their labour-saving processes. By new methods children are taught algebra and metaphysics, and we doubt not before long that infants will be weaned on Differential Calculus instead of sugar candy. Everything has been abridged. The History of the World is now compressed into one duodecimo, and all the arts and sciences are snugly lodged in one fat octavo. We propose to do our part by attempting the production of a ‘Shakspere made Easy,’ hoping to get the cream of the great dra-

matic bard into a few 'neat paragraphs.' Our condensation will be found to be an adequate substitute for the long-winded lucubrations of the prosy and over-estimated poet. As a specimen of our plan and our ability, we will take up the character and tragedy of Macbeth.

Macbeth is a Scotch gentleman, supposed to have flourished in some remote period of antiquity, before the Celts had learned their letters or the art of penmanship. Great nations always begin backwards. Their first proceeding is to achieve great deeds—their last to record them. Some people have doubted whether Macbeth ever existed—but we have had ocular evidence that he did exist. We have ourself seen him in the persons of Cooper, Forrest, Kean, Macready, Anderson, and last, not least, Mr. Smith Brown, to whom we are inclined to award the palm of histrionic superiority. The latter gentleman we saw perform the character in a hall at Lowell to a small but highly select and discriminating audience, consisting of four factory girls, three stout gentlemen connected with the Lowell and Boston line of coaches, and a very enterprising merchant in the roast peanut and molasses candy trade. Mr. Smith Brown's voice was rather more cracked and unmanageable than Macready's, and consequently better fitted to portray the wild and fluctuating fortunes of the 'Thane of Cawdor.' In the final fight with Macduff he revolved slowly on his heel, leaving his back completely exposed to his ferocious adversary. But as 'One good *turn* deserves another,' Macduff generously refused to take advantage of this *pirouette*, and Mr. Smith Brown was not killed until several seconds afterwards.

In Macbeth, Shakspeare seems to have designed a

display of the disadvantages of being henpecked; for Mrs. Macbeth, though a Scotchwoman, is also a Tartar. She was the original Mrs. Caudle, and her curtain lectures changed her husband from a quiet performer on the Scottish violin and an ardent lover of rappee, to an ambitious seeker after royalty. As there is a long step between his original position and that of the monarch of Scotland, he determines to succeed in his, or rather in his wife's object by imitating the Catholic Priests, and *cutting off all the hairs (heirs) to the crown*. Hence he receives Duncan into his castle with the cheerful politeness manifested by the spider to the fly:

“‘ Won't you walk into my parlour ?’
Said the spider to the fly.”

Duncan goes to bed. Macbeth, in what we always supposed to be an access of *delirium tremens*, sees double—that is, he sees a dagger in the air and another in his own hand. He walks into his guest's room, the door of which the latter has forgotten to lock, without stumbling over his boots in the entry, and giving him his quietus, walks out again as if he had performed rather a meritorious action. When the deed is discovered, he lynches a couple of servants whom he charges with the crime. We forgot to mention that his success had been predicted to him by three old maiden ladies who met him and told his fortune on what Shakspeare, with the reprehensible coarseness of his period, calls a ‘*blasted heath*,’ Macbeth giving them a half a crown to insure him a whole one. By force of habit as well as principle, he next has his friend Banquo killed—but the latter gentleman amuses himself by rising from the grave and

reappearing unto Macbeth at the supper-table, with all sorts of unpleasant faces, making himself as disagreeable as possible, until he disappears under the stage by means of a trap-door, to wash off the red ochre and bury his cares and countenance in a pot of porter. After coming a variety of naughty games, and rendering himself liable to numerous indictments, this 'fine old Scottish gentleman' is driven into a corner by one Mr. Macduff, a very spunky and wrathful individual, who does *not* think the usurper a nice man, and declares the means by which he obtained the gilt paper coronet that is stuck on the top of his black wig, 'very tolerable and not to be endured.' To be sure, Macduff is rather prejudiced against the other Mac from the fact that the latter has chosen to while away a tedious half hour by putting Mrs. Macduff and all the little Masters and Misses Macduff 'out of their misery;' consequently he flares up and fires away and bestows many opprobrious epithets upon Mr. Macbeth, calling him among other things a 'hell-kite,' and using other expressions unbecoming a gentleman and scholar.

The upshot of it is, that the two Mr. Mc's have a pitched battle. Some commentators have supposed that previous to this fight Macbeth had become reduced in his circumstances and sought employment as an ostler, from the fact that he talks about 'dying with *harness* on his back;'—but as we have discovered that *harness* and *armour* are synonymous, we have come to the conclusion that he might more properly be termed a *mail-carrier*. Macbeth had relied upon getting the best of it, because the three maiden ladies above referred to assured him that

“No man of woman born
Could harm Macbeth.”

But Macduff, being a self-made man, succeeds in flooring his ferocious adversary. What became of the body—whether it was sold to the surgeons, or given to the friends of the deceased (if he had any—we are inclined to infer that he had not, from Macduff’s ‘hitting him’), neither history nor Shakspeare states. In fact, it is of very little importance; and the moral the drama teaches, is the danger of one’s permitting his better half to wear those habiliments which are the distinguishing characteristics of the costume of the male sex.

F. A. D.

No. 2.

OTHELLO.

THIS individual was a coloured gentleman, who, at the period chosen by the dramatist to present him to his readers, wore a couple of epaulettes, and a broadsword much too long for him, in the service of the Venetian Republic. From the frequent allusions made to the intensity of his colour, we are led to infer that his pretensions to Moorish origin were all humbug, and that he was actually a full blooded ‘nigger’. In fact, a scrap of poetry, never before published, in Shakspeare’s (‘meaning Bill’s’) own hand-writing, preserved in the Bodleian Library, says, evidently referring to Othello,

“My nigger, him colour berry black;
He eat him belly-full, him drink him whack.
Nobody dare play lark on him.

Him got courage, so I don't deceive ;
 And him so berry black, you hardly believe—
 Charcoal make a white mark on him."

This is direct evidence worth all the flimsy speculations of all the commentators. Shakspeare says nothing touching the origin and education of his hero. He was probably first attached in a subordinate capacity to the army of the Republic, being doubtless employed to wait upon table and black the officers' boots.

Evincing, we are inclined to believe, evidences of pugnacity in various sets-to with his brother bootblacks, and probably making himself agreeable to his officers by jumping Jim Crow, playing on the bones, and imitating the 'bull-gine,' he was at length honoured by being permitted to march in a 'forlorn hope,' and unquestionably earned a commission by *butting down* a score of the enemy. Step by step he rises. He finally shuffles himself into the good graces of Miss Desdemona, the mild and pretty daughter of a fiery old gentleman in a white wig and yellow boots, named Brabantio. They elope, and run to the nearest magistrate, who unites them in the bonds of holy wedlock, and receives, instead of a shilling, a promise from Othello to 'owe it to him.' When this proceeding is made known to Brabantio by one Mr. Iago, an unpleasant individual in corkscrew curls and disagreeable boots, ('his worship's ancient,' or 'Old 'Un,') he grows very red in the face, indulges in numerous expletives, and talks of having Othello marched off between two constables, in accordance with the old common law adage :

"He who takes what isn't his'n,
 When he's caught must go to prison."

But the Senators, who do not, like our Senators, wear hats and hunting-shirts in the Senate-Chamber, but, on the contrary, are dressed in very red baize gowns and very white tow wigs, are of different opinion from Mr. Brabantio; or rather, requiring the services of the remarkable nigger who commands their forces, because the Turks have been menacing their frontier, and kicking up a confounded fuss generally, listen to Othello's defence, in fact a very lame one, and tell Mr. Brabantio to go about his business, a recommendation which, as he is a retired shop-keeper, and lives upon his interest, is adding insult to injury. To return to his 'Worship's Ancient.' This unpleasant individual gets hold, for purposes of his own, of one Michael Cassio, the orderly sergeant of Othello's own regiment, who commands the guard at Cyprus. This unfortunate young man is induced to drink a large amount of liquor until his intellects become completely obfuscated, notwithstanding which, the Sergeant asserts that he is not drunk because he can tell his left hand from his right, and to prove it, immediately pitches into one Roderigo, 'a foolish gentleman in love with Desdemona.' This coming to the ears of General Othello, induces the latter to dismiss him; a sentence spoken in the following words:

"Cassio! I lub thee—
But nebber more be ossifer of mine."

To make a long story short, the unpleasant individual in the disagreeable boots succeeds in making Othello jealous of his wife, Mr. Ex-Sergeant Cassio being the alleged invader of the marital rights. The burden of the proof lies in Cassio's possession of a pocket-hand-

kerchief, a white cotton one with a strawberry border, which Othello, in a sudden fit of generosity, once gave his wife. Iago steals this handkerchief, but makes the ex-bootblack believe that Desdemona has given it to Cassio. It is easily identified by more senses than one, because Desdemona is so much attached to it that she never sends it to the washerwoman, although it is in constant use. The intelligence of the Ancient's treachery and the innocence of Desdemona comes just in time to be too late, for Othello, being very much put out himself, puts out the light with an extinguisher, and then extinguishes Desdemona with a pillow, notwithstanding his recent declaration, so finely given by Mr. Rice, the only correct representative of the character :

“Excellent wench

Perdition catch my soul, but I do lub thee !

And when I lub thee not,

Shay-horse is come again !”

However, we are perfectly willing to allow that nothing could possibly be more handsome or gentlemanly than Othello's full confession of regret, when it is too late to do any good—the very prompt manner in which he puts his sword through his Ancient, as one would pin a fly against a wall, and the complete amends he makes to all parties concerned, by severing his own jugular with a rusty carving-knife, ‘to the satisfaction of his friends and the public generally.’ The play is deeply and clearly moral. It enforces on the minds of young ladies and gentlemen the propriety of marrying people of their own colour—it teaches statesmen the danger of putting coloured gentlemen into false positions, and teach-

es temperance to all orderly sergeants and corporals, whether of 'horse, foot, or heavy dragoons.'—Bill really made quite a hit in this piece, and we hope he had a good benefit when it was played on his account at the Globe.

F. A. D.

No. 3.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THIS play is evidently intended as a bitter satire on the very foolish and inconsiderate manner in which ladies and gentlemen of immature age fall in love with each other without the slightest provocation, to their own discomfort and discredit, and the intense aggravation of their friends and relations. Mr. Romeo Montague is a very interesting young gentleman who has some pretensions to good looks, and accordingly sets himself up for an Adonis, cultivating a moustache, and spending all his pocket money in Cologne water and Macassar oil. He is principally occupied in doing nothing, sauntering about the streets in company with a pair of scapegraces of his acquaintance, named Mercutio and Ben Something—Ben Folio, we believe. As he is engaged to be married to a very pretty and worthy girl, with a snug little property of her own, and a fair prospect of enjoying uninterrupted happiness, it is of course quite in the ordinary course of young gentlemen of his kidney to jilt his faithful love and tumble head over heels in love with one Miss Juliet Capulet, the daughter of a gentleman at deadly feud with Mr. Romeo's family—in fact

all the Montagues and Capulets are together by the ears, and even the scullions of the opposing houses are sure to pitch into each other when they meet at the butcher's shop or grocer's store—it being very natural for kitchen scullions to have a *broil*. This Miss Juliet we take to be a very romantic, novel-reading sort of a miss, excessively given to star-gazing, and profoundly ignorant of the mystery of making pies and d——g stockings. She has an interview with young Romeo in her father's garden—he having scaled the wall like a *scaly* fellow for the double purpose of making love and stealing horse-chestnuts. Unlike Ophelia, Miss Capulet has a harsh, creaking voice, as she herself tells us:—

“Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine.”

Matters drive on very fast. After being privately united to Romeo, Juliet is betrothed to one Count Paris—but to prevent her being indicted for bigamy, an old Friar gives her a drug to lull her to sleep, and she is buried in a trance, in the tomb of all the Capulets. We forgot to mention such trivial affairs as one Tybalt's killing Mercutio, and one Romeo killing Tybalt, as these little incidents were quite common to the period, and altogether beneath one's notice. Romeo, thinking his mistress really dead, goes to an apothecary and spends his last half-dollar in purchasing a junk bottle of bed-bug poison, and an ounce of ratsbane, with which he repairs to the vault of the Capulets to have a good cry upon Juliet's tomb, and a comfortable lunch on his refreshments. By way of pastime, and just to have one more bit of fun before he makes away with himself, he

has a fencing-bout with Mr. Paris, who very fortunately happens to be cooling his heels in the churchyard, and puts his smallsword through that gentleman's waistcoat in quite a cheerful and pleasant style, and much to his own satisfaction. He makes his way into the tomb, converses with himself after the approved fashion of all the young gentlemen in all of Shakspeare's plays, takes a good drink of the bed-bug, chews a little arsenic, and lies down to cool himself off. It would seem that the druggist dealt in nothing but first rate articles, according to the following statement in the play:—

“Here's to my love! Oh, true apothecary!

[*Drinks the poison.*]

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*”]

Miss Capulet wakes up, and after rubbing her eyes, sees her lover stretched on the cold earth before her. Observing a junk bottle near him, her first suspicion is, that in desperation at her supposed death he has taken to drink, and stumbled into the vault in a state of inexcusable inebriety to sleep off the effects of his debauch, and wake with a headache the next morning. A label on the bottle in the handwriting of the apothecary (“Don't tech this 'ere—it's pizen”) undeceives her. She knows that her lover has committed a *felo de se*. She hopes to find a drop left, but Romeo, determined to get his money's worth, has drained the bottle dry. After searching in his pockets, she finds a double-bladed buck-handled knife, with which the poor young man was accustomed to pare apples and whittle walking-sticks, and after calling it very romantically a ‘*dag-ger*.’

she puts it into her heart with a request that it will rust there, and permit her as a great favour to expire.

“This is thy sheath; there rust and let me die.”

Of course the dagger has no objections, and the young lady expires. As a wind-up to this disastrous affair, which of course found its way into the papers of Verona, and made the fortunes of the newsboys, the Montagues and the Capulets come together, shake hands over the remains of the young gentleman and lady, and go to bed with easy consciences and every prospect of continued happiness, Mr. Montague having made a most extravagant assertion with regard to his intentions:—

———“I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.”

As travellers and the guide-books make no mention of this golden statue of Juliet, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Montague was only *selling* his friends, or if the project was undertaken, it probably fell through for want of funds

F. A. D.

ONE WAY TO NULLIFY A BAD LEASE.

THERE is a shrewd and wealthy old Yankee landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his 'sharp bargains'—by which he has amassed a large amount of property. He is the owner of a great number of dwelling-houses, and it is said of him that he is not over-scrupulous in his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer whom he knows to be *responsible*. His object is always to lease his houses for a term of years, to the *best* tenants, and get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him, last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the Yankee landlord ascertaining that his applicant was a man 'after his own heart' for a tenant, immediately commenced to 'jew' him. He found that the tenement appeared to suit the little Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; but the lease was drawn and duly executed, and the tenant moved into his new quarters.

Upon the kindling of fires in the house, it was found that the chimneys wouldn't 'draw,' and the building was filled with smoke. The window sashes rattled in the wind at night, and the cold air rushed through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The snow melted upon the roof, and the attics were drenched from leaking. The rain pelted, and our

Frenchman found a 'natural' bath-room upon the cellar floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I hav ben vat you sal call 'suck in,' vis zis dam *maison*"—muttered our victim to himself, a week afterward—"but *n'importe*—ve sal see, vot ve *sal* see!"

Next morning he rose bright and early, and passing down town, he encountered the landlord.

"A-ha!—*Bon jour, monsieur,*" said he, in his happiest manner.

"Good-day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah! *Monsieur*—elegant, *beautiful*—magnificent! *Eh bien, monsieur*; I hav but ze one regret—"

"Ah! What is that?"

"*Monsieur*—I sal live in zat house but tree little year."

"How so?"

"I hav find, by vot you sal call ze *leese*, zat you hav' give me ze house for but tree year, an' I hav' ver' mooch sorrow for zat."

"But you can have it longer, if you wish—"

"Ah, *monsieur*—I sal be ver' mooch glad if I can hav' zat house *so long as I please*—eh, *monsieur*?"

"Oh, certainly—certainly, sir."

"*Tres bien, monsieur!* I sal valk rite to your offees—an' you sal give me vot you call ze lease for zat *maison* jes *so long as I sal vant ze house*. Eh, *monsieur*?"

"Certainly, sir. You shall stay there your life-time, if you like."

"Ah, *monsieur*—I hav' ver' mooch tanks for zis accommodation."

The old leases were destroyed, and a new one was

delivered in form to the French gentleman, giving him possession of the premises for "*such period as the lessee may desire the same, he paying the rent therefor, promptly,*" etc. etc.

The next morning, our crafty landlord was passing the house just as the Frenchman's last load of furniture was being started from the door; and an hour afterwards, a messenger called on him with a 'legal tender' for the rent for eight days, accompanied with a note as follows:—

“MONSIEUR,

I hav' bin shmoke—I hav' bin drowned—I hav' bin frees to death, in ze house vot I hav' hire ov you, 'for ze period as I may desire.' I hav' stay in ze dam house '*jes so long as I please,*' an' ze bearer of zis vil give you ze key!—*Bon jour, monsieur!*”

It is needless to add that our Yankee landlord has never since been known to give up 'a bird in the hand, for one in the bush!'

G. P. B.

SEEING THE STEAMER OFF.

A FEW weeks ago, on the near eve of the departure of one of the noble Cunard liners for Halifax and Liverpool, the state of the tide compelled her to anchor in the stream for a few hours before sailing, and, as usual, a steam ferry-boat was employed to carry off the baggage and passengers, and those friends who wished to see the

latter off. There was of course, a great shaking of hands on board, some kisses, tears, and "good-byes," a good many box-coats and Mackintoshes walking about on the upper deck, and a good many petticoats fluttering about the saloon. At length the bell of the little steamer alongside rang a warning peal, and her skipper shouted "all aboard that's going ashore," an order which was promptly obeyed by a bevy of leave-takers, the lines were cast off, and all ready for coming ashore.

At this juncture, an habitually pale young man, rendered paler by anxiety, and standing low down in a pair of very flat boots with sharp toes, exclaimed, as he clattered riotously to the side of the ferry-boat, in the wildest tones of agony: "Mr. Badger! oh! Mr. Badger!"

The wind was fair for Charlestown, and perhaps some marine on duty caught the exclamation.

"Hallo!" yelled the young man, rendered frantic by the efforts of the ferry-man to put off from the steamship. "Hallo! there's a man on board what hadn't ought to be there. Down in No. 39. Mr. Badger! Who'll tell him? you sir? you sir? you sir?" he hurriedly asked, appealing to several grim heads that were looking over the bulwarks of the steamship. "Jest some of ye," he screamed, "run down and tell Mr. Badger he can't stop. *He aint a goin' to England—he aint. He aint a goin' to Halifax even. Darn'd clear of it. He come off to see a friend off, and I'm a friend of his'n, and now he's a goin' off himself. Hard luck! hard luck! Mr. Badger!"*

"Mr. Badger must be a werry deaf'un," said a mariner on liberty, looking very awkward and ferocious in 'long-togs'; "Mr. Badger must be a werry deaf'un,

not to a hard the bell, and come ashore. Such a lubber deserves to be keel-hauled, and then dumped ashore the other side of creation."

At this moment appeared a gleam of hope in the head of a steamship officer, designated by the blue cap and gold band. "Hallo! You sir," yelled the young man, "run right down and fetch up Mr. Badger." The head with the gold band was neither nodded nor shaken, and the ferry-boat swung clear of the steamship.

"O! you darn'd old chowder-head!" shrieked the insensate young man, shaking his fist with impotent fury at the immoveable gold band, "you'll catch it one of these days. Carrin' off a 'Merrikin subjick! Where you git so much shiny hat band?" Then, his unnatural excitement giving way to the most helpless despondency, he sat down on the green cushions in the cabin of the ferry-boat, buried his face in his hands, and as a few 'natural tears' forced themselves between his fingers, thus soliloquized:—

"Hard luck! hard luck! I wonder how I'll break it to his wife and them children! Little did they think this mornin' when he gin 'em a partin' lickin' and told 'em to be good boys till he got back agin, that they would'nt see him for a month.

"By gracious!" he yelled, warming up again: "I can't believe it! Goin' to England—or least-ways to Halifax! Tormented lightnin'! *why, he hain't got no money, nor no shirts!*"

At this moment came a comforter in the portly person of a friend of ours.

"You needn't take it so to heart," said he; "your friend is a fool, of course, or he wouldn't have stayed on

board, but we're going off back with the mails, and I'll fetch him ashore to you."

The poor fellow's face grew so short, one would have thought it had been cut off; and with a cheerful smile he answered that he "always know'd Badger was a j-fired fool, but he didn't want him carried off in the steamer for all that."

F. A. D.

"ZAT IS MY TRUNK!"

IN the days of coaching over the Providence turnpike, before railroad cars were *in esse*, and baggage-crates existed, and when travellers had to keep a sharp look-out for their luggage, some forty or fifty passengers had just stepped on board the old "Ben Franklin," and got under way on Narragansett Bay. A gentleman, who had occasion to get some of his wardrobe, had just hauled out from an immense pile of baggage stowed amidships, a new black leather trunk of portly dimensions, studded with brass nails, when a little withered Frenchman, of a mottled complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd, and interposing between our friend and his property, exclaimed, courteously, but positively—

"I beg your pardon, sare—*mais, pardonnez moi*—you have got ze wrong *cochon* by ze *oreille*—zat is my trunk!"

"Not so, monsieur—I hope I know my own traps."

"*Restez tranquille*—hold on—dans un instant, I vill prove my props—aha! you see dis key, eh?" Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck

a triumphant attitude. "My key unlock *you* trunk—eh? tell me zat!"

"Stand out of the way!—it's my trunk, I tell you."

"Hold on von leetle minute!—zose you shurrts, eh?"

"To be sure they are!"

"Zose you drowaires, eh?"

"Certainly!"

"Vait a moment—I will prove my props, sare"—and the little Frenchman, rummaging beneath a pile of shirts and socks, produced a bottle, and said deliberately, with a hideous grin—

"Zat—your—bot-telle of Dom-frees Ish (Itch) ointment—sare—eh? Ave you got von leetle Ish? Zis you *Remede* for ze lepros (leprosy), eh? Ah! be dam! I know it was my trunk!"

It is needless to remark that our friend immediately 'opened a wide gap' between himself and the interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity

F. A. D.

AN AFTER-CLAP TO A LAW-SUIT.

THERE are certain individuals in existence who are prone to buckle themselves to trouble, and who, by their own acts (instead of profiting by the ills they suffer), are eternally piling misery upon their own backs. The Devil loves to frolic with them—and, clutching them in the cradle, he clings to them to the grave!

It was a bright day in the summer of 184—, when a

score or more of merry-hearted fellows deserted the smoke-dried atmosphere of the city, bound on an excursion some dozen miles distant, for the purpose of enjoying a "sit down," a comfortable dinner, and a glass of claret afterward. Arriving at their destination in safety, the fixin's were ordered, and in due season dinner was announced, and the company were seated. The first course had scarcely disappeared, when, on a sudden, the door of the dining parlour was rudely thrust open, and a tall, brawny, iron-framed Virginian entered the room, without the compliment of "by your leave." As he passed the door-sill, his stalwart frame nearly filled the passage, and his whole appearance plainly indicated that he was strongly excited. In his right hand he carried a sort of heavy horse-whip, the lash of which was coiled tautly around the stock. As soon as he had fairly entered the room, he was informed that the apartment was private, and a hint was tendered him, that he had probably mistaken the entrance.

"Not in the least," said he, roughly; "I came here on business."

"Business—here?"

"Here, sir! Which of you answers to the name of Pleadwell, of B——e?"

"It sounds very like mine," instantly replied Mr. P., who arose in the coolest possible manner, and who, by the way, measured scarcely five feet four, in his boots.

"Ah—yes," continued the Virginian, "I recollect you"——

"Well, sir."

"You *sued* me, three weeks since"——

"Indeed?"

——“at the instigation of Beatem.”

“Couldn’t say, sir, really—but”——

“But I say you *did*, sir!”

“Ay, very likely. And you are not the first man I have had the honour of serving in a similar manner.”

“I thought so,” continued the bully. “You gained the cause, and I suffered for it. I paid my respects at the door of your empty office this morning—I learned you were here, and I have followed you for the express purpose of giving you a thrashing for the *extra* pains you took to turn the case against me!”

“’Pon my life, sir, your mission is a novel one, at any rate; but I would respectfully solicit the favour of being left at leisure, with my friends here, for the time being, and as soon as dinner is over, I shall not object to giving you the opportunity to void your bile.”

“I am not here to parley, sir. I am bent on thrashing you, and thrash you I will, before I leave this place, by G—!”

Several of the party now arose and insisted on the intruder’s immediate absence. He swore, however, that he would have satisfaction on the spot, and it was not until the company rose *en masse*, that he consented to leave the apartment.

As soon as the door closed on him, Pleadwell explained in detail the case to which he presumed the stranger alluded, concluding with the remark that “he feared he had a bad fellow to deal with.” He was satisfied, nevertheless, that his friends would not stand by and see him taken at a disadvantage.

While the wine was circulating the Virginian repaired to the stable, adjusted his whip, and returning, took a

convenient station near the outer door of the hotel, where he expected Pleadwell might pass—swearing, meantime, that “he would give the lawyer such a lesson as he would remember.”

This untoward visit was the occasion of putting a damper upon the hilarity of the little party at dinner, and but a brief sitting was indulged in, after the removal of the cloth. The landlord entered the dining-room and informed the visitors of the menacing prospect, outside—and the attorney having stepped to the window, observed the belligerent in front of the door-way brandishing his massive whip, and muttering in the most ardent and fantastic manner imaginable, to himself.

The friends of Pleadwell entertained no fears for him, singlehanded, with an ordinary opponent (for he was well skilled in the pugilistic art), but from the enormous size of the stranger, and his athletic appearance generally, it was fair to suppose that he might crush his little antagonist with a single pass. Pleadwell was therefore advised to go out at a side-door, and avoid him, but he positively declined to show the white feather. Finding remonstrance of no avail, the company passed out in a body, with the determination of preventing a meeting, if possible, but, at all events, to stand by their friend in case of need. The stranger saw the door opened, and he looked anxiously for the attorney (who was by no means unmindful of his gestures). Instead of passing out as the Virginian evidently expected he would do, Pleadwell crossed the hall, followed closely by his friends, and as he arrived at the outer door, the stranger having passed around the house, turned in sight at the corner. Pleadwell stepped upon the walk—the

Virginian saw him, sprang forward to the spot, and levelled a blow at him with his whip which must have brought the attorney to the earth, had it reached him. But the lawyer was on his guard— he sprang out of harm's way, and stood firmly before his foe at arm's length distance.

“ Hold, sir !” said Pleadwell, hurriedly, “ the safety of your person rests with yourself ! Attempt to raise that whip again, and you must answer for the consequences.”

The Virginian heeded not the warning—his arm was raised—the whip whistled in the air—and the next instant the assailant dashed heavily upon the walk ! A shudder passed over that strong frame, and he was taken up senseless, and carried into the hotel. Pleadwell struck him a terrible blow directly on ‘ the stomach's pit,’ which drove the breath completely out of his body. He appeared as nearly dead as possible—a physician was called in, and the injured man was instantly blooded. He showed signs of life, however, in a few moments, and half an hour afterwards it was ascertained that he was but temporarily injured. The brief remark which escaped him was a faint desire to be ‘ carried home !’ His destination was made out, and he was forthwith removed from the hotel.

The blow was given in self-defence, and though Pleadwell was a good deal disturbed as regarded future consequences, yet a month elapsed, and nothing further transpiring in relation to the matter, the *rencontre* was forgotten by himself and his companions.

G. P. B.

PURCHASING A LIVE LOBSTER.

A RAW-LOOKING beauty—standing some six feet or more, in his boots—fresh from the interior, arrived in town [Philadelphia] a day or two since, with a view to examine the ‘lions’ in the city of Friends.

He had walked leisurely round Girard College—his ‘wondering gaze’ had been gratified with a peep at the Branch Mint, where a common-looking chap ‘made money’ a darned sight faster than ever *he* could;—he had seen the old United States Bank, but, for the life of him, couldn’t find the place where it had busted!—he had sauntered through Fairmount, where some ‘cute feller was squirting water round, most beautiful—he had marched around the outskirts of the Penitentiary, but they weren’t sharp enough to get him *in* there—oh, no!—he had trotted through the Museum, which he didn’t consider any very ‘great shakes’—and, just before leaving in the eight o’clock train, for home, he strolled down to the Market-house, to ascertain, if possible, where all the vegetables and things went to.

Having examined the premises for some time, he suddenly halted before a wagon which stood near by, the floor of which was covered with about a score of live lobsters, wriggling and tumbling over each other. He was unfortunately afflicted with a habit of stammering. After watching the ‘sight’ for several minutes, he sidled up to the owner, at last, with—

“Wo-wo-wot’s them, mister?”

“Lobsters, sir.”

“Lo-lo-lobstiss?”

“Yes, sir. Werry fine.”

“W-wul—I’ve heern te-tell o’lobstiss.”

“Hexcellent heatin’, sir—is lobsters. Hev ’un, sir?”

“W-wu-wul, I reck’n y-y-yes. Wo-wot’s the damage?”

“Three levies, sir.”

“How d-d—how do you eat lo-lob-’obstiss?”

“Vith yer teeth, pooty gin’ral, sir.”

“Y’ye-yes. But coo-coo-’ook ’em, I mean.”

“Oh. Bile ’em, sir—bile ’em. Thank’ee: jest the change”—added the wagoner; and, depositing the ‘tin’ in his ‘shot-bag,’ he placed the ‘lobstiss’ in the hands of its lawful owner.

The stranger bade the seller good day, placed his prize under his arm, tail downwards—and started for the Rail Road Depot in Market Street.

The lobster was ‘fresh caught’ (it so chanced) and proved very unruly—squirming and writhing about; our countryman was constantly adjusting his burthen, until he had finally managed to raise its claws on a line with the side of his own head. Suddenly one of the critter’s flippers extended, and closed again with a smart smack—grasping in its clutch, the greater portion of the poor fellow’s right ear!

An indescribable twist pervaded the countryman’s phiz—his teeth became set in an instant—and lowering his head, he started into a rapid walk—with—

“—’od rot him! Oh—th-under!—Le-le-let go! B-b-bla-blast yur pictur!—don’t—ough! Mur-m-murder—murder! !”

A bevy of youngsters had discovered the poor devil's predicament, as he rushed along the walk, and he soon quickened his pace into a sharp trot, making good headway towards the Depot, the lobster dangling from the side of his head like a huge old-fashioned ear-drop! As the crowd gathered on his track, he increased his speed to a "dead run"—still bawling, at the top of his lungs—

"Oh Lord!—ta-ta-'ake him off! M-m-mur-*dar*!—Cu-cu-cuss him! Take him dow-d-'own!"

"Go it, Boots!" shouted the crowd.

"Pu-pu-'ull the c-c-cussid varmint off! Ta-'ake him back!—I d-d-don't wa-'ant no lo-lo-'obstiss"—and stopping suddenly, before a benevolent-looking Quaker gentleman, upon the walk, he begged him to take the infernal viper away!

The countryman's ear resembled a purple-ripe plum, when the kind-hearted gentlemen seized the claw and relieved him of his load. As the circulation of blood resumed—the unhappy victim bestowed on his benefactor a kind of smile (unable to articulate a syllable) such a smile as one might suppose would result from screwing an inch auger through the spine of a man's back.

Our unfortunate friend was grateful, but he couldn't speak. It was now the turn of the Quaker gentleman to smile—because he couldn't help it—the object before him appeared so perfectly ludicrous. But his was a bland smile of sympathy, such a one as only a Quaker can bestow.

But our benevolent friend in the broad brim, was careless—he was! In his efforts to aid the unlucky countryman, he had secured the lobster by the claw, and he still held him dangling at his side.



“Take him away,” shrieked the Quaker, nearly fainting with pain.”—Page 59.

A PAIR OF PARODIES.

ALICE GRAY.

SHE isn't what I painted her—
A thing all hearts to win—
I saw no beauty when I found
She hadn't got the 'tin.'
I loved her upwards of a week—
But found it wouldn't pay;
So I 'took my hat and went ashore'
And cut Miss Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair was all a sham—
Her forehead 'Jones's white,'
One eye an artificial one,
The other far from bright.
Oh! she may twine her purchased curls—
She mustn't look this way—
My heart is far from breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk a very pretty sum
In rides and sweetmeats past;
And haven't now the first red cent—
She drained me of the last.

How green I was, in earnest grave,
I certainly must say ;
I shall be cut by all the 'B'hoys'
For courting Alice Gray.

HE WORE A FLASHY WAISTCOAT.

HE wore a flashy waistcoat, on the night when first we
met,

With a famous pair of whiskers and imperial of jet ;
His air had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone
Of a gentleman with eighty thousand dollars of his own.
I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
With a very flashy waistcoat and a beaver on his brow.

And once again I saw that brow — no neat 'Legay'
was there,

But a 'shocking bad 'un' was his hat, and matted was
his hair.

He wore a 'brick' within that hat—the change was all
complete—

And he was flanked by constables who marched him up
the street.

I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
Charged by those worthy officers with kicking up a row.

F. A. D.

HE WANTED TO SEE THE ANIMAL.

THE publishers of a well known periodical in town, have placed in front of their office, in Tremont street, a very extensive sign board, upon which is emblazoned the words—

‘LITTELL’S LIVING AGE.’

A green horn, fresh caught—who came to the city to look at the ‘glorious *Fourth*’—chanced to be passing towards the Common, when his attention was arrested by the above cabalistic syllables. Upon one side of Bromfield street he saw the big sign, upon the other the word ‘MUSEUM.’

“Wal,” said he to himself, “I’ve hearn tell o’ them museums, but a ‘*livin’ age*,’ big or little, must be one o’ them curiosities we *read* abaout.”

He stepped quietly across the street, and wiping his face, approached one of the windows, in which were displayed several loose copies of the work. He read upon the covers, ‘Littell’s Living Age,’ and upon a card, ‘Popular Magazine—only one of its kind in the country,’ &c.

“*Magazine!* Wal, that beats thunder all teu smash! I’ve hearn abaout *paouder* magazines, an’ all that;—wal, I reck’n I’ll see the crittur, enny how!”—and thus determined, he cautiously approached the door. A young man stood in the entrance.

“When does it open?” asked the countryman.

“What, sir?”

“Wot time does it begin?”

“*What?*”

“The show!”

“*What* show?”

“Wy, that are—*this*”—continued our innocent friend, pointing up to the sign.

The young man evidently supposed the stranger insane—and turning on his heel, walked into the office.

“Wal, I dun no ’baout that feller, much—but I reck’n I hev’n’t cum a hunderd miles to be fooled—I ain’t, and I’m goin’ teu see the crittur, sure.”

“*Hello!* I say, Mr. Wat’s-name, there—doorkeeper! *Hel-lo!*”

A clerk stepped to the door at once, and inquired the man’s business.

“Wot do I *want?* Wy, I want to see the *animal*, that’s all.”

“*What* animal?”

“Wy, this crittur——.”

“I don’t understand you, sir.”

“Wal—you don’t luk as ef you *could* understan’ no-buddy, enny how. Jes send the doorkeeper yere.”

By this time a crowd had collected in and about the doorway, and the green’un let off something like the following:—

“That chap as went in fust, thar, ain’t nobuddy, ef he has got a swaller-tailed coat on. My money’s as good as his’n, and it’s a free country to-day. This young man ain’t to be fooled easy, now I tell you. I cum down to see the Fourth, and I’ve seen him. This mor-

nin' I see the elephant, and naow I'm bound to see *this* crittur. Hel-lo—there, mister!"

As no one replied to him, however, he ventured again into the office, with the crowd at his heels, and addressing one of the attendants, he inquired—

"Wot's the price, nabur?"

"The price of *what*, sir?"

"Of the show!"

"There is no show here,—"

"*No show!* What'n thunder der yer leave the sign out for, then?"

"What would you like to see, sir?" said another gentleman.

"Why, I want to see the animal."

"The *animal*?"

"Yes—the crittur."

"I really do not understand, sir."

"Why yes yer *dew*. I mean the *wot's-name*, out there"—pointing to the door.

"Where?"

"Hevn't yer gut a sign over the door, of a "*little* LIVIN'—sum thin', hereabouts?"

"LITTELL'S LIVING AGE?"

"*That's* the crittur—them's um—trot him aout, nabur, and yere's yure putty."

Having discovered that he was right (as he supposed), he hopped about, and got near the door again.

Pending the conversation, some rascally wag in the crowd, had contrived to attach half a dozen lighted fire-crackers to the skirt of our green friend's coat; and as he stood in the attitude of passing to the supposed door-keeper a quarter—crack! bang! went the fire-works,

and at the same instant a loafer sang out at the top of his lungs—"look out! *the crittur's loose!*"

Perhaps the countryman didn't leave a wide wake behind him in that crowd, and maybe he didn't astonish the multitude along Colonnade Row, as he dashed towards the foot of the Common, with his smoking coat-tails streaming in the wind!

Our victim struck a bee-line for the Providence Depot, reaching it just as the cars were ready to go out. The crowd arrived as the train got under way, and the last we saw of the 'unfortunate,' he was seated at a window whistling most vociferously to the engine, to hurry it on!

G. P. B.

CONCERNING CROWS AND CAPE ANN JOKERS.

I HAVE always had a great respect for the common crow, *Corvus Americanus* I believe the ornithologists call him. There is something remarkable and imposing in his attire.

"The carrion crow has a coat of black,
Silky and sleek, like a priest's, to his back."

Then he commands respect by his superior intelligence. No one knows better than he where and how grub may be obtained, in defiance of spring-guns, fire-arms, and scarecrows. How many a solemn haw! haw! must he have indulged in on surveying the libellous imitations of humanity erected by rustics upon planted fields in the

idle hope of terrifying him by so poor a semblance of danger. These shabby proofs of man's fatuity must afford him an additional relish to his stolen morsel, as he roots up the delicious kernels with his active and avid bill. How often has the solemn rascal mocked at me in my younger days as I have trailed him, mile upon mile, on foot, through the fog and *slosh* of a January thaw, in the vain hope of catching him napping—for my respect never prevented my vain demonstrations of hostility. In a group of friends the other day, 'talking of guns' brought up the subject of crows—and one or two gentlemen recounted the details of successful campaigns waged against them. The boys up in New Hampshire used to ascertain the bearings of a crow's nest, and then plant a loaded musket sighted and aimed properly at the devoted citadel. Returning in the night, when the old bird was asleep on the nest, they would pull trigger, and annihilate the enemy. One of the speakers recounted an achievement of his own. At a time when there was a large bounty on crows, he determined to destroy two old birds and their young ones by a bold *coup de main*. Their nest was in the summit of an old pine tree, but the position was commanded by an over-topping hemlock; the latter he ascended, and daringly sliding down a dependant branch, was enabled (*mirabile dictu!*) to seize the she-bird on her nest. This time, for once, a crow was caught asleep in the day-time. Breaking both her wings, he threw her to the ground, and her hapless offspring, five in number, followed after. He then descended, and shot the old he as he was flying round, moaning piteously in his paternal agony. No Roman victor moving though the *via sacra* with seven kings at his chariot wheels,

felt more elation of heart than the youthful victor, as he carried home his trophies and touched the tin accorded by way of laurels by the state.

I have told you that Cape Ann furnished a number of queer jokers. One of these met an apothecary, who was his especial butt at one of the 'town meetin's' in Gloucester, and thus hailed him in the hearing of a large crowd of attentive auditors:

"Doctor! that 'ere ratsbane of your'n is first-rate."

"Know'd it! know'd it," said the pleased apothecary.

"Don't keep nothing but fust-rate doctor's stuff."

"And, doctor," continued the joker, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."

"Another pound?"

"Yes—*sir*—I gin that pound I bought the other day to a pesky mouse—and it made him dreadful sick—and I am pretty sure another pound would kill him."

A roar of laughter, at the apothecary's expense, hailed this grateful tribute to the excellence of his doctor's stuff.

There was a queer old file, as tart as he was ignorant, who was one day starting off to a dedication on horseback, with his old-maid sister on the pillion behind him.

"Hello! Uncle Seth! where you goin'?" said a neighbour, hailing the equestrian.

"Goin' to *resurrection*!"

"*Dedication*, you mean."

"Damnation! if you like that better! Hang on, Sal! G'lang, ye jade!" and the old mare galloped off.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, the only one in those 'diggin's' then, and, for aught I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the

world, and, what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation.

One day a client came to him in a violent rage.

“Look a here, squire,” said he, “that ’ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him.”

“Did the boots suit you?”

“Oh! yes—I’ve got ’em on—fust-rate boots.”

“Fair price?”

“Oh! yes.”

“Then you owe him the money honestly?”

“’Course.”

“Well, why don’t you pay him?”

“Why, ’cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin.”

“It will cost you something.”

“I don’t keer a cuss for that. How much money do you want to begin with?”

“Oh, ten dollars will do.”

“Is that all? Well, here’s a X, so go ahead,” and the client went off very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M——?

“Why,” said he, “I kept on sendin’ and sendin’ to him for money till I got tired. I know’d he was able to pay—and I was ’terminated to make him. That’s the long and short of it.”

“Well,” said the lawyer—“he’s always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There’s a trifle to pay on account of your proceeding—but I think you’d better take this five dollars, and call it all square.”

“Certin—squire—if you say so—and darned glad to get it,” was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over one V and kept the other. In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

“Rapidly,” cried the lawyer—“we’ve *non-suited* him! he’ll never trouble you.”

“Jerusalem! that’s great!” cried the client—“I’d rather a gin fifty dollars than have had him got the money for them boots!”

F. A. D.

THE 'LEVEN STRIKE,

OR,

THE GHOST OF THE TEN-PIN ALLEY:

A LEGEND OF PARK HALL, BOSTON.

'Twas late, and midnight darkness
 Hung the heavens as with a pall,
 When the OLD 'UN came to handle
Lignum Vitæ in Park Hall.

And with him a companion
 To roll against him came,
 Superior to the Ancient
 In the science of the game.

Dim were the bar-room lustres,
 Dark shelves dark bottles bore,
 Fantastic were the shadows
 Projected on the floor.

Ah me! a weary 'critter'
 Was the sad barkeeper then,
 Just thinking was he of his bed,
 When entered those two men.

Then out and spake the OLD 'UN—
 "Rouse up and get the key
 That in the Diorama Hall,
 Unlocks the west *Al-ley*."

"Our boy is sick—has cut his stick—
 Absquatulating elf!
 And if ye roll to-night, ye'll have
 To set 'em up yourself."

"Small work, I trow," the OLD 'UN said,
 "For one who loves the game;"
 And he who stood beside him there
 Smiled and endorsed the same.

The pins are set—the fingers wet—
 The OLD 'UN takes his stand;
 Why stands he hesitating there,
 The ball within his hand?

Say—comes there aught' of evil
 Their pleasure to alloy?
 All suddenly before the pins
 Loomed up the ten-pin boy.

A wan and dreary wight was he—
An outline of a boy—
With a meagre faded jacket,
And pants of corduroy.

“Say, boy! why come you here so late,
Or why came here at all?
For the old Bay State clear the track,
Or look out for the ball.”

He never moved, that urchin—
Scarce like a thing alive,
He heeded not the OLD 'UN's shout
“Be warned, for I'll let drive!”

Right through his faded legs, the ball
Went winding on its way—
Right towards the OLD 'UN and his friend
Glided that figure gray.

“List, gents, to me,” the boy said he;
“I foller not the trade
I did afore they made my bed
With mattock and with spade,
And I was took to my last home,
And in the *dead wood* laid.

“I am a orphin, for my dad
And mam died long ago,
And I came here to set up pins”——
The OLD 'UN said, “Just so.”

“The folks was very kind to me—
 Life rolled on like a ball ;
 And it seemed a kind of Paradise,
 This Diorama Hall.

“One night there came a stranger—
 A horrid man was he—
 And he gave his name as Mister Blood
 From the state of Tennessee.

“He bolted brandy by the pint ;
 And his breath it was so strong
 It broke the tumbler when he drank,
 And his voice was like a gong.

“He was a bully roller—
 Spares, ten-strikes, fast as rain
 Came from his hand—‘ Boy ! set ’em up !’
 And down they went again.

“A horrid scowl was on his face—
 His teeth he grimly set—
 He grasped his ball, and roared, ‘ By G— !
 I can do better yet !’

“What fearful meaning in that yell—
 I never heard the like—
 But the *clock it struck eleven,*
And he got a ’leven strike.

“Down went the pins—up flew the ball
 And hit me on the head,
 And quicker than greased lightnin’,
 My covies, I was dead.

“ He gloried in the homicide ;—
He broke into a roar,
And shouted that he'd done the same
Eleven times before.

“ ‘ Ho ! landlord ! there's a *flimsy*—
Come, don't be cross or coy—
Ten dollars for your alley
And ninety for your boy !’

“ But guilty conscience haunted him,
He roamed o'er land and sea ;—
Sometimes he was in Florida,
Sometimes in Tennessee.

“ And never from that moment
Knew he an hour of joy—
Till he was gouged and bit to death
In a fight in Illinois.

“ To warn the bowlers here each night
With spectral strength I've striven—
Be satisfied with a ten-strike,
Nor seek to get eleven.”

He ceased, then glided backward,
That little phantom boy,
With his wan sepulchral jacket
And tights of corduroy.

The twinkle of his buttons
Was lost in wreaths of mist
That drifted through the casement
By the ghostly moonbeams kissed.

The OLD 'UN told the story,
 But few believed the tale—
 Few hearts throbbed faster for it,
 Few lovely cheeks grew pale.

But hie you to the alley—
 Ask the ten-pin boys there met—
 They'll tell you there the ghost was seen,
 There you'll find *spirits* yet.

A. D. F.

THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

M. BOCHSA, the Harpist, is a wag. At the concert on Thursday night, at the Temple, Mons. B. appeared before the audience for the second time during the evening's performance, for the purpose of playing any airs the audience might select, with *impromptu* embellishments and variations. M. Bochsa is a master of his instrument, and the harp in his hands is susceptible of almost anything, in reason—but it might seem a question of taste, whether martial hymns are exactly *the* thing to display the beauties of a harp. However, we are a 'democratic' people, and Mons. B., albeit he *is* a wag, understands the *principle*.

"You will plees send me ze tune vot I sal play"—proposed Monsieur to his audience, as he came upon the platform.

Half a dozen strips of paper immediately found their way to the stand, and Monsieur B. read them aloud,

"'O Dolce Concento,'—'Yankee Doodil'—(I know him, vera vell. I play him one, two, tree—several time!)—'Groves O'Blarney,'—'Yankee Doo'—(I have two Yankee Doodils,) 'Non piu mesta,'—*Tres bien!*"

"*The Star-Spangled Banner!*" shouted somebody in the crowd.

"Vot you sai?" inquired Bochsä.

"*Star-Spangled Banner!*"

Monsieur didn't understand. He was a little hard of hearing. He stepped quietly down from the rostrum, and approached one of the aisles.

"Ze zhentilman vil plees to step to ze front"—but the stranger declined.

"If ze zhentilman cannot come to me, I mus' come to him," continued Monsieur.

The audience took 'the cue'—and a roar followed this announcement, pending which the stranger made his appearance. A round of applause greeted him as he passed to the foot of the passage-way, where stood Monsieur in an attitude most provokingly grave, waiting for further explanation.

"Vot you sai, sair?"

"The Star-Spangled Banner, I want."

"Scar-tangle bannair?—aha,—*N'comprende*, monsieur."

"Not *Scar-Strangled*, sir—Star-Spangled Banner."

"Ze Bannair—Oui—I un'erstan'—Ze flag!"

"Yes, yes—the Flag of the United States."

"Yes, *sair!* I remember him, ver' mooch. Zat is, I do *not* recollect' him, zac'ly. Monsieur, you know him?"

“Why, yes, to be sure—everybody knows the ‘Star-Spangled Banner.’”

“*Tres bien, monsieur!* Every Yankee zhentilman *vissle*. You sal *vissle him in my ear!*”

Another shout went up from the audience, but the gentleman, nothing abashed, placed his mouth at the side of Bochsas’s head, and commenced whistling the ‘Star-Spangled Banner’ most philosophically, amid the convulsions of the audience, who could not find *this* scene upon the bills of the evening!

“TRES BIEN—Monsieur!” shouted Bochsas—“elegant—*superb!* Monsieur, you von ver’ fine *musician*—I sal play ze *Scar-Tangled Bannair*, vis mooch plaisir!”—and mounting the platform, he commenced with a grand introduction to the several *themas* proposed, which was followed by some highly finished and exquisitely performed variations upon the melodies sent up, not forgetting the two ‘Yankee Doodils’—always so certain a favourite.

On a sudden—a crash of harmony leaped from the harp-strings, which took the audience by surprise! An instant’s rest followed—when our own beautiful national air, the ‘Star-Spangled Banner,’ was produced with a most brilliant accompaniment, which ‘brought down the house.’

Bochsas was satisfied—his friend was satisfied—the audience were satisfied—and the splendid Harpist left the stage (with a quiet smirk at the corner of his mouth) amid a perfect storm of applause!

G. P. B.

A STEER RIDE.

MOVING down Washington street the other day with a friend, the sight of the flying sleighs reminded him of a juvenile adventure of his own when he was a younker long time ago, and Gilmanton, N. H., was blessed with his presence. Happening to call on a crony of his, a farmer's son, one afternoon, the gentleman who, the hymn-book tells us,

“Finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do,”

suggested to them the idea of having a ride in the ‘go-to-meetin’ sleigh, with an unbroken steer of the farmer’s for a team. Our friend with some difficulty persuaded his acquaintance to enter into the scheme, but when his scruples were once overcome, he ‘went it with a vindictive rush.’ The boys secretly got out the sleigh and ‘toted’ it through the snow for a distance of two miles, where they left it. The snow was deep—over the fence-rails in some places, and the preliminary achievement cost them no little labour. This done, they went back for the animal. The ‘critter’ was found quietly consuming clover in an out-house, and not in the happiest humour at being disturbed. In fact he was ‘mighty handy with his horns,’ as an Irishman would say, and had a most ‘fatal facility’ for butting. However, his tormentors took him, one on each side,

grasped him by the horns, and persuaded him along by means of an ox-goad. Now and then he would make a stand and struggle fiercely. But they hung on to him, 'like Mortality to a deceased African,' as my friend expressed it, determined not to give out. It took them two hours to get the steer up to the sleigh. There another battle royal ensued when it came to putting him in the fills. Talk about taming Bucephalus! Pooh! that was nothing to harnessing an angry steer to a single sleigh. He did not take it kindly at all—but he had to take it. The youthful muscle and youthful ingenuity of a pair of human torments overcame the brute rage and blind strength of the animal. At last they noosed him and indulged in an Indian yell of triumph! Off went the liberated brute, howling with rage. Talk of a locomotive at full speed, pshaw! That is a tortoise to a mad steer. The 'critter' took a bee line for home. The snow flew like the spray from Niagara. The boys were pelted with ice-balls from his flying hoofs. The icicles showered from the limbs of the apple trees, as they dashed through an orchard. Two pannels of fence-rails went into 'tarnal smash' as they took the outside of the track in a narrow cart-path. One side of the sleigh was left in a dung-heap. Nothing but the dasher held on as they went through the last pair of bars, and the steer dashed his head against the barn-door, and rolled over, dead beat, in a snow heap. Our friend jumped off the runners and made tracks for his home, just as the farmer, rushing out of the house, whip in hand, cornered his precocious boy as he was rising from the wreck, and gave him, as the sufferer

averred next day, the 'onremittenist lickin' that was ever larruped onto him since he was a human bein'."

Our friend has often been a sleighing since, with splendid teams and pretty girls, and glorious music and moonlight nights, but he declares upon his honour, that not all of these can equal half the excitement of a sleigh-ride across the country with a mad steer in the fills.

F. A. D.

HOW THE WOLVERINE DISCOVERED THE LEAD MINE.—A FACT.

I WAS a 'young' man ten years ago—and (like some other young men I wot of, who did the same thing, and returned lighter than they went!) I drifted out West. My *locale* for the time being was in the easterly part of Michigan, but I once ventured westward as far as Wisconsin.

There is a swarm of 'suckers,' 'hoosiers,' 'buckeyes,' 'corn-crackers,' and 'wolverines,' eternally on the *qui vive*, in those parts—a migratory race of bipeds—who float about from spot to spot, 'squatting,' for the nonce, wherever their fancy or interest may incline them; and a rougher set of men will rarely be met with, saving the genuine 'voyageurs,' or 'trappers'—so notorious for their hardihood.

A 'green' looking individual turned up suddenly one morning in the vicinity of a backwoods mining settlement, and, according to his own account, he had come from a 'desperate ways off' in search of 'sunthin to du.'

A linsey-wolsey jacket, considerably the worse for wear, was slung over his shoulder; his pants were made of tow-cloth; a pair of coarse cow-hide brogans ornamented his feet, and the gear which protected (?) his head might have answered an excellent turn to sift ashes through; in brief, his *tout ensemble* looked very like the 'breaking up of a hard winter.'

He sauntered leisurely up to a knot of workmen, and drawing from his side-pocket a huge soft cracker, he commenced munching it—*solus*.

"'Mornin', stranger," said one of the hands, at length.

"Mornin' yourself, cap'n."

"Which way?"

"None in partic'lar."

"Well, stranger, where do you hail from?"

"Wal—I hails from all raound the lot."

"From the East'ard?"

"Wal—yes—I reckon."

"What news?"

"None—as I knows on."

"You're *short*,—kinder."

"Wal; you'll find me long enough—*prehaps*."

The conversation was suspended; the wolverine continued to munch his biscuit, and the miners pursued their labours. But the biscuit finally disappeared, and the stranger, who had taken considerable interest in their operations, had approached within speaking distance again.

"Wal; they du say the Bank's busted——."

"What bank?" bawled an operative, dropping his spade and looking about him for a land-slide!

“’Nited States Bank.”——

“O! is that all? Why, how you skeert a feller!”

“Some of ’em will get skeered, wus en that, I reck-’n, afore they’re through with it.”

Again the talk ceased. The wolverine watched the progress of the workmen, and finally laid his jacket upon the bank.

“S’pose you don’t want another hand”——

“No.”

“No; I thought not.”

Here one of the party, in a green roundabout, who imagined himself considerably more than a match for half a score like the *green*’un—and who appeared like overseer of the gang—proposed to him that he should pay scot for the crowd, and he would then show him where he could set up the ‘diggin’ trade’ on his own account!

“Done,” said the wolverine.

“Drinks all around—mind.”

“*Sartin*. Jest fetch on your ‘prary dew’ for the hull lot, and d—— the expense.”

A capacious caddy of the *crature* was procured, and the party had a jolly time at the cost of the new comer. The liquor disposed of, he asked the direction to the site where he should commence operations.

“Well, stranger,” said the knowing one, with a side wink to his men, “begin any whar; try under the old tree yonder.”

“The big shady tree, across the lot, there?”

“Yes.”

“Thank ye. It looks like a right smart spot.”

“Hope you’ll have a good time of it,” added the overseer, and the parties separated.

The wolverine went at it in right good earnest, with a borrowed ‘pick,’ and long before sunset (as luck would have it) he ‘*struck a Lead!*’ Having satisfied himself in reference to the location, he covered up his tracks, and returned to the lead mine.

“Say, cap’n; you’re rayther hard on a poor feller.”

“Eh! What luck, stranger?”

“*Luck*, you said! Wal, I dont know what you *call* luck. I’ve been sweatin’ over thar, about ten hours; a hull day lost smack; and not a red cent made yet.”

“Oh, try again,” said the sharp ‘un; “you’ll *do*.”

“Wal, may be so, and may be not. Whar’s the owner o’ that are patch?”

“I own this land, all about.”

“Maybe you wouldn’t like to sell that are lot?”

“But I should, though.”

“Wot’ll you take for that lot?”

“Oh, you may have it at Government price; there’s eighty acres.”

“*I’ll take that lot, Mr. Wot-you-call-em.*”

“You will?”

“Yes, Mister; and *yere’s yer ‘putty!’*”

As our wolverine pronounced this last sentence, he drew forth a ragged bandana, in one corner of which was stowed away a goodly quantum of the ‘shiners.’ The hundred dollars was soon told out; the parties immediately repaired to the Land Office, where Squire P. made the deed of transfer, and the document was placed in the stranger’s hands.

On his way back, he passed a crowd of the miners,

who *had done laughing*, and shortly afterwards he was out of sight. Next morning, bright and early, the wolverine was at work under *that* tree, with two assistants; and by noontime a very showy vein of ore had come to light, within a few feet of the ground's surface. The stranger laughed then!—the miners grinned, and the lucky buyer disappeared, again.

Four weeks afterwards, a countryman in plain homespun, accompanied by a 'gentleman in black,' visited the spot; and they, too, went to Squire P.'s office. Another transfer was made, and the awkward wolverine, of the tattered breeches and torn hat, left his purchase in other hands, *with a bonus of five thousand dollars in his pocket!*

The last I saw of the rough stranger, he was inquiring of the overseer in the green roundabout, whether he had for sale "*any more left of the same sort!*"

G. P. B.

A YANKEE ADMINISTRATOR.

A FRIEND of ours related, the other day, an anecdote, for the authenticity of which he positively vouched. It relates to a very shrewd Yankee of the Sam Slick school, who formerly kept a slop-shop in the classic *purlieus* of Ann street, and drove a snug and thriving business, contriving, by constant attention to trade, and strict adherence to the cash principle, to do something more than make both ends meet in the course of the year.

He boasted that he "was never tuck in but once, and then he came out of it fust-rate." The only exception he made to his cash principle was in favour of a very dark-coloured gentleman who 'follered the sea for a livin',' and who happened to be in want of a professional blue jacket adorned with an unusual quantity of black glass buttons, value two dollars and fifty cents. The sable mariner stated that he had just got into port, should be paid off next day, and would then infallibly 'call and settle.' The Yankee let him have the jacket, and charged him with the amount. The next day came, and the next, and the next, and brought no coloured gentleman. The Yankee clothes-dealer began to feel uneasy. To be taken in the first time he 'trusted,' was an event never anticipated in his calculation of the chances. He made inquiries, and found that he had been 'regularly taken in and done for.' Instead of his customer having just arrived in port, he had sailed on a nine-months' voyage the day after he had obtained 'tick,' or, as Varnish says, in the new comedy, 'accommodation.' In a desperate rage, the Yankee took 'account of stock,' and marked up all the blue jackets with glass buttons at 25 per cent. advance.

From that time the Yankee was a constant reader of the daily journals, confining his attention, however, principally to the 'Marine Intelligence' and 'Shipping List.' Not a storm rippled the face of the ocean but roused the attention of our shop-keeper. Not a ship was spoken at sea, but he learned her name as soon as possible. At length the signal-gun of the 'Venus' (that was the name of the delinquent African's craft) announced her arrival from Canton in the lower harbour,

and the flag on the telegraph station at Central wharf speedily confirmed the news. Our Yankee was on the *qui vive*. He hastened to the owners, to serve a trustee process to secure his debt, and there learned, with blank dismay, that his sable debtor had died of the small pox directly on the arrival of the ship, and was buried, with his chest of clothes, on Hospital Island. No money could be paid on his account except to a legally-empowered administrator. After cogitating awhile, the Yankee repaired to the Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, and applied for letters of administration. After the due publication of official notice, no heir or creditor appearing, the Yankee was duly authorized to receive payment of moneys due to the deceased. The pretty sum of 108 dollars was accordingly paid over to him. Two or three years passed on, no claimant appeared, and the tailor rejoiced exceedingly in the brilliant upshot of the speculation.

One day, however, as he was sitting at his window, calmly smoking a 'long nine,' and ruminating on some other 'speculation,' whom should he see, walking quietly along on the opposite side-walk, but the identical coloured gentleman who had negotiated with him three years before, arrayed in the identical blue jacket, ornamented with countless black glass buttons, but very much the worse for wear. At first he was 'taken all aback,' much as Macbeth was at the unwelcome apparition of the 'blood-boltered' Banquo at the festive board. A few moments' reflection, however, reassured him, and, springing over the counter, he rushed forth into the street. At this moment the negro raised his eyes and beheld the well-remembered sign, and with it

flashed back on his mind a startling reminiscence of his own indebtedness. He also recognised the injured Yankee. His face became mottled with terror. He turned and fled. "Stop thief!" shouted the Yankee, as he dashed after him in hot pursuit. "Stop thief!" repeated the crowd. It was an exciting chase. Up flew windows, and out flew heads. Cellars subterranean disgorged their motley living tenants. Sailors, stevedores, dogs, boys, girls, and even women, rushed along, stimulated by the eager cries of the Yankee. Far in the van, however, fled the panting negro, like a dark shadow, distancing pursuit. "If I only had a caught him," said the tailor to his foreman as he re-entered his low-browed shop, "I'd a made him pay me that two dollars and fifty cents, with interest to date."

The key to the apparition was afterwards discovered. It seems that the negro, on reaching his destined port, had run away, and another hand (also coloured) had been shipped in his stead, the name, however, remaining unaltered on the ship's books. The second coloured gentleman it was, who, on his arrival in port, paid the debt of nature, and also more than paid, by his wages, the debt incurred by his predecessor in the fore-castle of the 'Venus.'

Although the Yankee, to use his own language, "came out of that 'ere spec fust-rate," yet, to his dying day, he never ceased to lament that "he hadn't cotched that 'ere nigger, and made him face that \$2.50, with interest to date."

F. A. D.

THE STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN WHO WAS AVERSE TO RACING.

EARLY in the spring of the present year, a magnificent new steamer was launched upon the Ohio River, and shortly afterward made her appearance at the Levee, opposite the flourishing city of Cincinnati. Gilt-edged covers, enveloping the captain's 'respects,' accompanied with invitations to 'see her through,' upon her first trip down the river, being forwarded to the editorial corps in that vicinity; the chalked hats were 'numerous' on the occasion. It was a grand affair, this *debut* of a floating palace, which has since maintained her repute untarnished as the 'crack boat,' *par excellence*, upon the Western waters. Your humble servant was among the 'invited guests'—and a nice time he had of it!

I found myself on board this beautiful craft in 'close communion' with a score of unquestionable 'beauties.' The company proved to be a heterogenous conglomeration of character—made up of editors, lawyers, auctioneers, indescribables, and 'fancies'—with a sprinkling of 'none-such's' There was a stray parson, too, in the crowd—but as his leisure time 'between meetins' was spent in trading horses, we dispensed with his 'grace before meals.'

We left our moorings an hour before sunset, upon a clear cold afternoon, and passed rapidly down stream

for a considerable distance, without experiencing any out-of-the-way occurrence. The 'sons of temperance,' and the parson aforesaid, amused themselves over a smoking whiskey toddy—the 'boys' were relieving each other of their superfluous dimes and quarters at *euchre*, when a tall gentleman, who was 'some,' (when he was sober,) stepped suddenly into the cabin, and imparted the information that a well-known 'fast boat' had just hove in sight, at the mouth of the Kentucky river. The cards were 'dropt' instanter—the punches disappeared—and the 'mourners' were soon distributed in knots upon the promenade deck, to watch the progress of events.

Our 'bully' boat sped away like a bird, however, and the craft behind gave us early evidence that she should offer no child's play. The 'fat was in the fire' at once—a huge column of black smoke curled up in the clear atmosphere—an *extra turn or two* was visible upon our own boat, and away we went! A good deal of excitement existed among the party, as the rival steamer was clearly gaining upon us. A craft like ours, with such a company, and such a captain, mustn't be *beaten*.

As the boat behind us fell in under our stern, and we could 'count her passengers,' a sort of impression came over us, that, by some mistake, we had got upon the wrong boat! At least, such was the expressed opinion of the parson, as he threatened to 'go down *stairs*' and take another drink. Our captain was a noble fellow—he paced the deck quietly, with a constant eye to wind'ard; but he said nothing. A bevy of the mourners stepped up to him, with——

“What speed, cap’n?”

“Fair, gentlemen; I may say *very* fair.”

“Smart craft, that, behind,” ventured one.

“Very,” responded the captain, calmly, as he placed his hand upon a small brass knob at the back of the pilot house. This movement was responded to by the faint jingling of a bell below, followed immediately by a rush of cinders from the smoke-pipes, and an improved action of the paddles.

“Now we move again.”

“Some,” was the response, and a momentary tremor pervaded the boat as she ‘slid along’ right smartly.

But the craft in our rear moved like our shadow on the calm waters, and as we shot down the river, it seemed as if we had her ‘in tow,’ so calmly and uniformly did she follow in our wake. The excitement of the congregation upon deck had by this time become intense, and it was pretty plain that the boats must shortly part company, or ‘split something!’ The rascal behind us took advantage of a turn in the channel, and ‘helm a-starboard!’ was clearly heard from the look-out of our rival, as she ‘hove off,’ and suddenly fell alongside us! The parson went below at once, to put his threat into execution, as we came up into the current again, ‘neck and neck;’ and when he returned we were running a twenty-five-knot lick, the steam smack on to 49°!

“She’s going—goin’, go——,” muttered an auctioneer to himself.

“A perfect nonsuit,” remarked a lawyer.

“Beaten but not vanquished,” added a politician; and away we scudded side by side for half a mile.

“Wouldn’t she bear a *leetle* more?” meekly asked the parson.

“She’s doing very well,” replied the captain. “Don’t get excited, gentlemen; my boat is a new one—her reputation and mine is at stake. We mustn’t rush her—*racing always injures a boat*, and I am averse to it;” saying which he applied his thumb and finger to the brass knob again—the bell tinkled in the distance—and our rival pilot shortly had an opportunity to examine the architecture of our rudder-post!

I was acquainted with the engineer. I stepped below (believing we should be beaten at our present speed), and entering the engine-room—

“Tim,” said I, “we’ll be licked—give her another turn, eh?”

“I rayther think she moves *some* as it is,” said Tim.

“Yes: but the C—— is hard on us—give her a little, my boy—just for——”

“Step in here a moment,” remarked Tim; “it’s all ‘mum,’ you know—nothing to be said, eh? Quiet—there!—don’t she tremble some?”

I noticed, for the first time, that our boat did labour prodigiously!

“But come round *here*,” continued Tim; “*look there!*—*mum’s* the word, you know.”

I stepped out of that engine-room (Tim said afterwards, that I “sprang out at one bound;” but he lied!) in a hurry. *The solder upon the connexion-pipe had melted and run down over the seams in a dozen places, from the excessive heat—a crowbar was braced athwart the safety-valve, with a ‘fifty-six’ upon one end—and we were shooting down the Ohio, under a head of steam ‘chock up’ to 54 40!!*



"I stepped out of that engine-room (Tim said afterwards, that I 'sprang out at one bound;' but he lied!) in a hurry."— Page 90.

My 'sleeping apartment' was well aft. I entered the state-room—got over upon the *back* side of my berth—and, stuffing the corners of the pillow into my ears, endeavoured to compose myself in sleep. It was out of the question. In attempting to 'right myself,' I discovered that *my hair stuck out so straight, it was impossible for me to get my head within six inches of the pillow!*

I tossed about till daylight, in momentary expectation of being landed in Kentucky, (or somewhere else!) but we got on finely. We led our rival half an hour into Louisville; and I immediately swore upon my nightcap that I would never accept another invitation, for a pleasure trip, from *a steamboat Captain who was averse to racing!*

A WINDFALL FOR THE 'YOUNG 'UN.'

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[To appreciate the following correspondence, it may be necessary to know that some seven years since a person by the name of BURNHAM died in London without a will, leaving an immense property behind him—estimated at some millions sterling in value. The news reached this country, and the Burnhams were, consequently, in high feather in reference to their prospect! An agent was chosen to look after the property in Europe, the story went the rounds of the press, and a variety of genealogies and pedigrees were forwarded to London. It all ended in smoke, however; no satisfactory legal proof having been found that the Burnham in England ever 'belonged' to anybody this side the water. A few days ago an eminent legal gentleman of this city, (who has been engaged by some of the parties interested to ferret the matter out,) addressed letters again to all the *supposed* heirs; thus renewing the old story about the 'Burnham fortune.' Our 'Young 'Un' received a copy of this communication, which we annex, with his reply.—*Ed. 'Spirit of the Times.'*]

(COPY.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1846.

Dear Sir—I am desirous of ascertaining whether you are in any wise related to Mr. John G. Burnham (of England), who was lost at sea, some fifty or sixty years ago? or are you of the family of Orrin Burnham, an Englishman, who came to this country somewhere from 1785 to 1787? Be good enough at your earliest leisure to inform me, if you are so connected—and at the same time send me the names and residences of your

father, grandfather, and *uncles*, on the father's side. A large landed property (some three millions sterling in value) has been left by a descendant of the Burnham family in England, and it may be of material pecuniary advantage to you to establish your pedigree. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient.

Very resp'y, your obed't serv't,

 Att'y for the Heirs.

TO GEO. P. BURNHAM, Esq., *Franklin House, Philadelphia.*

(REPLY.)

Hon. *****

 New York.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 10, 1846.

My Dear Sir—Your favour, under date 4th inst., came duly to hand, and I improve my earliest moment of leisure (after the unavoidable delays attendant upon procuring the information you seek) to reply. You are desirous of being made acquainted with my 'pedigree.'

I have to inform you that I have taken some days to examine into the matter, and, after a careful investigation of the 'records,' find that I am a descendant, in the direct line, from a gentleman very well remembered in these parts—by the name of ADAM. The old man had two sons; 'Cain' and 'Abel' they were called. The latter, by the other's hands, went dead one day; but as no coroner had then been appointed in the county where they resided, 'verdict was postponed.' A third son was born, whom they called 'Seth.' Cain Adam had a son named Enoch—who had a son (in the fourth generation) by the name of Malech. Malech had a son

whom he called NOAH, from whom I trace, directly, my own being.

NOAH had three sons—‘Shem,’ ‘Ham,’ and ‘Japhet.’ The eldest and youngest—Shem and Japhet—were a couple of the ‘b’hoys’—and Ham was a very well disposed young gentleman, who slept at home o’nights. But his two brothers, unfortunately, were not so well inclined. *Ham* was a sort of ‘jethro’—the butt of his two brothers—who had done him ‘brown’ so many times that they called him ‘burnt.’ For many years he was known, therefore, as ‘Burnt-Ham.’ Before his death he applied to the Legislature in his diggin’s for a change of name. He dropped the *t*—a bill was passed entitling him to the name of BURN-HAM—and hence the *sur*-name of your humble servant. So much for the *name*.

In several of the newspapers of that period I find allusions made to *a very severe rain-storm* which occurred ‘just about this time’—and the public prints (of all parties) agree that “the storm was tremendous,” and that “an immense amount of damage was done to the shipping and commercial interest.” As this took place some six thousand years back, you will not, I presume, expect me to quote the particular details of this circumstance—except in so far as refers directly to my own relatives. I may here add, however, that subsequent accounts inform me that everything of any particular value was totally destroyed. A private letter from Ham, dated at the time, declares that “there wasn’t a peg left to hang his hat on!”

Old NOAH found it was ‘gittin’ werry wet under foot (to use a familiar expression of his,) and he wisely built a canal-boat (of very generous dimensions) for the

safety of himself and family. Finding that the rain continued, he enlarged his boat, so that he could carry a very considerable amount of luggage in case of accident. This foresight in the old gentleman proved most fortunate, and only confirms the established opinion, that the family is 'smart'—for the "storm continued unabated for forty days and forty nights," (so say the accounts,) until every species of animal and vegetable matter had been 'used up'—always excepting the old gentleman's canal-boat *and* cargo! Now, Noah was a great lover of animals—he was! "Of every kind, a male and female" did he take into his boat with him, and 'a nice time' they must have had of it for six weeks! Notwithstanding the fact (which I find recorded in one of the journals of the day) that "a gentlemen who was swimming about, and who requested the old man to let him in, upon being refused, declared that he might go to grass with his old canoe, for he didn't think it would be much of a shower; anyhow!" I say, notwithstanding this opinion of the gentleman, who is represented as having been a 'very expert swimmer,' everything was destroyed.

HAM was one of 'em—he was! He 'knew sufficient to get out of the rain,' albeit he wasn't thought *very* witty! He took passage with the rest, however, and thus did away with the necessity of a life-preserver. From *Ham* I trace my pedigree directly down, through all the grades, to King Solomon, without any difficulty—who, by the way, was reported to have been a little loose in his habits, and was very fond of the ladies and Manzanilla Sherry. He used to sing songs, too—of which 'the least said the soonest mended.' But on the

whole, Sol was a very clever, jolly-good fellow, and on several occasions gave evidence of possessing his share of the cunning natural to our family. Some thought him 'wise'—but although I have no disposition to abuse any of my ancestors, I think the QUEEN OF SHEBA (a very nice young woman she was, too,) rather 'come it' over the old fellow!

By a continuous chain, I trace my relationship thence through a rather tortuous line, from generation to generation, down to Mr. Matthew, not the Comedian, but to Matthew, the Collector, (of Galilee, I think,) who 'sat at the receipt of customs.' To *this* connection I was undoubtedly indebted for an appointment in the Boston Custom House. Matthew lived in the good old 'high tariff' times—when something in the shape of duties was coming in. But as nothing is said of his *finale*, I rather think he absquatulated with the funds of the Government. But I will come to the information you desire, without further ado.

You know the 'OLD 'UN,' undoubtedly. (If you don't, there is very little doubt but you will know his *namesake*, hereafter, if you don't cease to squander your time in looking after the plunder of the Burnham family!) Well the 'Old 'Un' is in the 'direct line,' to which I have now endeavoured to turn your attention, and I have been called, of late years, the 'YOUNG 'UN'—for reasons that will not interest you. To my honoured Senior (whom I set down in the category as my legitimate 'dad') I would refer you for further particulars. He is tenacious of the character of his progeny—and loves me; I would commend you to him, for it will warm the

cockles of his old heart to learn that the 'YOUNG 'UN' *is in luck.*

If you chance to live long enough to get as far down in my letter as *this* paragraph, allow me to add that should you happen to receive any very considerable amount as *my* share of the 'property,' for the Burnham family, please not overlook the fact that I am 'one of 'em'—and that I have taken pains to tell you 'whar I cum from.' Please forward my dividend by Adams & Co.'s Express (if their crates should be big enough to convey it), and if it should prove too bulky, turn it into American gold and charter a steamer to come round for the purpose; I shan't mind the expense! In conclusion, I can only intimate the high consideration I entertain towards yourself for having pre-paid the postage upon your communication—a very unusual transaction with legal gentlemen. My sensations, upon closing this hasty scrawl, are, I fancy, very nearly akin to those of the Hibernian who '*liked* to have found a sovereign once'—but you will allow me to assure you that it will afford me the greatest pleasure to meet you at the FRANKLIN HOUSE, in this city, where I shall be happy to give you any further information in my power touching *that* 'putty' in prospective.

I am very resp'y, your obed't serv't,

GEO. P. BURNHAM, *alias the* 'YOUNG 'UN.'

A TALE OF A TURKEY.

AN UNFORTUNATE FACT.

Orlando.—Forbear! and eat no more!

Duke.—We have eat none yet.

Orlando.—Nor shall you till my appetite be served.

As You Like It.

ONE Saturday evening, not long ago, a trio of young gentlemen going home in the evening, after the labours of the week had ended, chancing to look upwards at a third story window of a certain house in a certain street, not many leagues from the well-known Marlboro' Hotel, Boston, tenanted by an acquaintance of theirs, a young man of great histrionic ability and repute, espied one of 'Plato's Men,' i. e. a bird of the *genus* Turkey, denuded of its feathers, and in fact prepared for spitting, hanging in a melancholy manner from a window-fastening, for the benefit of pure air.

Mr. T., the proprietor of the bird, being something of a bird-fancier, had, a few days previous, purchased this choice turkey, for the purpose of regaling himself and family therewith on Sunday, wisely deferring the luxurious feast to a day of rest, whereon the wicked prompter ceaseth from troubling, and the annoying call-boy is quiescent. So there the turkey—or the *ding-dong*, as Paul Shack has it, hung in the night breeze:

And like a mighty pendulum,
All solemnly he swung.

But if Mr. T. loved turkey, so did his three friends, and Mephistopheles prompted them to a 'deed without a name;' (null and void, accordingly, their easy consciences argued,) and this was no other than the abduction of the bird.

"Turkies are high," said one of the trio.

"Yes, but they'll come down," answered another, who, by chance, had become possessed of a long cedar pole, which had been dropped out of an unconscious countryman's cart. To lash the hooked blade of an open jackknife to the extremity of this pole was the work of a moment; in another, the string which attached the turkey to his nail was cut.

"The last link was broken," and down came the bird—*facilis descensus*, as the poet has it.

The watchman was slumbering, and the prize was secured. They carried it into an eating-house, and ordered mine host to roast it and serve it up the next day with appropriate 'fixins' for their Sunday dinner.

The next day, punctual to the appointed hour, the friends assembled and were told their meal would soon be served. While waiting for this desirable consummation, in came the owner of the abducted bird. He was pale and wan, and in a state of considerable agitation. Walking up to the landlord in a nervous manner, he begged to know if he could, as a great favour, accommodate him with about five pounds of beef-steak.

"It's all gone," was the answer.

"Mutton?"

"All out."

"What have you got?" gasped the despairing victim.

"I've got nothing for my Sunday dinner."

‘You’d ought to have provided beforehand,’ said the sententious host.

‘So I did,’ replied the agonized actor :

“ I had a turkey, and a better one
 Ne’er did repose upon a rusty nail;
 But he is gone; whither, I know not, sir.
 The earth has bubbles as the water hath,
 And he was one of these——
 A turkey towering in his pride of place,
 Was hawked and moused at

by some prowling rascal—I only wish I knew who it was.”

“ Won’t you dine with us?” asked one of the conspirators, “ we are going to have turkey.”

“ No—no—I thank you—think of my family, they would have no turkey.

“ Farewell, a long farewell to dreams of turkey.

Landlord, what can you give me?”

“ I’m sorry to say,” said the host, after a wink from one of the initiated, “ that I can’t spare you any meat or poultry. I’m hard up myself. If it was any other day but Sunday. As far as a pot of baked beans goes, however——”

“ Beans!” shrieked the victim, “ do you take us for Mexicans, that you would feed us on their national rations? Begone! thou troublest me—I’m not in the bean-eating vein. My wife! my little ones! *Beans!*” he repeated, with a sneering and demoniac emphasis.

“ Better have ’em,” said the landlord.

“ Beans be it, then!” said the victim, in the deep, hollow tones of forced resignation.

“Salubrious, savoury, and economical beans!” suggested the landlord pleasantly and mildly. “Ah!” he added soothingly, as he folded up a brown pot in a napkin and delivered it to the despairing applicant, “I could almost pick a bean with you myself.”

“Gentlemen!” said the victim, folding the bean-pot in his arms with an air of great dignity, “you cannot fully appreciate my feelings, you cannot sympathize entirely with me. *You* called for turkey, and you had it: *I*, who had for four days been preparing my palate for the inordinate delectation which a well-roasted *dindon* invariably affords, am obliged to satisfy it with an article compared to which, turkey is, as Shakspeare observes, ‘Hyperion to a Satyr.’ Imagine the transition from roast turkey to baked beans! Pardon these tears! Truly there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous!” And with these words Mr. T. disappeared with his sorrowful burthen.

The conspirators dined well that day, while their victim—but we will forbear to draw aside the veil which should shroud the sorrows of a bereaved and afflicted family.

On New Year’s eve, however, Mr. T. was agreeably surprised by the reception of a note and a parcel. The former was anonymous, and contained condolences upon his loss; the latter contained a turkey, finer, fatter, heavier than the lamented and lost bird.

When the remains of this atonement were removed from the table upon New Year’s day, Mr. T. leaned back in his chair, weary with his labours. “That was capital!” said he—“but upon my soul, I wish I could find out *who stole that other turkey.*”

F. A. D.

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

A BRACE of legs, thrust considerably too far through a pair of mottled pants, and attached to a couple of the largest-sized feet, which were encased in twin cowhide brogans, formed the underpinning to a long, slabsided body, of otherwise generous proportions—the whole being surmounted by a head, which was covered with a gray ‘five year old’ (at least) sealskin cap. This sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes, body, and chapeau—was the property, by possession, of Mr. ZENAS HUMSPUN.

ZENAS had been on ‘a bat’ during the night previous, and had squandered full half-a-dollar on himself, in white-eye and sweetening. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical—and, on the morning we speak of him, he stood, at an early hour, in —— street, gazing mechanically at the Telegraphic wires—soliloquizing, thus wise :

“ ‘ic!—That’s the *telerguff*. W——’ic—well, I don’t poorceive nuthin’ per—’ic—culier ’bout *them* strings—on’y one’s bigger ’en t’other—’ic.”

“ That’s *the light’nin’ line*, the *big ’un*”—said an urchin in the doorway near by.

“ W’en does she—’ic—start?”

“ You’d better ax in thar.”

“ *Whar?*”

“ In the office, up *thar*.”

The loafer was shown to the door of the building, and

‘by hook or crook’ found his way up three flights of stairs, into the Telegraphic office. The attendants inquired “what the gentleman had to forward?”

“For’ud?—’ic—who’s *she*?”

“What will you send?”

“Send *whar*?”

“This is the Telegraph office, sir.”

“Well—’ic—who’n thunder said it wusn’t?”

“I supposed you had business, sir.”

“Nuthin’ o’ the sort—’ic—quite the re—’ic—verse o’ the *contrairy*.”

“What will you have?”

“I want to make some—’ic—quiries.”

The hour being early, and little doing, the clerks very charitably determined upon some fun with the fellow, with a view to sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however—for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to *benefit* the intruder, he stepped up to one of the batteries, which happened, fortunately, to be but lightly charged—and, concluding that the knobs were portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead and attempted to remove one of the balls; the next moment Zenas lay stretched upon the floor!

He arose, as best he could, and turned to the clerk, with—

“Look yere, Mister—’ic—wot’s—yure—name? I kin lick as many sich like skunks as *you*, as could be druv into a forty aiker lot! Wot in —— did yer—’ic—nock a innersent man down that way fer?—Eh?”

“Nobody touched you!” said the clerk.

“The devil they—’ic—didn’t!”

“No, *Sir*. You took the”——

“Took *wot*? Yere’s yure corntemptible copper”——and, proceeding to dash a loose penny towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine—his fingers came in contact with the battery, and away he went again, heels over head, across the floor!

“Look *yere!*” continued the sufferer, who, by this time, was well nigh sobered—“’ed blast yure infernal pictur, wot in thunder are you ’baout?”

“You mustn’t handle the tools”——observed the clerk, nearly bursting with laughter.

“Look you! Mr. Wot’s-your-name—I arn’t to be fooled this yere way, fer nuthin’—*I* arn’t. By thunder! I’m a inderpendunt individooal, *I* am—and this yere nockin’ people down, without notice of no kind, arn’t *the* thing, by ——! Ef you’ll open that yere door, I’ll go out o’ this, and no questions axed.”

“*That’s* the door, sir.”

“That brass handle?”

“Yes.”

“I’m blowed ef you *do*, though! This child don’t meddle with no more *hard ware* in this trap, *no* how!”

The door was opened by the clerk, and the fellow sidled out. A suppressed laugh pervaded the countenance of the attendant, as Zenas departed—which, as the door closed, vented itself in a broad haw-haw.

“You’re a *smart* young gentleman—*you* are!” bawled the loafer, *through the keyhole*, as he held the door fast with both hands—“you’re a *very* smart young man! You’d like to git *out* o’ that, and go to yur breakfast, bimeby, may be! An’ ef yer *do* git any grub afore noon, jes let a feller ’bout *my* size know it—will yer? I’ll

teach yer to knock people down, simultaneously—fer nuthin’—*I will*”—and, from the preparations making on the outside, the prospect was that the “insiders” were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the knob of the door upon the inside, his companion let on the battery!

The door flew open instantaneously, and our valiant stranger, with the sealskin cap, was discovered in the act of an anti-angular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs meantime performing an involuntary pirouette, which would have done infinite credit to a French dancing-master!

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matches the night before, which he had deposited in his coat pocket. In his progress down stairs, the matches had become ignited, and by the time he had reached the bottom of the first flight, he had partially recovered from the *first* effects of ‘the shock’—but the fluid tingled through his veins, his coat-tails were on fire, and he was not ‘set forward’ in his imagination any, by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire, and presuming it was part and parcel of the ‘cussid invention’—he sprang to his feet and with both hands briskly at work behind him, for the purpose of smothering the flame, which was roasting the seat of his inexpressibles—he ‘put’ for the street door at full gallop!

‘Fire! Fire! Help! *yere!* *Ow!!* murd—fire! help!’ shouted the victim, as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore, at a speed which the ‘lightnin’ line’ itself might have been proud of.

Luckily, a square off, he discovered a servant, with a hose attached to one of the hydrants, busily engaged in washing off the pavement. He rushed to the spot, and turning short before him—*à posteriori*—he begged him, at the top of his voice, “for God’s sake” to “*put him out!*”

Perhaps his sable friend’s eye didn’t glisten, and may be his ‘ivory’ didn’t shine, as he charitably turned ‘the current of that stream’ upon the unmentionable portion of the poor devil’s netherments! “The fire was extinguished without serious damage,” as the papers say—the loafer was thoroughly saturated—and having exchanged his ‘heavy inside wet’ for a skin-drenching, he departed, perfectly sober, amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the *finale*—most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles!

G. P. B.

LOVE IN THE BOWERY.

“The course of true love didn’t never run smooth.”

Shakspeare—Bowery edition.

1.

I SEEN her on the sidewalk,
When I run with number 9:
My eyes spontaneous sought out hern—
And hern was fixed on mine.
She waved her pocket handkerchief,
As we went rushin’ by—
No boss that ever killed in York
Was happier than I.
I felt that I had done it;
And what had won her smile—
'Twas them embroidered braces,
And that 'ere immortal tile.

2.

I sought her out at Wauxhall,
Afore that place was shet—
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet.
I gin her cords of peanuts,
And a apple and a 'wet.'
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',
I recollex it yet.

3.

I took her out to Harlem—
On the road we cut a swell,
And the nag we had afore us
Went twelve mile afore he fell.
And though ven he struck the pavement,
The 'crab' began to fail,
I got another mile out —
By twisting of his tail.

4.

I took her to the Bowery—
She sat long side of me—
They acted out a piece they called
"The Wizard of the Sea."
And when the sea-fight was fetched on,
Eliza cried "hay! hay!"
And like so many minutes there
Five hours slipped away.

5.

Before the bridle halter,
I thought to call her mine—
The day was fixed when she to me
Her hand and heart should jine.
The rum old boss, the father, swore
He'd gin her out er hand,
Two hundred cash—and also treat
To number 9's men stand.

6.

But bless me! if she didn't slip
 Her halter on the day :
 A pedlar from Connecticut,
 He carried her away.
 And when the news was brought to me,
 I felt almighty blue ;
 And though I didn't shed no tear,
 Perhaps I cussed ' a few.'

7.

Well, let it pass—there's other gals,
 As beautiful as she ;
 And many a butcher's lovely child
 Has cast sheep's eyes at me.
 I wears no crape upon my hat,
 'Cause I'm a packin' sent—
 I only takes a extra horn,
 Observing, "LET HER WENT!"

F. A. D.



DRIVING A PARSON ASHORE.

A GREAT many very *probable* stories are told of accidents and hair-breadth escapes—by sea and land. The traveller who finds himself on board a Mississippi steamer, will occasionally meet a 'passenger' who has shaken hands with the 'grim monster,' and parted com-

pany with him, at considerably less than a moment's notice!

We were a fortunate collection, on board the elegant 'Yorktown'—upon one of her downward trips last season, and with a full river and a rapid current, were making headway at more than a twenty mile lick, down stream—on a clear day early in November.

'Drinks all round' had been the order of the evening (with a certain coterie of friends), the occupation being varied only by 'cobblers for the party'—'snifters for the crowd'—or 'slugs for the entire company'—until, by common consent, the 'mourners' settled themselves down into comparative quiet.

Most of the passengers had disappeared for the night, and only a knot of 'hard-heads' were left upon deck. These remained till day-light, amusing each other with long yarns. At early morning they had drawn some half-a-dozen listeners around them, among whom was a superstitious impostor, in rusty black and straight hair—who was endeavouring to palm himself off for a clergyman, and who was strongly *suspected* by one of the story-tellers. The principal object of the most prominent speaker (who was a rough but good-natured Virginian) seemed to be, to impress upon the mind of this pretended Rev., the dangers and jeopardies of steam-travelling; more particularly in boats, more especially upon rivers, and more peculiarly on the Mississippi river! The parson had said little, but he gave his neighbours to understand that all his predilections were in favour of the 'doctrine of fore-ordination.'

"Whatever *is* to be, *will* be," sighed the rusty gentleman, as the Virginian concluded an account of a

dreadful steamboat accident, which occurred only a few days previously.

“ You b’lieve it, do you, stranger ?”

“ Indeed, my friend, I do.”

“ P’raps you never heern tell o’ that ’orful catastrophe as took place *here*-abouts, some time ago ?”

“ Mercy !—No.”

“ Last year—af o’ Christmas”——

“ To what ?”

“ To the steamer Snorter.”

“ No ! *Where* ?”

“ On this very river.”

“ How ?”

“ Bu’st her biler.”

“ When ?”

“ Just about this time o’ day.”

“ The dev——I mean, you don’t *say* so !”

“ Oh, yes. What *is* ter be, *will* be—and a feller can’t help it.”

The tabs of a dingy white neck-cloth dangled at the side of the narrator’s chair, and a pair of dingier gray eyes were fixed upon the Virginian’s as he proceeded.

“ How *did* it happen ?” asked the reverend.

“ Wal. We had a fello’ abo’d, as was struck with a fit o’ *preachin’*—and the cuss never ’d sleep o’ nights, but keep a hollerin’ and blo’in’—cos he was afeered sunthin’ would split af o’ day—he said—we wus such a wicked set, and he’d try to hev sum uv us put asho’. He was a *Jonah*, cuss him, but we fixed him af o’ we got through.”

“ How ?” asked the parson.

“ How ? W’y—we left him asho’ !”

“Where?”

“On the river—yere.”

“In the night?”

“No. *Just about this time!* We overhauled a boat as wus runnin’ in the opposition (at a wood-yard below), and afo’ we knew whar we wus, the cap’n had got our craft under weigh agin (for the feller had started off ahead of us, in a hurry), and we wus soon neck and neck. The pitch-knots was crammed inter the furnaces, right smart, stranger, and away we went, sometimes afo’ and sometimes abreast of the ‘Sno’rter.’ Wul—we finally hove in sight of another wood-yard, whar we hed to stop to take in fuel. We veered round to the sho’, and made fast in a jiffy.”

“Well?” said the parson, as his eyes started in their sockets.

“Wul, thar was a heap o’ steam on her, and we hed made up our minds that what ‘*wus* to be, *would* be,’ and it wusn’t o’ no use to be skeert afo’ we wus hurt; ’n so we jes naterally insisted that the other craft must be beat *any* how.”

“Well?”

“Wul, wot do you suppose the cap’n did, stranger?”

“Can’t say.”

“He druv one end of a cro’bar into the loop over the ’scape-valve (which was bobbin’ up an’ down, and lettin’ off the extra steam) and *jes set hisself down on the other end uv it!*”

“The *devil* he did!”

“The *what*, stranger?”

“I say it can’t be possible!

“But *I* say he *did*, though—and thar he sot till she blo’d up!”

“*Busted?*”

“Oh, yes! When we started from the sho’—at the fust turn of the wheel on her, she bust into a thousand splinters.”

“Awful!” says the parson.

“The cap’n wus never heer’d on. I was standin’ on the upper deck,” continued the Virginian, “and the feller as wanted to preach so bad, was heavin’ the pitch into the fires when she bust.”

“And you never saw him more?” inquired the parson, in breathless suspense.

“O yes. *As me and the smoke-pipe went up, we met the cuss coming down!*”

“Well?” continued the impostor.

“Well, I kno’ed he wus a *Jonah*,” added the Virginian, “an’ ef he *hadn’t* a bin done fer, as he wus, I’d a *licked him to death*—fer palming himself off fer a *parson*, which he wusn’t!”

The gentleman with the straight hair and seedy coat turned pale upon this, and at the conclusion of the story the bell rang, below—the steampipe sent forth its thunder—and the boat veered round in front of another wood-yard.

“What’s that?” asked the pretended parson.

“We’re heavin’ asho’. *This is the very yard!*”

The impostor scrambled ashore—up the steep bank—and when the last bell rung, nothing was seen of him. We left again, but no parson was in sight. We had been detained half an hour at the yard, and were now quietly making our way down stream, close to the shore—when from a bluff on the bank, a mile or so below the wood-yard, our missing parson was suddenly dis-

covered, shaking his clenched fist most lustily, at his Virginian friend, who was the first to espy him!

The only reply vouchsafed by his tormentor, to this pugnacious demonstration, was a certain twisting of his fingers in front of his phiz—while his thumb rested gently upon the tip of his nose! We continued on our course, and the last I saw of the frightened ‘parson,’ he was rushing along the river’s bank at top-speed, and evincing a most religious desire to find a big stone to hurl at the head of his persecutor, who soon left him to his own reflections!

G. P. B.

TIM LINKS, THE SHOWMAN.

A DESULTORY SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

“What though a man be obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that.”

She Stoops to Conquer.

WE first knew TIM LINKS as a gentleman in velvet smalls, who used to lead calico horses into the ring at a travelling circus, and, in connexion with another gentleman in velvet smalls, adjust the spring-board and carry out the evergreen tree that grew oranges for the consumption of the ‘Sprites of the Silver Shower.’ He never aspired to the dignity of spangles, and his smalls, from constant contact with the ring, became of such an inveterate tan-colour, that when he stood in the arena in a dim

light, he looked like a Herculean torso from the ruins of Pompeii. We next hear of him as second camel-puncher in a Grand Caravan. And so Links rose, step by step, until he became possessor of a cheap flamingo and a plethoric porcupine, when he seceded from the Caravan, and set up a 'side show,' travelling with the Menagerie as an independent satellite, and diverting a good many coppers from the legitimate establishment. The 'Grand Junction United Zoological Institute' finally bought him out, and he set up a shingle in Broadway, some sixteen years ago, with a small assortment of animals, which he exhibited at a shilling a head admission. I remember the original flamingo—with very few of the original feathers left—used to stand on one leg in an area outside the show, as a forlorn hope to entice the unwary within doors. Links used to stand a good part of his time at the door, to solicit custom as well as to parry the satirical sallies which the 'b'hoys' were wont to direct against his favourite bird.

"Bless my eye-balls!" a juvenile critic would exclaim, "that 'ere a flamingo! Why, he hain't got but one leg, and he's as bare as a picked crow."

"Gentlemen!" Links would say, "he's a moultin' (he was *always* a moulting, according to Links), and he'll come out week after next as red as a pan-tile. You blasted fool! (addressing the bird with a venomous punch) let down your t'other leg! Don't you see 'em poking fun at yer! There, gentlemen! that 'ere's the original St. Domingo of South Ammeriky, which feeds on cochineal in his native state, and owes his colour to the prevalence of red pepper in Cayenne—drinks nothing but port wine, and is partial to lady-bugs. Walk

in, gentlemen, and see the collection—bears, tigers, kangaroos, *and* porkepines, which beats the Zoological Gardens all holler, and can't be come over by the Gardens des Plantys in Par-ee !”

This appeal used to draw down torrents of applause and laughter, when Links would disappear through a green baize door, and his exit would be followed by a growl from an invisible bear and ‘Buy a Broom’ from a hand-organ, with the middle bars left out.

Tim Links was not a man of exemplary habits. There was a certain plebeian bar-room in a by-street, hard by his ‘Institute,’ where he was wont to sit from 11, P. M., into the small hours of the morning, imbibing strong waters, and growling over his cups like an unhappy bear, whose disposition, when not perfectly sober, and imperfectly drunk, seemed to be his own. One night, the landlord, incensed at the row he made, reproached him with the severity of the ‘turkey’ he had ‘on,’ and shoved him out of doors *sans ceremonie*.

“It’s a turkey I’ve got on,” hiccuped Tim Links, as he noticed a singular disposition on the part of the *pavé* to rise up and impede his progress—“to-morrow night, old fellow, it’ll be another sort of bird.”

And sure enough, as the clock struck twelve on the ensuing night, Tim walked into the bar-room with a bald eagle perched upon his shoulders. Marching up to the bar, he ordered a double tumbler of whiskey punch. Now, though the ‘bird of our banner’ was very fond of Tim, he was not partial to strangers; and when the old Dutch landlord was handing his glass to Tim, the eagle, poising himself upon one claw, thrust forth the other in ravenous guise, and inflicted a severe scratch on the pate of mine host.



“While the bear very quietly took an arm-chair at the other, and disclosed a double row of sharp serrated teeth.”—Page 117.

“Donder and blixen!” roared Mein Herr. “Take the tamt pird away, Tim! Ter tuyfel! how mein head shmarts!”

“Like him better than a turkey?” asked Tim, with a fiendish grin.

The bar-room loafers rose in affright, as the savage bird, spreading his pinions, circled over their heads, uttering his shrill shrieks, menacing each individual in the assembly, and not ceasing his gyrations until he had driven them all forth into the street.

With a malignant smile of satisfaction, Tim resumed his bird, and went home as sober as a church.

The next night, punctual to the chime of twelve, Tim made his appearance in full Zoological costume. He wore his eagle as before—round his neck he had twisted a couple of torpid boas, and by a short chain he led a very savage and congenial bear. The crowd receded before his weighty steps; the Dutchman was horror-stricken as he beheld his uncomfortable customer seat himself at one side of a table covered with sprigged oil-cloth, while the bear very quietly took an arm-chair at the other, and disclosed a double row of sharp serrated teeth, as he smiled upon the unfortunate landlord with an unwonted effort at benignity.

“Milk punch for two!” said Tim, sternly, with a wave of his ‘red right hand.’

“Tirectly, sir,” answered the quivering landlord, in the meekest tone imaginable.

“Make ’em strong,” said Tim—“no nutmeg for the bear—and harkye, a plate of crackers for the bird.”

The perspiration poured down the poor landlord’s face, as he laboured in the composition of the bibables.

“And now, mein tear Mr. Links,” said he, in a supplicating tone of voice, “you vill come and get te trinks yourself!”

“Not I, you cub!” thundered the showman. “Fetch them yourself, or I’ll set the bird on you!”

The poor Dutchman, in mortal terror, trembled for his life. He was regularly cornered now. But fright, like hunger, sharpens wit, so he set the tumblers on a long-handled fire-shovel, and extending his arm in the fashion of a fencer making a lunge, he contrived to deposit the punch safely before the precious couple. Links smiled grimly, and nodded to the bear, as he raised his glass to his lips. The bear capsized the tumbler with his snout and then lapped up the liquor, stopping now and then to lick his lips and cock his red eye at his master, as if in token of his perfect approbation. As soon as he had finished, he looked at the landlord, who was contemplating the strange scene with open eyes and mouth, and uttered a fierce growl.

“More punch! don’t you hear him?” roared the showman.

The order was instantly obeyed. Bruin made away with the second glass as speedily as he mastered the first. He drank a third in the like manner—but refused a fourth. In fact, he had got enough; he fairly hiccuped—swayed in his chair—rocked his head from side to side with maudlin gravity, and snorted.

“Te tamt trunken peast!” ejaculated the Dutchman.

It seemed as if the bear heard him; for, with an angry growl, he started from his seat and made for the affrighted landlord. It was in vain that the latter sought the shelter of the bar. Over it and him, the animal

rolled, roaring and snarling, smashing glasses and decanters, and making a general average of the poor Dutchman's stock in trade.

"Take him off! take him off!" roared Mynheer. "Mine tear Mr. Links. 'Tink of my poor wife and hopeless little vons! I'll forgive your debt—yes, grashus! I won't sharge for mein crockery! Murder! murder!" And here his voice became suddenly extinct—he was paralyzed with terror—lying on his back behind the bar with his hands and feet lifted up, like the legs of a whipped poodle begging for mercy. Tim Links surveyed the picture with a grim smile.

"That 'ere does me good," said he; "it's a practicle proof of a theory of mine when I fust went inter the St. Domingo spekkleation, 'bout the superiority of annimle over human natur. That 'ere poor drivellen' creetur ain't of no account 'long side of a bar. Well—well—the crittur brung it onto himself!—heaving a turkey into my teeth! Come here, Ben!"

The bear reluctantly obeyed—for he was partial to fat Dutchmen—and staggering up to his master, permitted him to take his chain. Tim, who was none of the soberest, tied his bear into a hard knot to avoid losing him, gathered up his eagle, pocketed a couple of vipers who were crawling out of his sleeve, and made tracks for the 'Institute.' The next day, the unfortunate Dutchman sold out, and set up his shingle anew upon Harlem road. His hair, which was once as black as jet, in one night turned as white as snow; and whenever his friends commented on the circumstance, he used to recount his unhappy experience, and told how "Dat tamt Tim Links—te scamp—mit his puzzard and his

snakes, and his tamt trunken pear, frightened him all over so pad ash never was, and scart all de plack hair off his head into white, yust like old Santa Claus upon te sign-poard ;” and from that time forward he never ventured to declare as heretofore, that “ Goot entertainment for man and *peast* might be found mitin de premishes.”

F. A. D.

“TOO MUCH ALIKE!”

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN SATISFACTORILY, THAT ARCHITECTS SHOULD NEVER PLAN OR ERECT TWO BUILDINGS SIMILAR IN DESIGN.

ONE of those ludicrous, but *singular* occurrences, which will sometimes take place even in the best society, came to light a short time since in the ‘upper ten’ circle of a neighbouring city, and which for ‘richness,’ outvies the Oolong and cream-toast of our old acquaintance Squeers, emphatically! We have asserted that such things *will* happen. But then as Mrs. Partington would say, “it’s a queer world”—and so it is! But for the story.

A polished little French gentleman of considerable wealth, who had been educated in the highest school of politeness, had been wedded to a beautiful, but showy woman, for a brief period; and having, with his bride, passed the hey-day of the honey-moon in making the tour of the Northern States, concluded to settle down in Quakerdom. After a little search, he decided upon

locating in one of a fine block of houses in Hansom street, a row of buildings erected within a few years, and uniform in their architecture, inside and out. The whole block was occupied, with the exception of that chosen by Monsieur, who furnished it forthwith, in the most elegant style, and took possession.

“I have come to Philadelphée”—said the French gentleman (and he tells his own story most eloquently, and innocently) “I have come to ze city vis my vife, an’ I likes him var’ mooch. I go vis my vife to look for ze *grande maison* vvhich sal please Madame—and ve find him, numero two hon’red twenty-three, Hansom street. I secure him, I furnish him, *a la mode*, ve settil down, ve live var’ content—*eh bien*, vot you sal call ‘com-fort-able’—*a l’ Anglais*. I hav’ foine house, foine *compagnons*, ma vife var’ good—*tres bien!*”

“I hav’ sometimes *ennui*;—an’ I go to ze grand Opera. *Mon Dieu!* I listen to TEDESCO! Ah! Monsieur—zar’ be but *une Tedesco*; var’ foine—*magnifique!* I leave ze Opera, I come home to ma house, ze *garcon* open ze door, I come in—and I look for Madame. I ask ‘Vere be *Madame?*’ Ze servant sai ‘*Madame retire.*’ *Tres bien*—it is right—Madame *fatigue*. I sit down, I smoke ma cigare, I read ze *Courier*, ze clock strike *dix heures*—I take ze lamp, and pass to ma *chambre*. I go var’ still, not to disturb Madame, who have mooch fatigue—I open ze door, I place ze light on ze table, I turn roun’,—MON DIEU! I foin ze jentleman soun’ *’sleep in bed vis ma vife.*”

“I take ze jentleman by ze arm, and I call to him, var’ loud—‘*Eh bien, Monsieur!* vot you do in ma bed?’

“He start up var’ mooch, an’ he cry ‘Tieve! robbair! murdair! vot you *do*, sair?’

“I say ‘*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur, que diable* you do in ma bed!’

“‘In *you* bed?’

“‘*Oui, monsieur*’——

“‘No, *sair!*’” he say—‘it is *my* bed—and you are dam robbair, I sal call ze voch.’

“‘Monsieur’—I say to him—‘it is *not* you bed. It is *ma* bed—it is ma house, numero two hon’red twenty-tree, Hansom street—dis is ma *chambre*, ma furniture, ma carpet, ma curtain—zat is *ma vife!* Vot you sai, sir, to *zat?*’”

“He look at me var’ strange—he sit up in ma bed—he look at ma vife—he look at me—he rub his eye—an’ he get out on ze floor.

“‘*Monsieur,*’—he sai to me—‘I beg ten touzan pardon. I hav’ maik *grande* mistaik. Ma house is numero two hon’red twenty-five, Hansom street—an’ *I hav’ come into ze wrong door!* Excusez-moi. I sal maik *grande* *apologe* to Madame, on ze morrow—I hav’ maik *var’ bad* mistaik! *Bonne nuit, Monsieur—pardonnez-moi!*’

“He hav’ go down stairs, he have pass out, I have see ze door lock, *fast*, myself, and I retire vis Madame.

“But I no loik ze *maisons*, in vot you call Hansom street; and nex’ day I go to ze offees vot you call *l’intelligence*, an’ I get me house in Rue du Cantone;—vot you sal call, *a l’Anglais*, Canton street—*numero von hon’red tirty-von, Canton street*. I have move ma property from numero two hon’red twenty-tree, Hansom street—vich I no like, *be-gair!* I have move Madame

—ma house var’ fine—I have got on var’ well—*tres bien*.

“ I have reside at numero von hon’red tirty-von, Canton street, tree little veeks. Ze *house var’ mooch aloik*, but I have been content—ze jentleman maik great *apologe* to ma vife, an’ he call *un, deux, trois* times to make ze same to me. I hav’ forgot all about ze *grande* mistaik, an’ I go to ze play vizout Madame.

“ I come home to ma house, var’ early—Madame have retire, an’ I go up ze stairs, not mooch quick, but I reach ze door; I come into ma *chambre*—ven, *Diable!* I find ze jentleman in ma bed, once more, *twice!* ”

“ I go to ze bed, I seize ze jentleman by ze troat, an’ I sai—‘ *Eh bien, Monsieur!* Vot you do in ma bed, *two* time—vonce more, *eh?* ’ ”

“ He hav’ zhump out on ze floor,—he rub his eye var’ mooch—he choke var’ bad—an’ he sai, ‘ Vot you do vis ma troat? ’ ”

“ I ask him, ‘ Vot *you* do in *ma bed*, sair? ’ ”

“ ‘ It is *not* your bed, by gair. ’ ”

“ ‘ Not ma *bed?* ’ ”

“ ‘ *No!* Monsieur, it is *my* bed. ’ ”

“ ‘ *You* bed? *Monsieur, prenez garde!* Is zat you bureau? Zat you war’robe? Zat you *escritoire?* a-ha! Zat you night-cap? Zat you shirt? *Zat you* VIFE? *Sacre*—Monsieur, you hav’ maik var’ bad mistaik *before*, you hav’ maik *no* mistaik zis time. ’ ”

“ ‘ *Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur?*—he say. ”

“ ‘ No, *sair*. You hav’ maik mistaik vonce, but zis is numero von hon’red tirty-von *Canton* street, and not numero two hon’red twenty-tree *Hansom* street! Vot you sai now, *sair?* ’ ”

“ ‘*Excusez-moi, Monsieur,*’ he sai, ‘I have maik great mistaik vonce, and two day back, I move from numero two hon’red twenty-five, Hansom street, to *von honred tirty-TREE, Canton street!* I hav’ now maik mistaik in ze front door!’ He maik many *apologe*—I cink he *have* maik mistaik—he put on ze pantalon—he bow var’ polite—he—*he go out ov ma house, monsieur!*

“I pack ma furniture nex’ day—I go to ze Baltimore. Be gair!” continued the French gentleman, as he thrust a monstrous pinch of snuff into his nostrils—“I no like to live in zat Philadelphée:—ze HOUSE TOO MUCH ’LOIKE, *by dam!*”

G. P. B.

A LIVE YANKEE “SNORED” OUT!

READER—do you *snore* in your sleep?

You *don’t*?—Well, I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the corn.

Shall I tell you of a little adventure I was once witness to with a ‘snorer?’

The varieties of the *genus* ‘Snorer’ are very extended. There is your quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer—who always has ‘a good time’ at it, and troubles nobody. There is your wheezing, chuckling, squeaking snorer—who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it all ‘in the family,’ and, peradventure, annoys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is, also, your

nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room!) who mumbles and grunts—and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven any object of pity—one that should excite the sympathy of the benevolently disposed—more than another, commend me to your *genuine*, out-and-out snorer!

To appreciate his qualities fully—you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after a three days' journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run athwart him, where the steamboat line connects, at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left—which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers—and, after the dreadful jolting you have passed through for the previous twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as the case may be, you shall regale yourself, imaginatively (during the process of undressing), with the prospective enjoyment which Nature's sweet restorer has in reserve for you!

Your weary head touches the pillow, but an unusual nervousness troubles you; and, despite your most earnest endeavours, it is midnight before you can compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning—and, though the night *is* warm and the vermin *are* active—you are determined to sleep.

For the last half-hour you have been listening to what you imagined distant thunder (you are 'afraid of lightning'), and, at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the embrace of Morpheus, your eyes are suddenly agape, wide open, and as your brow is slightly knitted, you involuntarily ask yourself, "What's *that*?"

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of explosion takes place—a miniature eruption of Vesuvius, a blast—

“*whoo——oof-p!*”—and the sound rolls away in a long-drawn, unearthly sigh—like the last effort of a suffocating man to recover his breath—and all is silent again.

In such a plight, and at such a time—some years ago, I remember to have met a Yankee in the cabin of a crowded canal packet.

It was nearly midnight when he came on board, at Pittsburgh, from one of the Ohio river steamers. He was a very plain man, and had been ‘out west,’ so he said—and was satisfied to go *home* again!

The cabin was crammed, and an ‘upright’ was allotted him in the middle of the floor, with some others. He was a live Yankee—and occupied some considerable time in undressing, securing his watch, adjusting the bed-clothes, and caring for his ‘tin’—which he stowed away under the pillow. He finally mounted the piece of furniture, which some lady-writer compares to ‘a fence-rail, covered with two strips of tape,’ and stretched himself out for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily in his cot, muttering to himself something about being “shelved up between heaven and airth”—but he finally turned over, as I supposed, for the last time—when a fellow on his extreme right, near the door, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes—burst out with—

“Aka——r-r roo——wh-e—u!”

Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he wouldn’t have reached the cabin floor quicker than he did as it was! And there he stood ‘in his tracks’—his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side-rail of his cot—as he yelped out—

"Hel-low!"

"Phoo—o——"

"Wot's *that*?"

The unconscious sleeper was relieved, momentarily—and he vouchsafed no answer.

The Yankee gazed about the cabin cautiously—but his fellow-lodgers were all sound asleep apparently, and the quiet rippling of the water against the sides of our frail boat, was all that now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the moment I had supposed he had at last gone to the 'land of nod' for the night—another

"Ker-r-r—cthee-e——*whoo!*" burst from the throat of the snorer on his right, who had now got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause—a

"Per—shee——swelu—ooh," escaped the grunter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer. With one bound he sprang to the floor—with

"Hel-low—I say——"

"Ah—phoo!"

"Thunder and airthquakes!"—

"Wh—e—w!"

"Wot *is* it?"—

"Ar-ker-ker——sloo—oo"—

"*Don't!*"

"'Tchoo——"

"No, it ain't *me*——"

"Er—y—heu!"

"Blast your pictur—it *ain't!*"—

"Ah——*tish!*"

"I say yer *lie!*"

“ Er—a—*hoo!*——”

“ Wy, it’s *you*—yerself,” continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously—“ and yer’ve made noise enough to skeer the divil, or stop a camp-meet’n!”

As he placed his hand upon the snorer’s breast, a sudden “*whoof!*” escaped him, and the Yankee could bear no more!

“ Help, yere!”

“ Pshe—eu!”—said the snorer.

“ *Do!*”

“ Ah—shwoo——”

“ For God’s sake!”

“ Hup——kir——”

“ Cap’n—help—*yere!* The man’s a dyin’—I say, *Mister!*—Murder!—help!”

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned over suddenly upon his side, and the effect awakened him.

“ What’s the row, neighbour?” he inquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a light.

“ *Raow?* Thunder and lightnin’!—ain’t yer dead yit! Wal, I reck’n you’re *one* uv ’em, stranger! Mishigan thunder’s a fool to *yur’e* snorin’—by grashus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to-night, cuss *my* pictur!” he added—and, in spite of all the captain’s assurances, he went out upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he landed—and, as he parted with the captain, he declared that he had “heern powerful thunder in his time, but that chap’s snoring beat *all* the high-pressures he *ever* heerd—jest as easy as open and shet!”

“WOBOT BARWYMAW.”

AN ELECTION-DAY SCENE, IN BOSTON.

THE annual election for city officials occurred in the good city of Boston, on Monday. There were no less than ‘*six* Richmonds in the field,’ on this occasion, and the prospect appeared promising—at noon—that before sunset, a Mayor and Common Council would be elected for the current political year, provided they didn’t miss it. If not instructive, it was at least amusing to be present an hour at the polls. Take an example.

A quiet-looking, decent enough kind of man approaches the door of one of the Ward rooms. He is clumsily dressed, it is true, and is evidently a stranger in these parts. His antiquated suit and apparent innocence of the existence of such an article of wearing apparel as a pair of boots—his long-tailed and longer-sleeved ‘blue,’ his low-crowned ‘felt’—all indicated plainly that he wasn’t ‘bred in the town.’ He sees the crowd and steps over the way. Some half-a-score of worthies are watching him, and a rush is made as he arrives near the door.

“*Fresh* water ticket, sir?” bawls a vote distributor, in a greasy coat and slouched hat, who looks for all the world as if he hadn’t been within hailing distance of any water—fresh or foul—for a quarter of a century.

“*Cold* water ticket, sir?” inquires a one-eyed man, who sports a particularly red nose below it.

“Native American, sir?” cries a third.

“Regular Whig ticket?” asks another; “that’s your time o’day, sir! No malgamashin in that ere; Regular Whig.”

“Abolition, sir?” asks a fifth.

“Democratic—rigelar?” shouts another.—“No bi-tin’ the thum’ at that, sure. Be the powers! but we’ll be afther hevin’ the man as’ll purtect the janeous of liberthy, and the rights o’ the paple, at large—and none o’ your spalpeens as ’ul be gitting up a row agin natrelezashin—sure!”

“Whig, sir?” continues number four.

“Democrath,” says number six, again.

“Get out, with your d—d loco,”—

“Who dug you up? I’ll prove to ye’s——”

“This is the ticket, sir!”

“Which?”

“The Regular Wh——”

“No, it ain’t!”

“I knows what I——”

“No, you don’t.”

“I go for equal ri——.”

“You’re a mongrel.”

“A *what*?”

“A half and a ha——”

“Where’s Bill Smashem?”

“Here!” answers Bill.

“I’m a *what*?”

“You’re a fool.”

“You’re a liar”——whack!——away rolls number four across the street, and the ‘Regular’ tickets are scattered gratis to the multitude. While the sufferer is endeavouring to gather himself up, his hat is caught up by the wind,

and by this time is bounding away at a good round seven-knot rate, our country friend behind, pursuing it in full cry. The beaver strikes a gas post—Gawky makes a dive for it, but misses the hat, crushes the crown of his own, and at the same instant nearly dashes out what little brains he has. The flying hat scuds round the corner, and Greeny, nothing daunted, scuds after it. Away goes the beaver—and away goes Verdant—but—he has it now! No, he hasn’t—that sidewalk is very slippery—but Gawky overtakes the hat, and urging himself forward, he makes one desperate effort to gain the prize, his heels unfortunately go up, his head goes down, the hat lodges against an awning-post—and Verdant finds himself plunged head foremost into an oyster cellar!

“What the devil’s cumin?” shouts the oyster vender.

“*Whew!*” replies Greeny.

“You’re drunk,” continues ‘shell fish.’

“O no, I hain’t,” gasps the victim—half stunned and staggering from the shock.

“Yis, you air—you can’t stan’ straight, now!”

“Guess he’s hurt,” ventures the attendant.

“Hold yer yawp, spoony—who axed *you* any questions?”

“I’m wurwid in my ’ed,” says Greeny.

“Wurrid in yer ’ed? So I shud think. Get out o’ this.”

“Don’t hurwy, if you please. You see I’ve—”

“Git *out*, I say—you’re drunk”—and the unfortunate is forthwith ejected.

Partially recovered, Verdant grasps the hat, and returns triumphantly to the Ward room. The owner is

foaming with rage and fury (having come out second best in the *melee*), and discovering Greeny with his hat, he looks upon him as the prime cause of the trouble, and as the former hands him his beaver, without more ado he tenders him a *polk* in the eye, which lays him sprawling in the gutter. By this time, the mischief having all been done—an officer arrives, and the parties are forthwith conveyed to the Police Court. The complaint is made in due form, for a disturbance of the peace, and our unlucky friend ‘with the lame eye’ is placed in the witness box.

“Name?” inquires the clerk.

“Sir?” says the countryman—wiping his eye.

“Your *name*, sir?”

“Name? oh! Wobot Barwymaw.”

“*What*, sir?”

“Wobot Barwymaw.”

“*Wobot Barwymaw*? No trifling, sir! How do you spell it?”

“R-O-B—Wob—E-R-T *Wobot*—B-A-R-R-Y Barwy—M-O-R-E—*Barwymaw*. Wobot Barwymaw.”

“Ah! yes—I see—Robert Barrymore. You have an impediment in your speech?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What’s the reason you don’t speak intelligibly?” asked the court.

“The weason is appawent—I *can’t*.”

“What’s the occasion of it?”

“Can’t say, sir. It’s herweditawy.”

“Well, sir—go on now with your story.”

“Wot stowy?” innocently inquired the witness.

“What story! Do you know, sir, that this is a Court of Justice? What are you in the witness box for?”

“I weally can’t say, sir. I’m a stwanger here—and, as I was stwolling down the stweet, I met a cwozd wound the Ward-woom, as they call it—and cwossed over to see what the wow was. As I appwoached the door, I saw a big wuffian stwike a man in the face, and knock him down. His hat fell off, and I wun to catch it.”

“It is of no consequence about that affair—how did you get injured?”

“The consequence of it *might* have been sewious, I think—for the hat blew wound the corner—and I wun after it. The city athrowities might have had to wemunewate me for a bwooken skull—for the sidewalk was so slippewy that I twipped over, and wushed headlong into an oysterman’s store.”

“Did you receive your bruise in that fall, sir?”

“Bless your innocence, no! I weturned with the wefwactowy gentleman’s hat, and as I appwoached to pwesent it to him, ‘That’s *my* man!’ says he, and without further cerwemony, I weceived for my twouble this horwid black eye.”

“Well, sir.”

“*Well*, sir! But I do not agwee with you that it is ‘*well*, sir.’ This bwoosing a man for such a act of disinterwested fwriendship, may be customawy in Boston, but it is not of common occurwence in Bwattlebowough, where I come fwom.”

“Is that all, sir?”

“I don’t so much mind the bwoosing, as I do the wowdy’s pwinciple in this twansaction; and it’s my pwivate opinion that the bwute ought to be stwung up for his wefwactowy and unchwistian-like wuffianism.”

The court smiled at our friend's innocence—imposed a fine upon the belligerent, and the parties left the court.

Half an hour afterwards, Mr. 'Wobot Barwymaw' was discovered in the lower part of the city, his head enveloped in a huge bandanna—inquiring if there was any "wail-woad which wun from Boston to Bwattlebowough!"

G. P. B.

A GAME AT "SEVEN-UP."

"TAKE a drink, stranger?"—inquired a diminutive, gray-eyed individual, addressing himself to me, as we sat at a centre-table in the cabin of a Lake steamer. He continued doggedly to stir the punch which the steward had just handed him, and repeated his invitation.—I declined.

Having disposed of a second 'smasher,' he tried me again.

"Busy, stranger?"

I moved to him.

"Take a hand at seven-up, sir?"

I assented to this proposition, to kill a dreary hour or so, and my challenger immediately drew from his coat-pocket the necessary documents for a bout at 'old sledge.' He had evidently calculated upon 'pigeoning' me, and plainly supposing me verdant, he coolly deposited under

the candlestick, a five-dollar note upon one of the Western 'Wild-Cat' institutions. I immediately covered it with a V upon the 'Lumbermans' Bank, which some blackguard or other had put upon me, in my travels, for a good one. The cards were dealt, a brace of hands were played, and I won his 'Red Dog' hinplaster.

"Double it, stranger?"

"As you please"—said I, carelessly—and he placed a very respectable-looking X upon the stakes.

I held the ace, deuce, and ten of trumps, and my lead drew his knave, which he boarded with a simultaneous call upon somebody to "d—n such luck," and upon the steward to bring him another punch!

In the next hand, I made three points, and beat the game. I moved towards the money, but he prevented my raising it, by covering it with a *twenty-spot*, whereupon he gulped down the balance of his third punch, and dealt the cards again.

The liquor by this time had commenced to operate upon his irritability, and I soon discovered him to be a pugnacious customer. I had seen ugly little men before, however, and being pretty well acquainted with the game, having nothing at stake, and contriving to keep perfectly cool, thus far I had my gentleman at odds.

I was in luck! I held *all the* cards, and made four points. In the second hand of the third game, I made high, low, game, and 'skunked' him, outright, again.

The play had now become somewhat interesting—several spectators had gathered around the table. My opponent insisted that the money should lie, and he counted out his *forty* dollars. He was getting excited.

The fourth round was more fluctuating. I had made but three points, my adversary five. He dealt me an excellent hand, upon which I ‘begged,’ however; because, as he turned his cards, he volunteered the remark “that he would fix me, *this time!*”

“Give you one—by G—!”

“That scores me *four*,”—I added quietly.

“Four to my five,” he answered. “Steward! another punch on this!”

He held the queen, knave, and five of trumps. I led a low side-card, upon which he placed a ten ‘for game.’ He returned with an ace, which I gave him. He ‘swung’ with his queen, which I took with my king, and following with my *ace* of trumps, I had his *knave* again! I played the four for ‘low,’ which scored me three upon this hand, and gift made me *seven*—to his score and ‘game,’ which counted him but *six!*

As he dashed his fist violently upon the table with a “d——n!” I again moved towards the ‘pile,’ which had now swelled to eighty dollars—*most* of which was in good money—but he motioned me back with—

“Once more, if you please, by G—, stranger!”

“Have it your own way,” I replied, and he planked his *eighty* dollars on the other, which was snugly stowed beneath the foot of the candlestick.

Again the cards were dealt, and in the first hand, he made three points, to my gift. Three *vs.* one, was duly scored, the papers went round again, and the result was ‘four hand.’ We played another round, upon which I was doing famously, when a *misdeal* was discovered. I humoured him (though there was foul play, and I knew it), the cards were stocked, and the deal was passed. I

cut the cards, and my antagonist (who by this time had become especially stupid and particularly ugly) shuffled them in the clumsiest possible manner.

We stood four and four. I held a hand to be played for a man's life,—the ace, queen, knave, and deuce of trumps! I forthwith played the deuce—which 'played the deuce' with my thick-headed friend—for *he couldn't follow suit!*

"That's High and Low—by G—, for all me!" he muttered, as I gave him the ace of another suit, and followed it with the queen. The game was up—I held everything—never was there such 'a run of luck!'

I ushered my queen—followed her with the knave—and then boarded the ace of trumps—to which last card my opponent did not answer.

"Another mis—deal"—said he, slowly, "by G—!"

"Not too fast, my friend," I answered, "you *had* six cards."

"I say there's an—other misdeal—'ic—*stranger*."

"You are mistaken, sir. There is your sixth card, *under the table*."

"Do you say—that's *my* card?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it."

"Who in ——— put it *there*?"—continued the ugly devil.

"Can't say—upon my soul—but *play* it if you please."

"Do you say *I* put it there?" said the fellow, refusing to take it up—and at the same time leisurely rolling up his coat-cuffs.

"You must have *dropped* it," I suggested.

"Do you *say*—'ic—I *put* it there?"

I could bear with this no longer, and hastily calculating my chances for being worsted, I laid my left hand upon the money, and with my right, I seized him by the fore-top, across the table, as he attempted to rise at the other side. A dirk-knife gleamed an instant in the light, but with a sudden effort, I brought his head in contact with the mahogany, which bewildered him while I wrenched the dagger from his hand and secured *l'argent*. The next moment, I heard the rough voice of Jack W——ff, the first officer of the boat, who had been apprised of the rumpus, below.

As the blackleg arose upon me, Jack tendered him a feeler, under the ear, which sent him reeling heels over head into a state-room hard by, with “There, d—n you, take that, and go to bed; you’re eternally kicking up a muss with somebody!” and turning the key upon the outside of the door, he added—“past twelve, gentlemen—no more cards to-night, if you please”—and he left the cabin.

We arrived at C——d before daybreak, where I left the boat; since which time I have not had the pleasure of meeting my friend who was so excessively fond of the ‘GAME OF SEVEN-UP.’

G. P. B.

THE YANKEE WHO HAD NEVER HEARD A GONG.

MANY a good story is recorded, about the first impressions consequent upon hearing the clang of *a gong*. An instance recently came under my own observation.

A traveller from 'up country' arrived in town the other evening, and having been shown to a fashionable hotel for the first time in his life, he was at a loss for employment for the time being. He reached the house after tea hour, and having wandered through the public rooms, enjoying the 'sights' for a while, he was at last shown to his apartment, at a very seasonable hour.

Having bestowed himself between the blankets, he lay tossing about for an hour, excited with the city's confusion, and being naturally nervous, he was unable to compose himself to sleep. Nature gave way at last, however; and as he was just falling into a fitful slumber, a low, rumbling, unearthly sound grated on his ears (apparently from the end of the passage-way), which gradually increased to a fearful and indescribable hum.

The eyes of the stranger were agape, instant—his gaze was fixed upon the ceiling—the dreadful murmur increased—big sweat-drops stood on his forehead—and the final crash of the *preparatory* supper-gong brought him straight into his boots! He rushed into the deserted passage-way with his pants half way on, and upside down, shouting at the top of his lungs—

“*Hel-lo*, there!”

The sound echoed through the hall, but no answer followed.

“*Hel-lo*, I say! Wot on airth has busted?”

All was silent, however, and an immeasurably brief space of time only had elapsed, before the countryman had reached the foot of the stairs, where he made his appearance with hair straight on end, his boots over his pants, and his short-waisted, swallow-tailed blue caught at the throat by a single button.

He dashed into the office, but all was quiet—the clerk was at his books, and the darkies had got away into the corners, to steal a nap before the arrival of the night train. Our green ’un spied Sambo, and soon had him by the button-hole, with—

“Wot’s that noise?”

“Didn’t hear no noise, Massa.”

“Didn’t *hear* it?”

“Nebber heern him, *nohow*, Massa!”

“Why, wot on airth yer made uv?”

Sambo was snoring again.

“It was wus’n forty harricanes,” continued Greeny.

“’is—Massa”—continued Sambo, in his dream.

“And ef we don’t have a shcwer arter *that*, I ain’t no judge o’ thunder.”

Sambo recovered, and turning up the white of one eye, astronomically, he vouchsafed the opinion that as it was “a clar night,” there couldn’t be no funder.”

“Wal, but *I* heered it, I tell ye—”

“Not funder, Massa—clar moonlight—noff’n to make him ob up dar, for sartin!”

“Wal, you *may* think I’m drunk. But I tell you I heern an airthquake, *any* how—and——”

A faint rumbling was again apparent in the distance at this moment.

“There it is agin!” shouted the countryman, as he seized Sambo by the arm. “There!—d’ye hear *that*?”

The noise continued to increase, and Sambo, forgetting his wonted gravity, began to grin.

“Wot is it—eh? Say, Sambo—yere’s a quarter—a half”—(Sambo pocketed the tin!)—“Oh! the Lord ha’ mercy!”

And away rushed our victim at top speed; but unfortunately, he entered the passage-way, where the servant stood in the act of sounding the last gong for supper! The hotel was full, and the guests were crowding towards the dining-room.

Our valiant Yankee had started for ‘out-doors,’ but in attempting to escape, he stumbled upon the *music*, which had now reached that horrible din, so uncomfortable to the ears of those even who are used to it. With one bound and a shriek of “Murder!” he cleared both waiter and gong, and the next leap carried him, heels over head, through the basement window. Fortunately, he was unhurt, and rolling across the gutter, he regained his feet once more.

The speed with which he enlarged the distance between himself and *that* hotel, would have shamed one of Norris’s best locomotives! The last that was seen of the sufferer, he was rapidly approaching the dock, his narrow coat-skirts streaming in the wind, with the watch in hot pursuit—while the victim made night hideous as he went on, with his desperate yell of “Murder! *murder!* MURDER!”

G. P. B.

ONE WAY TO SHARPEN 'EM.

He secretly
Puts pirate's colours out at both our sterns,
That we might fight each other in mistake,
That he should share the ruin of us both!

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

SOME benevolently disposed individuals have latterly amused themselves with severing the Telegraphic wires, upon the arrival of the English steamers. The following sketch is respectfully commended to the especial attention of these gentlemen! The occurrence related took place last fall, in one of our Western cities.

The mercantile community there had been on the *qui vive* for a week, expecting daily to hear of the arrival of the steamer, which had been out considerably beyond her time. At the last arrival from England, flour had 'moved up' sharply in price—all the horrors attendant upon 'potato disease,' 'short crops,' 'lack of American produce,' etc., etc., had been duly chronicled—and the commercial appetite was in a state to *swallow* anything that might follow, leaving time to *digest* it for them! Every mail was consequently looked for with the deepest anxiety: and every arrival in town was the occasion for renewed interrogatories, touching the *probable* character of the news anticipated. Expectation was on tip toe, every eye was 'opened tight,' and every ear was ready to catch the first intelligence which might come, when early one morning, a rough-looking customer sud-

denly entered the town at full gallop, upon a jaded horse (which had evidently been rowelled to the top of his speed for a long distance). He drew up abruptly in front of a well-known hotel in the lower part of the city, sprang from his saddle, dropped a silver dollar into the hands of the ready waiter who received the rein, and disappeared inside the house. His reeking and panting animal was left in his tracks, while the stranger darted into the hotel, and booked himself "JOHN SMITH—*Wheeling, Va.*"

Mr. Smith had no luggage with him—not even a 'carpet-bag.' His mud-bespattered dress told full well of the 'night he'd had of it,' and he hastily informed the landlord, *in a confidential way*, that the "steamer was in," that "he had ridden two hundred miles on horseback, in the last twelve hours"—and concluded his brief account of himself by adding with a knowing wink, that "no other journal had the news!" Mr. Smith requested that his crittur might be cared for, and well rubbed, for he had "had a desperate ride," and, gulping down a cobbler, was soon out of sight.

The announcement of the steamer's arrival, of course, ran like wildfire through the city; and everybody knew that an 'express' had reached town with her news—but no one could get at it! Mr. Smith walked straight into the flour market, but the sharpers had heard of his coming!

"What's the price of flour?" asked Mr. Smith, of an extensive dealer.

"Five dollars—*last night*, sir."

"They say the steamer's in," says Smith.

"Yes," replied the seller.

“ And flour’s riz ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ I want a thousand barrels.”

“ At what price ?”

“ Say five and an eighth.”

“ You can’t have it.”

“ Five and a quarter, then.”

“ No, *sir!*”

“ Well, then, five and three-eighths.”

“ *No, sir-ee!*”

“ I’ll give you five and a half—a thousand barrels—cash down.”

“ *No, sir—I shall wait a while.*”

Away goes Smith, down the street—the dealer goes into the market—flour rises half a dollar—a dollar—a dollar and a quarter per barrel—but still the knowin’ ’uns ‘hold on!’

“ Did you see him ?”

“ Who ?”

“ Smith.”

“ What Smith ?”

“ John——”

“ The ‘ Express ’ ?”

“ Yes.”

“ No !”

“ Just arrived.”

“ Well ?”

“ Steamer’s in.”

“ What news ?”

“ Flour’s *up.*”

“ Good !”

“ Potatoes all gone.”

“ *Better!*”

“No American produce t’other side.”

“BEST!!” and off goes ‘gulled No. 2,’ to give his friends the benefit of what *he* has learnt!

Smith enters a store below, buys five hundred barrels, at five dollars, deliverable in one hour, five hundred, at same price, deliverable in two hours, five hundred deliverable after one o’clock—takes his bills, with the agreement attached—and slopes.

“There he goes.”

“Who?”

“Smith.”

“The *Express*?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“There!”

“Which one?”

“The white hat——”

“Round the corner?”

“Yes!” and away runs ‘gulled No. 3,’ to learn from Mr. Smith how he can ‘operate’ to the best advantage. Mr. Smith *happens* to know of a ‘*capital chance*,’ (all confidential though), where he can buy a thousand barrels, *at six dollars—very* happy to accommodate him; will step right over the way, (nothing to be said about it however)—and ‘gulled No. 3’ buys *Mr. Smith’s flour*, pays him his bonus, they take a drink, and part the very best friends in the world. Catch ‘No. 3’ napping, if you can! He’s *one* of ‘em, and has been there! He meets ‘No. 2,’ and a nice talk they have over their *luck*!

But the hubbub increases! Mr. Smith hasn’t been seen for an hour, and *another* man, in a light gray suit,

with heavy black whiskers and a slouched cap, has arrived from the Eastward, bringing a slip headed “*New York Herald—Extra.*” He is covered with dirt, though—and an ‘enterprising journal’ nabs him, and secures the important intelligence, in advance of all its cotemporaries. The journal aforesaid ‘spares no expense’ in this sort of thing, and the last comer has got his hundred dollars for *that* job!

A flaring ‘EXTRA’ immediately finds its way into the streets, announcing the

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!

SCARCITY OF FLOUR!

NO POTATOES IN IRELAND!

CORN IN DEMAND!

COTTON ADVANCING!!

And long before the hour for delivery agreed upon arrives, our Express has sold out at a clean profit of a thousand dollars! Not a barrel of flour can be had at anything like a price, and our dealers ‘No. 1’ still ‘hold on’ for higher rates.

Mr. Smith has pressing engagements, ‘No. 3’ dines with him, and insists upon paying Smith’s bill, (in consideration of the great service he has rendered him!) and, shortly after, Mr. Smith is seen riding briskly out of town on his way to Louisville.

On the following morning, the mail arrives, and the *details* of the ‘news brought by the steamer’ appear in all the Eastern journals. Unfortunately, *the boot is on the wrong leg!* Upon examination of the papers, the story is told! Flour had actually *fallen* in price from

last quotations, the 'potato rot' had been greatly exaggerated, the English market was well stocked with American produce, sales were very light, and the demand inactive!

But the thing was up! Mr. Smith was a 'Diddler,' the slips were manufactured a few miles out of town, *express-ly* for the purpose, the first and second 'Express' were the *same*—barring the change of *chapeau, breeches and whiskers*,—but the 'bird' had flown! Our enterprising journal, which had purchased the news, in company with its sharp friends, had been *skewered*; their competitors enjoyed the hoax right heartily, and to this day, upon the arrival of an Express rider in the city of C——, you may hear the questions repeated from a hundred mouths—"Does he wear a slouched cap?" or, "Did he come *without* A CARPET-BAG?"

G. P. B.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEWSPAPER reader who regularly consults the advertising columns of a daily journal, rarely fails to meet with many things conducive both to his advantage and enjoyment. Guided by unerring faith, he will there find a remedy for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, and encouraging examples held out of human beings who have been almost entirely used up, and yet restored to perfect health by the use of only six bottles of the celebrated Dr. Gullem's Vegetable Anti-Mercurial Catholicon. Among these, he will read of the 'Celebrated

Sufferer' who 'laboured under a complication of all the disorders known to the Medical Faculty,' and 'who was reduced to such a state as to be loathsome to his friends and disgusting to himself,'—'who had been measured for a coffin, and purchased a resting-place in Mount Auburn'—and who, 'by simply inhaling the odour of one of Dr. Van Humbug's bottles of Antiseptic Elixir, was instantaneously restored to perfect health,' and 'became in one fortnight the ornament of the social circle and the happy husband of one of the most charming women in the world.' The musical gentleman will find something about the forthcoming concert of some foreign signor or monsieur, who, according to his line, is either first tenor, or first violinist, or first flautist, or first pianist to the king of Bavaria, who, if we believe all the advertisements, is one of the most extraordinary patrons of music among the crowned heads of the continent, employing many hundreds of musicians at enormous salaries, and allowing all of them perpetual leave of absence to give concerts on their own hook in England and America. The theatre-going man will find 'the small bill,' so often abruptly referred to in the larger and more dignified 'William,' where he will believe, if he be sufficiently credulous, that all the characters down to the 'dummies,' are supported by gentlemen from the Royal Theatres of London, and will invoke silent blessings on the magnanimity of Mr. Snuffles or Mr. Smithers, who, after many a brilliant triumph at Drury Lane, consents to carry off two chairs and a table in one clutch, for the gratification and instruction of a Boston public. The general reader will be astonished to learn that 'any young man who has \$200 to loan his



“ We conjured up the image of the tall young man of twenty, launching forth into the great commercial emporium.”—Page 149.

employer, can have a chance of permanent occupation in a genteel and pleasant business, which will be guaranteed to yield him an income of \$1500 per annum.'

With all these wonders in the advertising columns, we hold the legitimate owner of a newspaper, that is, the man who has honestly paid for a copy, very much to blame if he neglects making himself familiar with that portion of the sheet. We would not advise the hotel boarder, or the frequenter of the barber's shop, to be so accurate, for he may rest assured that the time during which he detains his fellows from the perusal of the news of the day, will assuredly be passed by them in reflecting on his faults, or pondering on the means of rendering the remainder of his life perfectly wretched and uncomfortable.

Be this as it may—there are queer things among the advertisements—very. We always ferret among them in search of fun, or suggestive ideas, and we are not often disappointed. We came across the following in the New York Sun the other day—

“There is a man going round the city selling muslin for linen—he is a tall young man, seems to be about twenty years of age; it will be better for him to bring back the pantaloons that he got in trade on Wednesday evening, if he does not he will be brought back.”

We don't know whether the above will strike others as it did us—to our imagination it conveyed a very amusing picture. First, we conjured up the image of the tall young man of twenty, launching forth into the great commercial emporium (after having probably served a thorough apprenticeship at 'thimble-rigging,' and 'watch-burning,') with the bold and hardy determination,

worthy of a better cause, to pass off muslin (New York for *cotton*) for linen. What a contemptuous opinion of the intellects of Gotham the tall young man of twenty must entertain as a basis for his project! Then we pictured a very soft-spoken and very verdant gentleman in sewed boots and an intellectual-looking hat, with a mild description of checked gingham for a neckcloth, who meets the audacious pedlar, falls into the trap, sees no muslin in the sanguine and blooming view he takes of a shirt-pattern, and parts with an excellent pair of doe-skins, which he has worn but once, for an article dear at four shillings—York currency.

‘But with the morning
Cool reflection comes.’

An astute matron—his housekeeper perhaps—at one dexterous tweak, accompanied by one flash of a pair of horn-bowed spectacles, detects the imposition. The verdant gentleman in the intellectual hat, sinks into a chair beneath the mingled pressure of shame and indignation, and only rouses therefrom in the first rush of an inspiration, under the influence of which he pens the advertisement we have copied, and which cost him six shillings (York again), for insertion in the Sun. It never occurs to him that the ‘tall young man of twenty’ would snap his fingers at the threat, well knowing that if his victim knew where to find him or could prove his guilt, he would at once place a ‘Star’ policeman on his track, instead of uttering vague threats and cautions in the newspapers. Happily ignorant of this, the soft-headed gentleman buttons his muslin shirt to his throat, and indulges in a romantic vision of a return of the ‘tall young gentleman of twenty,’ in penitential tears, with the

doeskins neatly folded on his arm—those doeskins that have seen the light but once in the summer stillness of a Sabbath day at Harlem. Queer things—these advertisements!

F. A. D.

HOW WE SMOKED HIM OUT.

To the multitude acquainted with the miseries and mysteries of a 'first-rate boarding-house' in New York—the following sketch contains but little interest. The many who have never been '*thar*,' however, may discover a sort of *philosophy* in the story; and should any find themselves similarly circumstanced, let them adopt a like remedy, and 'take our hat' if the 'critter is n't druv out!'

In the year 183—, I had taken lodgings in a 'respectable' boarding-place in ——— street, and a four months' residence had fairly initiated me. I was scarcely twenty, yet I had been plundered of my wardrobe, by a stranger, who was 'stopping only a day or two;' I had paid the supper-bills at Delmonico's for half-a-score of the knowin' ones, who had invited me to participate with them, and who had either 'left their pocket-books at home,' or who had prematurely 'stepped out,' as I was finishing my last cup of chocolate. I had run the 'neffy' gauntlet, and was perfectly well acquainted with the shortest cut both to and *from* Passandro's! I had been four months in Gotham—and it was midsummer.

The good lady of the house was one of the few who paid her bills, regularly. And well she might! Her

house was always filled, and 'three in a room' was a moderate allowance. Two beds in my own apartment were occupied; the third had been vacant for a week. An applicant came—he was one of 'em—a 'transient gentleman from the West Indies'—and he had the pleasure of being shown to the unoccupied cot in our room. My chum and I had returned from an evening call at ten o'clock, and found the intruder safely stowed away for the night. It was hardly the thing, this—(we had been victimized once)—and we put ourselves immediately on the defensive. The stranger was awake, and muttered something in half French, half English—about his being disturbed by our entrance. An exchange of glances between Bill and myself fixed the matter, and we commenced operations forthwith.

As I have said, it was July. The thermometer had ranged well up to 95° throughout the day, and the night was oppressively close and sultry. I immediately closed the two windows, with an affected shudder at the chilly night air, my room-mate shut the door, and I rang the bell. The servant promptly responded to the summons.

“Jerry—a scuttle of coal, and some kindlings!”

“A *what*, sir?”

“A hod of anthracite, sir; and bear a hand, too. We want a fire.”

A half snicker passed over Jerry's countenance as he left the door of the chamber—but he returned very shortly, puffing and blowing with the exertion, (for the weather was intensely hot!) and placed a scuttle of coal, etc., at our disposal.

“Anything more, sir?”

“Yes. Go to —, the chandler’s, and bring me half-a-dozen bundles of ‘short six’ cigars.”

“*Short-sixes*, sir!”

“Short sixes, Jerry—*green* ones, if he has them.”

Five minutes only elapsed before Jerry returned with a choice collection of abbreviated ‘nines’—so *green* that they were *black*!

“Nothing more, sir?”

“Nothing now, Jerry—but look sharp at the bell.”

“Yes, sir”—and Jerry vanished.

Meantime we had cleared the pipe—the fire was well under way, and we shortly afterwards discovered the quicksilver at 106! But still we shuddered, and Bill continued to clear the grate, complaining of the ‘lack of draught,’ while we jointly blazed away at the ‘sixes’—the atmosphere in the apartment having by this time become so dense and clogged with heat and the burning of green Virginia tobacco, saturated with vitriol water—that it was absolutely choking.

Our dark-brown friend turned uneasily upon his *feather bed*. A stifled “whew!” or two was all that had as yet escaped him, however. He turned again, and threw the coverlet upon the foot-board.

Bill came to his aid at once! The poker rang beneath the grate—another peck of anthracite was deposited in the cylinder stove—the stub of his half-smoked cigar was thrown upon the red-hot cover—the fire blazed again, and our West India-man dashed his sweat-moistened sheet upon the carpet, with—

“*Sacre!*—Got, dam! I sal be pinch all up!”

“What did you observe, sir?” inquired Bill, as he coolly lighted another six.

“Hah! Be gar, I sal die wis zis”—

“*Subject* to the cramp, sir?” said I, affecting to misunderstand him.

“*Cramb!* Wot you call dat cramb? You cramb dem sto’ pipe—by gar, sare, I sal shoke me, in my winepipe—by dam!”

Bill swore the fire wouldn’t burn, and that he should freeze, if he couldn’t do something to warm the room.

Our new-comer tossed from one side of the cot to the other—the perspiration rolling from his body, meanwhile—but my affectionate chum still plied the poker, and we continued to smoke, and chatter, and sing—Bill occasionally varying the *amusement* with an inimitable shaking-fit, as if the ague had him.

But the fun was getting to be beyond endurance, and we conceived a most lively prospect that we were obtaining more than we had bargained for. The moment had arrived when we must storm the fort, or beat a retreat.

“Gad!” exclaimed Bill on a sudden, “did you ever know such cursed weather in July? We must have another scuttle of coal.”

He sprung the bell-cord, and Jerry was at hand.

“Another scuttle of coal, Jerry.”

Bill snuffed a breath of fresh air as the door closed on the retiring servant, and the next moment a piece of sealing-wax was simmering on the top of the stove.

This was too much for our friend. He bounded from the cot naked to the buff, as wet as if he had just left a shower-bath—and commenced such a tirade as I never heard before or since.

“Vot you do, sare? By dam—you have break my neck short off, wis zis dam”——

“What’s the matter, sir?” asked Bill, quietly.

“Mattair?—*No* mattair, sare. Zis dam *shoke* me—wis you ’Mericaïne segare—wot-you-call-em—dam *shote-seex*. Begare, you have squeeze all ze bref from my bellish, vot you call stomach! Wot you for do zis!—I sal”——

“Don’t you smoke in your country?” inquired Bill, innocently.

“Wot you call zat *shmoke*? You have kill me dead—one, two, tree times, wis zis dam—*pah!*—I sal be accommodait bettair, sair—I sal comeplain”——

“Hadn’t you better go to a hotel, sir?”

“Hottel! Wot you call zem hot-’el, eh?—begair, sair, you find one *hot ’ell* wis no *shmoke* in him, some fine day! *Sacre!* I sal *move out!*—by dam!”

With this, the poor fellow commenced dressing and packing his duds—and we soon afterwards had the satisfaction of seeing him making his way down stairs, nearer dead than alive—most vociferously cursing ‘zem dam Yankee *shote-seex!*’ He obtained quarters at Holt’s house, near by, however, and we were satisfied; having literally smoked the forbidding-looking biped out of our premises.

Shortly after midnight, we had the pleasure of ridding ourselves of the intruder; and throwing up the sashes, we aired the apartment as best we could—the rousing coal fire was extinguished—the cylinder cooled off—and though we half-smothered ourselves in this adventure, we were never afterward troubled with offensive strangers in ‘Room 24.’

G. P. B.

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

WHEN we crossed the Alleghany Mountains for the first time, we secured an outside seat upon coach 'No. 301, GOOD INTENT LINE.' We are 'constitutionally feeble;' and constitutionally feeble folks shouldn't ride on the *inside*, particularly when they set it down as a *sure* thing that the coach is to be upset!

The night was dark as Erebus, the caps of the ragged hills loomed up in the distant fog, like so many huge, grim ghosts *en dishabille*, the drivers generally were cold and crusty, and stage succeeded stage till after midnight, without the occurrence of anything to vary the scene, save the snoring of the insiders, or the occasional breaking of the 'drag-block.'

We finally exchanged stages at Uniontown, where we took a new driver, one of the veriest 'Sammy Wellers' we ever met, a quiet, clever fellow—half Yorkshireman, half Cockney—who inclined to make himself 'agreeable' to the 'gen'lman as 'os on the box.' We passed him our cigar-case, from which he drew a regalia, which he lighted, and having placed it in a comfortable corner of his countenance, he took up the ribbons and away we went.

"Vest—cap'n?" said Sam.

"Yes—West."

"Fur vest?"

“To Cincinnati.”

“Yees. Sensinater’s *kernsiderable*—but nothin’ to brag on!”

“No!”

“No, *Sir*. York’s *my* town—it’s *the* place—is York.”

“New York is a driving city.”

“*Drivin’?* Werry, sir, werry. I druv a cab better’n four year there, sir,—and though I say it, as shouldn’t—it were werry few as could beat *my* prad, sir.”

“Have you been upon this road long?”

“Oh, bless yer, yees, sir. Come Christmas—some sixteen months, an’ more.”

“And do you fancy this night-work?”

“I doesn’t mind the vork—only fur the haxidents.”

“The *what?*”

“The haxidents, sir.”

“What accidents?”

“Lord bless your hinnercence, sir! Then you haven’t heard.”

“*Heard!*—why—no—I——”

“O, they’re *werry* plenty, sir! It’s scarce a night but *sunthin’* happens.—*Hi*, Sal!—That long-tailed ’oo-man on the lead there, sir, ’s orful—she is. She’s apt to shy, too, summut.”

“Have a care, then, driver!”

“Oh, never fear, sir.”

“What is that terrible gulph, yonder?”

“Ah—that arn’t nothin’, sir. It’s only the Shades.”

“The Shades?”

“Yees, sir—ve calls that ’ere the *Shades o’ Death*. Take a look, sir?”

“Don’t *stop*, driver—go on.”

“Black Sal, sir, ’s werry steady, kinder, to night. Nice old ’ooman she’s gettin’. Vy, do you know, sir, the warmint almost ollers wants to *stop*, jest yere or yereabouts! She’s a rum ’un, sir—is Sal. I’ve seen her dance a werry hexcellent ’ornpipe, yere, sir. But she’s gettin’ old, sorter.”

“I have no taste for horses.”

“Wot, sir—not for ’osses?”

“No—driver—no.”

“Sal’s an ugly cuss, she is—werry. There, sir!—it’s jest edzackly as I said——”

The team here came to a full stop—at the crown of a long hill, and ‘Sal’ commenced her gyrations—now on her haunches, now on her head, now up, or down, twisting and quirking and devilling, until she broke the off-trace, and turning completely round in her harness, she looked up at us or at the lights, as much as to say, ‘how do you like *that*, stranger?’

Matters were righted, however—and when Sal got ready to start, the pace she took down the hill was certainly a caution to snails!

“All safe”—bawled the driver as we reached the bottom—“’gad, sir, but I thought she’d land us *that* time—she’s done it twice.”

“Done *what*, driver?”

“Upset the waggin, sir!”

“How?”

“Rolled ’em into the Shades, sir!”

“And they were killed?”

“Couldn’t say, sir—righted up as best ve could—and put right through.”

“And left the passengers?”

“ O yees.—Bless yer, how yer stare, sir! Ve drive *the mail line*—*ve* do—you know, sir.”

“ And the passengers get on afterwards——”

“ As best they can.”

“ I shall stop at the next stage.”

“ Yes, sir—*yere ve are!*”

“ The agent must refund me my money. I’ll not go on——”

“ Ve never refunds nutbin yere, sir—*ve* don’t——Ve knows about all kinds o’ fun’s, ’cept *refun’*—*ve* does” —and dashing up to the door, we found ourselves safe, *so far!*

G. P. B.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

A RAW specimen of the rawest kind of Yankee arrived at the Franklin House, in Philadelphia, one day last week, and having been shown to an apartment, he hastily adjusted his outer man, and made his appearance in the reception room, below. He walked up to the office, and inquired of the attendant “ whar he could find a doctor?” The servant referred him to the clerk.

“ Wal, nabur—Whar’ll I git a doctor?”

“ A physician?”

“ No- -a *doctor.*”

“ Beg pardon, sir—a surgeon you mean.”

“ No, I don’t, nuther. I mean a teooth doctor.”

“ Ah -a dentist. Yes.”

“Wal—I do’ no’ wot you calls ’em, *yere*—but we calls ’em teooth doctors down *our* way.”

“Your teeth trouble you, eh?”

“Blast it! I reckon you’d think so—ef you had it. ’Taint dun nuthin’ but jump like blazes, fer more’n teu hours—an’ I’m gwoin to hev it aout, sure!”

The stranger was forthwith directed to the nearest dentist. Arriving at the hotel door, he hailed a cab, and gave him the doctor’s address (which happened to be in the *next* street beyond!) and having rode some *fifteen minutes*, he was backed up in front of the door! He jumped out—paid his ‘four levies’—jerked the bell-pull—and was ushered into the ‘drawing’ room.

During the operation upon a customer who preceded him, he amused himself by staring at the pictures upon the walls, or in handling over the instruments—occasionally inquiring “what *this* was fer?”—or “what the man did with *that*?” until his turn arrived, and the operator requested him to be seated.

“Whar?”

“Here, sir—if you please.”

“I want a teooth pulled.”

“I understand, sir.”

“Wal—s’pose you *deu*.”

“Be seated, sir—please.”

“Oh, yaas. There—that’s the feller, *thar*,” continued the Yankee—and he made such a hole in his face, as safely rendered it an ‘open countenance!’ The operator immediately adjusted his forceps, seized the molar, and with a single wrench, placed the tooth upon the table.

“Hil-low! Ow!” shouted the Yankee—“wot’n thun-

der are yer *deuin*? Consarn you! yer've tore a feller's jaw all teu smash!

“Not so bad as that—I hope”——

“Wal—it dooz feel better, fact!”

“I thought it would.”

“By gracious! though—you did it slick!”

“I shall be happy to serve you again”——added the polite doctor!

“Wal—I do' no' 'bout *that*. Wot's to pay?”

“One dollar.”

“One *what*?”

“A dollar, sir.”

“A *dev*——I mean—that is—'od fergive me for swarin'—but, Mister, ain't you mistak'n?”

“No, sir.”

“O, git aout! you're jokin'!”

“No, *sir*.”

“Wal, now, luke yere—stranger. You wusn't long about it.”

“I know it, sir”——

“And a dollar for less'n a minit's work ain't 'zackly *deuin*'s yeu'd be dun by—swan 'taint!”

“A dollar is my price, sir.”

“A *dollar*! Thunder and brickbats! yeu don't *mean* it!”

“I do, indeed, sir.”

“Wal—ef I must—yere's yer money.”

“Thank you.”

“I've hed a teooth pulled afore.”

“So I perceive—all but the stump.”

“And it tuk the doctor *more'n an hour* to deu it!”

“Possible?”

“ He jes hed teu drag me raound the room, fore an’ aft, twenty times—and when he lost his ‘grip,’ he’d take a’holt agin smarter’n ever! It wus the reel nat’rail kind o’ labour”—

“ Astonishing!”

“ An’ *he* didn’t charge me but *twenty-five cents!*”

“ He was very reasonable.”

“ Wal, Mr. Dentiss—I b’lieve that’s yure name—which way is it teu the Franklin House?”

“ Directly round the corner, sir.”

“ *Whar?*”

“ Round the first corner.”

“ Devil it is! Wy—I gin a cab feller half-a-dollar to take me to the first doctor’s—and he rode me raound a dozen streets, to git here!”—and muttering a curse upon toothaches, dentists, and cab-drivers—he repaired to the hotel, brought out his luggage himself, and trudged to the Western cars—declaring he would never stop in ‘Feledelfy’ again until he had a bigger pile of ‘tin’ than he was blessed with on his first visit!

G. P. B.

SELLING "JONAS" AT THE TREMONT HOUSE.

THE BROWNS and the SMITHS have much to answer for, verily—and it would need a heap of tears to blot out the record of their short-comings! Brown *alias* Smith, is not an every-day cognomen, but occasionally it may be seen in print.

Who doesn't know friend WHITCOMB, of the *Tremont House*, in Boston? Far as extends the fame of this popular and noted Hotel, so far is 'JONAS' known for his gentlemanly character and uniform civility. But in an unlucky moment, lately, despite the world-wide reputation of our friend for his far-sightedness—Jonas was 'picked up!'

All the '*Job Trotters*' are not dead yet! On the last Sunday in October, Jonas sat cosily enjoying his regalia after dinner, when a smooth-faced individual, with a clean white neckerchief about his throat, entered the 'office' of the Tremont, in search of the proprietor, Mr. Tucker, who happened to be absent from town. Mr. Whitcomb was all attention, and with no more than his customary blandness of manner, proffered his services, which the stranger promptly declined, and, with a melancholy sigh, turned to depart.

"In Mr. Tucker's absence," said the obliging clerk, "perhaps I might answer."

"No sir—we are strangers."

“If I might presume to inquire,” gently urged Jonas——

“No—no! Mr. Tucker knows me, but—never mind,” continued the stranger, and a bandanna passed over his handsome countenance, as another deep-drawn sigh escaped him!

This was too much for the big heart of the gentlemanly book-keeper, who again urged the stranger to disclose his melancholy business.

“Well, sir, if I *must* expose my troubles, I know of no one more worthy of my confidence than Mr. Whitcomb. I believe this is Mr. Whitcomb?”—

“At your service, sir.”

“Of whom I have so often heard my good friend Mr. Tucker, remark, ‘he is my right hand, sir, that Whitcomb!’”

“*What* can I do for you, my dear sir?” continued Jonas, who was very deeply moved by this friendly allusion.

“Oh, nothing—that is, a trifle, sir,—a mere trifle just now.”

“I have lost”—and big tears choked the sufferer’s utterance. “Oh, sir, it is dreadful; but I have just lost my poor, dear wife! She expired last night—I cannot see my employer, to-day—and a coffin must be had. I shall never”——

“Nay, my dear sir!—give yourself no uneasiness. How much will suffice?” asked Jonas, as he put one hand into his pocket, and with the other wiped away a brace of tears from his eyes almost as big as walnuts!

“Ten dollars will be ample, sir.”

“Here it is.”

The stranger was about to press his hand, (though just at this moment, he appeared for the first time to be in a hurry!) but Mr. Whitcomb needed no thanks.

“No, sir—no. Go and bury your wife; it’s all right, sir,—don’t say a word,” and the stranger departed with the X.

An hour afterwards, Jonas conversed with some friends—and suddenly ‘smelt a rat!’ He had been *sold* by ‘Billy Southack’—alias Smith, alias Brown—for a ten-spot! * * * *

“You may laugh, gentlemen,” observes Mr. Whitcomb, soberly,—as the joke is repeated in the house—“but I tell you, it was cheap, *at the price*; experience costs something, gentlemen. Mr. Brown, or Mr. Smith, or Mr. Whoever-he-is, is welcome to the money; *it was worth a ten-spot to see the cuss weep!*”

G. P. B.

BENEVOLENCE REWARDED.

THE above title figures very conspicuously in children’s picture-books and playbills, being, in the former, the infallible precursor of a tale wherein some generous juvenile who has given away his pocket-money to a blind beggar receives a great deal more money than he gave away, as well as a Noah’s ark and a peg-top from some delighted grandfather or doting aunt. And on the stage, whenever the hero, on being appealed to by a very tight-waisted sailor with a very small bundle who comes to him with a woful tale of shipwreck, places a

purse in his hands, and drawing the back of his right hand across his eyes, says, in a tone of plaintive hoarseness, "there — that is the fruit of a life's hard labour, reserved to buy yon cottage, where I live; but take it; it is yours;" and when the sailor, after asserting that he can never take the last plank from a drowning man, refers to his organs of vision, and says something about his 'pumps being set a going,' winding up with a little profanity, supposed to indicate his 'heart's being in the right place:' then, we say, instead of the sailor's proving an impostor and the charitable hero's ruining himself for nothing, either the sailor turns out to be an admiral and an uncle, with a red face, knee-buckles, and 'plenty of shot in the locker,' who puts his long-unseen nephew to the test preparatory to making his fortune, or else some other incredible thing happens by which 'benevolence' is 'rewarded,' and the curtain falls on three or four people who express their felicity by bowing in a very stately manner with their hands to their hearts. All this is very well for picture-books and play-houses, and young ladies in particular may shed tears over it and think it 'sweet pretty;' but in actual life, though generosity is its own reward, we don't think that fortune too frequently favours the benevolent. By way of illustration we will relate the following fact.

Two or three years ago, on the eve of Thanksgiving, a very worthy mechanic purchased a lot of turkeys of a countryman who lived at a great distance and was in a great hurry to get home, at a very moderate price. He might have realized a very handsome profit on the bargain, but being a very good-hearted fellow, he thought he would dispose of them to his shopmates at the same price he

had paid himself, viz: about seven cents a pound. One would have thought that this course would have earned grateful thanks and civilities at least. Not so—the purchasers of the turkeys being a mischievous set and very fond of a good joke, especially at other people's expense, laid their heads together, and the result was a cruel trick upon their benevolent friend.

On the morning after the latter had sold all his turkeys, one of the purchasers sought him out with a small parcel in his hand.

“Come, now, Mr. Sawpht,” said he; “you're a deep one—ain't ye? I thought them turkeys was amazin' cheap—seven cents—but if turkey's cheap at seven cents, granite screenings ain't, by a long chalk!”

“*Granite screenings!*”

“Yes—granite screenings! You needn't look so mild and honest. You can't come it over this individual. Look a here—confound your painted picture.”

So saying, and with well-simulated wrath, the spokesman opened his bundle and produced a lot of heavy stones.

“There,” said he; “all them 'ere came out of that 'ere turkey which I bought of you last night, you miserable sinner. Ain't you 'shamed for to come for to go for to play off sich a trick on a shopmate?”

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. Sawpht, aghast; “I didn't know anything 'bout the stones.”

“Wal; you believe your eyes, don't ye?”

“Of course—of course—and I'll heft the stones and deduct—I'll make it all square—right off. But,” added the mild Mr. Sawpht, kindling into unwonted passion, “ef I could only come across that ere Vermonter

which I was took in by, if I wouldn't spile his picter, bust my boots and gallowses!"

"Hellow! Sawpht!" sung out half-a-dozen voices altogether; "You're a nice man, I don't think"—"Pavin' stones has riz, hasn't they?" "Ever heered of feedin' turkeys onto rocks?" &c., &c.

And half-a-dozen turkeys, containing many geological specimens, were thrust into the very face and eyes of our benevolent friend.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" roared Mr. Sawpht—"spar me—spar my feelin's. Jest hear me, and then strike me, if you can, as Themistocles very mildly observed to Richard the Third at the Battle of Bunker Hill. I'm willin' to make restitution! Ef *I* was took in, *you* shan't be no how. I move that we adjourn to Bill Stephen's grocery, whar I'll weigh the stones, and refund the money."

The motion was carried by acclamation. They adjourned to Bill's, and there our unfortunate friend commenced weighing granite, enlivening his occupation by sundry invectives directed against the turkey-dealer. "Tew pounds—fourteen cents—darn his ugly picter! and a half—I hain't got no half cent, but take four. Seven pounds! consarn his soul! Salvation! what a rock that was! Two thirty-seven, sir! Enough to build a meeting-'us! Ten pounds—I'm bust, by gravy!"

As ill luck would have it, on Thanksgiving evening, the mild and benevolent Mr. Sawpht chanced, in a public thoroughfare, to encounter the turkey-dealer, whom some unforeseen occurrence had detained in Boston. Although a perfectly sober man, Mr. S. became instantly intoxicated with passion. Not to amplify, the result



"One of his eyes was in deep mourning, and his nose (none of the handsomest, by the way) was quite askew."—Page 169.

was an aggravated assault on the turkey-dealer, who, enraged at being thus wantonly assailed and doubly outraged in being charged with fraud, paid back with interest the blows he took. After performing prodigies of valour, Mr. Sawpht was captured by a couple of the 'moon's minions' who chanced to be awake, and passed the remainder of the night in the lock-up. Ten hours of sleepless agony did not render his appearance very prepossessing, as he stood up at the bar of the Police Court the next morning, and Mr. Justice ——, who always judged a man by his looks, not only fined him five dollars and costs for the assault, but also assured him that his entrance into the House of Correction was probably not far distant. And one of the morning papers, under its police head, gave the following 'first-rate notice' of our friend :

“POLICE COURT.

“BEFORE JUDGE ——.

“Yesterday morning, an ill-looking fellow, calling himself James Sawpht, evidently just recovered from a Thanksgiving spree, was brought up, charged by a Mr. Elphineas Horrikins of Vermont, with an unprovoked assault upon him on the evening of the day previous. The watchmen were witnesses of the affray and testified strongly. We were glad to see that Mr. Horrikins marked his man pretty thoroughly in the course of the skirmish. One of his eyes was in deep mourning, and his nose (none of the handsomest, by the way) was quite askew. The fellow talked very incoherently about turkeys, the result probably of one of those mental delusions to which the intemperate are so subject, as we

could see no signs of any ‘turkey’ beyond what the fellow himself had on. His Honour lectured him very severely on his habits and on his offence, and mildly remarked that he should impose on him the heaviest penalty which the law permitted, and he hoped sincerely he would remember it until he was brought up again, which he assured him would be shortly, for some yet more heinous misdemeanour, when it would give him great pleasure to save society from his dangerous contact, and to save him from himself, by assigning him a six months’ residence in the House of Correction. The hardened ruffian seemed to listen to these paternal admonitions with the most stoical indifference, but they gave great satisfaction to the two watchmen; and a little boy who was awaiting trial in a case of aggravated wooden-comb peddling, was melted to tears.”

We shall not follow Mr. Sawpht into the bosom of his afflicted family, but lest any of our readers should think too hardly of his fellow-craftsmen, we will add that the conspirators in this case finally made up the amount of Mr. Sawpht’s fine, and in the course of a year restored the amount of which they had defrauded him; but to this day he is wholly ignorant of their treachery, and only wishes he “could have one more lick at that ’ere turkey-dealer where there warn’t no watchmen.”

F. A. D.

“DOING” A LANDLORD.

IN the course of a journey Westward some years ago we chanced to be witness to the following specimen of *nonchalance*—which we set down as one of the coolest pieces of genteel swindling we ever encountered.

A biped of the genus ‘sucker’ had been tarrying for several days in one of the ‘crack’ hotels in York State, and his only reply to the third weekly bill presented by his obsequious and obliging host, was, that ‘he lacked the needful!’ He had been lavish in his style of living, and his bill for wines, cigars, and accompaniments, was by no means an inconsiderable feature in the account. The young ‘gentleman’ was in his room with a trio of boon companions, and ringing the bell, he ordered the champagne and fixin’s for four. The servant returned from below with the information that the landlord declined to enlarge his indebtedness—accompanied with a hint that the old account should be first adjusted. He immediately waited upon the landlord, remonstrated with him touching the mortification attendant upon being thus shown up before his friends—the wine was sent up—the party frolicked, and finally separated, and the next morning, after breakfast, the following scene occurred.

“Mr. ——” said the polite landlord—“I must now insist upon the immediate adjustment of your account.”

“Can’t meet it, sir, to-day, really!”

“And why not, sir?”

“Haven’t the tin by me, sir.”

“And you probably *won’t* have?”

“Probably *not*, sir, at present.”

“When do you propose to settle it?”

“Couldn’t say, sir, ’pon my honour.”

“Have you the slightest idea of paying it *at all*?”

“I confess, sir, the prospect is exceedingly dubious!”

“Your luggage”——

“Is in my room, sir.”

“I shall detain your trunks, then.”

“Do—if you please, sir!”

“The largest”——

“*Is filled with wood, sir!*”

“With *wood*?”

“The best kind of Eastern wood.”

“And the other”——

“Contains the same article, *sawed and split!*”

“And your wardrobe”——

“Is on my back, sir.”

“Upon my word, you take it coolly.”

“I always do, landlord. The world owes me a living, and I must have it.”

“You are a scoundrel, sir.”

“I know it. You, sir, are a gentleman, and I am aware that I”——

Our host stopped him—bit his lips—but a moment afterward, turned to the bar and placed a bottle of wine upon the side-table near by.—Having filled a brace of glasses, he handed one of them to the sucker, and the liquor disappeared. He then presented him a vase filled with ‘regalias.’

“Take another”——said the landlord, in the politest

possible manner—“take half-a-dozen, sir, there—that will do. The world *may* ‘owe you a living,’ perhaps it does. I think you will agree with me, however, that I have paid *my share of the account*. I have in my day seen a good deal of impudence, and my calling has brought me in contact with a great variety of rascality; but I must say, without intending, however, to be *too* personal in this matter, that, without exception, *you are the coolest specimen of a genuine scamp* that it has ever been my ill luck to meet with——John!”

A burly servant answered this summons.

“John—remove this fellow to the street—and if you value your situation, see that he doesn’t return!”

The hint was enough—our customer didn’t wait for further demonstrations—but immediately decamped to ‘do’ some other host, while his gentlemanly landlord proceeded to examine *those trunks*, the contents of which, as it turned out, had been faithfully described!

G. P. B.

HOW THE YANKEE MADE A QUARTER.

A LARGE-MOUTHED, raw-boned Yankee stood upon the side of T Wharf, one day this fall—when the Eastern Steamboat lines were at the height of their competition, and as he munched a hard-looking ‘greening,’ he seemed intently interested in the movements of the throng who were rushing over the gang-plank, aboard the fine steamer C——, bound down East.

The steam was well up upon both boats, which lay rolling, and backing, and filling, from the action of the paddles, at the dock, but the steam was higher ‘up’ on the landing, among the ‘runners’—who were urging customers to take passage each upon their favourite craft.

“ Oh, she’ll bust her biler, *this* trip—*sure*” —remarked one of the agents aloud, alluding to the opposition.

“ Wal—she hain’t done it *yit*, old covey,” said the other—“ an’ yew can’t say so much o’ yure tub, any how.’

“ Ware’s the bote as gives a quarter to carry folks ?” inquired a woman in rusty weeds.

“ This way, mum.”

“ Well—there ain’t no danger, you say” —

“ None in the world, mum,” replied the agent—as he passed the woman aboard.

“ But I hev’n’t gut the quarter, *yit*.”

“ Beg pardin, mum”—and the accommodating runner slipped a quarter into her open hand.

“ It’s a good ’un, I ’spose ?”

“ Ginewine, mum”—

“ Wal—I hain’t my spe’tacles by me—but ole people is so likely teu be imposed upon.”

“ Thank’ee, mum.”

“ An’ you say the boat’s safe ?”

“ I hev’n’t the soughest dight un it, mum”—and the lady disappeared along the passage, towards the cabin, stooping *very* low to avoid a crack on the nob, as she passed under the revolving paddle-crank which was at least three feet above her height any how !

“ Afo’ I go aboa’d—Mister Wot’s-yer-name”—bawled our Yankee friend, appearing at the gangway—“ I’ll take *that* quarter.—Thank’ee.”

“ Pass along, sir.”

“ O yaas, I’ll pass along ;—but thar’s wun triflin’ matter, old feller, as I’d like to hev reg’larly understood, as ’tween you an’ I”—

“ Wul, sir.”

“ Ef I compr’end the contrac’ you taiks people daown and back, and gives ’em a quarter *each way* !”

“ Very well”—

“ Yes. It’s all very well, I know—but perhaps you’d like ter git this child *daown* thar, ’n then let him git *back* agin as may be ’greeable to the consarn, hereabouts.”

“ You can return at the reg’lar price.”

“ Thar needn’t be no *ewasion* o’ the subjeck, Mister Wot’s-name. You’ve paid me the *wun* quarter fer goin’—but I duzzent purceed no funder, I duzzent, ’nless I’m skewered agin impersition !”

“Wat der you *mean*—you chowder-head?”

“Wal, leave out the big words, cap’n—cos I reck’n you can’t skeer *this* individooal, *much*. Thar’s the oppersishun a puffin and bloin’, yunder—’n I kin go rite strait in *her*, ’f thar’s anny dispute.”

“Wull, it’ll all be right, my good man.”

“Wal—I’ve heern *tell* abaout *that*—but I tell you I want the other quarter, afo’ we start.”

“*All ashore’s agoin’!*” shouted the mate, at the side, and a rush of spare steam burst from the pipe, as the surplus crowd hurried ashore.

“——’od ha’ massy! Wot’s bust?” cried the Yankee, as he joined the deserters.

“Here! you blasted fool”—bawled the agent.

“No yer don’t, cap’n—I hain’t but the *wun* quarter, I tell yer—’n this child isn’t tew be tuk in by no sich frog-mouths as *yew*, no how”—and suiting the action to the word, he gained a foothold on the wharf just as the plank was drawn aboard.

“I’ll remember *you*, my fine fellow”—shouted the agent.

“Dew, ’f you please, nabur,” returned the Yankee, and raising his voice to a higher pitch, as the steamer rounded away, he added—“And I say, Mister—don’t fergit the *other* quarter, on the comin’ back!”

G. P. B.

AN AMATEUR PRESIDENT.

At the time President Polk was making his late tour through the North, I chanced to get on board the steamer at New York, which was bound for New Haven—the route selected by his Excellency, on his way to Boston.

Upon our arrival at the ‘City of Elms,’ a very large concourse of people had assembled upon the wharf where we were to land, while upon the opposite side of the slip, a score of loafers from the ‘unwashed democracy’ had got together for the purpose of seeing a live President. The boat rounded to at the dock, and the Committee-men on board, who had the ‘lion’ in charge, in their anxiety to satisfy the sovereign people that they belonged to the show, did not observe the crowd who were directly ahead of the boat, as she neared the wharf—and mistook the ‘handful of democrats’ who stood on the left, for the Reception Committee.

The President was passed up to the rail, where he uncovered, bowed, and waved his hat—but the bumpkins below took no notice of the gestures, save to gape at each other, as if they would like to know what all that exertion meant!

While this was going on, a brace of wags who had observed the mistake, seized upon an acquaintance, and passed him up to the *other* side of the boat, where the *real* Committee were in waiting. He removed his castor, politely—bowed, and smiled—and the Committee

in turn raised their beavers, bowed, scraped, looked amiable, and then proposed "three cheers for the President!"

A shout went up from the multitude, which startled the Committee on board, who turned about and at once discovered that they were on the wrong side of the boat!

The President was immediately conducted to the opposite side, and the wags retired—but the thing was up! The Reception Committee had re-covered; they saw the 'gentleman in black'—but it was no go; and with a glance at his Excellency and attendants, as much as to say: "You can't come none of your nonsense over us"—they left the party looking over the side, and moved towards the gang-way to embrace the earliest opportunity to exhibit their allegiance to the supposed President, when he should reappear below!

Our friend, not dreaming of the extent to which his joke had been carried, stepped upon the dock, when, at the signal by the head Committee-man, (who "knew Jimmy Polk, jes like a book!") another shout went up for the President of the United States—and the officious gentlemen, hats in hand, insisted upon conducting the wag and his companions to a carriage in waiting for their illustrious guest and suite!

The innocent joker now mistaking the chief Committee-man for a well-dressed hotel porter, coolly informed him that he "didn't want a hack, and would rather walk." Meantime the clumsy *attaché* had managed to get into position again—the President appeared—the joke ran through the crowd—a laugh followed it—"three times three" for the President, followed that—His Excellency entered his carriage, and the stranger with his friends disappeared amidst the roar of the multitude.

G. P. B

A MODEL OYSTER SHOP.

WE have a word to say about oysters ; and the popularity of the subject would excuse us, if we were twice as tedious as we mean to be. Few people dislike this luscious shell-fish. Aged men are not averse to oysters, and ' children cry for them ' just as they are supposed to cry for Sherman's Lozenges. So exquisite is the delectation of the palate in the consumption of this fish, that universal opinion seems to have settled as a primal condition to its enjoyment, that oysters must be eaten in secret ; that no noise and bustle, and garish worldly display, no covetous, or even unsympathizing eyes should intrude upon the oyster-eater. The true oyster-eater is a modest man. There are beings, destitute of delicacy or refinement, people who eat for the mere purpose of satisfying hunger, who eat oysters with as little responsibility as they would clams or potatoes. Such fellows can gorge themselves at a stall in the open street, in the presence of a multitude, and wonder why men of finer mould require deep alcoves and silken curtains, and soft carpets, that give back no echo to the tread. They would be lost at Florence's—dismayed, perplexed.

It was our chance lately, when we had let our usual dinner-hour slip by unheeded, to find ourselves in a remote quarter of the city, with a certain internal ' reminder,' as Mr. Richard Swiyeller said, of the wants of human nature. Hard by rose a neat ' ten-footer,' with a gorgeous sign over the door, whereon was emblazoned the

attractive and talismanic word 'OYSTERS.' Various little hints and professions were uttered by squares of paper pasted in the window-panes—such as 'stewed,' 'roasted,' 'fresh from the shell,' &c. Being somewhat hungry, we entered rapidly, and rashly ordered an oyster-stew upon the threshold. The proprietor of the establishment, a thinnish man, with no hair or eyebrows, and eyelashes of the colour of faded gingerbread, prepared to comply with the demand, while we cast a hurried glance around us. We saw that we had been entrapped. The room was bare and dismal, with a sanded floor. There was no alcove, no curtains, and but one table, a little slab, rather than a table, covered with green oil-cloth; and the stool beside it was so shrivelled up and meagre, that it appeared to threaten impalement to any one who should intrust it with his person. The oyster-man relieved the tedium of preparation, by asking a great many questions relative to his operation: demanding to know whether he had put in milk enough, if he shouldn't add a *leetle* grain more butter, parenthetically stating that butter had 'riz,' but generously adding that the fact made no sort of odds; and all as if we were bound to act as cook, and superintend our own meal. At length the oysters were placed before us, accompanied by a dropsical greenish bottle, the inner sides of which were covered with thick patches of tomato ketchup, that clung like leeches to the glass; a loaferish tin pepper-box, that had been in a good many hard fights, and got its head knocked out of shape, so that standing with its handle akimbo, and its perforated top flattened and bent, it had the most rakish air imaginable; and a small plate containing some fossil remains of a petrified cab-



"He remarked: 'Oysters don't look numerous in a big bowl.'"—Page 181.

bage stump steeped in cider, intended to represent cold *slaw*. The oyster-man, after setting down the bowl, sat himself down on a rickety chair hard by, and nodding familiarly at us, said in a cheerful tone of encouragement, "Now, then, go to work!" Observing us to grope hopelessly about for an oyster, the half-dozen that were in the mess being so attenuated as to elude all the scoops of the iron spoon, he remarked: "Oysters don't look numerous in a big bowl." Apologizing for the tenuity of one we finally succeeded in entrapping, he added, that "cooking oysters allers *srunk* 'em up," and had the hardihood to assert that the one in question was "as big as his hand when it came out of the shell." We swallowed his impertinence and his oysters, in disgust: and never was a ninepence more reluctantly paid, or more inadequately deserved, than that we left upon his counter. We shook the sand of that shop from our feet, as we emerged into the street, and we mentally resolved to draw its likeness, as the antipodes of all it ought to be, and to show it up as a warning to all men who might be tempted to go into the oyster business, without taste for their craft, or consciences for their customers.

F. A. D.

THE GREAT WESTERN PIE-EATER.

AWAY down in 'Coony Hollow,'—you know where Coony Hollow is—it is the valley through which flows the famous 'Salt River,' so well known among politicians.

Well, away down in Coony Hollow, long time ago—there lived as worthy a landlord as ever put carver into a mutton haunch—liberal to a fault was he—kind, generous, hospitable; but he was unfortunate in having thrust upon him, in an evil hour, a 'boarder,' who had well nigh devoured him of his substance.

He was a good-hearted man, was this landlord—obliging and friendly—and for the world, he could not personally offend any one! His 'boarder' had a tapeworm, poor fellow! he couldn't help it—but *such* an EATER! Well might he fix upon the West (where provisions were plenty) for his abiding-place! He was known for fifty miles the country round, as the 'great pie-eater!'

We stopped (a 'nice party' of us) at this hotel, where we observed the disgusting voracity of this man, and heard the meek landlord remark, "It's orful, gentlemen, orful—such gormandizing!" We proposed to our worthy host a plan to rid him of the monster.

"No, gentlemen, it can't be done. Everybody is acquainted with him; he has 'eaten out' the best half of the town; the rest know him. It's no use!"

"Leave that to *me*," said the most *knowin'* 'un of

the party ; and it was resolved that it should be ‘ tried on.’ In the event of failure to start the glutton, *we* were to pay the expenses ; if our plan succeeded, *the landlord* was to foot the bill, and ‘ stand treat.’

It was *Thanksgiving Day*. A sumptuous dinner was served, and the roast turkeys and accompaniments were ‘ numerous’ on the occasion. It was agreed that an enormous pumpkin pie should be built, in a huge earthen platter, and when the monster called for pie, it was to be placed before him with a ladle ! His custom was to devour three or four ordinary pies, after *dining*, every day, and we believed this hint would drive the animal out.

Seats for five at table opposite the proposed victim, were turned down for our party, and everything passed along just as we would have it. The pie-eater gorged himself with sundry turkeys and fixin’s, and called for *pie*. The table was cleared for a considerable space in front of him, and Edward, the waiter, placed before him the platter (two feet in diameter), filled with pumpkin and pastry. A large spoon was handed him—his eyes dilated—his mouth watered—his cheeks glowed—but at it he went, and to the utter astonishment of the crowd, he bolted the entire contents, concluding by carefully licking the spoon !

“ Edward !” said he, as soon as he could get breath, “ *bring me another pie, Edward !*” and the servant turned to the side-table, and handed our friend an ordinary pie.

“ Oh, that ain’t no manner o’ use,” said the glutton ; “ *bring me another o’ the big ’uns !*”

“ All gone, sir !” said Edward ; and as the ‘ boarder’

thrust the pie into his mouth with a sigh of disappointment, the party left the dining-hall!

The bill was paid, and shortly afterward we were on our way down the river—our *knowin'* friend's face elongated full 'a feet!

I never see *Thanksgiving Day*, when I do not think of that voracious PUMPKIN PIE-EATER!

G. P. B.

“SAWING” AN INSPECTOR.

IN one of our maritime ports of entry, a few years back, on the accession of a new administration, a very verdant youth from the interior presented himself at the Custom House in Boston, and was duly sworn and possessed of his commission as 'Inspector of the Customs for the port of Boston,' and was also duly impressed with all the importance and gravity of his new duties. As he seemed a very promising subject, a wag of a brother-inspector, who had received an intimation that his services would shortly be dispensed with by the Government, and who was intrusted with the indoctrination of the more fortunate individual, resolved to revive in his behalf all the 'old saws' time-honoured tradition had handed down, and apply them to 'this modern instance.' He first imparted some general instruction, and 'put him through' the duties of attending to the discharge of one or two foreign vessels.

At length the awful period arrived when the infant Inspector, emancipated from his leading-strings, was to

go alone. That the duties of his berth might gradually dawn upon him, a vessel from Nova Scotia, laden with plaster (a *free* article), was assigned to his charge, and a ‘permit’ given him to land ‘100 tons plaster from the Bouncing Sally.’ He showed it to his tutor with a smile.

“That’s easy done,” said he, “ain’t it? Plaster’s free.”

The old rat shook his head mournfully. “Not so easy as you imagine it. Do you understand geometry?”

“Yes—some—I went through it to the academy—but that was a darned long while back,” said the victim.

“Fourpence for the oath,” said the Mentor sternly. The coin was instantly paid, and found its way to the pocket of the tormentor. “Now,” continued he, “you’ve got to ascertain, by actual measurement, the cubic contents of each piece of plaster in that—what description of a vessel is it?”

“It’s a *shupe!*”

“Ah! a sloop; very good. You had better go to work immediately.”

The victim immediately hastened to the pier, and the crew commenced discharging. A huge cube of plaster was first landed on the wharf. This looked promising. Our Euclid measured the sides and calculated the contents of the cube. But while thus engaged, another and another piece of plaster tumbled out, all of the most complicated figures.

“Hold on, there!” yelled the victim—“I’ve got my hands full for tu days. Them eternal rhomboids and parallelopipeds are enough to drive a human bein’ ravin’ mad. I know I can’t du it, by gravy! I never studied

conic sections, and I'm sure it's somewhere there, or 'taint nowhere. Hold on!" he screamed, as the crew continued to work, "or else't I'll report you right away, and have ye took up and fined five hundred dollars each! I kin do it, and I will do it, by gravy!"

With this resolution, he was rushing away to report the ill-fated *slupe*, when he encountered his tormentor, who offered to take the job off his hands, and get at the amount by *general average (!)* by a process of his own which he could not impart.

On another occasion, soon after, when in charge of another vessel, the tormentor sauntered down to the wharf to see how his victim got along with it, when he observed that the steward was a coloured man.

"You've got a nigger steward," observed he carelessly.

"Wal, I know I hev—what of it?" answered the victim, rather tartly, for he was beginning to 'feel his oats.'

"Oh! nothing—only you must look out for him," was the reply.

"Oh! he hain't got nothin'. I've searched his baggage, and in fact the whole vessel. All's right—he hain't got nothin'."

"*But his wool!*" said the tormentor, in a low hoarse whisper.

"Well—what of *that?*" asked the victim, terribly afraid of being convicted of some remissness in the discharge of his duty.

"It pays a duty of seven cents a pound."

"Wal—I thought that 'ere come under the head of 'necessaries of life.'"

“You are not aware that these niggers drive a great trade of *smuggling their wool ashore*, are you?”

“No, I wasn’t,” said the novice, turning deadly pale.

“Did you never notice,” continued the tormentor, calmly, “that almost all these foreign blacks, a day or two after arriving in port, have their heads tied up in bandanna handkerchiefs?”

The novice had noticed this fact, but had drawn no inference important to the revenue department.

“They watch a chance, when the Inspector’s back is turned, to whip up to the barber’s and have their heads shaved. The bandannas are afterwards used to conceal the fraud upon the government. I may be deceived in this man—but he looks suspicious;—he looks to me like a smuggler, and I advise you to watch him very closely. There’s no way of your getting at the quantity mathematically, is there?”

“None as I knows of; but I’ll consult the books to-night.”

“I don’t think you’ll find it there,” said the tormentor, as he sauntered away.

From that moment the steward was an object of intense anxiety to the unfortunate novice. He never permitted him out of his sight, and whenever he went ashore, he was sure to dog his footsteps. When he had missed sight of him for a few minutes, and he happened to come back with his hat on, the novice would assail him with—

“’Pears to me that’s an odd notion of yourn, wearing a hat in the cabin sech a scaldin’ day as this. I wish you would take it off—it makes me nervous.”

“Berry good, massa—jess as you say;” and the covering would be removed. All right.

Once, when the steward was taking a nap in his chair, our Inspector stealthily approached him and began to feel his head all over.

“Why, the critter’s got more’n a pound!—’Tain’t much for the government to lose—but the principle’s everything. I should be a perjured raskil if I didn’t hold him to account for every ounce of it.”

“Golly, massa! what you want!” shouted the African, jumping out of his doze and his chair at the same time.

“Nothin’—nothin’—jest you go to sleep agin. I’m a phrenologist—that’s all. The critter’s guilty conscience haunts him like a rattle-snake!” he added to himself.

One day matters came to a climax. The steward, after passing his hands through his wool several times, said with the greatest effrontery:—

“Well, Massa Spectre, I bliebe I must leab you to yourself for half a hour.”

“Where are you going?”

“To de barber’s, massa.”

“What for?”

“To hab my hair cut.”

“No you don’t, you rascal. *That ’ere wool ain’t entered yet.*”

“*Not entered!* Wat you mean, massa?”

“Not paid for, you limb of Satan!”

“Paid for! Goramity gib ’um to me.”

“Silence! you infatuated Day and Martin! Set right down in that ’ere chair, and I’ll do your barberin’.”

The nigger sank speechless into the captain’s arm-chair. In an instant ne was tied fast, hand and foot, and the Inspector seized a case of razors from the cabinet.

“Murder! murder! you goin’ to cut a nigga’s troat, eh?”

“I’ll cut a nigger’s head off, if he don’t keep still,” was the stern reply.

In five minutes the skull of the unfortunate African was as bare of wool as a cocoa-nut denuded of its hairy bark. It was even grubbed up by the roots, for the razor had been used for opening oysters and paring potatoes.

“Now take your bandanna, if you like,” said the green ’un.

Leaving the steward shrieking with pain and rage, the official rushed to the custom-house in triumph with his booty. But alas! he was received with roars of derision. The next day he sent in his resignation,—and the department lost a valuable officer, whose only fault was that he *knew too much*.

F. A. D.

MR. FAULTY'S FIRST AND LAST CLUB SUPPER.

MR. FRANCIS FAULTY had been 'about' some, and Mr. Faulty was invited by his 'friend' Mr. Flash, to a Club supper, one night.

At early ten o'clock, on the evening appointed, Messrs. Flash and Faulty were formally ushered into the Club-room, where were already collected together some score of worthies, whose talents and ambition were fully equal to those of Mr. Flash and Mr. Cheatem, (the latter being another 'friend' of the first-named gentleman.)

"Ah, gents"—roared the former as they entered—"just in time; gentlemen, allow me to present my friend Flash, and his friend, Mr. Faulty——"

Our hero looked uncommonly wise, and having made a low bow, he seated himself modestly in a remote corner of the room, and amused himself most unweariedly for the next five minutes, in his endeavours to determine satisfactorily whether, in such a situation as this, his hat should rest upon his right or his left knee.

The strangers laughed outright, at length—Frank laughed louder than anybody else, the signal was given, and the party repaired to the supper-room. As they were about to sit down, Mr. Cheatem proposed that officers be chosen to preside *pro tempore*.

Flash was duly elected President, and Faulty was complimented with authority to 'do the honours' as Vice. The company were at length seated, and the second course disappeared as rapidly as the first.

“Mr. Faulty” — remarked the president — “the pleasure of a glass of wine with you.”

“Sir, your most” — replied the vice.

Frank thought it his turn shortly after, and accordingly reciprocated the compliment.

“Mr. Vice” — said Cheatem — “allow me the pleasure.”

“Most certainly” — replied Frank — “my respects.”

The champagne circulated, and by the time he had emptied his sixth goblet, Frank had got to be very voluble, and not very witty — while Mr. Flash appeared *vice versa*.

But the wine went round, and our hero, determined that his neighbours shouldn't get ahead of him, continued to ‘see the bottom’ of his glass — until it was a matter of considerable doubt with him whether there were any bottom to it, or whether there were not two glasses before him instead of one!

“A sentiment from the vice-president” — shouted Mr. Cheatem.

“Ay!” followed a dozen voices — “Mr. Faulty's toast — a toast from Mr. Faulty.”

“Fill, gentlemen, to the brim, for the sentiment of the vice-president” — said Flash.

“Ay, a bumper for the vice-president!” continued Cheatem.

“Order,” said the president — and in the midst of a breathless silence, Mr. Faulty attempted to rise.

“I'll give you” — said Frank, clinging to the table, to maintain his equilibrium — “I'll give you — Mr. President and gen'lemen — a pair of sparklin' black eyes —”

“Bravo, bravo!” shouted the company.

“Order!” cried the president.

“——may they—may they never;”——here Frank took his seat again, amidst the deafening plaudits of the whole table, and the vice-president’s toast, ‘a pair of sparkling black eyes—may they never’——was drunk with most enthusiastic approbation!

“Three cheers for the vice-president’s toast!” shouted Cheatem.

“Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoo-r-aw!” and then followed a stamping, and shouting, and clapping, which might have awakened the neighbourhood for half-a-mile round.

The president begged to be excused a moment.

If Frank ‘saw double’ before he now began to see triple, and what with his attempts at gratuitous singing and speechifying, he managed to make himself appear exceedingly ridiculous.

In the temporary absence of the president, Mr. Cheatem proposed that the then existing ‘vice’ be removed, and that some other be chosen to represent that office, as, from some cause or other, he was very evidently incapacitated for the duties. A third person, who had taken a dislike to Frank at the outset, requested Mr. Cheatem to waive his motion so far as to admit an amendment. This worthy proposed, instead of removing the present incumbent, to act upon the feasibility of laying him under the table—to which Mr. Cheatem kindly consented, and the motion was immediately supported! Frank rose with——

“Gen’lmen. In the absence of —— ’ic—worthy friend, Mr. Flash—being president—act upon ’ic question—momentous—his advice——’ic.”

“Question, question!” roared the company.

“Your vice-president, gen’lemen—ic—hic—feels the honour—conferring on him. Un’stan’s the du—’ic—duties of his office—dictation no part o’ the —’ic —”

“Question, question, question!”

“—’s very well, gen’lemen. If it be your ’ic minds—s’moved gen’lemen—and the prop-ic-er-sition is s’ported, that your respectable vice-president be laid—’ic—under the table—for what reason—’od only knows, ’ic. But ’f that be your mind—s’gentlemen, you’ll please to be so kind as to manifest it, by saying ay—’fu please, ’ic.”

“Ay, ay!” shouted the company.

“’S unanimous!” said Frank; and under the table he went, muttering as he laid himself upon the floor, “this i ’swat I call—’ic—cum-fer-ta-ble!”

Flash returned to his post, after ordering a coach, a new ‘vice’ was chosen, and the company continued to revel on in the most uproarious state possible for the next hour.

Meantime, the brain of Faulty whirled round and round, while a mingled chaos of black eyes, lemon punch and broken glasses were revolving through his mind. At length he fancied himself passing round Point Judith in a thunder-storm—after which, he was much better, and fell asleep.

The party having drunk all the wine the landlord thought fit to furnish them with, and having broken up all the glasses upon the tables—at three o’clock in the morning broke up themselves; and the few who chanced to keep out of the watch-house, retired to their respective homes.

Among the latter were our hero and his two companions; who, having gathered Frank up from beneath the table, placed him with themselves in a carriage, and drove at once to their lodgings.

G. P. B.

HOW HE SOLD 'EM.

A "WISE SAW" AND "MODERN INSTANCE."

WITH AN EXCELLENT MORAL.

THE events we are about to narrate, transpired several years since, in a great commercial city, that boasted of a noble custom house. A great political revolution had just been consummated, and the guillotine was busy at the public offices carrying out the noble republican principle of 'rotation in office,' to the infinite satisfaction of the new dynasty and the infinite dissatisfaction of its opponents. Of course, it was impossible to please everybody. As fast as a vacancy was created it was filled, just as on a hard-fought battle-field the void caused by the fall of a soldier is instantly filled up by a comrade, and the column moves on the same as ever. There were, however, considerably more than ninety-nine in a hundred of disappointed office-seekers. Among the fortunate was a very clever individual of Scotch extraction, whom we shall call McGregor, as a *nom de guerre*, who, from his immense personal popularity, secured, on the score of his appointment, a host of gra-

tulations from his troops of friends. But the envy that pursues all merit did not spare poor Mac. Among his self-styled friends there was scarcely one who did not wish him out of the way for the sake of having a vacancy created. They used to watch his health with tireless solicitude, and he could not sneeze or cough without giving rise to a thousand hopes. He was incessantly surrounded by a cluster of these 'friends,' and he racked his brains in his endeavour to find some method of getting rid of them.

At length one day he came upon a party of them when he was looking much more poorly than usual.

"Hullo, Mac! how are you?"

"Not very well, thank you," coughed Mac in a piteous key. "I never felt so slim in all my life."

"Poor fellow!" chorussed the entire circle—"Hadn't ought to be out." "Go to bed." "Send for a homœopathist." "No--no--try the water cure"—"sulphur and molasses!" "steam," "calomel,"—"glass of brandy!" "mint julep."

Mac smiled—a wan—sad smile, and shook his head. He beckoned a friend—a particular friend, his 'halved heart,' out of the group, and walked away with him.

"Topps," said he, "I'm afraid I'm going to make a die of it. I'm going to 'create a vacancy.'"

"Don't say so—you shock me beyond expression!"

"It's a melancholy fact," said Mac. "Topps—I've made my will—it isn't a very long one—for I've had an expensive family. I wish I could provide for them. Now, Topps—you stand the best chance of getting my place—you might do something for me."

"Anything in the world, dear Mac."

“ Well—then—step up with me to the Life Insurance office—and advance me the money to pay for a policy on five thousand dollars for five years. I’ll leave a letter recommending you to the head of our department—you’ll be sure to get the place, Topps.”

Topps gave in to the proposal, and Mac walked briskly into the Insurance office. Even Topps was surprised at the sudden change in his appearance. He didn’t look ill at all.

“ What an actor you are, Mac!” said he.

The insurance effected, Mac felt easier, went home, and took to his bed. There were a thousand inquiries made daily at his house, and the intelligence received was of the most encouraging character to the hopes of the office-seekers. Topps lived in Elysium. One night, learning that Mac was near his end, he benevolently offered to watch with him. It would have been an interesting sight to have observed the movements of that Topps in the sick chamber when he was left alone with the sufferer—how comfortably he established himself in the easy chair—how luxuriously he stretched his legs upon a lounge—how exquisitely voluptuous, in short, was his whole appearance and arrangements.

“ Topps,” said the sick man in an expiring voice, “ Heaven will reward you for your kindness to me. When I’m gone——”

“ Don’t talk of it, Mac.”

“ When I’m gone—see that they bury me decently. The Odd Fellows will do their part—but I want the military out—my old corps—the Shot-Gun Invincibles—speak to the commander—tell him—I want—a volley over the grave.”

“It shall be done, dear Mac. But are you really going?”

“I’m going,” said Mac, solemnly.

“Shan’t I call your wife?”

“No — no — poor woman — she is worn out with watching—it would kill her. I may linger through the night—but these are perhaps the last words I shall ever speak.”

Topps looked at the sufferer—he held a candle to his lips—the flame but slightly wavered.

“He’s a goner!” he exclaimed exultingly, as he threw himself into the arm-chair to muse upon his glorious prospects.

“Topps!” squealed the invalid with difficulty—“it’s twelve o’clock—the—the soothing mixture.”

“It’s no go, old fellow,” said Topps unfeelingly. “Confound me! if I stir from this chair this night, anyhow. If you don’t like it—you may lump it.”

A heavy sigh was the only answer. Topps fell asleep and slept like a dozen of his namesakes. In the morning, the sick man was still alive, but the family physician had no hopes of him. Topps took leave, to prepare his recommendations and papers, having first secured the promised letter of his unfortunate friend, and made sure of obtaining the office to be vacated.

The next day Topps and the other aspirants were assembled in high conclave, to compare notes, and speculate on their chances. When Topps produced the dying recommendation of his friend, a roar of dissatisfaction rose among the office-seekers. It was pronounced an underhanded affair, and a young man in mixed pantaloons and mustaches said:

“No gentleman would be guilty of such a piece of meanness.”

“Do you mean to apply that remark to me, sir?” inquired Topps.

“There is no other individual in this room to whom it does apply,” replied the owner of the mustache. “And I most distinctly and emphatically assert, that you, Bernard Topps, are no gentleman.”

A blow from Topps was the rejoinder. Mustache hit back. The betting was even. Spectators took sides; and a general row was in progress, when the door opened—and in walked Mac!

“Good morning, gentlemen.”

“Mac alive and out!” exclaimed a dozen voices.

“Pre-cise-ly,” was the answer. “My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Macgregor! Gentlemen, for your kind solicitude about my health, I thank you. Topps! I could find it in my heart to kick *you*—but for that insurance policy. Boy! if I should die to-morrow, my family would thank you for being independent.”

The united faces of the company would have reached a mile. They bolted—mizzled, flew, vamosed. All except Topps—he *crawled* away—literally crawled; bent nearly double, with his coat tail hanging down between his legs, like the caudal appendage of a castigated spaniel. We never could find out what became of him, and he is supposed to have been entirely ‘used up.’

As for McGregor, he flourished finely for three or four years, but at the expiration of that time, was suddenly taken ill of a typhus fever and died—before his policy of insurance had expired, however, so that his

family was left comfortably off. He had a grand funeral. The various societies of which he was a member, and who sincerely mourned the loss of an excellent man, were out on the melancholy occasion, with full ranks, while the 'Shot-Gun Invincibles' numbered eighty-seven pieces. Neither Topps nor his cronies were among the mourners.

F. A. D.

THE END.

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