
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<http://books.google.com>

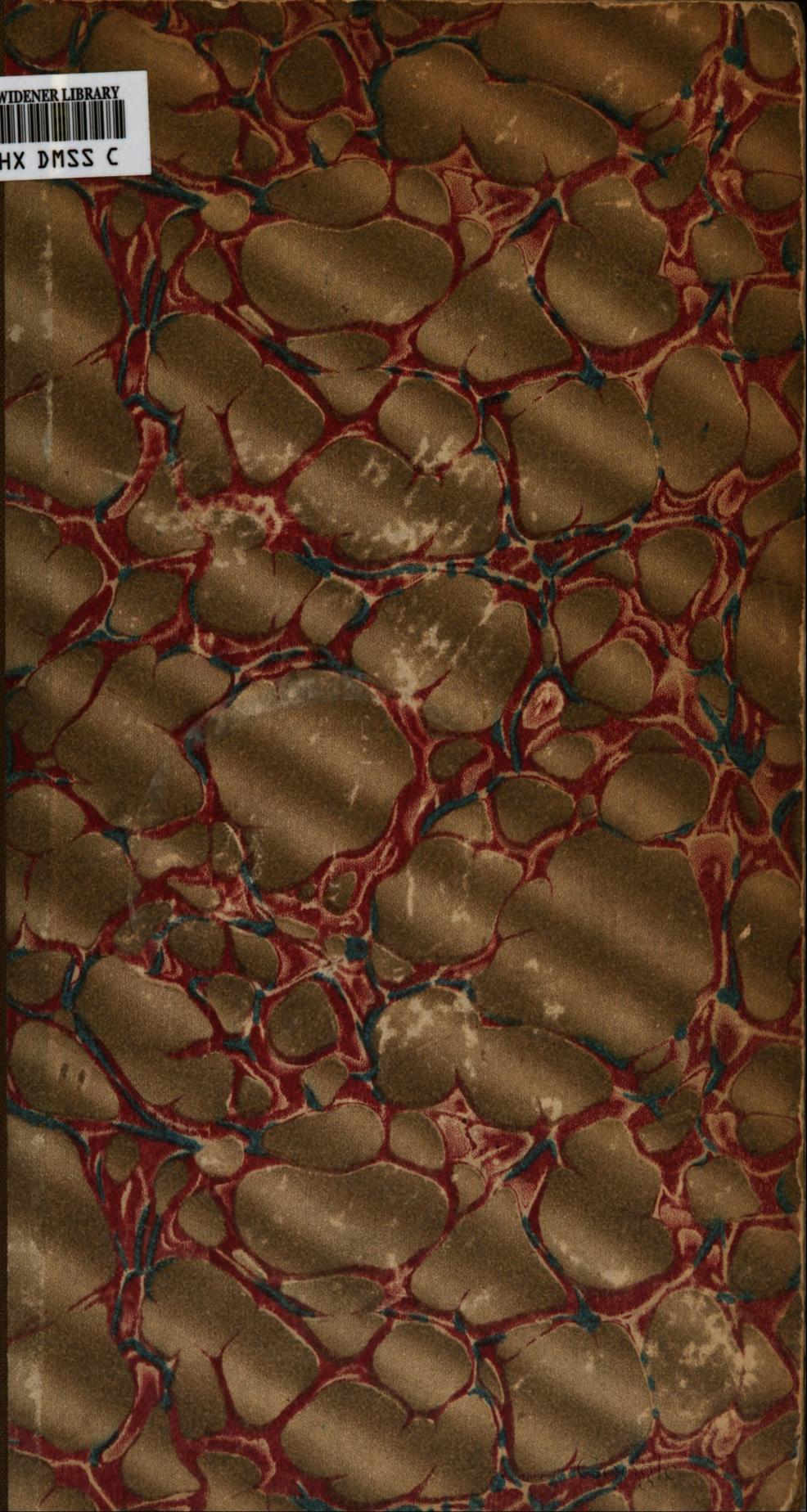


WIDENER LIBRARY



HX DMSS C

Montesano.-Redstick. 1856.



AL 2476.5.51

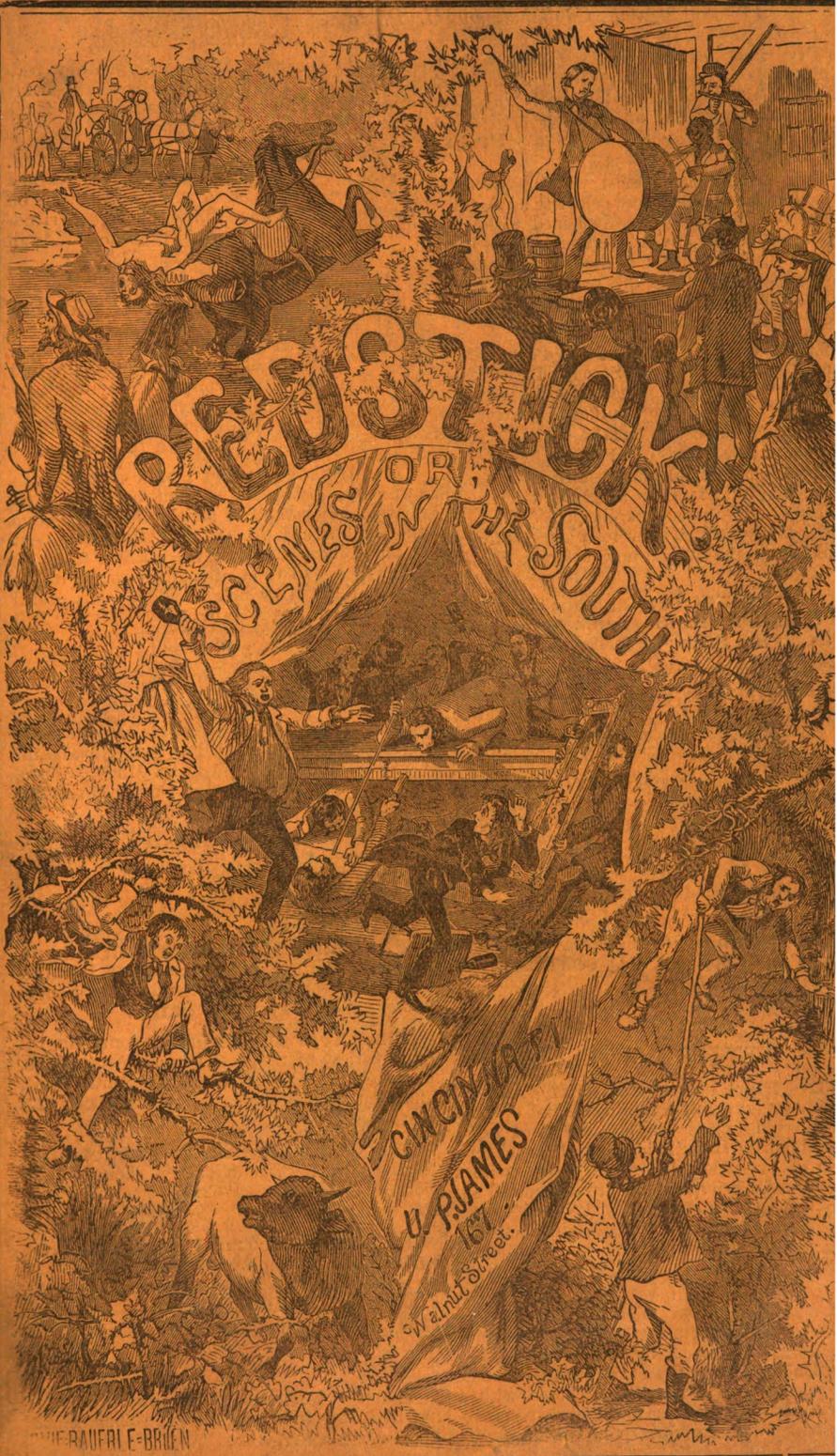
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

Montesano



PRICE 25 CENTS.

The Course of Time. A Poem. By ROBERT POLLOK, A. M. With a Memoir of the Author, by Wm. Livingston Prall, Esq. A copious Index and an Analysis prefixed to each book. 32mo, cloth binding. **Price, 50 cents.**

Few modern poems exist, which at once attained such acceptance and celebrity as Pollok's *Course of Time*. Originally issued without a name, preface, or any other appendage, its lofty themes, exciting spirit, melodious verse, and all-powerful effects upon the reader, completely silenced criticism, and secured general and lasting popularity.

Lady of the Lake. A Poem in six cantos. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Last revised edition, with an Introduction, Glossary, and copious Notes, by the Author. 32mo, cloth binding. **Price 50 cents.**

"There is a richness and spirit in this poem—a profusion of incident, and shifting brilliancy of coloring that reminds us of the witchery of Ariosto—and a constant elasticity and occasional energy, which seem to belong more particularly to the author now before us."—*Jefrey*.

Paul and Virginia. From the French. By J. B. H. DE SAINT PIERRE. 32mo, cloth, gilt. **Price 35 cents.**

The Enchanted Plants. Being Fables in Verse, by MADAME MONTOLIEU, on the various Sentiments personified in the Flowers and Plants. 32mo, cloth binding. **Price 35 cents.**

The Songs of the Affections. By MRS. HEMANS. A selection of beautiful pieces from the works of this gifted writer. 32mo, cloth, gilt. **Price 35 cents.**

Pope's Essay on Man. To which is added his celebrated Universal Prayer. 32mo, bound. **Price 15 cents.**

Also, an edition of the same with Miscellaneous Poems, Epitaphs, etc. 32mo, cloth, gilt. **Price 35 cents.**

LETTER-WRITERS.

The Pocket or Popular Letter-Writer, containing a great variety of original and selected Letters on the subjects of Love, Courtship, Marriage, Friendship, Relationship, Cards of Invitation, Business, etc., etc., with a selection of Correspondence from standard authors. Also, a Dictionary of Poetical Quotations from the standard poets, alphabetically arranged, for the use of ladies and gentlemen. 32mo, **Price 35 cents;**

In making up this volume, the aim has been to present all the ordinary forms of correspondence, clothed in good language, and worded in accordance with the rules of English Grammar. The selected letters have been chosen with a view to illustrate the ease and fluency so necessary to render any correspondence pleasant;

while the *Dictionary of Quotations*, a new feature in works of this class, will afford many opportunities of poetical illustrations of the writer's ideas.

The Instructive Letter-Writer, designed for the improvement of ladies and gentlemen, containing a variety of Letters on Business, Love, Courtship, Marriage, Friendship, and miscellaneous subjects; adapted to all ages and circumstances. 32mo, **Price 35 cents.**

American Fashionable Letter-Writer, original and selected, containing a variety of Letters on Business, Love, Courtship, Marriage, Relationship, Friendship, and VALENTINES, with forms of Complimentary Cards. To which are prefixed directions for Letter-Writing, and Rules for Composition. 32mo, **Price 35 cents.**

Ready Reckoner; OR, FEDERAL CALCULATOR; giving the amount in dollars and cents of any number of articles from one to one thousand, at any price from a fourth of a cent to ten dollars, and equally applicable to many other species of calculation, as is shown in the explanation. To which are added many useful tables and forms. Half bound. **Price 25 cents.**

SONG BOOKS.

The Eolian Songster. A collection of the best Sentimental, Patriotic, Naval, and Comic Songs, accompanied with Music. 16mo, **Price** paper cover **35 cents.**

United States Songster. A choice collection of the most Popular Songs, as sung by celebrated performers. 32mo, **Price 20 cents;** paper covers,

The National American Songster, containing a great variety of Popular, Patriotic, National, and Sentimental Songs. 32mo, **Price 25 cents.**

The Negro Melodist, containing a great variety of the most Popular Airs, Songs, and Melodies, Comic, Humorous, Sentimental, and Patriotic. 32mo, **Price 25 cents.**

The New Popular Forget-Me-Not Songster, containing a choice collection of Ballad Songs. 32mo, **Price 25 cents.**

The New Negro Forget-Me-Not Songster, containing a choice collection of Negro Songs, Ballads, etc., as sung in concerts. 32mo, **Price 25 cents.**

[For other Song Books see "DIME BOOKS."]

Æsop's Fables, with upward of one hundred and fifty engravings. 32mo, cloth. **Price 50 cents.**

W. H. W.
399

REDSTICK:

OR,

SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

By **B. B. MONTESANO, Esq.**
OF LOUISIANA

— His praise is laughter from the old and young,
Cometh this incense to our Spirit Fun.

The rended clouds, whose scattered, jagged seams,
Reveal the rays of light in golden streams!

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY U. P. JAMES.
NO. 167 WALNUT STREET,

AL 2476.551

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF OHIO

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884,

By U. P. JAMES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Ohio.

U. P. JAMES
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CINCINNATI, OHIO

PRINTED BY U. P. JAMES
101 W. WYAT STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO

TO WILLIAM S. PIKE, Esq.

STRANGE hands may turn this page and strange eyes glance o'er your name, to forget it before the quivering leaf has settled in its place. But warm hearts in the South will join with me in the justice of this small tribute to one who found Redstick a country village, and by his enterprise and liberality, assisted by a few of a kindred nature, has made it what it is—~~an ornament~~ to the Pelican State and the pride of its citizens.

D. C.

STANDARD TABLES

These tables are arranged in two columns, the first column containing the values of the function for the argument x, and the second column containing the values of the function for the argument y. The values of the function are given to five decimal places. The tables are arranged in order of increasing argument, and the values of the function are given to five decimal places. The tables are arranged in order of increasing argument, and the values of the function are given to five decimal places.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME—A new friend—Arrival at Lemonskeezee—Mac—Old Push—Mac's trick on Old Push—Catfish and watch—Fracas between Mac and Old Push.... 7

CHAPTER II.

On the road to Redstick—French wagon driver—Arrival at Redstick—"Whip's elected"—Election returns from Pumpkin Hollow—"The Crooktits"—The Shamrock—A general mix-up and grand free fight..... 10

CHAPTER III.

Commencing a profession—Mac's address to the landlord on hog meat and pork in general—Reform in the table..... 12

CHAPTER IV.

Clients scarce—Uncle Joe—Mac in the livery stable business—"Old Bay"—"Old Roan"—Long-legged specimen—Uncle Joe and Greeney—Horse swap—Mac and Greeney—Mac over-reached by Greeney—Uncle Joe in a rage—Disruptive partnership—Mac applies himself again to the law..... 13

CHAPTER V.

P. Green Smith, M.D.—Whiskerando and Mac—Mac in a rage—Trick on Whiskerando—Bank defaulter—A grand chase—Tonnie's—A cow in the road—A tumble—Overhaul Whiskers—Tied his hand and foot—A muss—Tax explained—Law business flourishes..... 15

CHAPTER VI.

Rabbit hunt—Mac's \$25 pup—Brahma bull—Mac out of humor—Pursuit of rabbits—The Brahma gives chase—Mac pitches into a thorn-tree, where he remains guarded by the bull—Threatens to shoot, but thinks better of it—The bull sends him his \$25 Pup—Mac finally escapes—The Bull in full chase—The hunt renewed next day—Exciting and amusing scene with the Brahma—Hornets—Cart tilts up—Painful bumps—Mac enjoys the sport from a distance—The party escape from the field and the bull—Extracting thorns..... 19

CHAPTER VII.

"Truth will out"—Practice increases—Sensitive to a ball—Hal—Miss Duchapelle—Dick Foxy—Oyster supper—The bull—Miss D.'s cousin—A \$25 bat—Leaving the ball—A trick—Mac, Dick and the dogs—Amusing joke—Pugnacious dogs..... 21

CHAPTER VIII.

Dick and Mac—The challenge—Preparations for the duel—Rich scenes on the duel ground—Second in a scrape—The duel—Nobody hurt..... 23

CHAPTER IX.

Devil's Swamp war—"Old Judge Peasley"—"Small Eng"—Blaze and Cinders, attorneys—Witnesses described—Strange characters—Cross-questions and amusing answers—Witness returns from the "Spread Eagle"—New case—Miss June Bug—Witness describes the fight—Learned arguments—Important testimony.. 32

CHAPTER X.

Object in going South—Lady acquaintance—Esquire Smythe—Miss Clara and Miss Estelle Smythe—Mac in love—Borrowed horse and buggy—Col. Wadd—Night drive—A beautiful scene—Visit to Esquire Smythe's—Character of Old Smythe—Mac's Hall "sold"—The thunder-storm—A mistake—Mac in a pickle—Hall dies 37

CHAPTER XI.

Story "too good to keep"—Hall and Mac "ripped around"—Visit to Col. Peter Wadd's—Hunting—Wild turkeys—Four turkeys presented to Esquire Smythe, who in return sends a bill for 24 turkeys at \$4 per pair, with characteristic note, blowing up the party—Affair settled..... 42

CHAPTER XII.

Fire brick duel—Uncle Jim—Billy and Jack—Practical jokes—A comical duel—Fun for Uncle Jim and the Colonel—Billy and Jack satisfied..... 44

CHAPTER XIII.

A pic nic—Fourth of July—The party—Col. Purse—Story-telling—Ladies alarmed—Purse in a fix—Amusing scene—Dinner—Too much wine—Suspended by the coat tails in a tree—Released—Dick Foxy and the magnolia tree—Pants burst. 47

CHAPTER XIV.

Everybody leaving town—Yaller fever—Visit to Col. Wadd's—To Esq. Smythe's—Watermelon patch—Some scamp steals melons—Gentleman suspected—Try to trap him—Durham heifer caught—More vigilance—More melons destroyed—Smythe traps and shoots one of his \$50 dogs—In a rage, thurst—Tries again—Foxy caught..... 51

CHAPTER XV.

John Gelon—A sketch of him—Pathetic scene—Elected to the Legislature..... 53

CHAPTER XVI.

Return to Redstick—Love scene—Proposal—Mistake..... 58

CHAPTER XVII.

Monsieur Jean Baptiste Belizaire Bergenon Tonnierre, Esq.—A character—Check-shirt raftsmen—Gambling scene—Tonnierre taken in—Dinner at Tonnierre's—Bill of fare—Cats dressed as rabbits—Did not set well on the stomach..... 61

CHAPTER XVIII.

Barbaque at Seven-up Creek—"Big Devil's Run"—Crossing—An amusing incident—Col. Wadd took a dive—Lands in shoal water—Hall disrobes to cross—Makes a fine figure on his horse—Takes a scoot when the ladies come in sight—The stump speeches—The storm—A fight—Platform breaks down—High water in "Big Devil's Run"..... 64

CHAPTER XIX.

Election day—Voters treated—Punkin Hollow poll—Anxiously waiting for returns—A general rough and tumble free fight—Punkin Hollow courier—Too glorious to give satisfactory information—Novel way of deciding a nomination..... 67

CHAPTER XX.

The horse-race—Betting—Judges in a muss—Couldn't decide who beat—Second heat—A furious bull interferes and causes great consternation—Matter again settled—Hall wins the race..... 69

CHAPTER XXI.

The election—Col. Wadd beats Hall—Lyceum started—Falls—Thespian society—Rich performance..... 73

CHAPTER XXII.

The Ménagerie—Hall attempts to fool the elephant and cuts a ridiculous figure—Elephant at large—Creates great alarm—Efforts to capture him—Tonnierre in a tree—Quiet at last restored..... 76

CHAPTER XXIII.

Spirit-rapping—Amusing incidents—Laughable winding up of the exhibition..... 83

CHAPTER XXIV.

The double wedding—Strange developments—Mysteries explained..... 84

CHAPTER XXV.

Determined to marry some one—Can't screw up his courage to ask—Finally does it—Scene described—Turns out a dream—Col. Purse and Miss Duchapelle married..... 88

REDSTICK;

SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

Man's life is as the dark cloud in the west,
Deep laden with the burden of his breast;
Now muttering curses in his troubled strife,
With all the warring elements of life;
Now flashing bolts of anger on his foes,
As if their sorrows could alleviate his woes.

What lights the gloom and gently dissipates
This murky cloud of care, in snowy flakes!
What zephyr 'tis that cheers man's brooding heart;
What unseen hands roll quietly apart
The rended clouds, whose scattered, jagged seams,
Reveal the rays of light in golden streams!
— His praise is laughter from the old and young,
Cometh this incense to our SPIRIT FUN.

FOLLOW me, reader, in imagination, whilst I turn the mirror of my memory full upon the scenes of my early childhood in the then green wilds of Tennessee; stand thou here upon the broad old puncheon-floored porch, upon whose hoary covering rested the tendrils of the deep-red honeysuckle, and the gorgeous intermingled colors of the jasmine and climbing rose will give you wherewith to rest your gaze and thoughts whilst the leave-takings going on inside occupy some one else. Cousins and aunts, uncles and brothers, and all the relatives I had for miles around, were then and there assembled for the purpose of taking leave of the wild young reprobate whose mischievous tricks had often brought on his devoted head the condensed fury of them all. "Good bye, uncle Dan'l; good bye, cousin John; did I kiss you, cousin Sue? Well, never mind; twice is better than none, any how. Good bye, mammy; good bye, daddy," and I broke from their renewed leave-takings with a desperate energy, which lasted until I strode aboard the little steamer then taking in wood at our landing. When safe aboard I sat down and the tears rolled down my face, chasing each other, somehow or other, right into the corners of my mouth, whilst the floods of kind advice rushed across my memory, adding tear after tear to the many already swallowed in my desperate efforts to choke down my feelings and force back my heart (which, somehow of

other, had run across into my throat,) to its proper place. I was just regaling myself with the beautiful prospect of "yaller fevar," which uncle Dan'l had taken such infinite pains to draw out and lengthen before my eyes, and was *mind-dwelling* upon one of his "bowie-knife illustrations," when, ding, dong, ding, went the bell, and in a few moments our little stern-wheeler was pattering down the stream on its long journey to the sunny South.

In a few moments we were out of sight of the old homestead, and scene after scene of my boyhood flitted across my mind, as I leaned against the railing and stretched my neck to obtain one last look at the old, pine-clad hill that hid my home from my longing eyes; turning from the guard, I walked into the social hall, and, taking a chair, cocked up my legs and in a few moments was closely engaged in conversation with a youngster of about my own age, who had been scrutinizing me since I first stepped aboard. In the course of our conversation, I made the welcome discovery that he was also a disciple of Coke, Littleton & Co., and bound also for the land of "yaller fevar," pretty girls and big plantations. He was from the city of Ganderville, and, as we were the only youthful passengers aboard, we were soon all in all to each other. He agreed to accompany me and locate in the same favored spot of creation upon which I destined to reflect the light of my genius. Ganderville, he said, was already full of lawyers, and there was nothing for them to do, any how; so, pocketing the small sum left him by his parents, who were both dead, he had taken the first boat, and here he was, ready to join in heart and hand in my (to him) very feasible projects.

We were so full of plans and plots regarding our future prospects that our time passed quickly and pleasantly away, and one fine May morning we were loaded, bag and baggage, at Lemonskreezer, each of which only some forty miles lay the incipient city of Redstick, in which we designed to locate and make the scene of our early fame; as we intended stopping a week at Lemonskreezer to look around and inquire into things in general, we, *per force*, put up on the wharfboat, as that floating Astor was far superior in cleanliness and accommodations to the brawling hotels on shore.

I very soon found out that my friend, McDonald, was an incorrigible wag, and prophesied to myself, the no inconsiderable trouble his propensity for fun would get us into. Our floating hotel belonged to two partners, one of whom, a young man by the name of Kexie attended to the general business of the boat, whilst the other, who generally went by the cognomen of Old Push, had the exclusive control of the boarding and lodging portion of the establishment. This latter old gent and Mac were soon friendly enemies, and innumerable were the inconveniences the old fellow put us to in his conjoint capacity of clerk, carver and supervisor in general, in part payment for the incessant tricks Mac played off on his portly old person. One stormy night, when Old Push was sound asleep, Mac, who by the way had just lost a V at poker, with a new acquaintance of his from Arkansas, tied the end of the cupped tablecloth to Old Push's shirt-tail,

That hung out very conveniently, and, as Mac said, so temptingly, for him to resist the opportunity; and then, going out on the boiler-deck, gave three rousing screams of "Fire!" Old Push started for the door, yelling at the top of his voice, and at a pace considerably accelerated by the crashing avalanche of dishes slung round the cabin by the cloth being suddenly drawn from under them. By the time he arrived on the boiler-deck, the sudden glare of the watchman's torch, frightened him so that he lost all presence of mind, and he took a flying leap over the railings, and would most assuredly have met a watery grave, if the table cloth had not curiously wrapped around a post, and held him swinging in the air.

Old Push, was relieved from his perilous position, and a diligent search for the offender was rewarded by circumstantially convicting Mac, who on his part strongly denied the *base insinuation*. Ever after, although on speaking terms, he was an inveterate enemy of Mac's; and our many discomforts would have been sufficient warning to any other than Mac.

One evening, that gentleman and I were taking a stroll along the brow of the hill, upon which the city was situated, peeping at the pretty girls behind the blinds, when we met Old Push coming along full tilt for the wharf-boat.

"Good morning. What's the news?" he gruffly exclaimed.

"Well, nothing much," answered Mac, "except maybe that curious circumstance that happened to Kexie (Push's partner) a few minutes ago."

Now be it known that Old Push was the possessor of two remarkable things for that section of the country: one, was a bump of credulity and curiosity combined, whose outlines would almost cast a shadow; the other, was a two hundred and fifty dollar watch, the pride, the boast and envy of Lemonskeezer.

"Well, what was it?" he exclaimed, impatiently.

"Well, you see," rejoined Mac, "as Kexie was standing on the side guard, and leaning over to see something down below, his watch went kershug."

"Jehosaphat! My two hundred and fifty dollar watch! Bless my hide and tallow! Did he jumb overboard to get it? Say, say! Tell me!" shouted Old Push, nervously grasping Mac by the shirt collar.

"Well, let go and keep cool, and I'll tell you. He didn't jump overboard, but about an hour after, a little nigger caught an almighty cat fish, and Kexie bought him for a dollar."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes I do; and Kexie proceeded to cut him open?"

"Bless my stars!"

"And he made an oblique incision in his abdomen," (we were passing some ladies just then).

"A what! Don't talk your datted Latin—tell me about my watch! Well, he cut a hole in his stomach—and found my watch!"

"No, he dragged the fish to the guard, and proceeded to empty him, and put his hand in to clean him out."

"And found my watch!" shouted Old Push, in a perfect frenzy.

"He felt something round—"

"My watch?"

"And the fish gave a squirm and slid right into the river."

"Did he hold on to the watch?" shouted Old Push, his hair sticking out straight with excitement.

"He held on to a big potato, that was all that"—Bing, went Old Push's fist in Mac's face, and a pretty little fracas took place; but immediately they were parted by the large crowd of blacklegs and little boys, who gathered in a moment from all quarters. Mac had a condensed map of the State of Louisiana, alongside of his proboscis, which he explained to his inquiring friends, by telling them he took cold and it settled in his eye.

CHAPTER II.

How like some gorgeous dream the clouds arise,
Revealing all the glories of the skies;
Whilst 'neath the rose-couch of the God of day
And resting on the green sward beauteous lay,
The haven of their hopes, enraptured band;
Before them was their promised land.

"How far are we from Redstick?" for the fiftieth time, inquired Mac of our French stage-driver.

"Jis one turn around ovare morare monsieur," answered that individual, as he touched up the off horse and wheeled around the fence corner of a plantation, revealing to our expectant gaze the glories of Redstick.

Our course for the last ten or twelve miles, had been over a level country which, gradually rising, here abruptly terminated in a lofty bluff, overlooking a verdant prairie bottom, extending for miles until broken by the wooded spurs of a low range of what are called hills in the South, but what are more appropriately termed banks or knolls in the West. The whole prairie from hill to hill was studded with plantations, whose broad green fields of cane and cotton, were here and there broken by little clumps of white cabins, whose close contiguity to the stately mansion of the planter proclaimed them to be the residence of the negroes.

Redstick, was situated near midway from hill to hill, and was of that description of villages common to the South. It was composed of one long street, lined on either side with the many-colored houses of the inhabitants; most of which were embowered amid groves of china trees, whose delightful perfume fairly scented the atmosphere.

In a few moments we were rattling along the long street, and driving up to the porch of the only hotel of the place, we alighted,

and the stage rattled down to the livery stable to exchange horses. Before we could arrange our baggage, we were saluted on all sides with questions from a large crowd of planters and denizens of the place; the burthen of whose cry was: "Whose elected?" "Who carried Pumpkin Hollow?" etc.

I knew nothing of there being an election at any place where we had stopped, nor neither did Mac; but that gentleman, as usual, looked as if he knew all about it, and a knowing looking old gent took him prisoner and was confidently informed that Crooks had carried Pumpkin Hollow by two hundred majority. Now, Mac, was totally ignorant of the number of voters in Pumpkin Hollow, but picking up the name of Crooks from remarks made by the crowd, he had let fly at random, and hit his mark, for the "knowing one" immediately closed a bet of a hundred dollars, with a half drunk individual, who seemed extremely desirous of getting rid of his money. He didn't care a cuss how he bet; he said, and any way "to please the children." Some one else asked Mac about the result, and having received the same reply, the yelling, cheering and hooting were tremendous. The gent who before didn't care a cuss, was now extremely desirous for a fight, and meeting with another gentleman in the same beautiful humor, at it they went. In the meantime, Mac had become extremely popular, and the Crookites raised him off the ground and carried him around the hotel, until the "knowing one" proposed a treat all-round upon the strength of the hundred he had won from the poor devil then lying flat upon his back out in the street. You'd better be of the opinion that Redstick is no place to propose treat with the expectation of no one taking you up; and no sooner said than done, the bar-room was filled to overflowing, and the triumph of the Crookites waxed greater and greater from the fuel it fed upon. Mac was called upon to give a speech, but not knowing with which of the two great parties the Crookites assimilated, he sang the Star Spangled Banner, or rather attempted to sing it, for a glass of old rye going down, and "Star Spangled" coming up, his throat at the same time, got tangled together and liked to have choked him. He was interrupted, however, in his vain efforts to disentangle Banner from Spangled by a loud cheer away down the street. In a moment the bar-room vomited forth its contents and the Crookites stood in breathless astonishment, gazing at their opponents who came up street shouting and yelling most vociferously. It appeared that the "stage driver," who alone knew how *things* had gone at the doubtful precinct, had just given the lie to Mr. Mac's cock-and-bull story, by informing some of Mr. Shaak's (Mr. Crooks' opponent) friends of the election of that gentleman by a large majority. In a few moments, the two crowds intermingled, and the cheers, yells and hisses were deafening; the "knowing gent" singled Mac out and sought an explanation, and that gentleman having tangled up his excuses, the "knowing one," Alexander like, undertook to solve the Gordian knot, with a blow in a great deal less time than it takes to separate two cowards—the whole crowd were in *one grand uproarious* free

fight. Here were half a dozen pitching into nobody in general and everybody in particular, and there were two or three having it out in some corner by themselves. Mac was hard set, for all the Orpokites were pitching into him, but with the assistance of the landlord I got him from amidst the crowd and carried him up stairs; and so ended our introduction to the city and citizens of Redstick.

CHAPTER III.

"Hope long deferred maketh the heart sick,
But brass is equal to a thousand of brick."

ANCIENT POEM.

There is nothing more true than the above "elegant extract." Mac's sin was soon forgiven and apart from his tricks he became a general favorite. We were not in want of friends, but clients were scarce, and it was soon demonstrated to our unbelieving ears and eyes beyond the possibility of a doubt, that however ready people are to drink when you pay treat, they are very *scary* about trusting their interests to the care of comparative strangers.

Our only resource was to bide our time, and patiently wait until our *glass of necessity* wore off, and as we were tolerably flush, we hoped to manage to get along until such time when cases and clients would come upon us in flocks. Boarding is tolerably cheap in Redstick, but unfortunately for us at that time, pork was the cheapest, and in fact nearly the only article in the market. Our landlord had been led into an unfortunate speculation, and over an hundred head of porkers penned up in the back yard represented a *heap* more cash than ever he got for them. Hog meat was down, and our landlord, to get rid of them, fed them to us morning, noon and night; broiled, fried, stewed, roasted and every culinary mode ever invented, was put in requisition to enable him to get rid of the squealers that made night hideous with their love-songs and war-squeals in the back yard. The boarders at length revolted at the pork-doings, and Mac being the chosen medium through whom we wished to communicate the extent of our wrongs, made a long and impressive address to the astonished, open-eyed landlord, as he sat at the head of the table:

"Since the days of Nero, never," said Mac, "has this tyranny been equalled." ("Never, never," chorused the balance of us.) "My dear sir," (to the landlord), "you are a man, a humane man, and when I tell you sir, that this hog for breakfast, hog for dinner, hog for supper, and, try jimini, hog all night, is producing its effects on my frame, and I feel half swine already, I know you will abolish this routine, and give us something else to eat. I tell you, sir, it must be done," continued the orator, bringing his fists down with a thump that made the plates clatter, "for if it is not stopped, by the holy powers, when I leave Redstick, I'll leave a squealing."

It is needless to say that this speech had its effect, and the hog case marched off next day toward Lemonkeeter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad."

CLAYTONS still forebore troubling our youthful minds with the cares of their cases, and Mac, getting discontented, resolved to turn his hand at something else. Disregarding all my entreaties, he entered into co-partnership with the only livery-stable in the place. Old Uncle Joe Field was doing a thriving business, and save in one respect had no earthly need of a partner; but if there was anything he loved better than horse-trading, it was companionship; and as his stable was not so often frequented by men of leisure as Major Ned's hotel, Uncle Joe spent most of his time, to the neglect of his business, up there, seated in a large studded-bottom chair, talking, laughing and trading with every one who passed by. Now, as Uncle Joe had often missed great bargains by being away from home, after mature deliberation, he came to the conclusion that he must take a partner, and as Mac very opportunely accented him on the subject, they hitched horses and a trade was made on the spot. The arrangements were all made, an inventory taken, and after a few days Mac fell into the usual routine of stable business, and took upon himself the full management of the concern, leaving Uncle Joe at leisure to pursue his conversational bent at his friend the Major's.

A few days before Uncle Joe entered into partnership with Mac, he had shipped off to a friend in the country for disposal, a very fine-looking and apparently well-formed bay horse, one of the few remnants of his race having been taken in and done for. With the horse he sent a short message to this effect: "Get rid of the miserable cuss as soon as you can and don't never let me set eyes on him agin." So worthless did Uncle Joe consider this horse, that he did not "put him down" in the inventory; in fact he was such a bugbear to Uncle Joe that he tried never to think of him, as it vividly reminded him of the fact that his pocket-book was minus in the sum of two hundred dollars since his trade for that horse.

For rascality and all the ills horseflesh is heir to, Old Bay was unequalled, and to make matters worse, nearly everybody knew his failings; however, as he was a showy horse, with a little patching up, Uncle Joe hoped to palm him off on to some country greenhorn; and an old companion in horse-trading was selected to dispose of the beauty, as Uncle Joe facetiously called him.

A few days passed very pleasantly and Uncle Joe was so well pleased with Mac's talent, as a judge of horseflesh, that he did not hesitate to agree that Mac should swap off Old Bean (a very serviceable, but antiquated looking horse), the first chance he got.

One day, as was his wont, Uncle Joe sauntered up to his friend the Major's, and as there was nobody about but the Major, Uncle Joe and he were soon engaged in a long business conversation. "I tell you, Major," said Uncle Joe, emphasizing his words by

bringing his broad palm down on that individual's shoulder with a force that brought tears into the eyes of his friend; "I tell you old fell, that suck in of mine when I bought that infernal *beduty*, is the sorest thing I ever 'sperienced." These words were hardly uttered, when Uncle Joe happened to turn his head up the street, espied Old Bay coming down, with a long-legged specimen of the genus *hoinse*, commonly called Greenhorn, on his back. Uncle Joe's face brightened up as in an excited whisper he called to the Major:

"See yander? great Caesar!—but don't say a word," at the same time, in his excitement, he caught his friend by the nape of the neck, and forced his head out like a turtle's from the shell.

"Did you ever! you're rid on him now," quoth the Major, as Old Bay with his driver drew up in front of the porch.

"Stranger," said Uncle Joe, (in a voice in which a desire to shout, laugh and yell, struggled for the mastery), "fine boss you're on!"

"Why, ya'as," drawled Greeny, "turnation fine to look at, but ornity coarse to ride—aint worth shucks."

"Whar did you git him? What did you give?" asked Uncle Joe.

"Wall, I got him out here in the country a piece, and I gin a cool hundred for him," replied Greeny.

"Let me gin you a piece of advice," said Uncle Joe; "when a man takes me in, I allers takes somebody else in. I know that boss; everybody knows him; and if you want to take my advice jes you get some whar whar he never war seed, and then let that ar critter slide, and then git out on the way for fear he mou't hurt some body before he stops sliding."

The green one drew up his reins, and after ejecting about a quart of bilious-looking tobacco-juice, he gave a sickly smile, and sloped.

"I like to see a fool," quoth Uncle Joe; "but I'll be skinned if it don't make me sick to look at such a cussed geese as that—pitch in Lemons and git ar skeezed. Whoop! Come Major, come in, let's take a drink—hurra for pork and beans!"

With these exclamations on his lips we will leave Uncle Joe and the Major in the hands of the bar-keeper, whilst we follow Greeny, who, as he slowly rode along, chewed the cud of bitter fancy along with six ounces of Old Virginia.

"Hello, stranger, whar are you bound?" shouted some one from the door of the livery-stable.

"Wall, no whar in pertick'lar."

"How d'ye come on?"

"Well, tolerable."

"Won't you kite and look at year saddle—fine boss you'r on; what d'ye ask for him?"

"Finest boss I ever seed; out travel all credition; and I dunno how I could spare him; but ef I could git my price for him I moat sell him," replied Greeny. Saying which, he dismounted, hited Bay to the rack, and at it they went.

Bay's teeth were examined, and as they were of the *hollow* variety, they stood the examination very well; the turpentine used in the

first trade still made a tingling sensation in his tender hoofs, causing him to prance like a colt; Arabian Liniment had glossed off the splints on his legs; and a *beautiful* wheeze was excused on account of the compression necessary in looking at his teeth.

"What'll you take?"

"What'll you give?" were passed several times, until at length Mac made him an offer.

"I'll tell you what stranger, there's a roan, as good a horse as ever wore hide or hair; I'll give you him and fifty dollars to boot."

"Whew! good morning," exclaimed the stranger.

"Hello, don't jump the game; tell me what you'll take."

"Well, lookee here, to cut the matter short, jes gim me \$150 to boot, en ef you aint to gwine to do it jes say so, and let I slide."

After haggling an hour or so the thing was done. Bay took his old stall in the stable, and Roan left with as rejoicing a rider as ever bestrode a horse. Mac chuckled to himself, "Joe even couldn't do it better; he told me to work off Old Roan onto somebody, and I'll be hanged ef *somebody aint skeered*. Aint he a beauty! just look at them eyes; three years old, legs like a racer, head like a deer; jementally, won't Joe cut a figure three when he comes around!" were Mac's admiring remarks.

All this time Uncle Joe was busy trading with the Major, and had succeeded in hogging him by saddling Old Roan on to him at an *awful* advance on first cost. He was in a grand good humor with himself in particular, and all mankind in general.

"But who is that riding Old Roan?" he involuntarily asked as Greeny turned the corner, Uncle Joe's self-sufficient smile turning to a black frown as he came up to the porch.

"Whar did you git that thar hoss, stranger?" Uncle Joe impatiently asked.

"Oh, jes tuk your advice and let Ole Bay slide. Hold that man; stranger," exclaimed Greeny, as he put spurs to Old Roan in order to avoid something more than *mere jestures*, as Uncle Joe's *kar*, eyebrows and fists riz at one and the same time; "Good-bye, ole uh, don't fegit to mention me in your devotions—and remember, never spar advice to a greenhorn," he shouted, as he clattered up the street.

I was just passing the hotel on my way to the stable as Uncle Joe put out for the same place. I could see he was awful savage, but as yet I knew nothing of the cause; he passed me like a whirlwind, and went a toddling down the street, stamping his feet at every step, and wickedly kicked over a little nigger, for *smiling aloud* at the wonderful agility Uncle Joe displayed.

I followed on, and when close to the stable, took a seat on a high stool in front of a little grocery, and watched operations. Jim was regarding his acquisition with looks of admiration, whether at the horse's beauty or his own cuteness, it was hard to tell. Joe arrived, his face puckered up in the most sublime attempt to control his "phelinks" I ever beheld.

"What in the name of thunder have you been and done, Mac?"

"Done! why, look 'ee here—look!"

"Fire agin, if that don't beat blazes, I never swear; but by the great gods of South Carolina, if I sleep any to-night, I'll dream cusses," said Uncle Joe.

"Look at them legs," chimed in Mac.

"Legs be swizzeled, I fixed them up myself," roared Uncle Joe.

"What a head and neck."

"Thunder on your neck and head; his eyes got more hooks in 'em than would catch all the fish in the Massasip."

"Well, Uncle Joe," —

"Don't talk to me about him, what boot did the cuss gin you? that's some consolation anyhow."

"Boot! why, I gave him boot."

"Moses in the bullrushes! Oh! Great Julius Cæsar! I'll bet after losing fifty dollars in the trade, you've gone and went and gave five dollars to boot for that humbug."

"Now, Uncle Joe, it is time to stop this foolishness; you know well the Bay is worth \$200 more than Old Roan, and I only gave \$150 to boot."

"Million thunders!" yelled Uncle Joe, as in his excitement he fell headlong in the saw-dust, where he rolled, and pitched, and shook, and cursed, until Mac was afraid the rafters would fall in. Toward the cool of the day he let down a little, and Mac was pushed out of that partnership in very little more time than it takes me to tell it.

Well, he took his old office again, and applied himself to his books very assiduously; but it seemed as if Old Joe's tongue had a blasting effect on our reputations.

With the exception of a large number of acquaintances, we had gained nothing since our advent in Redstick, and our highly-colored visions were beginning to fade away in the dim distance of the past. Mac was wishing to pitch into everything in the shape of speculation that fitted past his chimeratic brain; but by the means of desperate arguments I withheld him from involving his few dollars in schemes far more desperate, and, as I then *arristocratically* thought, lower in the standard than the livery-stable escapade.

CHAPTER V.

Hist! the game is started; see the lep-cared hound!
 But now a drowsy yelping cur
 Pricks up his ears, his gaunt-like form dilates
 And nostrils snuffing every passing breeze,
 Denote the game is near; Hark! — Hark away! —
 He's up! — he's gone! — and now — he's ours! —

THE LAWYER'S DREAM.

We were all seated at table one evening, when the stage arrived, and several travelers were added to our company; among them was a young gent, who, immediately upon his arrival, gave us to under-

stand, in a manner half sneering, half contemptuous, that his name was P. Green Smith, M.D., and that it was his determination, if the society of the village was any way passable, and the practice not cut up and ruined by cold-water doctors, etc., to stop and locate. His manners were insufferable, and to Mac particularly so; it took but a few moments for them to get to sparring, and as Mac had the laugh on his side, the little fop was in a sweet pickle whilst supper lasted. After tea, whilst all of us (but Mac, who had retired to his room for a few moments) were sitting on the back gallery, an open carryall drove up, and the latest specimen of human absurdity in the shape of a gaunt, bewhiskered, mustached fop, dressed in the latest extreme, alighted, and ordering the driver to drive around to the stable, seated himself in a vacant chair, alongside of a young lady, who was stopping at the hotel until sent for from the country, and commenced paying her desperate attentions. As Mac was coming down the stairs to join us, Whiskerando got up to order his servant to be ready to start at four o'clock next morning, upon the pain of having both ears cut off—and Mac having a little *penchant* for the young lady himself, took the next chair but one from her, and leaning over, unmindful of the rest of us, commenced a decidedly *interesting* conversation with her all about moon-beams, etc. Whiskerando, having finished his orders to his servant, returned, and with the greatest coolness in the world, popped his carcass down in the vacant chair between Mac and the young lady. The surprise of Mac prevented his saying anything until such time had elapsed as to prevent anything more being done in the premises. The rest of the evening was spent by us all, with the exception of Whiskers, in a state of *mauvaise honte*. As for Mac, he was foaming with suppressed rage, and when we had retired to our room, it was as much as I could do to prevent him from going to Whisker's room, and pulling him out of bed, and then and there inflicting personal chastisement on him for his display of impudence. However, he suddenly cooled down, and I went to sleep. Next morning early, I went down to the bar-room, and the first thing met my eyes was a flaming placard, surrounded by about ten or twelve Redstickians, in a high state of excitement; edging my way through the crowd, I read the following, in the biggest white type on the reddest back-ground ever made use of in a printing office:

\$1,500 REWARD!!!

Bank defaulter, etc. And then followed a full description of the Swartwouter, which tallied exactly with the gent who had the audacity to cut Mac out the evening before. Before I got through, a rush and clatter of horses coming up the street drew my attention to what was going on out of doors. Some twenty fellows were on horseback, and as many more on foot, running half wild every which way, hunting horses to go in pursuit of the defaulter. Those that were mounted were each striving to get ahead, this desirable position being occupied by Smith, the doctor who, mounted on a gaunt old bay, was keeping his place more by dexterity than from any superiority his. Resident

possessed over the steeds of the others. Bob White, the blacksmith, was on an old mule, and when just opposite the hotel, annoyed by the doctor's attempt to head him by running his nag across the face of the mule, he rammed a pair of spurs, almost as big as dinner plates, into the mule's side, and rushed him right against the doctor; in a moment, horse, mule, blacksmith and doctor, were all rolling in the dust together. The mule and doctor were the first up, and after feeling Bob's pulse, the doctor mounted the mule and away he went after the hrong. Such another excitement was never heard tell of in Redstick since the day Fritz run away with Old Blaze's daughter. All the women in the place were out, and the children clumb on the top of the houses, to watch the progress of the pursuers, which was marked by a cloud of dust. Smith, on his mule, was left far behind at first, but bottom counted in that race, and he was again ahead when they came in sight of the runaway's carryall. At this juncture of the race all hands were going down a long gradual decent, and the race was terrific; cow-hides, spurs, switches, yells and curses were liberally made use of in order to accelerate the speed of the horses. Smith was still ahead, but Uncle Joe, who was mounted on a little grey Craole pony, was pushing him close. Some of the riders were on their horses necks, with their arms clasped around, holding on like a "duck on a june-bug." One enterprising gent went flying over into a Cherokee hedge, and it took two hours to extricate him, on the return of the party. A cow that was lying down in the road unfortunately attempted to rise just at the moment Tonnerre, the barber, and an overseer, who were "nip and tuck," attempted to jump over her. It is needless to say they went on an exploring expedition through the air.

In the meantime, the object of all this pursuit stuck fast in a slough at the bottom of the hill, and was cursing his driver like fury for being the cause of the accident. The pursuers, thinking that he was going to jump out and run, came down on him with a perfect rush; Smith seized him first, but was immediately floored, or rather mudded, that being the *prevailing* foundation in that neighborhood. Old Uncle Joe, distrusting his physical powers, made a rush at him with his pony, and the three went down together. The rest coming up, Whiskers was tied hand and foot; and after a chase after the nigger who disappeared through the woods like a deer, and a short resting spell, the cavalcade set out on their return. Their arrival in town was announced by a series of cheers from all the children and little niggers in town; such another appearance as they presented would have thrown Falstaff and his army in the shade. First came the doctor on the mule, his hair scattered and full of mud, his hat gone, his coat split down the back, and two large contusions marked where he had come in contact—first, with the pummel of the mule's saddle, when Bob White run over him, and afterward with Whiskerando's fist, at the moment of victory. The rest of the cavalcade was in as bad a plight; and the appearance of Whiskers, tied like a hog, and laid behind the foot-board, cursing and roaring

like a bull, drew tears of laughter from the assembled crowd. We all bent our steps to the old French magistrate's office, and Whiskers soliciting my services, Mac was put forward to exhaust his legal knowledge in the attempt to have him committed.

The poster which was the cause of all this tumult, had by this time disappeared, no one could tell how or where, and Whiskers having time to get several planters, who knew him, to testify to his character and it being proven that he had just arrived to take possession of a plantation some twenty miles beyond Redstick, he was honorably discharged, much to the disappointment of nearly everybody, who wanted him committed to jail *volens volens*. The suits which grew out of this escapade were almost numberless. Whiskers sued all who had participated in the chase. Bob White sued the Doctor for damages to his mule and to his person. Uncle Joe sued four or five who had taken his horses without his consent, and broke them down. The planter whose cow had been killed, sued Tonnerre, and the overseer, and Tonnerre sued the planter for allowing his cow to be in the road; and to crown all, Mac and I were engaged in every case, sometimes I was prosecutor's attorney, and he for the defense, and then in the next case it would be reversed. Business came all in a heap, and the speeches made at that session of court are the wonderment of the Redstickians to this day. It is needless for me to inform you, gentle reader, that the poster came out of Mac's trunk, of which it had formed part of the lining for many a year. By a few alterations, cutting out the date and pasting the crevice with red paper, etc., he had gulled the Redstickers completely. His motive was revenge on Whiskers, for cutting him out, but as it turned out profitably for us, he held his tongue, and our villagers still think a great bank defaulter passed through Redstick about that time.

CHAPTER VI.

The cold air was bracing; the frost on the ground
 Made the light foot tread slightly and raise with a bound.
 The woods were all covered with teicles bright
 Bathing their prisms in the ruddy sunlight,
 And we shouldered our shot-guns, all ready to hunt,
 The winds of December—to the hunt!—to the hunt!

IN the thickly-settled portions of Louisiana, where larger game is scarce, rabbit hunting, in view of the many accompaniments of dogs, negroes, horns, horses, etc., to the sport, is elevated to a degree, as far as fun and excitement are concerned, on a level with fox hunting in Virginia, or deer stalking in the West. Mac and I had joined in the hunt several times, and he was so wound up in the excitement that he almost totally neglected his studies, and spent the most of his time in the back yard, of his office, watching the *growth* and sport of three rabbit pups, for which he had been fool enough to give twenty-five dollars a-piece. To hear him talk, you'd believe those mongrel,

spotted, long-eared hounds were worth all the dogs in the country. A few weeks after he had purchased them, we were invited to participate in a grand rabbit hunt, that was to take place at Col. Bomerang's place, about twelve miles from Redstick. Mac could talk of nothing else but this hunt, from the time we first heard of it until we found ourselves on the Colonel's broad porch enjoying the hearty grips of some thirty young Creoles, then and there assembled to participate in the hunt.

It was a clear, cold, bracing December morning, and the parlor being full of girls, Mac was soon among them, making desperate attempts at talking French, whilst the rest of us made the necessary preparations for the inroad among the rabbits. In a few moments the Colonel's horn had sounded the starting notes, and more dogs gathered together in a moment than you could shake a stick at. The howling and yelling were terrific, until the Colonel gave them in charge of an old negro whipper-in, who started with them about half an hour before the party left the premises. Mac, however, kept his twenty-five dollar pups with him, against the remonstrances of the old hunters who told him they would uptrip us and run a splendid chance of getting shot. "Never mind, I'll take care of that," quoth Mac, and off we toddled for the old fields, distant about four miles.

After a brisk walk, we arrived in the first old field and the sport began. The field was studded with clumps of blackberry bushes, some not larger than a man's hat, and others towering up as high as our heads. Mac's dogs were a constant source of botheration to us, and the company were much scattered in consequence of their frequent running between our legs. Whilst we were all watching the main pack, which was skirting the field, tail up and nose down, Mac's dogs started a little rabbit directly under his feet. Mac gave a shrill yell and let fly both barrels in the air, whilst the whole crowd simultaneously let fly at the rabbit; when the smoke cleared away, a few feathery clumps of rabbit fur floating in the air, were all that remained of cotton-tail, whilst two of Mac's twenty-five dollar pups were kicking their last, and the other was kiting off at a tremendous pace, on three legs, howling and yelping as if the day of judgment was at hand. Mac himself was minus a coat-tail, and was cussing in French and English at an awful rate. Disregarding our regrets and apologies, he gave one of his defunct dogs a parting kick, whistled to the other, and remarking "that if he couldn't hunt with gentlemen he wouldn't hunt at all," he put off to hunt in a neighboring field by himself.

"Don't go there Mac, the Colonel's *Brahma* bull is kept in that field."

"Go to grass! you set of cusses," replied that worthy individual, as he slouched his hat and put off for the fence which separated the fields.

"You'll be sorry you didn't take my advice," responded a young man, who, on account of his *fragrant* breath, generally went by the name of "Onions."

But Mac proceeded doggedly on his way, and we soon had business.

enough of our own to attend to. Rabbit after rabbit was started and slain, and the sharp crack of Mac's double-barrel, ever and anon, denoted that that individual was doing a good business on his own account. We had plenty of sport, and leaving the part of the field we had been hunting in, he went over to the other end, and commenced poking the bushes to start out cotton-tails. But alas! for Mac, there was other game behind the bushes than that he was seeking. Going up to a large clump, he had no sooner thrust in his barrel, than up started the Colonel's *Brahma*; with mane erect and flanks contracted, he was a perfect model of fury, and Mac would have soon been impaled upon his glistening steel-like horns, if the bushes had not intervened. Turning off in a gallop, the *Brahma* went tearing around the long line of bushes to get at Mac, but you better believe that worthy did not wait for him; the manner in which he used his legs would have been creditable to Lecompte; he steered for a low thorn tree situated about the middle of the field, which was the nearest shelter for him; as he approached nearer to it, he perceived that it was surrounded by a low cordon of thorn bushes, but a glance behind him, showed very conclusively that it was no time to swap horses, so pitching into the bushes, he clumb the thorn tree without the proffered assistance of the *Brahma's* horns, which were kindly offered him, and a glance at the prospects before him was by no means satisfactory. There stood the *Brahma* pawing the ground, and muttering low bellowings, which were the more frightful from their being different from any bull bellowings he had ever heard.

The frightful accounts he had heard of *Brahma* bulls' ferocity in general, and this one's superiority in this respect, in no manner tended to calm his fears in regard to his ultimate safety. Too proud to halloo for assistance from us, until we were too far off to hear the repeated yellings which followed his cooler and calm after-thought, and there being no chance of any one passing, by whom he could send for assistance, his siege bid far to rival Sebastopol. All day he clung on to the thorn tree, every now and then shifting his position, and pulling out the innumerable thorns which stuck in his hide. At length he got so mad that he resolved to load up and kill the "infernal critter." Slowly loading his gun, he let off his pent-up wrath in every imaginable style of cursing:

"You infernal Asiatic you! You chase a free-born American citizen! You red-eyed blazing devil! It wouldn't take much to make me come down, catch you by your short tail, and wear you out on the ground; you blamed new-fangled, Asiatic, hump-shouldered invention."

I must, however, as proof of my friend's prudence, say that he did not begin to come down and put his threats into execution; and furthermore, when he had loaded up his gun, the idea struck him that perhaps he had heard mention that that thar bull's cost, and traveling expenses, exceeded by far the utmost amount he expected to make in the next ten years.

Therefore, the idea of shooting him was laid aside, for the present,

and he betook himself to yelling for help like a good fellow; and the Brahma thinking that he wished for company, sent him his remaining twenty-five dollar pup from the point of his horns, right into the middle of the thorn, over his head, and there he stuck until Mac poked him loose with the muzzle of his gun. Following up this *coup-de chien*, the Brahma made a series of desperate attempts to get at Mac, but happily the *cheveaux de frise* of thorns was too much for his shaggy hide, and he withdrew to a short distance and remained there steadfastly eyeing Mac, until the latter got so enraged, he with difficulty withheld himself from the temptation of blowing his red eyes out. It was now near sunset and we set out for home, and as we passed Mac's old field, we were too busily engaged in singing "We'll be there in a few days," to hear his desperate shouts. Enraged beyond measure at our indifference to his peril, he took advantage of Brahma's getting fastened in the briars, and dropping out of the thorn, he put for the fence like a hot-pressed deer. The Brahma disengaged himself in time to arrive at the fence and give him a flying lift, that sent him flying twenty feet over the fence into the soft mud on the other side. Picking himself up he took a cool bath in the first pond he came to, and came to the house almost froze, but as calm and unconcerned as if nothing had taken place. To all our repeated questions as to where his *game dog* and gun were, he made some evasive answer, and soon retired to bed, leaving us to make a night of it. Any one who has been at a planter's house where there was company assembled, can imagine the time we had: dancing, singing, courting and cutting up in general was the order of the night; and about twelve we formed in procession and with the fiddlers in front, paid Mac a visit in his room; he received us coolly—that is, sent two boot-jacks and a pitcher at our heads, and then we retired to rest.

The next morning, we were up early, and as the hunt was to be in a chain of fields some eight miles off, the discovery that our horses had all been turned out during the night, aggravated and delayed us a good deal, and as they could not be found, we were forced to put up with a one-mule wagon which by tight squeezing held nearly all of us, the others, four in number, walked and took turn about in riding with us, they getting in when tired and four others getting out. Mac rode and drove the mule, and in this manner we proceeded, singing and shouting, as gay a set as ever set out on a rabbit hunt.

When we came to the field in which the Brahma was pastured, and through which we had to pass in order to get Mac's dog and gun, the supplementary four crowded into the wagon and Mac, after an unconsiderable delay in letting down the bars, and repairing some part of the harness which had given way, mounted on the mule and in we put. The bars were securely put up, and in a few moments we were within a short distance of Mac's Sebastopolic besiegement, when the Brahma made his appearance, head and tail up, his sharp horns glistened in the morning sun; he was indeed, a terrible-looking object, and the way we crowded together in the wagon, demonstrated that we did not consider ourselves altogether safe in our present position.

Whilst our attention was directed to the furious approach of the Brahma and to squeezing ourselves closer together in the wagon, Mac suddenly let loose the back and breast chains, and the first thing we knew the shafts came down kerslump on the ground, and in another moment Mac was tearing for the gate of the field on the mule. The Brahma paid no attention to us but kept on after Mac and pushed him closer than he any way desired: In the meantime, we had left the wagon and scattered in every direction, but the sudden return of the bull made those who could take instantaneous refuge in and under the cart. Ten or twelve could not get back, and they were forced to take refuge in Mac's late fortress, the thorn and its surrounding cordon of bushes. Onions, after hesitating which place to run decided to take the cart, but his decision came nearly too late, the Brahma caught him when about four feet from the cart and pitched him headforemost among us, retaining however the seat of his breeches as a flag wherewith to denote his victory. We were about twenty yards from the gents in the thorn tree, and the bull soon left us to pay his attentions to them. Although in a poor situation ourselves we laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks at the frightful struggles of the thorn-tree gentry, in their desperate efforts to get one above another. As one would grasp a bunch of thorns, a loud yell of pain would burst from him, and then as another would settle himself in a crotch studded with them; big, little, sharp and sharper, (there were none of them blunt), a tremendous volley of *sacres* and oaths, would furnish fresh food for our laughter.

As the Brahma trotted round on to the other side of the besieged, we in the cart made a desperate sally, but it was short, sweet and decisive; the bull coming at us "with a perfect rush," we scrambled in and under the cart, and blessed our stars we *all* got under cover. Trotting around us several times, he returned to his first love, the thorn-tree gentry, and we were concocting schemes to get out of our dilemma; but lo! a new enemy made his appearance. Our friends under the cart shouted out, "Hornets! hornets!" and clambering up the sides, the black stream of little *demons* which followed them, showed us that there was something as bad as Brahma bulls in this world of ours. At the first onset, we deserted the cart unanimously, but the Brahma came down on us "like a thousand of brick," and we scrambled back into the cart, and all hands getting in behind to avoid the bull's horns, it tilted up; and of all the promiscuous intermingled scrambling that beat it. Into the cart again, we commenced with our only weapons, our hats, defending ourselves against our new opponents, the hornets, and after a short, decisive battle, we were left with many *painful bumps* the victors.

All this time Mac was setting on the top of an old stump in the neighboring field, shouting to us to "Go it!" "give 'em scissors!" "pitch in and get squeezed!" etc.; and the distance being too great for him to discern clearly our maneuvers, he took up a nearer position on the fence, and there shouted and laughed until we thought he'd explode. His movement, however, saved us, for the bull, attracted

probably by his shouts, took up a bee-line for his old enemy. Mac not liking to trust the stability of the fence too far, got down and cut like a quarter-horse. In the meantime, such a getting out of trees and the cart was by far ahead of all the feats of agility ever displayed in a circus. The race for the opposite side of the fence from where the Brahma was, was hotly contested. Two or three fell down in a little hollow of water, and their cries to the balance of us to stop for them were *affecting* but not *effective*. The main body reached the fence, and the "*Bataklava charge*" was no comparison to the manner in which that fence was charged; ten pannels at least, went down before the fury of our onset, and they stayed down, for no one remained behind to put them up. We never broke a trot until we arrived safe at the Colonel's.

Mac had arrived before us, but did not await our arrival. Ordering his horse he had put for Redstick, and thereby saved his hide.

We had a *splendid* time extracting thorns and curing our many stings and confusions, and the rabbit hunt broke up with more hunters hurt than rabbits.

CHAPTER VII.

"Truth will out."

We had been residing in Redstick over a twelvemonth, and although the practice of a Choate or Webster had not as yet showered upon our devoted heads its golden reward, still we had *cases* enough to pay expenses and allow a semi-ocasional spree; which I am sorry to inform you, gentle reader, (for the credit of the Redstickians) was by far the most rapid manner for us to ingratiate ourselves among that community. One little *drunk*, as it is there expressively denominated, went farther to gain us friends than all the eloquence we so energetically, and, I may say, sometimes frantically expended within the limits of the old brown court-house.

Do not gather from the above, dear reader, that getting on a spree is the best manner of making acquaintances in every section of country; for in some places the Redstick code will not carry a man through with a brick in his hat; for instance, my friend Fred Hoops, Esq., whilst on a visit to New Orleans, finding himself lonely, tried the above method, and he deliberately takes his oath, that the only acquaintance the *brick* made for him, was an introduction to some brother bricks and a crazy Dutchman, who together formed the walls, and, save himself, the only inmate of the calaboose, into which delectable depository he found himself before night.

But to my *g'lang*, as they say in Arkansas. Of cases we had a *few*, of debts *some*, and of friends a *heap*. We were invited to all the balls, went to see all the girls, and both, in company with all the marriageable young men in the neighborhood, paid desperate, though

distant attentions to one bright particular star who, to the attractions of beauty, wit and intelligence, added the almighty puissant attractive quality of wealth. I say, we paid her distant attentions, for the fact was, she gave none of us any proof that our flattering attentions were in any manner desirable.

One evening I received a triangular-scented *billet*, containing the satisfactory information that my company was desired at a ball, to be given the succeeding evening, at the residence of one of our wealthiest citizens; and pluming myself upon the distinguished honor—for the party was at one of these aristocratic southerners, who look not upon (as they style them) second-rate Hoosier lawyers, as in any way their equals in social position. I went over to Mac's office, and found him capering about from the effects of a similar invitation finding its way to his sanctum.

"What do you think of it, Hal?" he asked me, as I entered the door.

"Well, I don't know; are you going?"

"Certingly man! don't you know they are cousins of Miss Duchapitzwha, (*Anglice*—Mac's Tennessee French for Duchapellé), and she'll sure to be *thar*; and another thing I'll tell you, Hal, in confidence; now, mind you—you know how she looked at me in church last Sunday."

"Go to grass with her looking at you last Sunday; you know it was because Dick Foxy fastened the office towel to your coat-tail; who the dickens wouldn't look at you, and laugh too, for that matter?"

"Oh, you are a dratted fool—durn that towel! I'll be even with Dick yet for that. But never mind, she looked at me and smiled, and I'll be hanged if she hasn't had me booked for to-morrow night of her own accord."

"Well, never mind that; are we going to the oyster-supper at Steve's to-night?"

"Why, ya-as; but I don't like to much—I'll look confounded sleepy to-morrow night."

That night we went to a *rousing* oyster-supper, and about twelve we had each and every one of us become *slightly merry*; whether from the effects of the oysters, or their accompaniments, I am unable to say.

But, any how, the party had *let down* to about half-a-dozen real *genuines*, including, of course, Dick Foxy, Mac and me; and the subject matter of conversation warped around to the ball of the next night, and we commenced joking Mac about Miss Duchapellé.

"Well, joke away, my heroes; I'll bet any one of you twenty-five dollars I go home with her to-morrow night."

"Done," exclaimed half-a-dozen, and Mac was taken up on all sides; but as he would only bet twenty-five, and seemed very distrustful at that, I was allowed to take up the gentleman's bet.

What plans Mac and Dick concocted that night, will all come out before you get to the end of this chapter; suffice it to say, I *assisted* another gent home, and we followed close behind the two aforementioned, and in their eagerness to arrange the plan of action, I

overheard sufficient to give me a clue to their intended *modus operandi*.

The next night was the crisis of Mac's fate, and twenty-five bet, and we all went up to the scene of action "dressed to death," and in perfect fidgets. That ball! Oh, reader! I will not attempt to describe. Fancy the golden, radiant gems above falling to earth, and assuming, as they fall, the glorious shape of that "last, best gift to man"—fancy all the concentrated ottar of beautiful fancies your mind is capable of, and then, oh reader, fancy that you miss the beautiful reality *several feet*. Redstick was *then* in all her glory, and, for beauty, Redstick is just as far ahead of all creation as you fancy your own bright particular star leads the galaxy of womankind.

Miss D. was there; but a splendid specimen of *mankind*, in the shape of her cousin just arrived from a European tour, kept back by his attentions to her, the vain efforts of several who had hoped that night to enjoy exclusively the conversation of Miss D. Mac looked daggers at the fellow, whose glossy black mustache so far outshone his own stubby sorrel, as to prevent the lady in question from even noticing it—that mustache that had cost him so much time, so much trouble, and never to be even looked at, much less noticed, by the lovely fair one—for whose beautiful eyes it was solely intended—but never mind, Mac, yours was not the first bush that "shed its beauty on the desert air."

About three o'clock in the morning, the advance-guard commenced a retreat toward home, and, somehow or other, some twenty of us young men gathered around the door, and chatting, laughing and betting, passed merrily the time away. Inside of the door was a large gang of negro and mulatto girls; some of them as white, if not fairer, than their mistresses. These were the maids in waiting, armed *cap-a-pie* with shawls, talmas, etc., ready to encase the fair forms of the young *missis* at the shortest notice. Amidst the confusion of the gay scene, I kept my eye steadily upon Mac, who, after a whispered confab with one of his *particular* friends, nudged him laughingly under the ribs, and gaily disappeared among the throng of waiters inside the door. In a moment afterward, a darkey emerged from the crowd, and, approaching Miss D. and her *chaperon*, who stood lovingly engaged in the, to us, delicious operation of encasing her lovely form in the various millinery *fixins* necessary to protect her from the chilly air on their way home, bowing low, the darkey handed the gent a card, upon reading which he seemed greatly surprised, and, abruptly leaving his partner, made his way through the crowd. He was away out doors some ten or fifteen minutes, and when he returned, he was met by the fair belle, who, taking his hand, sprang into the carriage, called up by the stentorian lungs of the black porter who kept vociferating—"Miss Duchapellé's carriage."

Away they rolled out of the yard, around the corner, on the road toward the residence of Miss D. In a few moments the crowd of men fell back, and, to our surprise, the old darkey commenced vociferating

“Miss Duchapellé!” As her carriage was already gone, Mac stepped up, and, politely bowing, informed the lady that some one had carried off her carriage, and offered his services to see her home. After a moment’s hesitation, she mechanically took his arm, and drawing her thick veil closer over her fair face, off they went.

Amid a storm of jokes and jeers about my lost twenty-five, I repaired to the hall, and walking up to where her cousin had left her standing, I found *Miss Duchapellé* still awaiting his reappearance. As I was slightly acquainted with the lady, I requested permission to see her home; which request, as she was evidently nettled at her cousin’s strange conduct, after some hesitation, she accorded. As she was all ready, we started out, and the look of surprise which puckered up the faces of my companions at the door, as we came out, baffles description. Not noticing the low expressions of astonishment which greeted our ears, we were soon out in the street on our way to the lady’s residence.

In high spirits at the way things had turned out, I made myself agreeable to Miss D. in the best style I could assume. It was a long walk, and unbroken by anything unusual, until we were within a few hundred yards of her residence, when we suddenly came upon her cousin, who was standing stock still, gazing into *vacancy*. Upon our approach, he mechanically made way; but recognizing Miss D., he sprang forward and exclaimed!

“Why, Lucy! what is the meaning of all this?”

“I do not know to what you allude, Colonel; I have nothing to explain; and if *you* have, perhaps another time would suit just as well.”

Surprised and indignant, he bowed low and turned away.

Passing on, as we neared the house a series of yells and oaths met our astounded ears. They seemed to proceed from the garden in front of the house, and in a few moments I could distinguish the voices of Mac and Dick, intermingled with the loud barking and yells of at least a dozen dogs. Hastening forward, we were about ten feet from the gate, when a terrific crashing among the shrubbery took place, and Mac came flying over the fence with a dog fast to each coat tail. A moment after the gate flew open with a bang, and out came Dick, dressed in women’s clothes, the skirt of which was lined with dogs, each one affectionately doing his best to induce him not to leave the grounds, at least, not before partaking of their hospitality. Kicking like a fury, Dick got his legs entangled into the skirts and came down *ker whang*, crushing one of the dogs in his fall. With the assistance of Miss D., whose voice had more effect than my kicks, we liberated the gentlemen; and bidding Miss D. an *affectionate* good night, I helped him denude himself of his borrowed finery, which he threw desperately into the ditch alongside the road; and then, after using up the whole cursing vocabulary, he forthwith let the cat out of the bag.

Mac had engaged a colored girl to personate the *first* Miss D., which she did so effectually, by means of a veil and the keeping of her

mouth shut, that Mr. — never suspected her not being Miss D., until he put a question to her which required a pretty long answer, when she threw open the door and fled in hot haste, the poor Colonel following her until she disappeared around the corner, where we found him. I need not inform you of the nature of that question; it is sufficient, that the Colonel took that as his final refusal, explanation or no explanation.

The second Miss D. was no less than Mr. Dick Foxy, dressed to personate her. Dick told an awful tale on Mac: He says that enterprising gent plied him with questions relative to her property, that would have taken ten clerks of the court to answer, and that when they arrived at the house, Mac popped the question formally to her—him, I mean—and that the low tender answer the counterfeit lady made was interrupted by a charge of dogs that would have done honor to Balaklava.

"The worst," said Dick, "was his catching me round the waist and holding me between him and the confounded hoands, hollering all the time, 'Keep 'em off, Miss D.! keep 'em off!' I was so full of laugh," continued that individual, "that if it had not a bin that an old brindle bull-dog nipped my leg, I would have tried to keep up the farce; but I thought if it kep on, I might make food for dogs, and I hollered out, 'Let me go, Mac; and help me get out of this!' Don't you think the *dirn cuss* didn't forget the dogs, and commenced pounding me like dirnation! He'd have beat me to a jelly if old brindle had'nt clapped onto him; then he out, jemima, I almost forgot myself, yelling at him. Did'nt old Col. D.'s rose-bushes scatter? Whoop, yah-eya, yah! But I didn't hev to wait long, boys, before the dratted dogs let me know I wern't Miss D. My whole valeable wardrobe was lined with dog teeth! Whoop, come, let's take a drink!"

Of what resulted from this singular series of "going homes," is it not in the next chapter?

CHAPTER VIII.

"My wounded honor deep I'll lave,
And cleanse it in the coward's blood."
OLD MSS.

MAC came over to my office early on the succeeding morning, and although I expected a scene when we met, I was surprised at his solemn expression of countenance; his greeting was of the "more in sorrow than in anger style," and he drew up an office chair and informed me that "things had come to a focus" between Dick and him—in fact, they had that morning met at the Spread Eagle (which by the way was the cognomen of a flashy hotel, restaurant and coffee-house, three in one, lately sprung into existence), bold looks were succeeded by wirm words, and these ultimately by hearty blows, and

the whole resulted in Dick's challenging Mac to fight him that evening—which challenge Mac immediately accepted.

"Mac," I exclaimed in surprise, "is it possible; is this going to be the end of all the bright hopes and happy aspirations we so hopefully pictured was stored in the future for us?"

"Well, I don't care, Hal, I am in for it now, and I'll be hanged if I don't go through with it."

Thinks I to myself, well, you are in for it; but a happy thought struck me, and I requested him to allow me to act as his second.

"Too late, 'old fell,' Jim Hartz acts for me. I am sorry I didn't think of you; but the fact is, the whole matter was transacted in such a hurry, that all my presence of mind forsook me, and I just left the matter in the hands of Jim and Bob Smith, who both showed a devil of a desire to accelerate matters."

Finding I could do nothing, as matters then stood, for Jim and Bob were of the chivalry class, and would almost as soon be horse-whipped as give up their chances of figuring in a *bona-fide* duel, I requested Mac to wait until I came back, and taking my hat, off I put for Dick's residence, which was some distance from my office. On my arrival, Dick himself answered my knock, and coldly inviting me to enter, requested me to seat myself and let him know what I was after.

"Well, Dick, I come to put an end to this nonsense."

"Nonsense be hanged," he exclaimed; "I'll tell you what, Hal, if Mac has sent you on this cowardly errand, you can go back and"—

"Hold up, my dear sir—Mac never sent me to beg off; and so far from begging off, if he don't put you through remember that you can have the pleasure of meeting one who is more on an equality with you in the art of pistol shooting;" so saying I left the premises, and left with a determination to see the matter fairly out.

Mac and I were busy all that day in devising plans to prevent there being any foul play, for he had unfortunately allowed a second to be forced upon him, who evidently bore him no great good will; the gentleman not coming near him during the day.

At four o'clock we took up a bee-line for the place where the affair was to come off, and were extremely surprised at the vast concourse assembled to see the sport. Our arrival was greeted with loud shouts of, "Here they come,—hurra," "*Go it, sabots!*" and other similar expressions. Men and boys, darkeys, and, in fact, the whole masculine population were upon the ground; some engaged in quarreling, and others in *batting* upon the result.

After a great deal of jabbering and fussing, the principals took up their positions at twenty paces, their pistols were handed to them, and the crowd fell back into two lines. At this moment, and just as Bob Smith was about to give the word, a great deal of yelling and hooting, hurraing and vociferating, from the crowd, attracted the attention of all engaged toward a "nip and tuck" race between two individuals who were coming tearing up the road on foot; they were soon recognized as the justice and constable of the town, and a great deal of excitement took place among all hands, caused by a frantic desire

they were all possessed of to have the duel come off before the honorable gents arrived on the ground.

At this moment the ground presented a curious scene; about one-half the crowd were pulling and hauling at Mac and Dick, interfering with the seconds, and by their own haste rendering it impossible for the two gents to perform what the crowd expected and wished of them, without endangering the lives and limbs of half-a-dozen individuals; the balance of the crowd were engaged either in betting on the race, between the justice and constable, or quarreling and fighting about Dick and Mac.

In a few moments the *minions* of the law arrived on the ground completely exhausted, old Judge Chickoy who was a two hundred and fifty pounder, falling completely out of breath upon the sward; it afterward leaked out that they had been playing poker at the Spread Eagle, and under the impression that the affair would not come off until six o'clock, they came pretty near missing the *fun*.

All fears of their in any way interfering were soon put to flight by the old judge exclaiming, as he arose from the ground:

"Who—who'll be-bet me twenty-five agin Mac's pinning him the first pop?"

As everybody had bet all they wished on the result, the judge was forced to look on, as he expressed it, "as a disinterested spectator."

The crowd were again forced back from the space occupied by the combatants, and Mac and Dick once more faced each other, prepared to wash out in blood the fancied stains upon their honor. I may here remark that they had not been *setting upon the grass*.

Bob Smith prepared to give the word, and one, two, came out of his mouth, as clear, sonorous and distinct as if he were calling upon all hands to walk up and take a drink. At this point, a little fice ran across the field between the principals, and the owner, awfully concerned for the safety of the little "varmint," yelled out:

"Stop the fight! great Gin'ral Jackson! don't shute my dog."

Here, again, a general uproar took place, and such a cursing as that poor fice and his unlucky owner got would have shattered the nerves of a "passed lawyer." Such is human nature. That fellow had walked ten miles to see one or two valuable lives thrown away, and would have gone home most awfully disappointed, if one of the combatants had not bit the dust; yet, for the safety of a little worthless fice, not worth ten bits, he came pretty near taking a fit.

At last order was restored, and Bob Smith taking up his position on a small hillock to the left of the principals, sung out, "one—two—" here you could have heard a pin drop; some of the spectators turned away, some involuntarily covered their eyes, but for the honor of Redstick, I must say, by far the greater portion gazed fixedly at the one they calculated was sure to drop, when "three—fire!" broke the awful silence, and pip! pip! went the caps on each pistol. The crowd once more rushed up, and the seconds took the pistols and examined them attentively. After placing fresh caps upon the nipples, the distance was narrowed down to ten paces at the request of the excited

principals, who were worked up into a perfect fit of rage by the many interruptions; and Bob once more took up his position, with his left hand gracefully placed under his swallow-coat tails. Just as he opened his mouth to give the word, another melee took place among the crowd, this time occasioned by two bull-dogs, *who knew no better than to fight at such a time and place*. As they belonged to two rival butchers, who had made a match between the dogs to come off the succeeding evening, of course Bob had to stop until the uproar ceased. There he stood upon the little mound, a perfect picture of *impatience* upon a monument, with one hand extended. He had just turned around to give the word *anyhow*, when *bang, bang* went a double-barrel among the crowd, and Bob sprang ten feet in the air. We rushed up to him as he lay extended on the ground on his face, and lifted him up; the back part of his unmentionables, about *ten inches* below his back, were perfectly perforated with something a good deal finer than "mustard-seed shot," which we afterward found out was a full load of *salt*, that proceeded from the gun of an overseer, who had been attracted from a neighboring field where he was watching for "sugar-cane thieves," in the shape of boys; and getting uptripped in the melee, as a natural consequence, he fell on his gun, which going off caused the mischief.

The dickens was to pay now, and I tried ineffectually to get the duel postponed, but no, fight they would, and I took Bob's place as second to Dick. Standing upon the same mound, with, I acknowledge, a slight feeling of fear lest the prominent position I occupied might draw upon me the consequences consequent upon another accident among the crowd taking place, I gave the word, and pip! pip! burst the caps again. We were extremely surprised at this repetition, and going up to them, we underwent a series of curses both loud and deep.

"Aint any one got a pair of decent pistols?" exclaimed the two worthies, as they eyed us scornfully, as if we had anything to do with the non-explosive qualities of the powder. But no, no two had pistols alike, and we proceeded to prime and shake the powder down into the tubes.

Once more they took their positions, and giving the word, pip, pip, went the confounded caps. At this juncture, Dick seized a little stick, run it down the barrel of his pistol, and lo! it was empty; Mac discovered his was the same, and both being suddenly taken with a cachinatory fit, they rushed up and shook each other heartily by the hands. The seconds were so wrought up with excitement that they had forgotten to load the pistols, each thinking the other had attended to that little matter, and so it ended. What bets that were not withdrawn, were turned over on to the dog fight which was to come off the next day. The dogs being nick-named respectively Dick and Mac. I am sorry to have to record the fact that Dick chawed up Mac awfully; as for us—well, we sung "we won't go home till morning," and we didn't. Redstick was alive that night.

CHAPTER IX.

On to the charge, your country's call!
Obey and rally! rally all!

THE POP-CORN WAR.

BOB SMITH'S wounds, although painful, were not in any manner dangerous, and in the course of a week he was up and out again; although he was laughed at by almost every one who met him, he bore it good humoredly, only swearing by all that was good and levely, to be even with us all before a twelve-month; how well he kept his promise, good reader, you will find out before you finish this volume of *standard literature*.

A few weeks after the "affair of honor," court commenced in Redstick, and Mac and I had several cases to be put through, besides which, the grand jury had presented the whole population of a district entitled "Devil's Swamp," and we were certain to have something to do in the matter, either as prosecutors or defendant's counsel. It seems that that whole district were up in arms against each other, from some cause, no one knew what; but as the swamp lay adjoining the Mississippi river, and as flat-boats had began to "come down" from the "upper country" with cargoes of which "old rye" formed by far the greater portion, the origin and perpetuation of the disturbance may pretty well be guessed at.

I may as well here inform the reader, that the bench and bar of Redstick county, or rather parish, as they are called down South, was composed of "Old Judge Peasley," presiding justice, the prosecuting attorney, who was called, from his claiming descent from John Randolph, Pacahontas, and another distinguished F.F.V., by the singular cognomen of "Small Bug," two other lawyers who resided in Pumpkin Hollow, and who rejoiced in the names of Blaze and Cinders, and your two humble servants. The old judge, was a *rip snarter* in his way, and when a little fun was going on in court, generally joined in and assisted the thing along.

The first case called was "*State of Louisiana, versus Hezekiah Swamprat and Wheeler Babbiste Bellzair Poker.*" These two gentlemen appeared, and claiming the assistance of counsel, the judge appointed Blaze and Mac to defend them; Cinders being retained to assist the prosecuting attorney, and I was left to take notes, and with your consent, Mr. Reader, here they are:

The first witness called was a perfect type in appearance, dress and manners of the whole compoodlement of them; dressed in a hickory shirt, slouched wool hat, and *jemmama* alone knows what kind of pants! face unwashed, hair unkempt, and his manner emboldened by raw whisky imbibed at the "Spread Eagle," which was contiguous to the court-house; he was a fair specimen of the free-born, rearing, tearing, fear-nobody, half-horse, half-alligator, independent American citizen.

He stated "that thar war a gin'ral fuss and a sweet ole noise, but was sick, he war, and couldn't tell it peromptorily."

Cross question.—"Had a pain in his stumick, sum wun hit him yary in the fight?"

The second witness stated "thar war severil wery preticular fights, but he war too drunk to see ar'ry on em."

The third witness said he "knowed thar war a gin'ral row, but a'tween who he'd be hanged ef he could tell, as he had been a eating of pickled keowcubbers, and was suffrin the usual consekens." Judge wanted to know what the usual consekens were, but counsel for defense objected, as there were *ladies present*. Judge begged pardon, said he forgot.

Cinders for plaintiff, who had been eating pecans, arose and swore the question must be answered, and spreading himself, exclaimed:

"Your honor, whenever the wings of the American Eagle are spread, there! there! your honor, an American has the right to freely express himself."

Mac, for defense, arose and majestically swooping his arm (thereby overturning an inkstand, for which after court he had to pay the sheriff two bits) said, "that wherever under the Star Spangled Banner and shade of the Constitution there were ladies, their presence was respected." Here he was interrupted by a cheer from two little "niggers," who were immediately chased by the deputy sheriff into the wide-open door of the Spread Eagle, although they took a *centrarily direction*.

"That where beauty was present, man and man's law must succumb."

Here, to the surprise of everybody, one of the ladies immediately fainted. I say surprise, for "Devil's Swamp," where these ladies came from, was far more celebrated for the wood-chopping qualifications of its feminaes than for fainting propensities. She was, however, brought to by rubbing an old segar violently up and down her nose.

The whole question was settled by proving that no American flag ever was seen in Devil's Swamp; that instead of eagles, turkey buzzards were the prominent game in that section of the country. But to compromise, the question was asked differently, after removing the ladies to the back room, so as to be out of reach of the consekens. Judge asked witness "what effect had the cucumber?"

Witness—"They set my teeth on aidge."

General uproar—the deputy found both ladies looking through a knot hole.

The next witness was called in haste, and the judge asked him where he was at the time.

After hesitating a moment, he replied:

"Well, you see, judge, I was sorter 'hind the chicken-coop."

"Why, what were you doing there?"

"Well, we hadn't had no liquer for four or five days, and Ole Billy had sot a demijohn full of old red-eye behind thar, en thinks I to myself, whilst all you fellars is a pitchin in and gitten skeazed, I want as well enji myself; well I he billy he."

"No swearing in court!" thundered the old judge.

"I begs a thousand pardins, jedge; I only meant God dirn."

"Well go on."

"Well, as I said aforesaid, I picks up the jug and gins it a nat'ral twist, and I'll be God—I begs yer pardin, jedge—I mean God dirn—I 'sure you I do," continued the witness, in an agony of fear. "I didn't mean to say it, jedge, I'll be d—— if I did."

"Shut your clatter, and go on," shouted the judge, getting as mad as blazes.

"Well, you see, I kept one eye skinned on the crowd, cos they was pitchin rails and cord-wood all around; en I thought, by jings—jememmima! I only meant God dirn—I 'sure you I did."

"Go on with your story, confound you!" yelled the excited judge.

"Well, hold on, jedge; don't kick 'bout it this time. Well, ez you know, I riz the jug to my mouth and took most a-a-a God dirn swig—and, I'll be did-did-diddy dog gonned ef some puke hadn't gone and filled the jug full or *turpentine*."

"Discharge that witness, Mr. Sheriff," exclaimed the judge, "and place his name, if he's got any, on the list of exempt jurors, witnesses and tax-payers; and if you ever summons him to appear before me again, I'll commit you for contempt of court. Bring on the next."

This *gentleman* was matrimonially connected with one of the ladies in court, and was as jealous as a swamp-tick. The first question was:

"What is the character of Mrs. Pawpaw?"

"Here the judge winked at the deputy to take the ladies in the back room, as he didn't want any more fainting. The deputy, in attempting to remove the ladies, was met by fierce looks from the lady who wanted to faint, so she could *hear the evidence*. Deputy placed his hand on the lady who uttered a faint squeal; the husband, who had been talking like blazes about the Devil's Swamp Railroad, and the price of turtles, turned his head suddenly, and seeing the state of affairs, rushed up to his honor, and pointing his finger at the shrinking deputy, roared out:

"I am a free-born American citizen, and by Davy Crockett, I won't allow any man to intrude on the premises of my prem'tion right."

Tremendous excitement—deputy fainted; took him over to the Spread Eagle; returned eating a chunk of cheese.

The next witness refused to answer. Said "he'd been 'spressin his pinion before and had got wollopped like thunder for it, and he would'nt run the risks, unless the judge would give bonds to *take a piece*." This the judge emphatically declined doing, and as the witness was too trifling to commit for contempt, he was discharged.

Small Bug then spoke an hour, and was followed by the balance of the lawyers who spoke two hours more, during which time the judge went to sleep; the listeners adjourned to the Spread Eagle; the deputy and constable played poker in the back room; lawyers ended; judge awoke with a start; the deputy snatched up the cards, constable pocketed the small change, and the case was kicked out of court.

The next case called was one very similar in everything except the evidence, and from the fact of defendant, a woman, being accused of whipping two individuals at once, Bill Smith and his wife, the reader will observe the *similarity* at a glance.

The heroine of this affair, Miss June Bug, appeared in court dressed in a faded calico, which Blaze, in his appeal to the jury, construed to be immaculate white.

She was supported on either side by the deputy and constable, which latter's eyes were as red as a sick rabbit's,—from what cause no one knew,—some said he had no control over his "*phelinx*,"—others, less romantic, declared the cause laid in the fact that the Spread Eagle had raw onions for desert at breakfast that morning, of which the honorable constable had partaken rather freely.

The first witness called was a gentleman with a complexion the color of autumn leaves and an abdomen "too numerous to mention."

Upon being interrogated and asked to tell a straight story, comprising all he knew about the affair, he commenced:

"Wall, you see squar, I war fast asleep the night of this here fray, and warnt thinking of anythink in particular, and dreaming 'bout a heap of things in gin'ral, when I hearn a noise sich as made my har stan' straight out, which is the case every time I'm waked, which you know, is cause I'm rather——"

"We don't want to know what you *are*, all we want to know is what you know of this affair," interrupted the judge.

Here Blaze, for defense, objected; said he might communicate something of importance.

Small Bug, for prosecution, referred to page 687, Book III of the Black-Snake War, and quoted: "When a personal compact comes in contact with a regular contract, local consequences forces witness to retract." Witness, who was sorter dumfounded, exclaimed, "that any one who said a horse-rack had hit his catarack was a—a—(here a fierce look from Small Bug)—mistaken."

Judge.—"Go on, witness, what you know, say; and what you don't know, don't say."

Witness.—"Well, as I said afore, I stepped out of doors, and thar I seed two critters a ginning of each other particular scissors; it was so dark at fus I could hardly tell who they war; at fus I thought they war a couple of catamounts a hev'n a little duel in my yard, and then I begin to feel like gittin in the house agin. Then I begin to *scin'nize* their voices; and, then, you better b'lieve, I got into the house, for, you know, jedge, its agin my principles to interfere atween two women unless one hollers, and then I allers separates em. Well, at last one of em hollered nuff like forty screech owls, and I run out to part em; and who do you think it was! nobody but my old ooman and this here June Bug, who ought to be put in jail for her nat'ral life—a kickin up like a couple of cats in my yard. Well, I run but to separate em, when something hit me on the *catapus*, as Mister Blaze sez jus now, and brought me down cawhallop:—it want an ige; ob no:—it want a stick; oh no:—but twas a dirded big bat, it——"

Here Blaze again interrupted the witness, and asked the court and jury, what credence could be placed in a witness who would deliberately assert that he had been knocked down by a bat.

Small Bug immediately referred to vol. 5 Baron Humbug's *Materia Medica*, page 975, to prove that a vampire bat has been known to kill a man.

"Then you assert, sir," demanded Blaze, "that a vampire bat is all the same as a Louisiana bat."

"Certainly, sir, and I can prove the similarity. Here, sir, the immortal Baron Humbug says a bat's a bat all the world over."

"I suppose you will admit then, that a bug's a bug all the world over?"

"Certainly, sir; the same authority says so, and I am content to rest the reception or rejection of the evidence upon Humbug's works alone."

"Then, your honor, I demand that his evidence (the witness's) be not received, for here, your honor, in Wheop-poles Commentaries, page 266: 'that where the prosecutor's evidence, or any other evidence, proceeds from anything that bears any resemblance in *personae* or any other manner, with the parties engaged, the witness's testimony must be thrown out.' The honorable gentleman admits that a bat's a bat all the world over and that a bug is a bug, *et similibus*; therefore, I demand that as my client bears the name of Bug, and the evidence he offers is humbug, that the witness's testimony be thrown out." Granted by the astounded judge, who looked around for the witness to *throw him out*, but witness was already around to the Spread Eagle. The deputy gladly obeyed the order to go and bring him in. In a few minutes the witness was brought back, and upon being requested to explain about the bat, said:

"Oh! yes, it was a bat.—Well, you see, as I said afore, it was a *brick-bat* (great sensation) hit me on the soaked yput and blazed me. Well, I come to arter a while, and I went to stop the fight, for my old woman was gitten picked up awfully. I didn't like to interfere much, for, thinks I to myself, ef June Bug can whip her, I *know* she can whip me, for my old woman can clean me out; therefore, I proceeded to put my arms round my old woman to pull her off, and we gulled, and June Bug pulled, untal at last June Bug fell one way and we fell tother—and, lord a massa! I fell right into the jaws of a big steel coon-trap, and jemima, didn't them an teeth walk into my one-ery parts! June Bug pitched on agam, and I held on to old woman to perreck me and thar we had it—Bug an old woman, old woman, on me, and me in the dirned trap. Arter a while, I let go old woman with Bug arter her, and they cut across the fields like two quarter-horses, and I got up with the dirned thing clamped on my hide, the spring set and I couldn't reach it. Well, it didn't hurt much long, as I kept still, but when I went to walk the infernal chain brought me up all standing; then my har ris, chained clamped to a stump, tother end tied to steel trap, and trap—"

"Ladies present," said the judge.

"Well," continued the witness, "anyhow, thar I staid all night, suff'rin acute sensibles, fer the blasted wimmin never come back. Thar I staid yelping and squalling through the long Buena Vista's of the night, as Blaze said just now in his speech, running round and round the stump till I trod on a snake, or suthin like, for I never stopped to see, and I gin a big jumb and a holler like a railroad whistle, and I war loose. I never stopped runnin till I fatched up at Redstick.—Had to set on a pillow ever since."

The next witness was for the defense, and he stated that he was one of the fellows as did know all about it.

"I was a going along the road and I seed old Pumpkin Head a rakin in his field, and as I owed him a whipping, I hollered to him ef he would come out I would thrash him until his hide would do for a meal bag. With that he gin a yell and come at me full tilt, but I fixed him. I fell on my hands and knees jes' before he got to me, and he fell, not over me as I expected, but right on top of me, and the way he gin me scissors was a sin to black snakes. Well, I hollered nuff severil times, but he was so busy 'tending to my carcass that he had no time to tend to my hollerin. At last one of the field hands come and pulled him off, but he come dirn slow; I tell you, he walked as easy as if he was treading on eggs, but he pulled him off—and I had some business to attend to home and so I left."

Other witnesses were examined, but neither the ingenuity of Blaze nor the eloquence of Small Bug could get a word relative to the case in question out of them. The jury retired and gave a verdict in favor of Miss June Bug, the defendant, with one dollar and six bits damages, that being the assessed value of the calico dress lost and ruined in the fight.

CHAPTER X.

Boy—She must be lovely, angelic;

Steve—And mine, only rick—

UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

How much that *only* expresses, I exclaimed to Mac, as we were sitting in his office parlor one day quoting poetry, comedy, etc., until we were forced to suspend our amusement from sheer listlessness. Youth, choice, sacrificed; the affections dearest to man's heart trifled with, and all for what? for money!

"My dear sir, you dilate upon the wonderful contracting, destructive power of that other name for trash—money, like you have had a surfeit of it, just for all the world like a starving rattlesnake choking in his dreams, in his desperate efforts at swallowing a fine fat fancied frog; and yet, I doubt not, a girl with a snug pile would stand just as fair a show with you as a frog disturbing the slumbers of the aforesaid reptile. As for me, I came South, sir, to acquire

same, or wealth, or both, and I'll be hanged if I don't push my legal and financiering abilities to the utmost to procure them both."

"Well, sir, I have no objection to your swallowing more than your share, providing you don't swamp your 'bark of happiness' in the successful prosecution of your object."

"No, Hal, my bark of happiness shall never sink. As long as there is fun out, you shall hear my *yelp* in the chorus."

"I expect your yelping would assume a sharper tone if the thought of a disagreeable, cross, ugly wife waiting for you with a keen tongue at home, should happen to flit across your mind in the midst of your merriment; but I see by your Yankee clock 'tis time to fix up and go and see our lady loves. I'll come around for you at seven, Mac; till then *au' revoir*."

Among the multitude of our lady acquaintances there were two with whom Mac and I were equally respectively smitten. Miss Clara and Miss Estelle Smythe were new comers in our burgh, and we were among the first male acquaintances with the father of Miss Clara and uncle of Miss Estelle, for they were cousins. They inhabited a beautiful place about four miles from town, and as they were *reputed* immensely wealthy, of course, we were not the only Richmonds in the field. Mr. Smythe, Esq., was a cross, rabid old customer, and believed in duelling and cowhiding as the only remedies for wounded honor; and, indeed, such was his reverence for field practice, that rumor assigned some six or seven duels to the old cuss, (I hope he'll never read this)—and the civil code was as nothing compared with his mode of settling affairs.

About his wealth there was not a shadow of doubt, and unfortunately for me there was considerable expressed relative to the *at first* reputed wealth of Miss Estelle.

Mac had fallen head over heels in love with Clara, but she did not give him any extraordinary hope of success; and, in fact, viewing the state of *his* affairs, from the ground upon which I stood, I advised him several times to give up the game, and retire from the field; but he obstinately persisted, and informed me at the same time that *his* view of *my* case with Estelle was very similar to the one I expressed in regard to *his*—and to tell the truth I did not meet with that success which vanity bid me expect.

Driving up in a borrowed buggy, I received Mac into the vehicle, and giving the reins to the dappled gray, which I had borrowed from Colonel Peter Wadd, with whom, gentle reader, I hope to make you better acquainted before you close this combined work of *art, nature*, and ——— fill up the gap, dear reader, according to the views you entertain of the case, as old Judge Horsecatcher remarked to the jury when the principle witness in a law-suit took a fit in court. Giving the reins to the gray we let him slide, whilst the glorious beauty of the evening chained our tongues and we forgot our plans for the evening in gazing upon the glories of a summer evening landscape in the South. Over head rolled in silvery majesty that queen of night which has so often turned coldly away from our poetical supplications.

It was almost as light as day, and as we rolled along, the cool, shining, white, dusty road, stretched away before us, hedged in between two green walls of Cherokee rose not unlike a splendid white carpet fringed with glossy-green fleckered along the border with the white stars of the hedge-rose.

Away to our right and left stretched the magnificent fields of cane and cotton, the rows of which opened and shut as we rolled silently on as if by magic; far over to the right, a dark fringe of woods closed the scene, on that side, along in the dark shade of which, gleamed the bright ball of fire of the still-hunter, as he proceeded along the verge of the woods previous to disappearing amid its gloomy depths to scare up and slay the gentle deer; on our left, as far as the eye could reach, glittered the silver bosom of the Father of Waters, which here makes one of those gigantic detours, called bends by the residents on its banks, and breasting its glittering surface came the booming, tearing steamer, under whose bows the waters rolled up and dashed away in broad curves, that swiftly spread in her wake, until they dashed tumultuously against the banks on either side. But, here we are at the gate of Old Smythe's *semi* park.

"Now, mind your ps and qs, Mac, you know how dratted mad you made the old tiger the last time we were here, by that foolish observation of yours, 'that a man didn't no more mind killing his neighbor down South than smashing a flea.'"

"Mind your own business, Hal; I've got a grand dose of flattery for him to night—the old Goliath."

We were very coldly welcomed that evening by all hands, it seemed to me; though Mac dashed away with his confounded *flattery* as usual. Early as we came, however, there were two before us, one of them a young, and, drat his picture, a very handsome lawyer, named Hall, who came out from Lemonskeezor on purpose, as he said, to teach us two suckers the code of practice, in the manner of getting a rich wife. He put up at the same hotel with us, and nearly run Mac crazy with his evident popularity with the softer sex. The other was Dick Foxy, who had taken a great notion for cutting me out with Miss Estelle. We were rather a constrained party, with the exception of Mac and Hall, who set up to Miss Clara in a manner very indicative of a desire to outdo each other. I was seated at the center-table with Dick and Miss Estelle, who soon got over her coldness, and with a watchful eye on papa, gave me some little assurance that she wished Dick and the balance of the party were anywhere else than in that particular room. By her manner she showed an evident fear of drawing upon her head her father's anger, by giving me any more attention than mere politeness required; and I watched the old man like a hawk to discover if possible the cause of his very evident distrust of Mac and myself.

In the course of the conversation, Mac commenced bragging about his watermelon eating qualities, and went on with some of his side-splitting anecdotes, relative to the good old times when he was a boy, and could indulge without the fear of the law before his eyes, in

jumping the fences of the neighbors and appropriating their largest, finest, and best watermelons to his own use. As he rattled away, I noticed a peculiar knowing smile steal over the faces of Hall and Dick, and also a portentous cloud gathering about the contracting brows of Old Smythe; the young ladies turned pale, and Mac noticing the change in the demeanor of the party, involuntary ceased in the midst of a laughable story—at which, however, no one ventured to crack a smile.

Old Mr. Smythe rose up and made some severe remark about "what's bred in the bone is sure to come out in the flesh," and hobbled out of the room. After setting a few moments, the party laboring, very evidently, under constraint, we arose and took our leave, together with Hall and Dick. As we emerged out on to the spacious gallery in front of the house, we discovered that if we did not hurry up our horses we should have to ride home in the rain, for a sudden change had come over the face of nature, and deep, heavy clouds obscured the heavens on high, and the muttering thunders as they rolled and rumbled overhead warned us to "cut stick and travel." It was so dark you could not see your hand before your face, and I hastened to the buggy which was standing in company with Hall's before the gate. Getting in, I took up the reins and impatiently awaited the arrival of Mac, who unaccountably staid behind. One, two minutes rolled away, and the single occupant of the other buggy began to "cuss" in Dick Foxy's well known manner, and at a rate which indicated if Hall was not forthcoming in ten seconds, he'd have to foot it home. The pattering drops began to fall when the two worthies made tracks for the buggies; my companion sprang in, and drawing up the "leather role" in front, we give old gray the rein and away we went.

The rain came down in perfect floods, and we neither of us spoke a word for the first mile or so, when my companion broke the silence in a joyous tone.

"Dick, old fell," said he, "its all right, as sure as my name is Hall I've got her. What do you think she did, by the holly poker?"

Of course I made no answer and he rattled on.

"Well, sir, as soon as we got to the door, Miss Estelle bid us good night, and so did Clara, and I thought they both went in the house, but by jings, she came up to me and drew me up behind the honey-suckle vine, and of her own accord gave me the sweetest kiss—Oh, crackee! Oh, jemima! just to think, and I would have left there to night, doubting that she loved me,—what a fool I was. And aint she cunning? Them two sucker lawyers aint no whar. I'll be hanged if I don't come out Sunday and propose. And I'll tell you what, Dick, you shall be my overseer. Why don't you answer, confound you.—Here we are though at the hotel; come around to-morrow soon, and we'll talk over about—you know what! Say! hold on, I believe that confounded Mac was listeping behind the pillar of the gallery. Well, he didn't hear anything consoling anyhow.—Good night, old fell."

Bidding him good night in a muttered tone, for I was a little disappointed at his easy success over Mac, I drove 'round to the stable, gave the horse and buggy over to the boy in attendance, and, dripping wet, hurried up to our room.

When I entered, Mac was sitting before the fire in an easy chair, apparently absorbed in deep thought; his black eyes glittered, however, as I approached the fire, and he asked me in a tone of indecision:

"Why did you halloo so, Hal, when you drove round to the stable? I never heard such a yell in my life. If I hadn't known it was you, I could have sworn it was Dick Foxy—it sounded just like that whoop he gave when Bill Sand's horse fell down and took a fit after beating his sorrei. You aint so mighty glad at my success are you as to yell and halloo in that manner?"

"What are you talking about, Mac?" I exclaimed,—“you didn't ride home with me.”

"The dickens I didn't; who did then?" he exclaimed, jumping up and upsetting the chair.

"Why, somehow or other Hall made a mistake and got in the same buggy with me.”

"Then, I rode home with Dick Foxy, and it is all over now; I suppose, I'm did and done for, that's certain!"

"Why, what took place between you and Dick, anything wrong?"

"I should think there was something wrong. The fact is, Hal, I am the unluckiest devil born; ten minutes ago I was at the high of human happiness; and now my happiness is alloyed by one of the most miserable accidents it has ever been my lot to encounter. You see, I must have got in Dick's buggy, and Hall got in with you; and I, thinking I was talking to you, let out my secret, and, of course, by to-morrow night, it will be all over the country, and Old Smythe will never let me enter his doors again, let alone Miss Clara, who will never believe me when I explain how it got out." Here a light began to steal over my bewildered senses.

"Go on, Mac, out with it man; between us both we'll manage to set the matter right.”

"If you set this affair right you're smarter by far than I am. Let me explain first, and then let's see what you think of it. You see, when we came out, I thought to myself, now or never, and waiting until you all were gone out, *I drew Miss Clara behind the vines that draped the gallery, and gave and got the three sweetest kisses that ever I dreamed of.* In getting in the buggy, such was my confounded hurry, that I triumphantly let it all out to Dick, who I thought was you—confound it! That was the reason he whooped and yelled so when I got out of the buggy; but I suppose it would have all leaked out, for when I came off the gallery I *stumbled over that stink Hall who was mean enough to watch me.*"

Here I couldn't control my feelings and literally roared out. Mac looked wild at me, and remarking that "he didn't see anything funny to laugh at," angrily went to bed.

Of course he saw nothing funny to laugh at, and I, keeping my secret, went to bed, and choking myself with the corner of the pillow case, *laughed internally* until my silent cachinnations shook the bed and room—Mac angrily tossing in bed and cursing me for everything he could think of.

The next morning early, I went over to see Dick, and we, after laughing over the matter until our sides ached, mutually promised not to mention the matter to any one, but bide our time to let the thing out at the opportune moment.

CHAPTER XI.

“Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.”

IN spite of all our promises of secrecy, the story was too good to keep, and before Hall's promised Sunday came the thing was all over the country. Of course Hall and Mac ripped around like blazes, but that only made the matter worse for them; they swore it was an infernal lie, but that added fuel to the flame, and Mac at last urged me to accept an invitation of long standing from a friend of ours, to go out and spend a few weeks in hunting and fishing on his place.

So, early one fine morning we packed up our traps, and, *again* in company with Hall and Dick, (who were also invited to the same place), we left for the hospitable mansion of our bachelor friend Colonel Peter Wadd, Esq.

As his residence was some six miles from Redstick, and two from Old Smythe's, Esq., we were situated just right, both in respect to courting, and attending to calls made upon us by our few clients both in town and in the country. With large airy chambers; every luxury in the way of food and refreshment that could be procured; enough servants tramping at each of our heels to form a body-guard; pleasant company, and an agreeable, hospitable host, you'd better believe we enjoyed ourselves in our holiday and relief from the contracted rooms and dusty streets of Redstick.

The first day we spent in the woods hunting we were forced to leave the Colonel at home, as he did not feel well enough to accompany us, and would not hear to our remaining at home on his account.

Striking into the woods at the back of the Colonel's field, we pitched into the squirrels, and interrupted many a happy scene of courtship between the furry little animals with our leaden messengers.

Mac was lucky enough to down a splendid wild gobbler, and in a few moments we found ourselves in the midst of a splendid flock of them. Bang! bang! went our double-barrels, and the noble birds had been so little hunted and were so fat, that in a quarter of an hour we had downed twenty-four of them.

This may surprise many incredulous ones, but the fact is that deer and turkeys are as plentiful in the southern portion of Louisiana as ever they were in the wilds of the West. In one instance a gentleman

who ran away from the yellow fever, then raging in the city where he dwelt, killed twenty-four deer in twenty-five days, and that too within ten miles of a city of four thousand inhabitants. But this is immaterial to our subject.

Heavily laden with game, we stopped to rest behind a noble field of sugar-cane, which we ascertained, from one of the field hands, belonged to our very respected old friend Mr. Smythe; and after resting ourselves and eating as much sugar-cane as we wished, Mac disconnected his finest gobbler, and taking out his pencil wrote on the back of his card, his "compliments to Mr. Smythe, and begged as a favor his acceptance of part of the result of the day's hunting." Attaching it by a string to the gobbler's neck, he called a negro and was proceeding to send him up to the house, when we stopped the boy, pulled out our cards, and followed his example. Leaving the negro to make his way to the house with the four turkeys, we proceeded on our way home, confidently expecting to receive an invitation to Mr. Smythe's in the course of the following day, to come over and assist in *stowing away* the above-mentioned game.

The next morning early, as we were sitting on the Colonel's spacious gallery, we observed Mr. Smythe coming up the road in his buggy, which stopped in front of the gate; and, as if in answer to Hall's whispered inquiry of us, "as to in what manner the surly old bugger would express himself in inviting us over to dinner," Old Smythe broke out on us with:

"You are a pretty set of gentlemen are you not, you set of cowardly rascals! If my legs would permit me (looking angrily down at his gouty appendages) I would get out and hide you out of your skins, you miserable scoundrels. Drive on, John, I perceive that they can not take an insult—if any of you can screw your cowardly hearts to the sticking point, I am at your service and, by the Eternal, if one of you does not take up this matter and give me satisfaction, I will cowhide you all through the streets of Redstick."

So saying, the old gent rolled off in his buggy leaving us completely dumfounded.

In the hope that by sending over the Colonel to apologize for anything we might unfortunately have done to disturb the harmony of the old rascal, we adjourned into the house to hunt him up.

Upon informing him of what had occurred, he at once laid the cause to the fact of the old fellow's just hearing of Mac and Hall's kissing scrape, and he advised us all to steer clear of the old gent until his anger cooled off, as he would most assuredly attempt to put his threat in execution. With a merry laugh we adjourned to breakfast, where we feasted off of one of the glorious fat turkeys; twelve of which we had sent as presents to our friends in town, for fear of their spoiling if we attempted to keep them on hand until gradually devoured.

Toward the close of the day, as we were sitting in the same broad piazza, from which we viewed the old fellow's impotent anger in the morning, his boy John came up with a note for the young gentlemen,

which Hall, expecting it to be a challenge, passed over to each of us in succession; and all of us refusing to open it, he handed it to Colonel Wadd, who deliberately opening it read the contents, after which bursting into a roar of laughter, he dropped it on the carpet, and laying himself full length on the sofa he almost went into convulsions of laughter.

Picking up the note I was almost thunderstruck at reading:
Messrs. Hall, Foxy & Co.

To JOHN RANDOLPH SMYTHE Dr.,
 To 24 Turkeys, at \$4 per pair, - - - - - \$48.00
 Payment immediately expected.

Was it possible—had we killed off twenty-four *tame* turkeys, and was this the upshot of our much-boasted-of hunt!

No wonder the old fellow took the trouble to ride around on purpose to cuss at us. And then the idea of our sending him four of his own *tame* turkeys as a present, was too much for our risible muscles, and in spite of the prominent \$48 staring us in the face, we were forced to burst out into peal after peal of laughter.

The upshot of the matter was, John was sent home with a note, stating that one of the party would be over in the evening and settle for the turkeys, and as no refusal came, I went over after sunset with the stated amount of cash to pay up.

The number of apologies I made, and semi-insults I calmly took, would be of no interest to the reader; suffice it to say, the old fellow was at last so far mollified as to request me to make his apologies to the other three and there let the matter drop.

He took the money, however, and we considered ourselves well off in getting out of the scrape as easy as we did, although he did get four of the turkeys and we had to pay him twice the amount we could have bought them for in Redstick.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE morning I was summoned to town, to attend to some business which detained me there for several days.

Whilst busily engaged in writing one evening, I was interrupted by the sudden entrance of an old gent, who generally went by the name of Uncle Jim.

With a spirit wide awake to any sort of fun, as he expressed it, and opposed to all *lawing*, he had come to request me, "Eff ar'y of his two boys, Billy and Jack, cum to me fur ar'y advice about suing each other, to not have ar'ything to do with it, and to persuade 'em to drap the thing whar it war."

I told him I would advise them not to have anything to do with *myself* or any other lawyer, and if I could prevent them, he might depend upon it that I would. But set down, Uncle Jim, and let me know what has disturbed the harmony of their intercourse.

"Harmony be durned," says Uncle Jim; "there never was ar'y bit av harmony atween 'em, and thar's a heap less now. However, es I laughed enough at 'em you mout as well know about it." And he proceeded to inform me that having a job of kettle-setting, (setting sugar kettles in brick), he had started out with his two apprentices for the plantation where they were to work. It was a bright clear morning, as the three drove out of town in Uncle Jim's neat one-horse wagon; but the boys were so enraged at each other that as Uncle Jim expressed it, "sich another cussin' as they kep up I never hearn in all my life." It appeared that Billy had placed a defunct chicken, who had departed this life some days previous, between the mattresses of Jack's bed, preventing his olfactories, as Jack said, from refreshing themselves with as sound a nap as the other members of his body, and keeping him awake, hunting and causing the cause of the unpleasant smell that pervaded his apartment.

In his turn he had rewarded Billy's assiduous attention to his comfort, by dosing his morning stiff'ner with linseed oil, which caused such a pleasing sensation in his "innards" that he immediately gazed at his "breckfist" as it noisily covered Uncle Jim's coat and pants, thereby causing that respectable old gent to make some remarks not usually found in the Douay version.

Well, as they say in 'Massasip,' Jack cussed and Billy cussed, until Uncle Jim could stand it no longer, and breaking forth he shouted:

"Boys, you've worked with me more'n three year, and during that time I've hearn more cussin', more quarlin' an more noise, and seed less fighten' than I ever deemed two varmint could be guilty of. Now, its got to stop, and ef I hear one word more you got to fight it-out when we get to the Colonel's."

Of course this only added fuel to the flame, and although they had exhausted nearly all of the cussin' vocabulary before they reached the Colonel's, still they were in a splendid humor for a free fight, when they reached the plantation. As they drove up the old Colonel observed that something was wrong, and being made acquainted with the cause, proposed a general shake hands all around. But no, their blood was up, and Jim swore that fight they must, and that right off too, as he wanted no more cussin' and wranglin'. But here a difficulty intervened. The Colonel was opposed to fist fighting, and as for dueling, Billy would fight with nothing but small swords, and Jack wanted muskets, trigger to trigger, and foot to foot. The old Colonel had but one musket, and one sword on the place, and things were in a worse state than ever, when Uncle Jim, after gazing abstractly at a pile of fire-brick lying before the sugar-house, suddenly brightened up, and made a proposition which struck all hands as singularly apposite to the occasion. It was for each of the combatants to strip off, and catching each other by the left hand, to rub each *other's hams* with a *coarse fire-brick*, held in their right, until one or the other cried, "Hold, enough." Things were duly arranged, and at it they went, the Colonel acting as Jack's second, and Uncle Jim as Billy's.

After gently rubbing each other for a moment, Jack gave a sharp

rub, which walked into Billy's hide, and provoked a shrill squeal and desperate exertion on the part of the gentleman to reciprocate the favor. In a short time skin began to peel and "taller" to come off in a manner which if agreeable to the Colonel and Jim, as expressed by their cachinnations, was death to the two gents who were giving and receiving satisfaction in this novel manner. At it they went, now on one side, now on the other, until wearied with pain and exertion, they with one accord ceased their bloody work.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Colonel, as soon as he could compress his mouth into speaking compass.

"No sir-ee," shouted Billy, springing to his feet; "give me another brick."

"Mine's smooth," yelled Jack, as facing his adversary they each received a fresh brick from Uncle Jim, who absolutely yelled and squealed with laughter, for the bricks this time were literally covered with *cayenne* pepper, which Uncle Jim carried in his pocket as an anti-cholera specific.

"Give the word, Uncle Jim," they both shouted, as they stood brick in hand ready to "pitch in and git skeezed."

"Wait a minute," shouted Jim, "ha! haw! ha-u-u! Oh Lordy! ha! haw! git ready! haw! haw! one—haw! oh haw! ha! two—he haw! oh haw! three!" he spasmodically yelled as he fell sprawling backward bursting his what-dye-call'ems in his frantic efforts to yell all over.

Two or three scientific passes were made in the air, and then down came the bricks upon their bloody hams, and at it they went again.

"Take him off!" shouted Jack after one or two rubs.

"Nuff!" yelled Billy.

"Nuff," they both yelled, and letting the bricks drop, away they went for the river, shouting and yelling at every jump, "Fire! fire! ice! fire!" followed by Uncle Jim and the Colonel who, though both tall runners, were distanced in the race.

When they arrived at the bank, there stood the two duelists, up to their middles in the water, squealing and hallowing for oil, cotton and every other sedative they could remember. After hard begging they waded out until the water left their hips, when the air coming in contact with their peppered hides forced them to squat into the cooling element.

How they got them out, Uncle Jim forgot to tell me, but one thing certain, they never fought again. Billy swore when he got out of bed three weeks afterward, that Stagg & Shays' brand was distinctly visible on his hips, and that his hams were as well cured as any in the Cincinnati market. The brand was probably the name of the maker of the brick; but Jack swore he smelt fried ham every time he looked downward.

CHAPTER XIII.

Life's like a summer cloud that hides
 The sun's bright face. But scenes like these
 Break here and there a gilded golden spot
 Through which he shoots his glorious rays.

BUCK RABBIT.

A PIC NIC in the woods.—Come, girls, get your bonnets—sun bonnets, mind you—leave home your little fairy fragments of Tuscan straw—they'll never do: “for briar and brush and thorny brake” will soon make sad havoc with the little beauties.

'Twas the Fourth of July, and our little party were not a whit envious of the fun going on in Redstick, as announced by the cracking of fire-works and ever and anon the sharp quick sound of the “Redstick Invincibles'” piece of artillery, which blazing away was answered by the cheers of the “*ardent spirited spectators,*” and by the loud, crashing echoes of the woods, hills and valleys around.

We were bound for the woods, and had a clear bill of lading for that port, with our full cargo of fun fully insured, and a copy of the policy fully imprinted upon the face of every laughing beauty present.

You northerners, whose ideas of southern summer life are comprehended in the fancy that man's whole duty during the *burning* days, is to protect himself from sunstroke, and at night from the legionary assaults of hordes of well-disciplined, life-taking mosquitoes, would that you'd have been with us and laved for awhile your burning brow in the cool sea breeze, that coming gaily over the pine-clad hills of the “Florida parishes,” bowed the tall beflowered heads of the giant magnolia in the cooing, rustling acknowledgement of its pleasant embrace.

Our little party comprised some twenty in number, of which by far the greater portion were of the fairer, softer sex.

Dick Foxy, Mac, Hall and Colonel Purse (Miss Duchapellé's cousin) were of the party, and the rivalry between them all (including your humble servant) to *cut each out* (that is the most comprehensive term I can think of) was most intense.

At length the belles of the party having quietly selected their beaux, and we the disappointed (for Estelle had given her basket, vail, etc., to Dick, and of course I was of that number) having offered our services to whoever would have them, set out for the scene of our pic nic, which was to be on the banks of a lovely little lake some four miles from town.

Our course was through the woods and we proceeded happily and gaily along, singing to the sound of a “light guitar” which Colonel Purse, “*a la troubadour,*” carried hung by a broad blue ribbon around his neck.

From all appearances this gentleman had made up his quarrel with Miss Duchapellé, and they were as loving as turtle doves.

A prominent trait in his character I soon discovered to be a vain-

glorious habit of boasting, which, whether engendered by his "prow-ess" in Mexico where he had earned his title, or from the fact that he'd been on an European tour and seen more of the "elephant" than the rest of us, was sufficiently distasteful to all of us "masculines" who could not view without envy the manifest pleasure with which the girls swallowed his recountal of "haps by land and sea."

"Oh! la, you really didn't kill him, Colonel," exclaimed Miss Clara, as she interrupted that individual in the midst of a long story concerning a Mexican whom he'd had hung for stealing a "*chaw tobacco*," or for some other capital offense, whilst he commanded the "Tigers" in Mexico.

"Well, Miss," responded the Colonel, twirling his moustaches of which, confound him, he had a most luxuriant black crop, "we were forced to, um—make an example of some of those greasy individuals. Why, my dear Miss, when I was beset by seventeen of them in the Chingaringe pass, do you think if I had not slain the—um—beg pardon ladies—reskels—that they would have had mercy on me?—Most assuredly not!"

At this juncture, we came to a halt upon the gentle grassy slope of one of those aboriginal mounds which lie scattered as mementos of a by-gone race over the broad highlands of Louisiana.

Our resting "spell" was enlivened by a couple of songs from the Colonel, accompanied by the everlasting guitar, after which he sang an impromptu (ding gon him, he possessed almost every accomplishment) composed and dedicated to the girls on the spot.

This capped the climax, and the girls were leaving us and clustering around him to hear one more, oh only one more, of those sweet songs, when a wild yell resounded through the crowd accompanied by loud shrieks from the girls, who scattered and fled from the Colonel in every direction. We hastened up to him as he stood on tiptoes, one arm grasping the tree at the roots of which he had been sitting, the other holding with a tenacious grasp something in his pants about the region of his knees as far out from his pedals as his Paris pants would admit, and shrieking:

"Great God!! a snake! Help me quick, or it will bite! quick! quick!"

"Pull off his pants," shouted Mac.

"Retire, ladies, retire!" shouted Dick, which they did instanter. And then, and only then, we proceeded to strip the gentleman, for notwithstanding his cries to never mind the ladies, but off with his pants, we selfishly kept an eye open to number one and waited, until they had disappeared amid the trees.

Seated on the ground, Dick tugged at one leg and Mac at the other, whilst the Colonel in an agony of fear kept his grasp tightly on the reptile.

At length the pants came off, the Colonel let go, and Mac, after desperate shaking, shook out of one of the vacated legs a *little tree-frog*, which Hall, in expectation of its being a ten foot rattle-snake, at least, mercilessly sacrificed with a big hickory stick.

The shouting and hallooing which this unexpected "turn up" brought on, enticed the girls from their cover, for which they again broke upon observing the Colonel in his drawers, pants in hand, cutting dirt for—"anywhere but there just then."

After he got out of sight the ladies were recalled, and we proceeded on without our "hero of a hundred fights."

Arriving on the chosen ground, we found the table-cloth spread, and viands already for disposal; they having been sent out before us with a couple of negro boys to serve at this—"nature's table."

That dinner! Oh, that dinner! The less we speak of it the better, for various reasons—one, and one only of which I will mention is, that your humble servant imbibed so much "elder wine," that somehow or other when he got up from the table, he mistook an old cow for one of the young ladies present, and offering her his arm, came mighty nigh viewing the country from the tops of her horns.

The little lake was surrounded by trees, whose boughs, covered with flowers, drooped into the still calm waters, which rippled when the soft winds moved the green pendants, as if they smiled at the kisses of their flower-covered branches.

From the green sward where we sat arose in solitary majesty a giant, rugged magnolia, one arm of which stretched over the silent lake and laved its tip in its cool waters; this branch was literally covered with "bay flowers," and could be reached either by ascending the tree, or swinging up into the branch, by means of a large grape-vine, which, taking root at the foot of the magnolia, reached over the waters in a graceful curve up into the branches.

At the request of Miss Estelle, I ascended the vine hand over hand, to procure some of the magnificent flowers for her to weave into—I do not now remember what;—but, anyhow, I had obtained them, but in coming down, just before getting clear of the branches, my coat tails caught in them and there I was,—in a fix, and a crowd of bright eyes upon me, whose vision however was dimmed by tears brought on from excessive laughter.

I could not go back, and to come down was impossible; three times I essayed to do the former, and three times I failed. And once I made a desperate effort to tear my coat tails loose from their entanglement, by frantic swayings of my body, but it was no go. Oh, how drottad mean I felt. I halloed to Hall to get a long pole and entwine my coat tails; and as fast as his laughter would admit, he posted for the woods to procure one, and we saw no more of him until the affair was all over, finished and complete.

Dick was more fortunate, and procuring a long one he thrust it up, but it would only reach me and no farther;—sticking it into one of my side pockets, the dirty rascal, however, despite my yells, entreaties and cursing, for I cursed like blazes, proceeded to twist me around, until I thought my back was breaking. It made me so mad that I let go one hand to grapple the pole, the other slipped, and there I hung suspended by the coat tails in mid-air.

Oh, Stiche!—little did I believe when you recommended the strength of that cloth, how soon I would put its merits to the test. It stretched fearfully, however, and as I looked down into the glassy lake, I thought—a heap. Suddenly a bright idea struck me, and after a desperate tug I removed one arm from the sleeve, and swinging around I caught hold of the limb, and then proceeded to remove my arm from the other sleeve. I was free. Hand over hand I came down, and falling upon the sward, I lay the maddest, most furious being that ever clumb a tree.

By this time Hall had arrived, and after stating that he'd been almost to Redstick without finding a pole, and as he'd as yet laughed none, he set down and proceeded to gratify his risible muscles, by a little extension, in which he was politely joined by the whole party. After resting my stiffened arms I clumb back, unwound my coat, and coming down we set out for home.

Dick would now and then praise the quality of the cloth, of which my coat was manufactured, and set the whole party to laughing at my expense, "by requesting me to give him my tailor's card."

We had nearly reached the edge of the woods, when Miss Duchapellé, pointing with her tiny parasol to a large clump of bays which grew on the boughs of an immense magnolia, remarked "that if my unfortunate adventure had not cast a shade over the adventurous spirits of the gentleman, she would request that some knight of prowess and to fame unknown would ascend and procure her those flowers." We all, however, shook our head save Mr. Dick, who, remarking that "coats were unfortunate" proceeded to denude himself of that garment and with a wonderful facility dexterously clumb up the rounded sides of the "monarch of the forest." He had proceeded by the aid of the lateral branches to the hight of some fifty feet, when he came to a place where for some twenty feet there were no branches. However, as the body of the tree had here grown small enough, he proceeded to work his way up, by grasping his arms around the trunk and "inch" himself up by degrees. Encouraged by the approving shouts from below, he had reached within about grasping distance of a limb when his progress was stayed by one of those immense clumps which often mar the smooth columnar appearance of large trees. Making a desperate exertion, he proceeded to surmount the difficulty, and had reached the middle of it when the rugged concentric rings catching in his clothes stayed his further progress. Encouraged however by the shouts from below, he made a desperate effort, when lo! his unmentionables burst asunder and a broad streak of white relieved the shining black of what was just before a *whole* pair of pants.

The scene below was indescribable, the ladies that didn't faint put like quarter-horses, and in a few minutes we masculines were left in undisputed possession of the field.

Dick came down after that feat, and with as good grace as he could assume joined in the shouting and laughing, when some one requested the "card of his tailor." Putting on his coat and hiding the "cre-

vasse" with a broad sash of moss, we put out and soon overtook the ladies who assumed a serious look as if nothing had taken place. We did not speak of the accident, and as for them:

"Oh no, they never mentioned it."

CHAPTER XIV.

"He was a victim of unjust suspicion."

HOW TO GET A RICH WIFE.

I AWOKE early one morning and looking out into the street was nearly stunned by the noise and clatter. Everybody seemed to be out of doors; and carts, buggies, wagons and vehicles of every description were backed up to the front doors and men, women and children busily engaged in loading them with every description of household goods. Dressing in hot haste, I hastened down into the bar-room to inquire into the cause of what seemed to me a desertion of the town. There was no one in the bar-room, and going out into the street, I stopped a man going by with three looking-glasses, a feather bed, and a crying child in his arms, and requested him to relieve my fears and tell me what was the matter.

"*Yaller fever!*" was all the reply I received, and I soon found out from some one not so pressingly engaged, that "old Dr. Dobbs had been to Lemonsketezer, took the fever, come back, and now 'tis spreading every where."

This was bad news to Mac and me, neither of whom was acclimated and we were extremely rejoiced when a buggy was sent to town from Colonel Wadd's with a note requesting us to pack up and come out as soon as we could.

You better believe we did not neglect to accept his invitation, and before noon we were enjoying the hospitality of our warm-hearted friend.

Nearly all of our acquaintances were temporarily residing in the neighborhood, and whilst all was death and terror in the neighboring villages, we thoughtlessly spent the time pleasantly enough.

Hall and Dick were near neighbors, and together we were constant visitors at Mr. Smythe's.

It seemed strange to me, however, that in a few weeks time Mac and I both lost ground, whilst Dick and Hall gained as rapidly as we lost in the graces of both the old man and girls.

One night, whilst all four of us were over to the old man's house, it commenced to storm, and the old gent was hospitable enough to force us to stay all night.

The next morning upon awakening, I opened the window of the chamber wherein Mac and I slept, and noticed that the sill was covered with the slop and seeds of watermelons, and that the yard opposite our window was strewn with the rinds. Only observing to Mac that the last occupants of our chamber must have had a "sweet

time" among the melons, I closed the window, and we proceeded to answer the "clanging" sound of the breakfast-bell.

At the table we noticed that the old man was in one of his surly moods again, and the arrival of a little negro boy from the garden with the intelligence that "de tief had ot fifty big mountain sprout," almost set the old gentleman to raging.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I sent all the way to Old Virginia for those seed, and it is the only fruit I can with safety eat, and by all the powers if some scamp don't break into my garden and destroy more watermelons every night than ten men could eat. It may be negroes that does it, but if it is any one who bears the name of gentlemen let him look out.

We all expressed our indignation at this gross outrage, and I assured him it must be negroes who committed this ungentlemanly act; but he shook his head doubtfully, and candidly stated:

"When gentlemen shoot tame turkeys for wild ones, and then make presents of them to the owner, gentlemen would steal watermelons."

We all started to our feet and one and all assured him it was not us, and at the same time we all doubted each other most awfully.

"I have been informed," continued the old cuss, "from good authority that you are all engaged in this affair, and not doubting your word—no not in the least, (oh no!)—how would you like to accept an invitation to remain at my house one or two weeks and assist me in catching the thief?"

We all stared at this novel proposal, but all heartily accepted it, however, and sending over for our baggage we proceeded to make the best of our time in striving to gain the good graces of the old man and the two girls.

That evening, the old fellow set an immense man-trap in the garden, and was rewarded for his pains the next morning by finding his best Durham heifer, with one leg broke, the sole occupant of the trap. Oh! how the old fellow stormed. I would not have been in that fellow's shoes for a pretty sum, if the old gent had come across him.

Stranger than all was the fact that every morning there was a fresh pile of rinds in front of our chamber.

On the morning subsequent to the trap affair, Mac and I held a council of war and came to our conclusions, which will all come out in the details.

One of the first fruits of our consultation was to send the little "nigger" who waited on us to Mr. Smythe and request him to come to our chamber, which he immediately did.

"Mr. Smythe," said I, "you have heard, read, perhaps seen cases of circumstantial evidence, where the poor criminal was tried and convicted and afterward found to be innocent."

"Yes, sir, I have, and I must admit that I have strong circumstantial evidence against you—"

"You have? well, open that window, and if your suspicions are not verified by the evidence before you, you are not the cross, rabid, old devil I take you for."

The old fellow gazed vacantly out of the window seemingly in deep thought; he did not notice the rinds, which made me suspicious that he knew about them previous to my calling his attention to the startling criminating fact of their being there.

"Well, gentlemen, I do not know whether to praise your honest candor or to curse your deep rascality. It will all come out, and then, and not till then, will I proceed to wreak my vengeance on the infernal scoundrel."

Some one may ask why we dwelt under the roof of a man who suspicioned us most unjustly. I will inform him that the spirit of fun, and a desire stimulated by a curiosity of ascertaining who the depredators were determined us to stay and laugh down the old man's calumnious insinuations:

Early the next morning I opened my window to see if there were any more evidences of guilt spread over the yard, and to my great joy the rinds had disappeared.

At the breakfast-table, we were met by the old gentleman, when, just as I was congratulating him upon the cessation of the disturbance, the little nigger who ran errands for the garden came in, and with the whites of his eyes rolled up until nothing else was visible, exclaimed:

"Massa, dé tief come agin; he eat hole cart-load dis time, en he lebbe piece he tail in the trap," and he held up a slice of coat-tail about four inches long, and which to my horror everybody as well as myself recognized as belonging to a rent in my new brown "cutaway" of which till then I had no knowledge.

The old gent turned perfectly livid with suppressed rage, and I expected a perfect storm of fury to burst upon my devoted head, when he quietly asked me if *that* evidence was also circumstantial.

"It is pretty direct that some scoundrel is taking a heap of pains to ruin me in your good opinion; but I ask you only to forbear your judgment for ten days longer, and if I do not exonerate myself from this serious charge, I will with your leave leave the country."

That night the old man it seems kept watch, and about one o'clock the whole household were roused and in a high state of alarm, at the yelling, howling and barking of all the dogs on the plantation.

The noise proceeded from the garden, and donning our clothes, Mac, Hall, Dick and myself, armed and equipped, proceeded in hot haste to the scene of the fray.

As we opened the gate that connected the yard with the garden, a scene broke upon our vision which baffles description.

The night was of that character of moonlight nights, when the earth is first shrouded in mist, which gradually rising as the moisture concentrates and lightens the body of the cloud, then as it receives fresh weight from the floating vapors on high falls again to the earth, and clothes every object with that dim indistinctness which makes us fancy a tree a giant, or a cow an elephant.

About the center of the yard we could make out a confused mass of dogs, fighting and yelling over the person of a man, caught by the

jaws of the trap, around the middle, and held by them in a half upright position. The poor devil was fighting them off, as well as he could, but with little success, for dogs are death on "nigger" and apparently he was of that class.

We stood still at the gate, for we were afraid of the dogs ourselves, and the old man had got about ten paces in advance of us when he discovered the negro in the trap. Up went his gun to his shoulder, and ere we could prevent him the deep, heavy booming of his unerring O. Newton, and the dropping of the poor devil's head on his shoulder, told but too well that the fatal bullet had sped through his brain.

The dogs scattered in every direction, and we approached the trap silently, and inwardly cursing the old man for his cool, calculating, deliberate murder, of one who perhaps knew no better than to assuage his hunger with the rich fruits of his neighbor.

The old man stood back as we approached the dead body; and I assure you I did not envy him his thoughts of what nature they were I can not tell, but it must fall crashing hard upon the soul of any man—the thought that through his direct instrumentality an unprepared soul had been hurried to meet his Creator face to face.

As we came up I was gazing abstractedly around, when a hearty burst of laughter came from Dick, who was ahead of the party. Astonished and indignant at his want of feeling, I hurried up, and there in the jaws of the trap, stone-dead, lay the best dog of Mr. Smythe's pack.

Reader, you may have heard cursing, when some one has mistaken a fellow's fine hat at a ball and left his own miserable one in its place. You may have been with our army in Mexico, and remarked the fluent rapidity with which oaths—Yankee, Mexic and mixed, fell from the lips of that beautiful specimen of human nature the "array teamster;" but I assure you that all must yield the palm to the awful and splendid oaths made use of by Old Smythe that night.—I can not describe them, and wouldn't if I could.

Upon examination of the trap, we found the cause of the dog being caught in it to be an immense side of bacon, stolen from the "store house" and placed securely on the spring, the fence was then opened so as to admit the dogs, and the leader of the gang jumping on the spring, was caught round the middle, and his paws waving in the air and the other dogs unmindful of his disaster fighting over the meat, bore such a resemblance to a negro beating off the dogs, that the old man was perfectly, *justifiable in killing a fifty dollar dog, under the impression that it was a fifteen hundred dollar negro.*

The next day was spent under the restraints created by a suspicion among us all, that some of the rest knew more about the circumstances of the case than they would like to "own up to."

A bargain was struck among us that Mac and I should go on watch that night, and Hall and Dick the succeeding one, and so on, "turn about," until the thief was caught.

But all our watching was futile, until one night I was so anxious about the matter that I couldn't sleep; after walking about the rooms

until near midnight, I set down in an easy chair and in a few moments fell into a fitful slumber.

I had not slept long before I heard a scraping going on, and opening my eyes slowly, I shut them again without moving a muscle of my face upon observing a little dumpy negro well known on the place by the name of "Black Jack," his moody temper and taciturn manner gaining him this *soubriquet*. He was stealing out of the room with one of my boots in his hand, and feigning slumber, when he was gone I arose and walking across to Old Smythe's chamber, noiselessly awoke him and requested him to come with me.

Dressing in haste, he accompanied me out of his front gate, and around the orchard until we came to a part of the fence not fifty feet from the trap, and there we sat and watched. Smythe was so anxious to catch the rascal that he never uttered a complaint, although his gouty feet twinged him awfully.

We had waited about an hour, when no one appearing, I was about to commence making excuses for our *bootless* errand, when we observed a figure stealthily stealing across the lot toward the trap; when he got within about twenty yards of it he dropped on his hands and knees, behind a row of cabbages, and disappeared.

In a few moments his head appeared along side the frame work of the trap, and then he raised himself up and peered cautiously around. Satisfied that no one was observing him, he raised his hand, and then his object was plainly perceptible; it was to place my *boot* into the trap, and thus fasten the suspicions of Old Smythe on me in such a manner that it would be almost impossible for me to exonerate myself.

Mr. Smythe wanted to run up and make a sure game of it by catching the fellow, but I held him down and in a moment we were saved the trouble of running after him, for the noise we made attracted his attention, and he having his arm in the leg of the boot, shoved it suddenly down on the spring—a clatter of the jaws of the trap and a suppressed yell from the enterprising individual, informed us that our game was safe.

Approaching him openly across the garden, the efforts he made to get loose would have soon succeeded had I not run up and grabbed him. He was powerfully built and could have mastered me in a long struggle if the old man's yells of triumph had not brought the whole household (with the exception of Hall and Dick who had gone to pass the night at Colonel Wadd's) to the spot. We got him down and tying his hand and feet we carried him to the house in a kind of triumphal procession, and there holding a candle to his face behold—Mr. Dick Foxy—caught at last in his own trap.

The "old man" turned him loose deeming, and justly too, that he was punished enough, and he went back to Redstick and joined the Humane Society. As for Maq and I—well, we got along well enough after that.

CHAPTER XV.

Imogen—Suffered he then, did he writhe?

Basilisco—“Yes, writhed in his mad agony,
Demons grew mad in that drear space
In which once beat a loving heart.

‘Tis fearful! remorse has claimed him now.”

HOW TO GET A RICH WIFE.

We have traveled through pleasant fields together, dear reader, and if you have not enjoyed *the flowers of wit* that have spangled the pages *throughout*, it has been because the tender plants wilted from being transplanted by a rough hand from the rank sod upon which they flourished to the cold ungenial soil upon which they now droop their heads.

Bear with me now, as we make a detour from our vagrant course and pass through one field upon whose drear soil the flowers have wilted, the sward has faded, and naught but the cold bleak bosom of mother earth greets the cold winds of the dark spirit, remorse.

Remorse! what is it? who that has felt its subtle hand traversing his bosom and gathering the heart strings that permeate his breast until the cords of life burst 'neath the tension; the silver cord snaps in twain, the golden bowl is broken, and another soul has succumbed beneath the dread power, and fled to another world where perhaps the hell it greets is heaven itself to the torments which pursued it through life.

John Gelon was a cousin to the Smythes, and toward the close of summer paid them a visit from his home, in north Louisiana, where he dwelt. Not many days had elapsed before the brilliant smile which lit up his manly face, upon his first greeting with his dearly beloved relations, faded away and in its place the dark rugged lines of care appeared, and his whole appearance denoted that the soul was struggling ineffectually against the giant influence of the “dark spirit.”

His time was spent mostly alone, and in the woods; moody and silent, we saw him only at the breakfast table, and in the evenings, and then he sat locked up within himself a prey to emotions, that we, who were unacquainted with the circumstance of his past life, could not fathom.

John Gelon in early life possessed one of those lively, genial temperaments which warmed the hearts of all who approached him. Of a natural order of mind far superior to all around him, his small pittance was strained to the utmost to acquire that education which as the wheel of the lapidary is necessary to develop the hidden beauties of Goleonda's gem, brought the polished wealth of his genius to the surface, and the bright sparks that then in youth placed him “head and shoulders” above his companions, were but the scintillations of his diamond genius, radiating and flying from contact with the ever revolving wheel of thought.

Who has read a story of the passions of which love does not form

a component part, and our sketch forms no exception to the general rule.

John loved and was beloved in return, and his betrothed was in every way worthy of him. Lovely and unassuming, she "breathed not her fragrance on the desert air," for far and near her loveliness had gained her the appellation of "Mary the flower of Attacapas."

It was the summer of the year, in the winter of which they were to be united, and John and his cousin Ben had been in town to lay in a supply of goods for farm purposes.

There was a political meeting in town that day, and John and Ben both started home *drunk!* yes, drunk! start not, gentle reader, for intemperance in those days was not then deemed the crime with which we naturally stamp it now.

They started home drunk; and I will now narrate, in his own words, what took place from thence until the moment when he ended his days of happiness and gave birth to the "foul fiend" that from thence ruled with iron grasp every throb of his heart.

I give you his words, but I cannot pourtray the agony of that upturned countenance; the ashy paleness of that noble brow, nor picture to you the world of concentrated misery gleaming from his deep-sunken eye. 'Tis a warning I have never forgot. I have shunned the maddening bowl, and when forced by friends to partake in the social glass, whilst lifting the ruby contents to my lips, oft have I started shrinking back, for *there! there!* daguerreotyped in its blood-red circle was the warning face of that remorse-struck man.

"We started reeling home and had reached the brow of the hill over against which was the house of Mary's father, and there we stumbled against a giant root, which ran across the road and fell to the ground.

"How long we lay there I know not, but I at length arose, and spurning my companion in the face with my heavy heel, I staggered on to Mary's home.

"Arrived at the door, I was met by Mary herself. At the sight of me, I thought she burst into a mocking laugh, and rising from the ground (for I had again fallen at full length) I hurriedly drew my 'revolver' and madly fired into the open door.

"One loud, piercing shriek, was the answer to my message of death, and I stood as if benumbed in every limb; the air was darkened to my bewildered senses, and I prayed—Oh, how swiftly shot the mental prayers through my bewildered brain that 'I only had been dreaming.' But no—like the chain bolt of lightning, the bright flood of consciousness of the crime I had committed, flowed over my maddened soul, and I stood with the brand of Cain not stamped upon my brow; but deep, deep into my cringing soul went the hot iron of conviction that I was the murderer of my own dear Mary.

"They led me unresisting to the parish jail, and laid me down upon the puncheon floor, a prey to all the demons of another world. I lay there for hours in a state of unconsciousness, and when I awoke the rain was beating through the rotten roof upon my prostrate form.

Again I sunk unconscious upon the floor, and horrid semi-dreams beset my stricken mind.

"Methought the beating rain was the tears of my Mary in heaven, and I prayed to her for forgiveness, and then the driving rain dashed into my face, and I dreamed that I was dead.

"I was before my Creator, and dark imps were impatiently waiting to carry my soul into the realms below; and then fancy brought my wandering mind back to my body as it lay cold and dead, and I dreamed I was rotting on the gallows and could even *smell* my putrid body—when with a yell I awoke! and there I lay at the foot of the hill where I had fallen, with Ben laying across me, his mouth open, my face covered with something smelling more of whiskey than of otto of roses, and, gentle reader, you can imagine the rest.

"The way we two walked into Mary's buckwheat cakes and lasses that night was a sin to black snaix."

Reader, I was fooled, and so were you; confound him, I hear you say—but do not. He had cause for his melancholy, he mused not alone in the woods for nothing, nor shunned his fellow-man without reason; for what man would associate with one who had *just been elected to the Legislature*.

CHAPTER XVI.

"If you want to get her, don't stand back like a dratted fool."

"HOW TO GET A RICH WIFE."

THE epidemic was drawing to a close, and our residence in the country must soon cease, and yet I could not screw up the courage necessary to popping the final question.

The fact was, Estelle had not given me any extraordinary encouragement, and I was *sorter kinder 'fear'd* to venture, and the day came upon which we had determined on returning to town without anything being done in the premises. As for Mac, he was in no better fix, if anything a good deal worse, for Hall had returned to the charge like a hero and was getting ahead of Mac "hand over foot."

Our partings were cool and courtly, and I left with the deep certainty impressed upon my mind that I had left no "weeping maid behind."

We returned to town, and soon fell into the ordinary routine of study, eat and sleep; and on Sundays any one riding by Old Smythe's could see standing before the gate, at any time of day, two buggies, the owners of which were "pushing their fortunes" within the house.

One evening I received *so much* encouragement that I determined upon returning during the following week and settling the matter for better or for worse. And when the evening I had picked upon rolled around, I mounted, and away I sped, not on the wings of love, but upon the back of the hardest trotter it has ever been my luck to mount.

Arrived at the house, I entered the door in a "state of feeling" as comparatively pleasant as those that sway the heart of the convict as he enters for the first time his "felon cell."

I had entered the same door a hundred times before, but never with the dire intent of the present instance. Walking into the parlor, so lost was I to all presence of mind, that I saluted a black servant girl who was dusting the furniture as Misa Estelle.

And then when she entered, in all the majesty which conscious beauty gave to her form, my heart dropped from the position it had taken up in my throat down, down, away down into my "stumick," and then rising again it lodged underneath the roots of my tongue, paralyzing that useful member and choking my utterance.

There I sat, and if "Tom Owen" had stood in need of a subject to set as a "detected chicken thief," how very well I would have answered the purpose.

I took no advantage of the opportunity and after saying something I do not now remember what, I set still, silent, pale, and trembling—and thought to myself, is this really you, Hal—you that have faced almost every danger from the savage attack of a fice up. Am I not mistaken? Can this really be the gentleman who so ably defended Pete Smith for stealing a coat, when he himself saw him do it, and unblushingly appealed to and confronted a jury one half of whom were also witnesses of the flagrant act? I pinched *myself* to ascertain whether I was really I, and a slight scream to my infinite horror denoted that I had pinched the lady's rounded arm, as it lay upon the arm of the chair beside me.

Here the entrance of Miss Clara put an end to my *series of nervous attacks* and I became myself again.

I remained until dark, and then Miss Clara going out of the room to order lights, I said to myself now or never, walked over and taking the lady's hand, burst forth into a torrent of passionate appeal which grew more and more fervid as I proceeded.

You may perhaps imagine its fervidness when I inform you that it was of the "Will you hear me Katy Dar-ar-ling" style and brought tears of *unaffected pity* from my own eyes.

When I finished, I listened in the dark with wide awake ears for my answer and it came in the well known tones of *Miss Clara*, who informed me in her clear bell-like voice,—“that another time she would give me an answer, but now she could not.”

I did not start, I did not move, and as she gently withdrew her hand from mine, I felt as if falling from a balloon—down, down, I came whirling, turning, and as I *struck the earth* the sudden entrance of Miss Estelle with the servant bearing lights brought me to my senses.

When I again became master of my faculties I was seated at a window gazing at the full round moon, as it rolled seemingly behind cloud after cloud. Miss Clara had left the room and naught but myself and Estelle were its occupants.

She looked pale and furtively glancing her eyes at me, she met my

gaze which as instantly fell. "She knows all," I exclaimed, and all the pretended remorse of that confounded hypocrite John Gelen was but as "small potatoes" when compared with mine.

I arose, and not daring to look at her, I passed from the house, and mounting, I rode I knew not whither. What thoughts racked my brain that night I can not express, suffice it to say naught could change my inflexible purpose of marrying her if her answer was favorable.

I was satisfied to wreck all my hopes of future happiness, rather than humiliate that proud and queenlike girl.

Letting my horse go where he would, he at length brought up at the hotel, and I entered to suffer ten thousand torments, at being forced to listen to Mac's dilations upon his beautiful prospects of success with Miss Clara.

The next morning I obtained one of those rich obstinate clients, who fill lawyer's purses with their surplus funds, and then "run down" the profession as being a pack of rascals. His business and perpetual consultation almost drove Miss Clara out of my head, and for three or four days I drove the subject from my mind by desperate application to business.

One evening a little darkey came round and told me that Miss Duchapellé wished I would call around in the evening, and with a muttered *curse* upon my unfortunate luck I went over to her residence.

After many pros and cons, she informed me that being an intimate friend of Miss Clara she had been requested by that lady to inform me that not wishing to accept me in *propria persona* she had deputed her to perform that delicate mission.

I muttered my thanks, and surprised at this mode of doing business, was more so upon being informed that it must be a secret, and that I must not come near the house, but send any messages I wished for her by Miss Duchapellé until she came of age which would be in about two months.

No excuse was offered for this strange mode of transacting affairs; and I was content not to visit the scene of my unfortunate *faux pas* for months to come.

In the meantime Hall and Mac kept up a perfect fusilade against each other, and both being put in nomination by the two opposite parties for the legislature, their rivalry in love and politics was wrought up to an exciting pitch.

They made speeches all over the parish, and abused each other like pickpockets; but as their electioneering tactics would of itself fill a chapter we will finish this one and turning over a new leaf begin.

CHAPTER XVII.

Cassimir—Why doth you man, prate and roar?
 He is not mad, I know; but then how 'tis
 He leaves his business, for things of nought?
Basilisco—He cares not to confine himself to himself
 But would spread from pole to pole—
 Politics is now his bread and bed and drink,
 And plays he "upon a harp of a thousand strings."
 HOW TO GET A RICH WIFE.

AMONG the many *characters* about town—Monsieur Jean Baptiste, Belizaire Bergeron Tonnerre, Esq., capped the climax in characteristic impudence, mischievousness and drollness.

He was a merry, dapper little Frenchman, and for shrewdness and capability of taking care of number one, lead the host of close chaps, that have gained for Redstick a reputation far and wide of being the sharpest *leetle place* in the south-west.

"By Gar, deese ese de mose go long place I servair place mon *pied* in," was the exclamation of a Creole gent with immense mustaches, and a small carpet-bag, as he stamped the floor of the hotel in his impatience to get in the dilatory stage and leave for *evaire* the scene of his troubles; "Les night I save *arrivez* in zis got bless place wiz one tousand dollaire, one neger boy and fine horse and de buggy—I play *avec* some gentlemen for ze *amusement*, en, by gar, I borrow three dollare from ze hotel-kepaire dis morning to get in ze sacre dam box teater."

With the premise that the gent meant stage instead of *teater*, we will go on with our character, hoping that the reader can from the above sample conjecture what kind of blades infested Redstick.

Coming to Redstick without a cent, Tonnerre soon found his level, and raised a pile sufficient to commence business upon his own *hook*.

His limited knowledge of the language did not prevent his acquiring an intimate knowledge of the "History of the Four Kings," and in a few weeks Tonnerre was flush."

One evening as he was loitering around the precincts of the Spread Eagle, with one eye open to business, his attention was attracted to the eagerness displayed by a couple of "check-shirt raftsmen" to get rid of their money, "they didn't care how they bet, they said, any way to get rid of their 'surplus' and at the same time please the children."

Walking up to them, Tonnerre was soon an intimate of the two gents, who readily acceded to his request to play a *leetle game pokare jes* for ze *amusement*. Requesting them to accompany him, Tonnerre led the way to the private room of a friend of his, into whose ear he whispered the simple words, "Soft snap."

Setting down, the preliminary cut and shuffles were "gone through with," and at it they went. Tonnerre dealt them good hands at first, jes to encourage the gentlemen, and with many *sacres* at his ill luck he lost in rapid succession, five—ten—twenty—fifty dollars. Thinking

it was time to change the current of the game, he then set to with all his cunning and in a few moments he was *lower* two hundred and fifty dollars. His *sacres* come now in quick and *earnest* succession, and he double-cut, shuffled the cards, and in a quarter of an hour he had the *bon success* of gazing his last at five hundred dollars.

"Sacre mille Tonnerres!" he exclaimed, as he arose and rapidly run down stairs and borrowed fifty dollars to throw in the current to dam up his streak of ill luck.

It was his deal, and giving himself three aces and a pair of kings, he went forty better, on a bet of five, was *called*, and completely astounded at the sight of a *flush* in the hands of one of the raftsmen. Jumping to his feet he exclaimed:

"By grass, who you be—you dat do dis!"

Rising on the opposite side of the table, the two gents, after pocketing the money, tore open their check-shirts and displayed a splendid suit underneath, and a shirt bosom literally blazing with diamond studs, and filagree chains. With a low laugh they exclaimed "Soft snap," and before Tonnerre could prevent them away they went down stairs, and that was the last he ever saw of the raftsmen.

If ever you come to Redstick and meet a little dapper Frenchman, who displays an immense amount of anxiety to minister to your *amusement*, just lean over and whisper in his ear "Soft snap," and I assure you, you will not be again annoyed with the attentions, either direct or indirect, of Monsieur Jean Babbiste Belizaire Bergeron Tonnerre.

In addition to his many other qualifications, Tonnerre was a violent politician and was one of Mac's staunchest supporters.

He often invited Mac and me to come over and dine with him, and afraid of his being nettled with our repeated refusals we one day accepted his invitation to dine with him, and at dinner hour we accompanied Tonnerre to his domicil. Upon our arrival Tonnerre's servant rang an enormous cracked bell, which could be heard almost a mile off, and with every form and ceremony used at the most formal dinner party, among the aristocracy, we were marshaled to the table.

We had never before partaken of French cookery and this our first experience was delightful; it appeared to me that rabbits must have been very cheap in market for almost every dish was composed of some part of that little animal.

The "bill of fare," for the little scamp had a regular "*bill of fare comme la Nouvelle Orleans*," denoted that fried rabbits, stewed rabbits, rabbit soup, *fricasee de lepine* and several other "kickshos de lepine," as Mac denominated them, formed the whole of the first and second courses.

Although neither of us had any extraordinary love for rabbit, still as there appeared to be nothing else but *lepine*, we "pitched in" and eat the heartiest dinner that we had ever partaken of in Redstick.

When we had finished Tonnerre made an extraordinarily long and eloquent speech, the greater part of which we neither understood nor appreciated; every now and then he would stop, and twisting his

mustaches, exclaim—" *Qui is well*"—to which we would shout, "Yes," and encored—then all hands would fill up and take a drink.

This amusement lasted until Tonnerre let down,—and then he took an enormous big drink,—after which he began again,—"*Vous avez mangé beaucoup, heh?*"

"*Wee, wee,*" we shouted.

"Very well den, shentillhommes; you ees de fus dat evaire I ses in "Americk" zat have grand kantita de *what you call 'em*, ze what dat ten times make one, two, five cent—ah!—I got him—cent;—you liave heap cent,—heap *philosophique*. By grass"—and here he spread his features into an enormous grin—"you have eat de *chat* and you tiak him bon comme de rabbit."

Starting horror struck from our seats, we gazed at him with so much unbelief expressed in our faces that he started back with an air of indignation such only as a Frenchman can assume.

"You no believe me, by grass, *Havrieetté vien toutsweet*; bring de cage vot have de two grand thomas cat—dat is geetin fat for my diné next wik."

"You infernal scoundrel!" I shouted, as the girl entered with a bird cage in her hand, within the limits of which two enormous cats quietly reposed; "you miserable French cuss if you have made me eat cats, I'll be hanged if I don't break every bone in your body," and I would have put my threat into execution if the sight of the heads and skins brought in by the girl had not produced an instantaneous explosion of my waistcoat buttons and tremendous upheaving of the inward man,

I run out of doors and there found Mac, who had waited not for farther proof, holding on to a horse-rack and in the regular succession of the bill of fare vomiting forth rabbit in every shape. I was too sick to pay much attention to him, and sitting down upon the steps, I soon gazed with astonishment at the enormous quantity I had eaten. That dinner was sufficient for us for a week, for every time I went to put anything into my mouth—visions of fricaseed cat danced before my eyes and I was forced to get up from the table. Mac was in such a woeful plight that the mewling of a cat was sufficient to set him going, and the story getting out came very near ruining his chances of election.

I never went near Miss Duchapellé during the two months of my probation, but on the contrary run into every kind of excess—in the hopes that she might repent of her choice and set me again at liberty.

Mac and Hall were out electioneering pretty near all the time, and together told more lies, kissed more ugly babies and spent more money than they usually did during a whole year.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Strike for your country—
And yourself—”

THERE was to be a grand barbecue at a place called “Seven-up Creek,” about twenty miles from town, and as Mac and Hall were to be the orators of the day, I and Colonel Wadd accompanied Mac out to the place appointed.

The day was very warm, and to make the matter worse, we were all on horseback, and the road was unshady and dusty as could be. But by means of a bottle of the meanest kind of whisky, purchased from a wayside inn, we managed to get along tolerably well until we arrived at the bank of a little river which bore the euphonious title of “Big Devil’s Run.”

Here we were stumped, for there was no bridge, and we were ignorant as to whether the river was low enough to be forded.

The waters were muddy and the current swift, and we came to the conclusion, that “the better part of valor was—discretion,” and set down on a little bluff that juttet out into the river, to await the arrival of a party on behind, some of whom were well acquainted with the “depth of water” thereabouts; and, at the same time, we spread our lunch composed of cheese, crackers and the afore-mentioned bottle of “rot-gut,” and passed the time very pleasantly.

Some time having elapsed, and no one appearing, Colonel Wadd came to the conclusion that he would strip off and take a bath in the muddy waters of the “run,” and ascertain its depth.

Colonel Wadd was very large and of a corpulent tendency, and the first thing he determined on was to take a running jump from the little bluff and dive. Standing back about twenty feet he clapped his hands and started in a run; arriving at the edge, he pitched in head-foremost, and come down *ker swallow—in two inches water!* He fell on his breast and hands, and you could have heard him grunt a mile off.

We waded in and helped him out, and when we found that he was not hurt materially, we made the woods resound with our shouts of laughter. We had all expected (I know not why) that the water was at least ten feet deep under the bluff, when in fact it hardly covered the mud.

We mounted after that, and in no place did the stream cover the fetlocks of our horses. Arrived on the other side, we dismounted and threw water over our horses, with a tin-cup until they were dripping wet; this was to cool them down, for the heat had told terribly on them that day.

We had just finished and were replacing our saddles, when Hall made his appearance on the opposite bank.

“Boys,” said the Colonel, “Hall is as ignorant of the depth of the water as we were; if he halloos to us, don’t you answer back, and we’ll see some fun.”

Hall, however, did not ask us any questions; but, judging from appearances that we had swam the "run," he dismounted, and taking off his clothes, carefully tied them in a bundle, which he as carefully tied upon the top of his head; and then mounting his horse, he drew up his legs and carefully, with drawn rein, proceeded to feel his way across.

When he had got about half way across, and the water as yet not reaching the horse's fetlocks, we could hold it no longer, but broke forth into roars at his comic appearance. There he was, still in the expectation that the stream would suddenly deepen and himself and horse be precipitated head over heels into the water; when, to crown all, a large body of electors, on their way to the barbecue, appeared upon the opposite bank.

Their uproarious laughter, and the presence of two ladies in a buggy among the crowd, awoke Hall to a sense of the ridiculous position he was placed in; who coming down suddenly upon his horse with a long peach-wand he had been feeling his way with, the animal jumped from under him, and Hall, clothes and all came down *ker-^{plunk}* shung into the water. The whoops and shouts of the crowd on the other bank and our own laughter, were enough to awake the dead, and Hall, grabbing his bundle, sped on after his horse like a streak of lightning. How and where he caught him, we could not find out; for when we arrived at the barbecue-ground, the gentleman denied ever coming that road at all, and accounted for the dampness of his clothes by remarking that he'd "sweat so much that he had to stop and wring the perspiration out of his apparel."

The grounds were densely thronged with the male and female residents of the neighborhood, and we spent a merry hour in walking around, making acquaintances, shaking hands and cracking jokes before the proceedings of the day began.

At length the biggest, fattest, ugliest man in the crowd arose and moved, in a sharp, cracked voice, that Colonel Snorter be called to the chair, and then named some twenty majors, colonels, and judges as vice-presidents and moderators. No one expressing opposition to the gentleman's moves, the little platform was soon crowded with the patriotic officers of the day.

Colonel Snorter made a glowing and elegant speech about the future destinies of our *kentry*, and the safety of the interests of the South depending upon the coming election, and set down exhausted amid the enthusiastic cheers of three little niggers up in an adjacent thorn-tree.

Hall was then called for, who appeared with a "wheelbarrow" load of books, to which he intended referring in support of his assertions. The weight of the books, in addition to the *humanities* already upon the platform, came pretty near breaking down that frail creation of a country carpenter. But Hall manfully disregarded the cracking of the planks and proceeded, in a two hours' speech, to convince the

Seven-up Creekers that the safety of the Union depended alone upon his election, and that if the price of cotton, eggs, etc., did not correspond with the votes he received, then he would—would—would—

“Swim Devil’s Run in two inches water,” responded some individual in the crowd.

Hereupon the crowd commenced laughing, and every time they ceased, Hall would make some assertion in his most fiery manner, whereupon a drunken chap, who was reclining against the foot of an old pine nearly opposite to him, would sing out through his nose in imitation of the deep bass tones of an old bull frog, “*Very deep! very deep!*” and another red-headed chap directly under the platform would respond in the clear shrill pipe of the green tree-toad, “*Knee dip! knee deep!*” This continued until he finished speaking.

Mac then got up and commenced an eloquent strain about the Mexican war, which was interrupted by the crowd taking refuge underneath the platform, hoping thereby to get out of the rain which had commenced pouring down; but the contracted space was soon full, and then they commenced fighting each other, and in a few moments overturned the platform with all the presidents and “vices” on top of it. They went flying in all directions. Mac pitched headforemost into a basket of eggs which was lying at the foot of a tree near by, and Colonel Snorter was suspended from one of the posts by his coat tail for ten or fifteen minutes before the quarreling and fighting crowd could hear his loud yells for help.

The rain did not break up the barbecue until everything on the ground was eaten up by the crowd; which being accomplished, we all set out for home, the rain in the meantime coming down upon our devoted heads in torrents.

When we got to the “Big Devil’s Run,” we were going at a gallop, and without drawing rein, we dashed into the water; and before we were twenty feet from the bank, Colonel Wadd and I were washed from our saddles, and Mac and Hall were swimming their horses for dear life.

The confounded creek had risen about ten feet from the rain, and we had hard work to get ashore.

When we arrived home that night the resolve was mutual that, to no more barbecues would we go if they took place on the other side of “Big Devil’s Run.”

CHAPTER XIX.

"Here's to the victory that was lost and won."

ELECTION-DAY came at last, and each party flocked to the polls, in the full and expressed consciousness that to them belonged the victory and the spoils.

All day long the fighting, drinking and quarreling about the court-house and Spread Eagle was uproarious.

Mac had three voters penned up in the loft of our office, in a happy state of unconsciousness as to whether they were in heaven or on earth. He intended to poll their votes just before the polls closed, but, unfortunately, whilst he was busily engaged in stealing one of Hall's from underneath an empty rice hogshead behind the court-house, some of that gentleman's emissaries succeeded in letting them down by a rope tied around their middle from the loft window, and running them out to a county precinct voted them for Hall.

At last the polls were closed, and the votes counted, when it was ascertained that Hall led Mac ten votes at the town precinct; and that, somehow or other, the county precincts, not satisfied with either, had voted for Colonel Peter Wadd, and that gentleman at twelve o'clock was just even with them—and Pumpkin Hollow to hear from.

We were all assembled at the hotel stoop, and were in a high state of anxiety to hear from the denizens of Pumpkin Hollow. Hall claimed it, and Mac swore he'd carried it, and the Colonel's friends swore he'd carried it, and there it was nip and tuck, who could brag the most about the expected returns from Pumpkin Hollow.

Hour after hour we impatiently awaited the dilatory arrival of the bearer of dispatches from Pumpkin Hollow, and at twelve o'clock he had not yet made his appearance.

At this hour the greater portion of the crowd were inside the densely packed bar-room, engaged in drinking, shouting and quarreling. What few remained in the street were mostly those who had bet heavily on the result, and were standing silently staring into the pitchy darkness, every now and then fancying that they could hear the clattering hoofs of the returning officer's horse as he entered the town. At length, the joyous cry of, "There he comes!" accompanied by the pit-a-pat of the horse's hoofs, brought us out of doors in a perfect jam. One fellow got his foot entangled at the door-way, and all hands came tumbling down, helter-skelter.

As they arose every one seemed to be laboring under the impression that some one had knocked him down, and, *in course*, a regular row was the result of this unfortunate impression. I was attempting to get out of the window, when Major Fice, a little bull-terrier of a fellow, collared me and demanded satisfaction for bunting him on the nose. The startling fact was very evident, for the claret was flowing

copiously, and I had no time, nor he any inclination, to make or hear excuses; and, in repayment of a dab in the stomach, I hit him jerbing, and down we came together. Unfortunately, as we rolled in the filth on the floor, some enterprising individual downed old Major Boomerang with the leg of a table which had been torn loose in the melee, and the addition of two hundred and twenty-five pounds to our little pile, was far from being agreeable. But that was far from being all: our little party on the floor formed a nucleus for some twenty-odd who were knocked down, helter-skelter upon us. The pulling and hauling, fighting and yelling, were terrific.

In the scramble I got my head from under the crowd, and looked round at the proceedings. Two and two they were coupled off all over the room hitting right and left. One fellow was on top the billiard-table, with a long cue, striking under the table at another gent, who would crawl over on the opposite side from which his opponent occupied, and raising his head presented a revolver at the fellow on top, who would make an awful lick at his head and then jump back for fear that the pistol would blow a hole through him. Another fellow was fending off the decanters and glasses thrown at him, with the big looking-glass that usually ornamented the bar; whilst another had crept up the fire-place, and an old fellow who had all his false teeth knocked down his throat, was punching him with a dull sword-cane.

I made a desperate effort and hauled myself free from the living weight that pinned me to the floor, and rushed out of doors. At this moment, the fellow under the billiard-table, having received a severe blow on the nozzle from the gent on top, commenced firing his revolver; everybody instantly ceased fighting and broke for the doors. The fellow on the table made a flying jump and landed on his head out into the street. The customer in the fire-place had by this time made his way to the top of the chimney, where he sat cross-legged shouting, "Murder."

Peace was restored, and the arrival of the returning officer tied on his horse, *hog-fashion*, and in a state of beastly intoxication, turned the attention of all from purely personal matters, to the subject of general interest, viz:—the vote at Pumpkin Hollow.

The horse walked up to the crowd, with his drunken master tied in such a manner that he couldn't guide him if he would.

"How's the vote?"

"Who's ahead?"

"What's the news?" were shouted in his ears, but he only responded by a succession of grunts.

"Untie him," said Major Fice, "and let's examine his papers;" which was accordingly done—but no papers could be found.

He was plied with questions, but only responded with a grunt. We then took him to the pump and cooled him off, and then managed to get some indefinite replies to our many questions.

Sitting on the ground, with his head leaning against the pump, and his clothes saturated with mud and water, he formed a pretty center to the group that surrounded him, one of whom had a nose bunged up to twice its usual dimensions, others with black spots over and under their eyes, and all with shirts, coats and pants torn and rumped—some had hats with the crown bent in, others had none at all, and few were in a better fix, so far as sobriety was concerned, than the drunken "runner."

"How many votes did I get?" asked Hall.

"Nairy," responded the gent.

Here a shout went up from the united supporters of Colonel Wadd and Mac that made the sash in the old hotel dingle.

"How many did I receive?" queried Mac.

"Nairy," again responded the individual.

"Hurra!" screamed Hall's and Colonel Wadd's friends.

One of the latter immediately asking, "How many did the Colonel receive?" got the following reply:

"Nairy." There was no shouting then, but the poor devil was kicked and pulled until, between the compound effect of liquor and blows, he relapsed again into a state of unconsciousness.

We set out that night, on horseback and on foot, for Pumpkin Hollow to ascertain the result, and after we got there found out sure enough "none of the candidates received a single vote"—it having rained all day and the polls were not opened.

Coming back the next morning, we met some of our party, who had left Redstick with us the preceding night, scattered all along the road.

The election was held over, a month afterward, and Mac and Hall, having decided who should alone run against Colonel Wadd by a horse race, it was at length decided who should represent Redstick in the legislature of the State. Which of them was selected, remains for you, dear reader, to examine the pages following and ascertain.

CHAPTER XX.

"Clear the track—the riders up!"

Mac and Hall's friends held a caucus, and in it came to the wise conclusion that as they only agreed to differ, the question of who should alone compete with Colonel Wadd in the coming contest, should be decided by a race between Hall's sorrel and a gray gelding in which Mac owned a half interest.

Much preparation was gone through with in order to have the horses in the best possible trim; and if the day had been postponed one week longer all the cash in Redstick would have been staked on the result.

The morning of the appointed day was as fine, clear and warm as could be wished for, and the country people flocked into town in crowds to witness the much-talked-of race between the substitutes of Hall and Mac.

[With the exception of one or two fights, which was a thing of course, the day passed away pleasantly until two o'clock, the hour appointed for the riders to mount, and the crowd to "clar' the track."

Here a difficulty arose about appointing judges, some of Hall's friends wanting a majority of that gentleman's friends to be on the stand, and *vice versa* with Mac and his supporters.

At length, Mac was allowed to choose six and Hall six, which they did, and the judges mounted with alacrity an old sloping shed, that was nearly a mile, as well as could be ascertained, from the spot where the horses were to start.

[Three men of each party were then selected to start them fair, and the crowd were ordered to clear the road and allow a fair start; but the gents composing said crowd were too busily attending to the closing of bets and chaffering over odds to pay much attention to the shouting judges, one of whom, waxing wrothy, pitched in with a horse whip to clear the track. It is useless to inform any one at all acquainted with the characteristics of the Redstick people, that said judge came a flying out of the crowd, head foremost, before he had cleared six feet of the road.

[At last when all the bets had been taken, and a tremendous fight over between two men who fought about the color of the gray's tail, the crowd magnanimously separated to the right and left, and the riders were with much difficulty hoisted into their saddles, and a line was drawn in the road for a fair start. The word was given, and away went the sorrel getting the start about twenty feet. It is needless to say that the gray did not follow.

After a great deal of fuss the sorrel came panting back, his rider swearing and yelling like a madman; he wished to whip the rider of the gray before they started again, but was *kindly* prevented.

At last, they got off together, and went pattering down the road "nip and tuck," the riders whipping, spurring and yelling as if the destinies of the Union rested upon their gaining the race. Backed by the noise of the crowd the hubbub was awful.

[Just as the two horses neared the stand, a combat ensued among the judges, who all piled upon one man whose orthodoxy in the questions at issue was very much doubted. He was accused at first very mildly of being too good a friend of Colonel Wadd to be an unprejudiced judge of the race; and upon his politely informing the crowd that they might "go on a vpyage of discovery to a very warm region," one of them began to mildly and kindly remonstrate with him by hitting him upon the head with a hickory stick.

At this juncture, the horses had just started and by the time they

arrived at the stand, there were no judges on top of the shed; the fray had brought them to the ground where they had it rough and tumble.

The crowd at the starting point, perceiving the state of affairs, ran down in a body, and in fact such was their eagerness to participate, that those who did not make almost as quick time as the horses, stopped on the road to have the matter out among themselves.

The disturbance ceased, and then arose the question as to which horse had won the race, none of the judges were able to say anything about the matter, and some of them were in a more fit state for a hospital than to decide the momentous question then at issue.

The riders were appealed to; but each one swore that the horse they respectively rode had come out ahead, and they at the same time swore just as decidedly that each other was the biggest liar unhang, and so—and so the race had to be run over again.

Again the judges were chosen and the crowd resumed their position at the starting point, save a few who, distrustful of the judges, occupied a position opposite the stand.

The horses were drawn up together, and the judges were about to give the word, when the whole crowd were thrown into confusion by the charge of a furious bull that had broken out of a neighboring field, in order to be present and take a hand, or rather horn, in the matter.

His onslaught was so furious and sudden, that two or three of the outsiders went whirling in the air before they were aware of his presence. Some who were protected by their position on the inside of the throng, shouted:

“Go on with the race; never mind the dirt bull.” But Mr. Bull soon made them aware of the fact that if the crowd was large he would put them all to flight.

Two or three desperate lunges soon convinced the crowd that the dickens was to pay, and they commenced scattering in all directions. There was a small flat-roofed house upon which the starting judges sat near the road, and the top was soon as thick as the top of a beehive of a hot summer's day.

The buggies were crammed in an instant, and as there were a great many on the ground, not more than twenty persons were left without protection. These individuals went kiting in every direction—the bull first pursuing one and then another.

Some eight or ten having taken refuge behind the judge's stand, were pursued by the bull who ran them round and round the house four or five times. He was rapidly gaining on them when he suddenly faced about and stopped stock still.

The pursued still thinking that he was following them, and in hot haste to escape, came tearing and shrieking around the corner of the stand, and their sudden dismay upon pitching right upon the horns of the bull baffles description.

ed. He could only hook one at a time, however, and him he sent flying into the very midst of the crowd on top of the stand. The rest got out of the way, some getting into buggies, and some under them, and the bull had nothing to operate upon but a piece of red flannel, used generally as a distance flag when there was two or more heats to be run.

This he hooked and tore, and seemed to take infinite satisfaction in treading it under foot. As he went furiously around the stand, several pistols were fired at him, but did not affect him in any other manner than to increase his fury.

One fellow in attempting to lean over and shoot him in the back from the stand, was pushed off by a sudden movement of the crowd, and fell directly on the animal's back; wasting no time, he grabbed his tail and hung on for dear life. The bull ran round and round, slinging the fellow around in a circle of about twenty feet, when running near a buggy the goat let go and run under the vehicle.

We were still popping at him with our pistols, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of two of the judges from the lower end of the road, who were coming up to see what detained the horses. Taking after them he chased them to their former positions, and then went off to attend a mass meeting of cattle in a neighboring commons.

The crowd now came down from their various retreats, and closed in again around the horses. At last, just *after dark*, for the proceedings took up the entire evening, a tremendous popping and cracking denoted that something was the matter; the crowd separated right and left, and old gray came charging down the road with half a dozen packs of crackers tied to his tail—some rascal had taken advantage of his proximity to the horse to fasten them on and then light them with a cigar—pack, bang, g'lang, bang, bang, fiz—ger-rang—eger-rang, bang, fiz, bang; away they went, Hall's horse taking fright and running some four miles in the opposite direction, whilst old gray threw his rider and never stopped until he got to town.

Another horse was got up against the sorrel, and although it was now pitch dark the race came off, the sorrel beating Mac's substitute twenty feet, six inches and a fraction—such being the return of the judge who, standing in the middle of the road with a lantern as he said to let the horses see, was run over and nearly killed. And Hall was at last the nominee.

CHAPTER XXI.

"My name is Norval—
From the Grampian hills I come."

THE contest between Hall and Wadd came off some thirty days after the horse race, and Wadd beat Hall like all forty. Mac's friends having voted for the former gentleman through spite against Hall, engendered by the many fights and quarrels incident upon the races, and former election.

Redstick had subsided from the high state of excitement, in which its population had boiled and bubbled for the past three months, and everything, including everybody, was as moody as a young lawyer on being snubbed by the presiding judge.

Something was wanting, and a lyceum was proposed as a fit remedy for the evil; but after enjoying a sickly existence it "let down," and a jury of six slightly *tosticated* young gents, found a verdict of "too much sass among the youngsters, and want of appreciation among the fair sex of Redstick."

Some happy genius proposed the inauguration of an "Amateur Thespian Society," and the proposal meeting with the warmest approval, all the young men in the place became members, and the preparations for the "grand opening" were prophetic of a successful and happy *hit*. Nothing could be heard of in the place but the "coming event," which, instead of casting any shadow before, threw out the brightest gassy glare before its gay and looming figure, that made the shadow "*behind*," which came sure enough, thrice more dark and gloomy.

To crown all, a play was written by Hall for the "opening," which for verbosity, oddity and happy combination of tragedy, comedy, farce and dramatic theology, beat the bangers and took "several feet of recumbent linen from the bosom of the dwarfed monarch of the pea-field."

The subject filled the minds of all, and even the girls were as full of the spirit of the thing as any of us; one of them upon being asked by Chickadiddy, the clerk in the dry-goods store, to what address must he send a half yard of tape she had just purchased, exclaimed:

"My name is Norval—on the Grampian—Oh! deary me, I forgot—just send it up to Mr. Tootsweet's, and pa says charge it until the first of January."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Chickadiddy, who was to act as *King Cassimir* in the coming play. "Charge! charge! my heroes! On ye braves who'd rather die than be a-a-a-nigger."

The opening night came at last, and the substitute for the "Hall of Thespis," for that *nonce*, the whole lower story of an old and long

unoccupied house, was filled to its utmost capacity, by the old and young of both sexes.

The upper end was screened off from observation, by fifteen table-cloths sewed together and made to hoist away to the ceiling by means of pulleys. In front of this excuse for scenery was a row of tallow candles stuck in tin sconces, throwing a lurid light upon nowhere in particular. The lower portion was occupied with benches that rose gradually from the floor to the ceiling, and these were crammed to their utmost capacity. The audience was so large that the floor was occupied with gentlemen standing, crowded up to within ten feet of the footlights. Our orchestra was composed of a black fiddler, a white genius who played very well on the bass drum, and a fellow who screamed away on a fife. What was lacking in harmony they made up in noise. They were perched up on the top of a platform, resting upon the heads of four or five whisky barrels, placed on end, and did great service in drowning the uproar of the audience.

At last their noisy demonstrations of impatience were silenced by the loud clanging of a cow-bell, and the table-cloths began slowly to ascend to the ceiling, revealing to the audience another demi-screen, composed of an old carpet, which hung suspended from the walls by two ropes; in the hurry to draw up the curtain, which operation taxed the strength of six men, who made known the demands upon their strength by noisy grunts, they clogged the pulleys and it would not fall and cover the retreat of Cassimir's men in the sixth act; but, however, that mattered not, as they ran under the carpet, which was supposed to represent the forest of "*Inglemere*."

The first actor called upon was a little fellow by the name of Sam Chike, who represented the despairing lover in the piece. Short and chubby, with a countenance beaming with joyous health and the contents of a small flask, he kept concealed in his large red sash, (formed from one of the red curtains of the "*Spread Eagle*.") He nevertheless acted the part of the "despairing lover" to perfection. With his head cast down, he "shut himself up like a jack-knife" in response to the enthusiastic applause of the audience, and commenced his "appeal to the gods" in so low a tone that no one could hear him. "Louder! louder!" exclaimed the audience; and "Down in front," succeeded in drowning his low appeal, which he succeeded in at last elevating to a kind of "melo-dramatic" *squawl*.

"Down in front!" continued the back-seaters, which met with no response from the gentlemen in front, save a smiling glance at the floor, which was covered with spittle and tobacco quids, promiscuously intermingled, an inch in depth, until a cry was raised that the ladies could not see; and then, if you have ever seen a covey of partridges squat in a rice field, you can form some faint idea of the manner in which the front-rank sank to the dirty, slippery floor. Men of Red-stick, of this will I bear witness in your favor, for that chivalrous

squat, upon that nasty floor, equaled in heroism and self-disregard, the triumphant assault of the French upon the Malakoff.

Chike was impelled, by all this cry and struggle to get a look at him, to exert himself, and raise his voice to a loud, frantic demi-semi-quaver, but unfortunately, at this moment, he forgot his part, and stood with uplifted arm a prey to emotions too various to mention. For a moment there was a dead silence, but some one thinking that he was waiting for the noise to cease, commenced shouting silence, in a loud tone, which caused others to shout silence, and by the time they ceased the squad in front, who became aware of the cause of his silence, commenced laughing, and the merriment soon broke out all over the house.

Silence was at length restored, and Chike having backed up against the carpet, in which the *prompter* had torn a hole, commenced in a sheepish tone to repeat from the prompter's lips, his "lamentations," for he had totally forgotten his part, and thenceforth relied upon the prompter to put him through.

"Ye woods and dinged dells," whispered the prompter.

"Ye goods and dingy wells," repeated Chike; and so on, until he was completely *dead* to the audience, and *alive* only to the prompter. At last, as he repeated in a sheepish voice the words he should have shouted out, and accompanied with violent gestures, "Hear me, oh, hear me, Victoria," some one, in trying to peep at the audience through the prompter's hole in the carpet, trod heavily on that gentleman's foot, upon which he angrily exclaimed:

"Get off my foot, you dirn fool."

Chike, who was listening eagerly for his promptings, and aroused again by the evident dissatisfaction of the audience, shouted:

"Get off my foot you dirn fool!" and if he didn't bring down the house, a la Kean, you can take every tile in Redstick.

Although not half through his part, he retired in a hurry and could not be induced to return again. The next one called was a tall fellow named George Pie, and we expected wonders from him, for more brass was never expended in making up one man's countenance, before or since he blessed this world with his presence.

He was to act the part of Bartoli, and his first duty was to run out upon the stage and exclaim, with the necessary accompaniment of gestures:

"Oh, Heavens, Captain Thornton is killed!" He started as brave as a lion; but *let down* just as he entered on the stage. There he stood, with eyes averted from the audience, and in a piping meager voice whined out:

"Hevings! Captain Thornton is kil-led."

"The h—ll he is!" exclaimed a rough voice from the *squatters*, and Bartoli retired, having accomplished the undesired object of bringing down the house.

Some of the *puissant* actors having at last broke the ice, the play

went on admirably, and we got through the first, second, third and up to the seventh act in a hurry.

Here, as we were to change our dress, and drape ourselves as "Nymphs of the Wave," with moss and chickweed, a desperate attempt was made to let down the outside curtain, but it was "no go;" it wouldn't come, and we were forced to let it remain as it was, and crowd behind the second curtain to strip and dress.

We stripped off in a hurry, and all were taking a drink, to the success of the difficult ordeal we were shortly to pass through, when down came the inside curtain with a rush, and there, terror-stricken and immovable, for the moment, stood twelve "made nymphs," as naked as—as mermen. Screams of laughter arose from the *frantic* audience, as we ran helter-skelter seeking for some hole in which to creep, but in vain, for the back door was locked to keep out intruders, and the key was in the pocket of the "Queen of the Nymphs," who, it is needless to say, could not find *her parts* in the confused mass of wearing apparel that ornamented the corner of our pseudo-dressing-room. Some of the back seats having broken down, with the ladies, and some of the squatters running forward and covering us with their cloaks until all the females retired, we managed to dress, and then went sorrowing to our homes. It is needless to say that the drama is dead in Redstick. "Peace to its ashes."

CHAPTER XXII.

Cassimir.—I have seen the elephant!

Basilico.—Ah! were you not terror-stricken?

Cas.—'T was fearful though—'tis strange—

Bas.—What?

Cas.—His Latin name—*Old Sledge*.

FROM HOW TO GET A RICH WIFE.

THE menagerie was coming, and the editors of the "Redstick Star Spangled Banner" and "Hero of Seventy-Six" forgot for the nonce, their wild appeals to the people to arise and save their sinking country, and "stretched themselves" in their India-rubber attempts, at describing the various crooked, straight, hairy, woolly and bare-hide animals that made up the far-famed and wonderful collection of Messrs. Soft Snap, Grabben & Co., (lately of New York, and a resident partner in Asia, engaged in trapping elephants expressly for this concern, with a patent net invented and used exclusively by the firm).

For weeks before the arrival of this great and wonderful caravansery, the negroes and little children were in fidgets of excitement, and the triumphant entry to the place of the procession, composed of one big elephant, Christopher Columbus by name, and one small one too

young to christen, nine men, six cages, and a cart-load of hay, upon which diet the elephant usually lived, and upon which were seated three fiddlers, two Dutch brass trumpeters, (I mean two brass Dutch trumpeters,) and a little bit of fellow behind an enormous bass drum, making more noise than any of them; their arrival, as aforesaid, threw the town into a perfect uproar. Everybody who could raise a quarter was inside the tent that night to see the curiosities. Great was the wonder excited by the wonderful performances of the elephant, and his eating two barrels of apples without winking his eyes, or paying for them, drew expressions of wonder from staid people who had never wondered before.

The Misses Smythe were there, and though I was debarred, by my promise, from keeping their company, still I followed them, accompanied by Hall they slowly went the rounds of the nine cages of monkeys, paroquets and the wonderful elephant.

When they arrived at this animal's station, Hall purchased some apples, and proceeded to show the ladies how dexterously the animal could take them out of his hind coat-tail pockets, which he did with such alacrity that he had them down his immense throat before you could say peas. Whether Hall wished to fool the elephant, or did not wish to purchase more apples, I can not tell, but he kept on turning his swallow tails to him, and motioning for him to take the fancied apple, until the huge beast tired of searching his empty pockets, with his snout, dexterously pushed that article up Hall's back, and ripping his coat from top to bottom, sucked his shirt out about a feet. The keeper observing his playfulness struck him gently across the snout with an iron bar, and relieved Hall from his interesting situation upon which that gentleman, without waiting to tuck in his unmentionables, put in hot haste for the door, leaving the ladies to the tender mercies of Dick Foxy and me who both being under ban, took advantage of the opportunity to reinstate ourselves.

Dick being first, took Miss Clara, and to my great joy Miss Estelle had no objection to allowing me to show her the hyenas and other etceteras.

I had no opportunity to set myself right upon the important question that then kept my heart topsy-turvy, and the carriage at the door of the tent, at the close of the exhibition, relieved both Dick and myself of our lovely charges without one word of explanation, as to the unfortunate fix I was in regard to them both.

The next morning the menagerie put out for Lemonskeezee, and about ten o'clock the town was thrown into consternation by the arrival of all the wagons back again, with the intelligence that Columbus had killed his keeper, and had pursued them almost to town. The camel was missing, and it was afterward ascertained that the elephant had also destroyed that animal.

As was displayed in the streets of Sevastopol, upon the news of the battle of the Alma, so was the scene that morning in Redstick, when

it was known that the savage animal was at large, untrammelled, and wrought up to his highest pitch of fury by the sight of blood.

Women and children ran screaming with terror up and down the street, and the male population ran wildly to and fro, loading revolvers, rifles, shot-guns, and every species of firearm in the place. Every now and then the sharp crack of a rifle denoting that some one had discharged an old load, would draw a shriller scream from the women, who thought sure that the elephant was upon them. All that day scouts on foot and on horseback came and went from the scene of the revolt, and they reported that he confined himself to a neck of woods some four miles in extent; and distant from any habitation, he was amusing himself by tearing up small trees and screeching like forty steamboat whistles united in one.

The next morning, at an early hour, small parties began to leave town, to participate in the grand hunt after the elephant.

In company with a German friend of mine, I armed and equipped as the law directs, that is, provided with a rifle, loaded with slugs, and a small pocket pistol, cocked and primed, with *caudevié*; off we put, I on foot and he on horseback; for such was the universal request horses were in, that I could not procure one for love or money. I had, however, as the day was warm, procured an enormous cotton umbrella, which, as my friend Snicks was peculiarly susceptible to heat, was a constant source of annoyance to him.

"If it has not bin I don't want to go backs to town, cauze I'm feared dis peoples will some of dem bese killed ef I'm not dere to kil de dam bis; I would go back an get my umberel—dam de son, what for he shine hot like blaze to-dey? Dis is shust de way all de time when I have got not de umberel, it is hot shust as fire, by dam."

And he went on recounting to me the many elephant hunts in which he had participated, when in India, and advising me what to do if I was hot pressed by the animal. "Ef he pus you close shust get up ze little tree you no can find; you no he pulls up de big tree, but de little one he no can wind his nose around."

"All right, old horse, take care of yourself, I'll be bound he don't get me," I exclaimed.

"Takes care of myself! Got for dam, I have killed ten of dese big bugs in one day. If you know how you can manages him it is not trouble more dan de odder insecks. I have not for come only I am bery fraid some of dese peoples geets killed, de dam fools."

Here he proposed a swap with me, I to take his horse, and he to take my umbrella. As we were very close to where report had accredited the elephant to be, I cheerfully acceded. I had got on the horse, and was fixing my feet in the stirrups, when a yell from Snicks apprised me that we were in danger. Quick as thought I reined up, and discovered the elephant breaking for us through a small clump of sapplings, among which he had been concealed.

"Oh! mien! Got, gim me mine hoas, quick—look at him! Oh!

mine wife and leven childer. Stop! stop!" he exclaimed, as I went clattering down the road, "let me on behind."

"Save yourself," I shouted, as I pummeled the pony with heels and fists; no time to swap horses now; and it wasn't just about then, for a more ferocious looking beast I never saw. Snicks was hot pressed; he attempted to climb several trees, but gave up the idea so often, that the elephant came very near getting him; at last he crawled under a hollow log, which the elephant ran over two or three times in looking for him, and his immense weight nearly crushed poor Snicks.

"As for me, on I went like a streak of mighty slow lightning, and just as I began to draw rein, I looked around, and there he came booming up the road, his snout raised high in the air, his red mouth wide open screeching like blazes; you could have heard his ears flapping against his thick hide a mile off.

He was gaining upon me fast, when I came upon the advance guard of the Redstickers, who had marched out in battle array to kill him. Jemimima! what a scattering took place when I came down upon them shouting, "The elephant! the elephant! Look out! look out!" Although scared almost into fits myself, I had to laugh at the scampering and yelling that took place. One fellow on a big black horse rode over two or three on ponies, and the way they dismounted and climbed the roadside trees, would have shamed the very monkeys themselves. A Frenchman who was loaded down with loaded muskets ran into the cane and brush that lined the road, and when he was discovered next morning *fifteen* miles from the place where he disappeared, not a soul in the place could recognize his scratched and bunged up face.

At every turn of the road we would come upon parties of five or ten on foot, and on horseback, riding along boasting and bragging of their individual prowess, and in happy unconsciousness of danger, when we would come tearing, spurring and yelling down upon them, like a young tornado. The change, that would then come over the spirit of their dream would be most startling; throwing down their guns, those on foot hid in the hollows, or climbed trees, and those on horseback would block up the road, in their desperate efforts to all turn at once, and some of them would go down, horse and rider, before our furious charge. It was curious to see the pitiful expression on some badly-mounted fellow's countenance, as one after another of his better-mounted companions would go tearing by him; he would look around at the enemy as he came down the road in hot pursuit, throwing aside, or tossing into the air, the saddles, guns, coats and umbrellas with which the road was sprinkled, every now and then stopping and cocking his red eye at some fellow up a tree, give a squeal and then proceed to attempt, by winding his trunk around the tree, to shake him down.

At one turn of the road we came suddenly upon Monsieur Jean

Baptiste, etc., Tonnerre, who, bestriding a sorry mule, was using all the variations of the universal *sacre*, in connection with a small limb of a tree, which he brought down on the mule's quarters with a bang, in order to make him cross a small *alough* and proceed in the direction of the elephant, of whose approach Tonnerre was up to this moment unconscious. The mule was standing with his feet all placed determinately forward, his ears down and Tonnerre pounding away like fury.

"By grass, I nevaire see sich hoss; by gar, nevaire, nevaire. I sall no see de kill of de big bulefant, by gar, tis onc grand shame, by gar. Oh! *oui* you will not go eh? vat's ze use you tell me vid dat dam bad tongs," (as the mule began to bray), "you say no vid your feets, you say no vid your *hears*, you say no vid you all ovaire, an by grass, you hollaire nevaire, nevaire vid your *sacre* tongs; good—ké is welly, by gar, ven I sall keels ze bulefant, I sall puts you in his belly, by gar. Hi vat is yat? ze bulefant is veri—Oh, mon Dieu! savez moi! helps me, jentilhomme, pulls me along; by gar, I am in de feex; help me,—mon diem I am keel sev-eral times."

"Turn your mule around," we shouted, which he hastily did but the mule only turned, and that was all; he proceeded to kick up, and just as I was passing on my jaded horse he run sideways, against me, and down we came together. The elephant was close upon us, and rising I broke for a couple of trees that stood about ten paces off the road, preceded, however, by Tonnerre whose fears lent wings to his heels; throwing his arms around a tree, he yelled, "Clime de tree for me, Oh mon Dieu! de tree est no clime me. *Sacre!* I am fini, by grass, my wife and leetle cheeldren is all vidders now." Perceiving that he could not climb I helped him up and then with difficulty climbed the next tree, the bark of which was so smooth that I slipped two or three times before I succeeded in getting up.

The elephant was engaged in tossing Tonnerre's red coat high in the air, and catching it with his tusks, upon perceiving which Tonnerre commenced yelling to me:

"Mon Dieu! I havez one honder dollar and a gole vatch in my new coat zat dat dam bis est zamine vit his toot picks. Vous hear me, Monsieur, I val geeve you five dollar eef you go run him away so I cin gettee mon vatch."

"Hush up you villain," I exclaimed, for our trees were none of the largest, and his confounded clatter attracted the animal's attention. But, the elephant seemed content with the coat and did not bother us for the moment.

I climbed higher up the tree to get a view of the flying crowd, which Tonnerre perceiving, he commenced yelling to me again:

"You no fair, by dam, de bulefant est trappé me fus; come down ze same as I am, eef you be a jentilhomme." But paying no attention to him, I climbed still higher, and he, trying to emulate me, came pretty nigh tumbling out and breaking his confounded neck. From up where I could get a good view of the road the scene was curious.

The flying squad had augmented to some seventy-five, and were whipping and spurring as if the beast was right upon them. At every turn they would still come upon small parties quietly jogging on to the scene of the elephant war. The scrambling, turning and whipping of horses would then be terrific. Those that were dismounted would take to the nearest tree, and the balance would scamper on. At one place where two wagons were hitched, and occupied nearly the whole of the road, the confusion was indescribable; some jumped the fence, and the fellow on the "big black" hoisted his horse into the wagon nearest to him, rode over three barrels of flour, six plows and two nigger babies, and then leaped his horse to the ground on the other side.

My attention was soon called to matters nearer home. Owing to Tonnerre's continued fuss about his coat, the attention of the elephant was attracted to us, and he came tearing at the trees in the tops of which we were located.

Tonnerre's actions and fears were indescribable. Clutching the tree with legs and arms he frantically essayed to climb up higher, but in vain; he was however out of the elephant's reach, and that animal did not attempt to bring him down in that manner, but winding his trunk around the tree, he pulled and tugged in vain; in the mean time Tonnerre was in an agony of fear; every shake of the tree would be recorded with a corresponding yell and elevation of his hair, until it stuck straight out like the "neck feathers" of a cowed "dunghill."

"Mon Dieu! am I to be mangé in dees mis-er-able mannaire—whiat for I com to see dis biss? insted geet kill,—eat me, fuss my coat, den moself. Oh! Monsieur, eef you hollaire avec moi, we make de bulefant tink dere is sev-er-al peeps in dees tree, en den maybe he weel geet fright an den goes away to sum odder place."

But I uttered not a word, the close proximity of the fearful beast was enough to raise the hair on my own head.

"Ke is well, by grass," muttered Tonnerre, taking fresh courage at the ineffectual efforts of the elephant. "Ke is very well—he not tink bout stem on his nose and kick me out with dem dam large big foot—he is geet me den. Nevery mine, ole fren, eef I wish I can come down en put your nose till your teese bleed; haw—you cock dat leetle red eye at me,—what for dat sich ting as dat is made? he ees no bon for work, no good for eat:—noting at all but run shentilment come mor en deese dam torn tree. Eef I geets out I no vill have de shirt pour next Sundé. Bons soir, ole hoss!" he shouted, as the elephant took after the mule, and left his post at the foot of our trees. "Geév moi bss-es respect to Miss Bulefant, an all zee leetle bulefanta. Vè will ouree home as soon as you have catch dat diam sacre diable of de hoss, dat kin run I perseeb for himself, but kin no go for moi." When he had disappeared we laid down in a hurry, and Tonnerre grabbing up his coat we put like quarter-horses across the fields to town. When we arrived there we found that the scared citizens had blockaded

the road with fence rails, and that all of us who were tried were reported dead. No one slept a wink that night in Redstick, and the tales of *magnificent* daring that went the rounds, were enough to startle any one not cognizant with the facts.

Tonnerre swore that he run the bulfant two miles with a fence rail, and apologized for the thorn scratches all over his face by saying that the elephant grabbed a "torn tree wid his nose" and fought him with it.

After being at liberty for three days, and after scattering two military companies, who came out from Lemonskeezee to capture him, our redoubtable enemy gave in, and was led off by a volunteer from among the cage men, who walking quietly up behind him, soothed him with gentle words, until he obeyed his orders and followed him up to the cages of the other beasts.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The chairs were placed, the curtains drawn,
And soon the magic chair was formed;
The spirits came, but all forlorn,
Not through the air but—in a horn.

UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

My probation was nearly over; and, therefore, I was not surprised at meeting both the Misses Smythe at the house of Colonel Duchapelle, one evening, when I came over in acceptance of an invitation to participate in a kind of "table-turning and spirit-raising" convention, then and there held.

The party was composed of about twenty of both sexes, and we soon had the tables hopping all over the room. Any question that was asked was immediately and accurately answered, by *alphabetical knocks*, and there was hardly one who did not leave fully convinced that *Old Colonel D.'s spirits were the real genuine quality*.

"Of what age is Mr. Hall?" was asked, and we were surprised at the spirits answering "Twenty-one years, six months, two weeks, one day, three hours, and forty-seven minutes."

"Oh, Mr. Hall, is that correct?"

"Yes, ladies, and I assure you that no one knew my age but myself, and if he had only mentioned the *seconds*, I would have believed in *spirits* all my days.

Here a *very difficult* question was asked by the old maid of the place, who asserted if the spirits would only inform her correctly, if she was married or not, she would place infinite reliance upon them ever after. The question was asked, and not a soul spoke for ten minutes after the solemn answer:

"Yes," was rapped out.

Rising to her feet, Miss Pinch (the lady in question) cast a look of inexpressible scorn over the assembly, and flatly remarking that we were a parcel of fools to listen to such nonsense, she left the room, and shortly afterward the house.

After her departure we cut up finely for a while, but the spirits came too easily for us to enjoy their visits, and accordingly we soon began to get tired of the fun. Mac being present, said that if the lights were all put out, he would cause an isolated hand to appear, and stand for a minute in the middle of the room.

This proposition being hailed with pleasure, the lights were all blown out, and for a few moments the room was as still as if it was unoccupied.

Suddenly a bright thought struck me, which I hastily proceeded to put into execution. Slipping quietly to the other end of the ring, I lent over and stole a quiet kiss from the lady who was seated at that end. "Oh, la me," she exclaimed, as I stole on tiptoe to the next one, and repeated the operation, and so on all the way around, the exclamations of "What's that!" "Oh!" and "La me!" being supposed to be expressions of wonder at the appearance of a glowing hand hanging suspended in the dark.

It looked so unnatural, that the ladies were beginning to get frightened, when all at once the hand commenced struggling violently up and down and Miss Estelle commenced hallooing for assistance.

"I've got it,—it's a man,—make haste,—bring a light,"—which somebody doing, the Honorable Mr. Mac was found in the custody of Miss Estelle, with his hand covered with phosphorus.

Mac looked as guilty as if detected in sheep-stealing, but most of the girls were too angry at something to poke fun at him. They would look at us and frown, and some of them would mutter:

"Oh! I wish my big brother was here!"

All this was of course, unintelligible to us; and when they arose in a body and left the room, we were struck with amazement.

"What is it! what's the matter?" we all exclaimed, and a little girl of about ten years of age pertinently informed us:

"Some of you gentlemen kissed them all in the dark."

"How do you know it, sis?" asked Hall.

"Why, I know it; he kissed Miss Estelle Smythe who sat next to me, and then when he went to kiss me he bumped his nose against the wall because I was too short."

Here I incontinently felt of my nose but fortunately no one observed me.

Whilst we were cogitating what to do, the girls all came back again, smiling as you please, and immediately proposed, as Mac protested, even when caught that it was not his hand, that we should try the experiment again.

The lights were again blown out and silence resumed its sway. I suspected some trick, and kept my seat. Not even the temptation

of Miss Estelle, sitting almost, alongside of me, could withdraw me from my seat. With ears all attention I soon heard the rustling of dresses, and the soft fall of their feet on the floor.

"Look out, Hal, for yourself," quoth I, "keep your seat, you've had enough to night."

At this moment I could hear a bussing all around the room, and I could hardly hold myself down.

Not satisfied with going round once, some of them went around the circle two or three times, and the sudden entree of *the girls*, each one bearing a candle, alone put a stop to the kissing; and there, oh, horrors! in their places sat ten of the *blackest nigger wenches* on the plantation. Jemimima! didn't "them fella's" squat down instanter, each one protesting that he had not stirred from his seat; but a tell-tale mark of pot-black on each sobered face, with the *exception of mine*, told too well the fact.

The girls had risen as soon as the lights were blown out, and by a preconcerted plan, ten negro women, each one with a patch of pot-black on her chin, stole softly in and took their places.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Gaily he shook his dark curls back,
 And mounted his steed then prancing
 To carry him on to his dark-eyed one—
 Who in the meantime, I regret to say,
 Had married another fellow a heap more entrancing.

BRACK.

'Twas the Sabbath day, and the western bound sun ne'er kissed his adieus to a lovelier scene than that sunny nook o'er which he had kept watch, with his blazing eye, during that long autumn day. His visits were now becoming shorter in duration, and his warm kiss in the morning did not enliven the russet coats of the tall trees, who had shivered and rustled all night in the cold embraces of his enemy—Jack Frost.

'Twas the Sabbath evening, and at last my long probation was over; and I was at length going to claim my bride—a bride I did not seek—and one who sought not me.

Was I not heartless? Alas! dear reader, there are a thousand consolations in this world of ours, which sugar-coat the bitter pills we all must swallow. Some, and they are many, look at the naked pill, and tear away its sweet surface, preparatory to engulfing it, but I never—come what may. I look around me, and if I can not extract the balm of consolation from the queenly rose, away down in the dusky cells of the "Jamestown Flower," I follow the far-seeing bee, and take what is poison to others as my honey and heart's-ease.

Ha!—I was preaching a sermon was I? Well, here is the double

extract of the condensed text: Miss Clara was rich, so wasn't I. I loved Miss Estelle, and would have got her at last, but for my confounded want of presence of mind. But, alas! she was poor and the riches of the other was the sugar-coat to my, at times, dreaded pill.

Here we are at the gate; and as I slowly enter, I feel the wrinkles of my "Marseilles" spread out beneath the beating of a perturbed heart. I hoped that Miss Estelle was gone out, for she must have known that that evening I must come. But no, there she was on the gallery, the first one to meet me; and that jumping heart of mine, after giving three or four big thumps, lodged itself securely under the roots of my tongue and there swelled and kicked its utmost.

"Why, howdy; I thought you were Mr. Hall. Didn't you see anything of him on the road?" was the greeting I received; and upon my responding that I did not observe that gentleman, she said:

"He is very late—won't you come in?"

For a time I didn't know whether to accept the careless invitation or not; but, at last, I choked down the bitter, jealous feeling that nearly overcome me, and walked into the parlor.

There I found Miss Clara, who took the pains to blush as red as a peony when I entered. Mr. John Randolph Smythe, Esq., Mr. Ben Gelon, Mr. Dick Foxy, (I wonder how he made it up with the old man), Miss Duchapelle—and the Reverend Mr. Clute, (what the deuce is he doing here, I thought to myself), all sitting as quiet and demure as a convention of tabby cats.

Miss Clara was dressed too much like a bride to suit me, and upon looking around at the party after getting seated, I thought that everything bore a very bridal-kind of an appearance. Leaning back, behind the window curtain, from whence I could keep an eye on Miss Estelle, who had returned to the gallery, and was anxiously gazing down the road—I *thought a heap*.

There is going to be a wedding here, and from appearances, Hal, you are in for it sure enough. But it was a curious course of proceeding. Not let me know anything of it! But then they knew of my coming; in fact, I had to come. But this is not the way I wanted the thing done. I would have liked to have had a blow out. I always intended to have one when I got married. But, oh, dear! they seem to do things here without consulting me. Let 'em rip, however—I do believe Estelle loves that confounded Hall. If she does that's some consolation anyhow.

Here I took a look at that lady, as she leaned against the pillar of the gallery, and was musing upon the strange things that do sometimes turn up in a man's life, when Hall and Mac, dressed within an inch of their lives, drove up and dismounted.

I wondered who had invited them there anyhow, but wondered still more upon seeing Hall kiss Miss Estelle. Jemimima! I said, as they lovingly entered the parlor together. Just then, as I turned around

from the window, Miss Duchapellé sat down beside me, and leaning over commenced whispering in a low tone.

"I know all about it, Miss Lucy, and you see I have come at the appointed time to see it out."

"Who told—" she was going to say something more, when the Reverend Mr. Clute tapped me on the shoulder, and taking me by the arm led me into the corner, and asked me if I *had got the license*. I was dumfounded, but managed to mutter out "No—I had forgotten it."

"Oh, never mind," he observed, "Mr. Hall probably has got it but I rather expected you would get it yourself."

So did I when I came to think of it, but Hall is mighty clever. Who asked him to meddle in the business? I muttered to myself, taking another view of his cleverness when I came to think of his kissing Estelle. I again resumed my seat, by the side of Miss Duchapellé, and replied to her many questions, with a yes or no, just as the word happened to be on my lip; for I was anxiously observing the party and was surprised at Mac's unaccountable conduct.

He had not been near me during the day, and avoided me even now. It was very strange. But a question from my fair companion here interrupted my musings, and I turned my eyes upon her. She was strangely beautiful that evening, and I almost fell in love with her. How useless these mad thoughts, I muttered, as I again turned away. 'Tis like the poor convict as he looks his last upon the bright, beautiful world from which one move of the turnkey's hand cuts him off for ever. Everything looks thrice more beautiful, and now to me this flower at my side is thrice more entrancing than I am about to debar myself for ever from her.

Here a general uprising of the company, warned me that I was not in my place, and I walked up by the side of Miss Clara, as we all formed a line in front of the reverend gentleman. Old Mr. Smythe formed the extreme left, then, next, Miss Estelle, with Hall on her right; then Mac, then Miss Clara and myself, Miss Duchapellé on my right and the rest on her right. I was gazing abstractly upon the buttons of the reverend gent's waistcoat, as he turned the pages of his book, when a gentle tap from Miss Duchapellé attracted my attention, and leaning over to me, she whispered:

"Get to the left of Miss Clara." With such a "thank you" as Socrates gave the bearer of the poisoned chalice, I moved mechanically to Mac's place, as that gentleman with suffused face and down-cast eyes took mine.

"Will you have this lady as your lawful wife?" etc., and Hall in a firm voice replied:

"I will."

Had a flash of lightning struck me to the earth, I could not have been more surprised. So that is the way you revenge yourself, is it, Miss Estelle?

Well, that is all that is wanting, and I thought I loved Miss Clara thrice more strongly than I had loved her. It nerved me up to go through my own part of the ceremony, and when Mr. Clute was through, and moved down in front of us, I was as determined as ever I was before in my life.

"Will you have?" etc., he asked, and just as I was about to say I will, in as determined a tone as ever I uttered, a weak feeble "I will!" came from Mac on Miss Clara's right.

I did not faint, I did not stagger or fall, but every muscle in my frame seemed as if turned to stone. The presence of mind that had often failed to sustain me in less trying scenes than this came now to my aid; and none were seemingly heartier in their congratulations than I was when that long and trying ceremony was over. What though the hand that shook theirs and the lips that pressed their false ones, (for I went through it all) were as cold as marble, were not the words, the hollow actions there, and, thank the powers that be, 'twas all they asked of me.

I went home that night with Miss Duchapellé; and, though sick and weary of the subject, managed to understand it all before I left her at her father's house.

Clara's promise was to blind her father, who objected to Mac; and she being engaged to me, he of course had no objections to Mac's visits, until wrought up by artful complaints of my neglect, he had given his consent to Mac's wedding her.

Estelle, piqued at my supposed treachery, married Hall, who got a rich wife at last, for she turned out to be joint heiress with her cousin in her uncle's estate. Luckily for me, (for I would have been laughed out of the county) the trying part I underwent was not suspected.

Miss Duchapellé had been requested to inform me of the change in affairs a week before, but did not see me until we all met that evening, and my ready answer of "I knew all about it," etc., only surprised her that I had become informed of it from another source.

The Reverend Mr. Clute's question, relative to the license, was all explained by my then quick conceptions that he supposed that I carried Hall's license for him.

Miss Lucy and I became fast friends; and she never guessed my secret. Wasn't it all pretty financiering?

CHAPTER XXV.

Farewell, John! The labors of the day are o'er.

POPE.

THE next day was a long, wearisome one to me. Mac and Hall did not come to town, and in fact I got along very well without them. The slowly flitting hours were passed by me in scheming and cogitating plans wherewith to get out of the scrape in which; though unsuspected by others, yet nevertheless I was in, and I was afraid that when I least expected it, it would all come out upon me. Wild thoughts of leaving the country flitted through my brain; but I had too good a practice to leave, and besides I knew the laugh would follow me wherever I went.

At last I resolved to marry some one before the week was out; or at least engage myself *sa-tight*, that this time, at least, there should be no mistake. But who should it be? Those I could get I wouldn't have, and those I wanted, wouldn't have me; and to make matters worse, there was no one of my unmarried lady acquaintances who stood upon the middle ground of this to me vexed question.

However, I made up my mind to select one by chance, and whoever she might be, "buck up to her," and try my luck. Therefore, gathering up all the loose cards of Mac's and mine, I wrote down in pencil upon them, the names of ten or fifteen of those whom I would like very well to get, but *couldn't*. Shuffling them up in a hat, and shaking them up for twenty minutes at least, before I set the hat down, I put in my hand and took hold of one of the cards, but without withdrawing it I let it go, and shook them again. It was too important a matter to be decided by one shake. Plunging in my hand again I drew out a card and looked at the blank back for some ten minutes, before I could muster courage enough to face my fate and turn it over. Here, upon the ivory surface of this tiny bit of paste-board, is inscribed the name of the gentle one, with whom your fate is to be linked forever, *provided, however, that you can get her*. Little do you now think, gentle one, of the momentous epoch in your life now dependent upon the turning of this card. I then fell into a deep fit of musing, as to whether she lived in town or the country, the color of her eyes, whether she was of the rich or poor class of cards, which together went into the hat of fate, etc., etc.

At last, I mustered courage and mechanically turned the card over, keeping my eyes fixed in the meantime upon the ceiling. After a few minutes more of musing I brought them down by an effort to the card and started back horror-struck—for, oh, cruel fate, *it was blank!*

Cussing my neglect in not marking all the cards, I carefully took out the remaining blank strips, and then repeated the experiment, this time in a hurry, for the day was drawing near a close, and I was determined to pop the question that night.

Drawing out the card, I was gratified on reading the name of Lucy Duchapellé. Whoop! if she would only have me, thought I; but then there was no hope in that quarter, and I sank back, dejected in the deep old easy chair. Try it, Hal, whispered my good or evil genius, I didn't then know which, maybe she will—but then the flood of contradictory evidence that flooded my only basis of hope—try.

Well, here goes it, and I swear, if again disappointed, I leave this neck of the woods, and that too in haste.

Dressing myself with the utmost care, I sat through the evening, until it was time to go over and see the lady of my choice; thinking, turning and twisting my cranium, or rather its contents in every way, in order to scare up some mode of procedure, but in vain, I was forced to set out without any well-digested plan, trusting alone to that chance that heretofore had got me into so many difficulties and then, out of them.

I started out, and upon arriving at her residence was gratified at finding her at home and alone. All the emotions which rendered me so incapable of action, upon the occasion of my first visit, with the same object in view, in company with many others—engendered by the knowledge that I *here* was about to make an attempt not influenced by the encouragement I had received from the other party, came over my benumbed senses, and it was eleven o'clock before I recovered myself sufficiently to understand upon what subject we were talking.

She is lovely, I thought, as she quietly sat in the deep parlor rocking-chair, unconscious of the many whirling thoughts chasing each other through my brain. Her calm, dark eye was bent upon the floor, as she sat thinking what next to say to engage me in conversation, for I was unable to keep up any topic she broached. Her deep jet-black curls lay in a mass upon either side of the beautiful face they so gracefully shaded, and I—I, grown desperate at the fix I was in—almost wished she had not been so very beautiful, that my chances had been better.

Hal, this will never do, thought I; and wrought up to the highest pitch, I almost shouted:

“Miss Lucy!” (Startled, she turned her eyes full upon me, and it was done), “did—didity did—you go—go to church last Sunday?”

“Why, yes,” she replied; “didn't you accompany me?”

“Oh! ye—yes; but—I—I—forgot!”

Here we again relapsed into a silence which was broken by the mantel-clock striking twelve. Now or never; courage, Hal.

“Miss Lucy.”

“Well,” she exclaimed, as I thought, in a semi-petulant tone, which again threw me “hors de combat.”

“Wer—well—'tis time for me to leave.”

I suppose she thought it was time too, but she said nothing. As I got to the door, hat in hand, I stopped and looked down upon the floor. To go home without the *satisfaction* even of a refusal, would

be to suffer the torments again which had afflicted me all that day; and I determined, as I could not muster courage enough to pop the question, to bid her farewell at least, for I was determined to leave Redstick on the morrow.

"Miss Lucy," I exclaimed, "I have, I know, acted inexcusably to-night, but the fact is I am going away to-morrow, and the thought that I perhaps would never see you again has paralyzed any powers of conversation I may have possessed," (gathering courage from her flushed and puzzled countenance), "and I came to-night to propose to you a question, the answer of which was so uncertain, that, added to the cause I have mentioned, has made me act—Miss Lucy, do you love me?" I exclaimed, and it was out at last.

No answer came, but she turned and walked slowly to her chair. Seating herself, she looked curiously and with a puzzled expression into the fire. I followed and sat down beside her—and there we sat. Every now and then I furtively glanced at her glowing countenance, but could see nothing in its expression to lead me to hope. The clock struck one before either of us spoke. If she loves me it can not be any extraordinary love, or she certainly would have made up her mind before this. Leaning over, I took her unresisting hand, and passing my other arm around her waist, her head fell gently over toward me, and I received one of those silent answers which pass from lip to lip and leave the useless ear nothing to record.

Happy was I. No work—no essay—on that fragile subject, could describe the glowing, thrilling feelings that leapt from *string* to *string* of my trembling frame; and if a *just man enjoys happiness*, then indeed *she* played "*upon a harp of a thousand strings*." I was just about to ask her again, "Do you love me?" in order to receive the "*thrilling answer*," when over went my office chair, and I came *ge bang* upon the floor. Gentle reader, pity me, for it was all a—dream. I had fallen asleep in my office, and awoke sprawling upon the floor.

The Honorable Colonel Purse and Miss Lucy Duchapel's were married last Christmas, and I warn't even invited to the wedding.

THE END

THE

EMPRESS OF THE ISLES;

OR,

THE LAKE BRAVO.

A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN STRUGGLE IN 1837.

BY CHARLEY CLEWLINE.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY U. P. JAMES,
NO. 167 WALNUT STREET.

EMPRESS OF THE ISLES:

OR,

THE LAKE BRAVO.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRY ISLAND AND THE STRANGER YOUTH—THE LONE GRAVE—A VISION OF BEAUTY—THE RUFFIAN AND THE RESCUE.

"Before him, in the morning sun,
Stretching away from sky to sky,
Brighter than ever his soul had dreamed,
His other world before him gleamed."

HENRY B. HIRST.

THE lake voyager, as he descends the magnificent St Lawrence, if it happens to be a fine, pleasant day, and he is on deck at the time, will not fail to notice, as the noble steamer in which he has embarked hauls up by the foot of Carlton Island, a beautiful islet some three miles ahead, and a little on the starboard bows, almost in the fair way between the larger island just left astern and the young rock-founded city of Clayton, (formerly French Creek) on the American side. As the steamer approaches and sweeps along within fifty yards of a little grassy promontory that forms the western extremity of the miniature island, the view is delightful beyond description. That portion of the island next the main land, from which it is separated by a narrow channel, is covered with a dense growth of native forest trees, while the foreground, comprising an area of more than a hundred acres, is destitute of wood, save here and there a giant old oak and a few drooping willows, that skirt the banks of a narrow winding inlet which opens out near the peninsula, and runs up into the very centre of the island, where it terminates in a tiny basin, circular in form, and so exquisitely beautiful in all its fairy belongings of willow-fringed shores, pure limpid waters, and a little lotus blooming white as the driven snow-crest with myriads of water lilies, that the enraptured voyager involuntarily exclaims "how beautiful!" as the swift steamer bears him on, and he now and then catches a transient glance of the sylvan picture.

During the summer months, this cleared portion of the little islet is clothed with a luxuriant growth of red and white clover, the grateful aroma of which is borne by the soft summer winds for miles away among the intricacies of a hundred narrow, winding channels of neighboring islands.

Such is Linda's Island, one of the most lovely of all that celebrated group which stud the bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence, and are known to travellers as the "Thousand Islands."

There is a sad story—almost a legend now—of this little gem of the St. Lawrence, which I will tell you just as I have heard it a hundred times from the people at French Creek and many of the farmers living along the river near the island.

Early one morning in the month of May, 1817, a schooner, bound down the river, stopped at French Creek, and landed a delicate, fair-haired girl, with several heavy trunks, and then immediately got under weigh again, and proceeded on her voyage. The girl was apparently about eighteen, very richly dressed, and a total stranger to everybody in the village, and of course everybody wondered what on earth she had come there for. But it was soon ascertained that the stranger had money, which was sufficient to make her a welcome visitor among the simple-minded villagers, and invest her with an air of importance, particularly with the proprietor of the village inn, of whom she engaged rooms for an indefinite period, and paid him a quarter's rent and board in advance, all in gold.

Within three weeks from the morning that the beautiful young stranger landed at French Creek, a rumor went abroad that she had purchased from a farmer, who had previously inhabited it, the little island, and was having a small cottage built near the willow basin, as it was called, which she intended as her future residence. People learned that the deed of the property and the contract for the building of the cottage were made in the name of Linda Morris, but that was all they knew of the mysterious stranger, only that she was young, beautiful as an angel, and always wore an air of settled melancholy, almost of anguish, upon her child-like features, as if some bitter grief was preying upon her heart; and when some two months had gone by from the morning that she first made her appearance among them, the cottage was completed, and she removed to her fairy islet; the heart's best affections of all went with her; for all, old and young, loved the gentle being, and the older inhabitants of the village, those who knew her best, shook their heads ominously when they spoke of her, and often said—

"Alas! poor girl, she is dying of a broken heart."

These expressions were prophetic; for one cold December's afternoon, more than five months after the young recluse had taken up her lone residence in the willow cottage, as people called it, a hunter, who had followed a deer over on the ice to the island, came to the village of French Creek with a message for the doctor, a good old man far past the prime of manhood, another for the minister, and yet another for Mrs. Allen, a poor widow of the village, with whom Linda had been very intimate during her residence at the inn, requesting them to come over to the island immediately. The summons was promptly obeyed,

and when they returned to the village, after an absence of four days, it was with sad faces and sadder hearts, for they brought the intelligence that the beautiful recluse, "Linda of the Island," was dead!

Within three hours after their arrival at the cottage, she had given birth to a male child, which she confided to the care of the widow, and then, after imparting her secret to the two kind-hearted old men and the foster-mother of her new-born babe, she lingered along, hovering as it were upon the very brink of the grave, for almost four days longer, when her gentle spirit took its flight to a holier, better world.

Two days after this sad event, the whole population of the village were assembled at the island cottage, and with a deep solemnity befitting the occasion, the body of Linda Morris was consigned to the grave, in a spot she had herself chosen, under a venerable old willow, only a few steps from the cottage.

The curiosity and excitement consequent upon an event of so extraordinary a nature, gradually subsided—the secret remained fast-locked in the bosoms of those to whom it had been confided; and at length, when the spring came again, and the Widow Allen removed from French Creek to parts unknown, taking with her the infant which had been entrusted to her care, people began to think that the mystery would always remain a mystery, and so dismissed it as much as possible from their thoughts.

The cottage remained unoccupied for nearly a year after the death of Linda, when it was accidentally set on fire by some drunken fishermen, and totally consumed. The good old minister of the village held possession of the island, by virtue of some writing which he had received from the recluse; and as he would allow no one to settle upon it, or cultivate the soil, it remained for years just as it was at the death of its mysterious proprietor, except that the cottage was destroyed, as already mentioned.

Such is the story, legend, or what you will, of Linda's Island; and such, very nearly as I have described it, was the appearance of the delightful little islet at the time our story opens, which is in the month of May, 1837.

It was within an hour of noon, on one of the most gloriously beautiful May mornings that ever dawned upon the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence, that a noble steamer, on her downward course, stopped for a few moments abreast of the little promontory at the western end of the island, to land a solitary passenger, who, leaping from the bow of the yawl as she neared the white-pebbled beach, turned and waved an adieu with his hand to a group of fellow-voyagers that had assembled near the steamer's gang-way to bid him farewell.

The steamer went on her way again, and for full fifteen minutes the lone passenger stood there on the beach with his gaze bent upon the forms and faces of friends, perhaps, on her deck, till they grew indistinct in the dim distance, and finally the steamer herself was lost to view in the narrow winding channel among the green islands below the town of Clayton.

As the solitary stranger is destined to play a prominent part in the

drama which is to follow, and as we have a most admirable view of him as he stands there watching the receding steamer, we may as well impress his form and features upon our minds, so that we may be enabled to recognize him again at a glance, whenever and wherever we may chance to meet him; and meet him again we shall, most assuredly, and often too, before another year has gone by.

You can see, as he stands there leaning lightly upon the muzzle of a heavy rifle, highly ornamented with silver mountings, the breech of which he has dashed impatiently down into the loose gravel of the beach, burying it almost to the lock; that he is young, so young that you are certain he cannot yet have counted his twentieth birth-day; still it is a form and face of perfect manhood. His broad chest, and muscular, well-rounded limbs, tell of uncommon strength and activity; his face is very handsome and exquisitely fair, almost too fair for a man; and yet there is nothing feminine in its expression. The features, as you view them in profile, are of the true Grecian cast; the mouth is perhaps a trifle too large to be in strict harmony with the otherwise perfect features; but the rich red lips, slightly parted, disclosing the small even teeth, beautifully white, takes from the mouth every appearance of vulgarity. His eyes are dark, and lit up as they are by the bright warm sunlight, show as intensely blue as the fathomless depths of old St. Lawrence's waters on a calm summer's evening. The delicate arched brows, and long silken lashes, an Andalusian beauty would envy, and his hair—oh! we can never tell its exact color. We can only see that it is of that glorious sunny hue that changes with every flash of sunlight—that glossy golden tint so peculiar to Austria's high-born dames; and then its slight inclination to curl gives it that graceful, wavy appearance so much admired by all, and which would cause a Spanish maiden to fall in love with it and its wearer at the first glance.

His costume, you will observe, is half nautical in its fashion and material, consisting of light duck trousers, spotlessly white; a close-fitting jacket of fine blue cloth, ornamented with a profusion of small braid buttons set in double rows on the breast, and up the slashed cuffs, almost to the elbow. His head is covered with a blue cloth cap, such as is worn by midshipmen in the English navy, while a delicate scarf is knotted negligently about his handsome throat, the ends falling down on his breast and half concealing the bosom of a beautifully embroidered shirt, the collar of which you see is open and turned down over that of his jacket, thereby adding greatly to his juvenile appearance.

For a few moments after the steamer went out of sight among the islands, the youthful stranger remained there leaning thoughtfully upon his rifle, with his eyes wandering over the gorgeous picture before him; and then, as if suddenly, recollecting that he had visited the island for other purposes than to stand there upon the beach and gaze out upon the splendid river scenery, he took his way along the bank of the little inlet, at a rapid pace, until his quick eye caught a glimpse of a white marble slab, peeping up from amid a little wilderness of wild flowers and blooming roses that grew in native luxuriance about a lone grave under an old willow near the eastern border of a tiny

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S

CURTAIN LECTURES.

BY "PUNCH."

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY U. P. JAMES,
No. 167 WALNUT STREET.

MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY'S NOVELS.

Emma Walton; or, Trials and Triumph. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Annie Seldon; or, The Concealed Treasure. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Miss Dupuy's name is familiar to the readers of fiction throughout the Union, and deservedly so; for in addition to a fluent and natural style, by which she is at once at home with her readers, a happy faculty of delineation and description, and just conception of the probable and the possible, eschewing humdrum improbabilities, ever avoiding vulgarity of sentiment or expression, her writings tend to the inculcation of virtue and morality.

SIR E. L. BULWER'S BEST NOVELS.

The Last Days of Pompeii. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Eugene Aram. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Ernest Maltravers. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Alice; or, The Mysteries: a Sequel to Ernest Maltravers. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride: a Play in Five Acts. Paper cover. **Price 15 cents.**

Zanoni, a Romance of Italy. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Godolphin. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

ALEX. DUMAS'S NOVELS.

The Convert of Saint Paul, a tale of Greece and Rome; translated by Henry W. Herbert, Esq. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Louisa; or, Adventures of a French Mil-liner; translated by J. Griswold. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

HENRY COCKTON'S NOVELS.

[AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX, ETC.]

The Love Match, designed to illustrate the various conflicting influences which sprang from the union of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Todd. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

The Prince; or, George St. George Julian. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 75 cents.**

EDWIN F. ROBERT'S NOVELS.

The Twin Brothers; or, The Victims of the Press-Gang, a Romance of the Land and Sea. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The Road to Ruin; or, The Dangers of the Town, a Career of Crime. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

G. P. R. JAMES'S BEST NOVELS.

One in a Thousand; or, The Days of Henry IV. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Richelieu, a tale of France. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

The Robber. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Philip Augustus; or, The Brothers in Arms. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

The Gipsy. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

The Ancient Regime; or, Annette de St. Morin. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

The Gentleman of the Old School. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

"Richelieu is one of the most spirited, amusing, and interesting romances I ever read."—*Prof. Wilson.*

"His romances are almost entirely founded on historical facts, and the subjects drawn from every age and clime."

EUGENE SUE'S BEST NOVELS.

Latreaumont; or, The Conspiracy: a Historical Romance of the days of Louis XIV; translated from the French. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 50 cents.**

The Temptation; or, The Duchess of Almeda: a Romantic Tale; translated from the French. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The Princess of Hansfeld, a Story of Love and Intrigue; translated from the French. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The Commander of Malta, with illustrations. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

GOOD BOOKS, BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

A Man Made of Money, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, editor of "Punch," "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures," etc. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

FORTUNE-TELLERS, DREAM-BOOKS, Etc.

Complete Fortune-Teller and Dream-Book; or, an Infallible Guide to the Hidden Decrees of Fate. BY MADAME CONNOISSEUR, First of the Seven Wise Mistresses of Rome. Being a new and regular system for foretelling Future Events by Dreams, Moles, etc., etc. Also, The Oraculum; or, Napoleon's Book of Fate, from an ancient Egyptian Manuscript, found in the Royal Tombs, in Upper Egypt. **Price 35 cents.**

A New and Complete Dream-Book, Fortune-Teller, Dial of Fate, and Oraculum; the whole forming an unerring guide to the knowledge of Future Events. *Contents*: Dreams, Moles, The Moon, Physiognomy, Cards, Grounds of Coffee, Charms and Ceremonies, Spells and Incantations, etc. **Price 35 cents.**

Sibylline Oracles; or, Dreams and their Interpretations; being the **Spanish Fate Book**, containing, also, Napoleon's Oraculum and Fortune-Teller; being the rules by which he is said to have guided his actions during his unparalleled career, until, at last, disregarding its warnings, he fell. 32mo, **Price 35 cents.**

The Sibyl's Cave; or, Book of Oracles, (Fortune-Telling by questions answered from the Poets,) for ladies and gentlemen. Selected and arranged by MRS. ANNE BACKE. 32mo, cloth. **Price 25 cents.**

RATTLEHEAD'S HUMOROUS WORKS.

Life and Adventures of an Arkansas Doctor, by DAVID RATTLEHEAD, M. D., (the Man of Scrapes.) Handsomely illustrated; illuminated cover. **Price 50 cents.**

This is one of the most humorous and laughter-provoking books of the age. The recital of the Doctor's numerous scrapes—the easy, familiar style of telling, all conspire to make it a pleasant companion for traveling or home reading.

Rattlehead's Travels; or, the Recollections of a Backwoodsman, who has traveled many Thousand Miles on the Highways of Human Destiny; brought about a Revolution in Domestic Happiness, and effected a general Shake-up of Creation. By DAVID RATTLEHEAD, M. D., (the Man of Scrapes,) author of the "Arkansas Doctor," etc., etc. Illustrated; fancy cover. **Price 50 cents.**

Redstick; or, Scenes in the South, by B. R. MONTESANO, Esq., of Louisiana. Octavo, illustrated cover. **Price 25 cents.**

A highly amusing and humorous book—full of fun and practical jokes.

"If any of our readers wish to enjoy a good, hearty, genuine laugh, they have only to buy the book and read it."—*Chronicle.*

EMERSON BENNETT'S POPULAR NOVELS.

The Prairie Flower; or, Adventures in the Far West. By EMERSON BENNETT. New edition, revised and corrected by the author. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Leni Leoti; a Sequel to "Prairie Flower;" new edition. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Works of the most exciting interest from beginning to end—full of incident and stirring life. The celebrated Kit Carson figures conspicuously.

The Forest Rose, a tale of the Frontier, by EMERSON BENNETT. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Mike Fink, a legend of the Ohio, by EMERSON BENNETT. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Ella Barnwell, a Historical Romance of Border Life, by EMERSON BENNETT. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The three last are thrilling stories of border life. The leading characters and events are from actual history—Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Lewis Wetzel, Mike Fink, and the renegade Simon Girty, are prominent characters in the different books.

The Female Spy; or, Treason in the Camp: a story of the Revolution. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Rosalie du Pont, a Sequel to "Female Spy." 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The Fair Rebel, a tale of Colonial Times. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The Traitor; or, The Fate of Ambition. 8vo, paper cover; **Price 75 cents.**

The Bandits of the Osage, a Western Romance. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The League of the Miami. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The Mysterious Marksman; or, The Outlaws of New York. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

The Unknown Countess; or, Crime and its Results. 8vo, paper cover. **Price 25 cents.**

Few writers of romance and fiction have the good fortune to suit the taste of the reading public as completely as Emerson Bennett. His name has become a household word, and his writings are eagerly sought for everywhere. There is in them something stirring, yet natural and lifelike—his descriptions, whether of persons or scenery, are vivid, and the reader has before him, in his mind's eye, all the varied events almost as clearly as though they were enacting in his very presence; while nothing can be found in them to offend the most fastidious.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

~~MAY 6 1931~~

~~DUE MAR 27 '33~~

~~DUE FEB 5 '31~~

1743259



